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THE PASSENGER TRAIN CONDUCTOR.

The Most Exacting Position in the Ranks of Railroad Employes.

The passenger train conductor has in many respects the most difficult position in the railroad ranks. He should be a first class freight conductor and a polished gentleman to boot. But in his long apprenticeship on a freight train he has very likely been learning how not to fulfill the additional requirements of a passenger conductorship. In that service he could be uncouth and even boorish and still fill his position tolerably well; now he feels the need of a life time of tuition in dealing with the diverse phases of human nature met with on a passenger train. He must now manage his train in a sort of automatic way, for he has his mind filled with the care of his passengers and the collection of tickets. He must be good at figures, keeping accounts, and handling money, though the freight train service has given him no experience in this line. Year by year the clerical work connected with the taking up of tickets and collecting of cash fares has been increased until now on many roads an expert bank clerk would be none too proficient for the duties imposed. The conductor who grumblingly agreed that "it would take a Philadelphia lawyer with three heads" to fill his shoes was not far out of the way.

Every day, and perhaps a number of times a day, he must collect fares of fifty or a hundred persons in less time than he ought to have for ten. Of that large number a few will generally have a complaint to make or an objection to offer or an impudent assertion concerning a fault of the railroad company which the conductor cannot remedy and is not responsible for. A woman will object to paying half fare for a 10-year-old girl or to paying full rates for one of 15. A person whose income is ten times larger than he deserves will argue twenty minutes to avoid paying 10 cents more (in cash) than he would have been charged for a ticket. Passengers with legitimate questions to ask will couch them in vague and back handed terms, and those with useless ones will take importune times to propound them. These are not occasional but every day experiences. The very best and most intelligent people in the community (excepting those who travel much) are among those who oftenest leave their wits at home when they take a railroad trip.

All these people must be met in a conciliatory manner, but without varying the strict regulations in the least degree. The officers of the revenue department are inexorable masters, and passengers offended by alleged uncivil treatment are likely to make absurd complaints at the superintendent's office. A conductor dreads an investigation of this sort, however unreasonable the passengers' complaints may be, because it may tend to show that he lacked tact in handling the case. But after becoming habituated to this sort of dealings, there are still left the occasional disturbances which no amount of philosophy can make pleasant. These are the encounters with drunken and disorderly passengers. The conductor, starting at the forward end of his train, finds, perhaps, in the first car one or two "toughs" who refuse payment of fare and are spoiling for a fight.

Care must be taken with this sort of character not to punish him or use the least bit of unnecessary severity, for he will, when sobered off, quite likely be indueed by a sharp lawyer to sue the railroad company for damages by assault. The conductor, however, if he be one who has in his freight train experience) dealt with tramps is able to cope with his customer and confine him to the baggage car or put him off the train. But a tussle of this kind is, at best, far from soothing to the temper, and the very next car may contain the wife of a millionaire, who will expect the most genteel treatment and critically object to any behavior on the part of the conductor which is not fully up to the highest drawing room standard. Experiences of this kind, it can be readily imagined, are exceedingly trying. The conductor cannot give himself up completely to learning gentility, for he still has need for his old severity.—B. B. Adams, Jr., in Scribner's Magazine.

The Onondaga Indian Tribe.

A good picture of the state of affairs reprobated by the recent Indian council is seen in the case of the Onondaga tribe. This tribe owns a reservation of 6,000 acres on the site of the old council fires of the Six Nations. These 6,000 acres are uniformly of the choicest farming lands, and include stone quarries of the finest gray limestone. But the Indians neither farm their lands nor work their quarries. There are twenty-six chiefs for 400 members of the tribe. The old Indian language is still in common use. The state of morals is absolutely indescribable in decent English. The tenure of land is tribal. The renunciation of Christianity is a requisite to election as a sachem; but nominal Christianity is professed by about half the tribe. The Feast of the White Dog is celebrated with indecent ceremonies. The question of what to do with the Indians is now necessarily to be reconsidered. It is not enough to hold them on reservations and feed them.—Globe-Democrat.

How Japanese Rooms Are Lighted.

Light is admitted into Japanese rooms, not by glass windows, but by a kind of wooden gratings, over which is white paper is pasted on the outside. This paper diffuses the sunlight about the room very pleasantly, but it is not proof against rain; in rainy weather, therefore, the shutters have to be put up which are used to close the verands and house in the night time, and which are the only doors in a Japanese house that it is thought necessary to furnish with a bolt. As the putting up and taking down of these shutters is a matter demanding some time, it is usual to have a small door made in them, which is called "the earthquake door," to provide means of quick escape in case of emergency.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Safes Made of Pasteboard.

"You'd be surprised," says a New York safe manufacturer, "at the number of sham, pasteboard safes in New York, and they're made so well that any ordinary person would be deceived. They have a business like appearance and give an office a thrifty look, all for $5 or $6, whereas the real article would cost something like $100. —Chicago Herald.

A Demand for Soap.

The Chinese are making such large demands upon soap that in time they may rank among the clean nations. The importation of foreign soap has increased 133 per cent. in five years and 860 per cent. more is wanted now than was sought after ten years ago.—Chicago Herald.

He Was a Terror.

A little Boston girl, after repeating the Lord's Prayer before retiring for the night, prayed for her father, mother, brothers, sisters and cousins. After repeating the name of the last cousin, she continued: "Isn't he a monster at the cookies!"—Boston Traveler.

Nothing suits my pride better than to see some proud man humble himself in my presence—to see him stoop to things of low degree.—Par Epaun.

A SOUDANESE THREAT.

The Africans Propose to Turn the Nile from Its Course.

The warlike Soudanese, who have so stoutly resisted the introduction of civilization into their lands are now found, according to Sir Samuel Baker, to be masters of the situation to a degree for which even the fall of Khartoum has not prepared the outside world. They hold the key of the Nile, and prudent and thoughtful men who know the geography of the Soudan and the resources and recklessness of the natives believe that they are capable of turning that great river out of its present course and bringing irretrievable ruin upon Egypt. It appears that in the inaccessible fastnesses of the desert, where the bayonets of Europe cannot reach, there is a spot where even savage African engineering will suffice to find the Nile a short cut to the sea, and they have already threatened their enemies with this disaster.

If the work is done a fertile land nearly equal in extent to the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan will be changed into a desert and a population of millions will be blotted out of a country that is the oldest in history. No such gigantic menace has ever before been held out in the annals of the world, and never before has it been so possible that a grave threat would be fatally carried out.

It is a figure of speech when we talk about the nations changing the map of Europe; the wild spearsmen of the Soudan have it in the hollow of their hands to alter in fact and deed the map of Africa. They can, if they please, we are told, spread the Sahara like a great yellow pall fully across the continent from sea to sea. They can build a rampart of sand against progress that progress cannot cross. Such tremendous power, such a mischievous possibility, gives an interest to the Egyptian problem that brings it home to every nation. The pyramids have stood since the morning of time; empires and dynasties have risen and have fallen, and they have not been stirred. Yet the ignorant savages in the desert are their masters and can bring the sand upon them to bury them as the temple of Jupiter Ammon and the Sphinx itself were buried. If the savage wills the sacrifice, a flood as fatal as that in which Pharaoh perished can sweep Egypt out of existence, slowly, perhaps, but surely. It is the land of tombs and memories, the world's graveyard; perhaps it is time that it should be interred itself. Civilization waits upon the Soudanese. It is for them to say.—Chicago News.

Subjects for Industrial Training.

Mrs. Laura Osborne Talbot thus described to the American association her experiences of the effects of a little industrial teaching upon thirty vagrant boys whom she, with some other ladies, induced to attend for three years an industrial school at Howard university one morning in the week: "We were limited in every way, but we found these children of the lowest kind were delighted to work with tools, and some of them have set up little carpenter shops of their own, and support themselves in that way. The moral uplifting was the best result of all, and it is not likely that these boys will become members of our criminal class.

"Each boy as he entered the class was taught in the tailor shop to mend his clothes, and in the shoe shop to mend his shoes. One lame colored boy from the orphan asylum became so skilful in shoemaking that he could not only make his own shoes, but could cut up the larger, half worn shoes and make them over for baby feet. All of this I term the best kind of economy, especially in a city like Washington."—Popular Science Monthly.

"Greenland's Icy Mountains."

"I heard an odd story the other day about Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,'" said a well known Cincinnatian. "What is it?" "It relates to the music for the hymn. You remember that Bishop Heber wrote it while in Ceylon in 1824. About a year later it reached America, and a lady in Charleston, S. C., was struck with its beauty.

"She could find, however, no tune that seemed to suit it. She remembered a young bank clerk, Lowell Mason, afterward so celebrated, who was just a few steps down the street, and who had a reputation as a musical genius. So she sent her son to ask him to write a tune that would go with the hymn. In just half an hour the boy came back with the music, and the melody dashed off in such haste is to this day sung with that song."—Cincinnati Star.

The Increase of Baldness.

It is curious how caducity has increased, and the prevalence of it taken away the old reproach. All the arguments are against its existence, and all the facts prove that the arguments are misleading. People lead healthier lives now than they used to do, and yet they are balder. People lead longer lives, and yet they grow bald earlier, and, moreover, it is the healthiest people who are often the baldest. Indeed, it almost becomes a question whether in these days baldness is evidence to a very reliable extent either of age or of delicacy. Of the decay of vital power it is certainly no conclusive proof. Consumptive patients and persons suffering from lingering disease are not, as a rule, bald, and more frequently than otherwise seem to put a great deal of strength into their hair.—London Globe.

The Origin of Names.

Many explanations have been given of the origin of the present ugly name of "Rotten Row," the fashionable drive in Hyde park, but this is the most likely one: It was once the Route do Roi. So of Charing Cross, where a fine monument stands with too little space about it to see it to advantage. It was erected, so it is said, to Queen Eleanor, and she was known as Chere Reine—hence Charing Cross.—"M. P." in Home Journal.

Dissipation of Vital Energy.

Truly did Emerson designate dissipation as the greatest evil in life. He did not mean dissipation in the narrow and common sense of excess of drinking. He meant dissipation of all sorts —the dissipation of vital energy in the pursuit of trivial objects, social dissipation, waste of time, waste of money, waste in general. Social dissipation is one of the most harmful forms of dissipation, because it is so insidious, apparently so innocent. We are commanded to love our neighbors, but we are not commanded to call on them two or three times a week. The amount of time consumed in superfluous and purposeless social intercourse in this world is something positively appalling.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Citizen Train's Astonishing Discovery.

One reason why world is so upside down is from the astounding error in "Cosmos Chronology." If Jan. 1 Anno Domini was first day of First century, end of twelfth month, Dec. 31, at midnight, ended first hundred years. If correct, Jan. 1, 1800, was first day of Eighteenth century, and yet for eighty-eight years we have been calling it Nineteenth century, when that does not begin till Jan. 1, 1900.—George Francis Train in New York World.

A CHANGE IN VENEERING.

A Machine That Makes a Straight Grain Appear Variegated.

A recent product of inventive talent is working a big change in the manufacture of veneering. The manufacture of veneering is a pretty big business in this part of the world, too, for there are twenty-three factories in New York and Brooklyn, and a stack of logs big enough to blockade Broadway three deep or more is shaved up every day into ribbons that are sometimes seven feet wide and a thousand long, and most beautifully figured from end to end. The object in making veneering, of course, is to give a piece of furniture or a hallway or a panel the beauty of expensive woods with variegated grain without the cost of using the expensive wood for the entire article. The more wavy and variegated the grain of a log is, the more it twists and curls and run hither and yon, the more valuable it is for veneering. For this reason no end of stumps have been cut up into ribbons, not to mention knots and burls.

However, the supply of logs with an intricate grain and even of good stumps—for not every stump can be used for veneering—is limited. The agents of the veneer making firms have penetrated even the least accessible forests of the country in search of suitable timber, and the competition for trees of a twist grain has brought the price up so high as to make profits unreasonably low. Trees have been known to bring as high as $300 each, though it makes the veneer man groan to pay half that sum.

Meantime, while the buying agents have been camping out in all sorts of uncomfortable wildernesses looking for fancy timber, a few men have been trying to devise plans by which fancy grained veneering can be made from plain grained wood. They do not think they have obtained perfection yet in the matter. What they have done is to make the product of a log of plain grain sell for just four and a half times as much as it did, say a year ago.

To understand the new process one must first know what the old one was. That was simple enough. A log seven feet long or less and of almost any diameter above seven inches, exclusive of sap, had its bark chipped off with an adze, and was then steamed over night in a tank made for the purpose. In the morning it was ready to be fastened into a big lathe and a knife blade as long as the longest log used—seven feet—was kept pressed against the log so as to cut off a shaving or ribbon about one-thirtieth of an inch thick as the log revolved toward it. Two men rolled up the ribbon and carried it away as it was turned out. Of course the knife had to be set parallel with the axis of the log or the wood would not all be cut up, and so if the grain of the wood were straight, the ribbon could not have a variegated appearance; even had the long, straight knife cut the grain at an angle the product would have had no value over the plain grain, but it was in considering the possibilities of cutting at an angle that the new process was hit upon.

The inventor noticed that the growth of no two different years in a tree had exactly the same color and grain, even when the log was perfectly straight grained.

Suppose a knife were made that would strip off a ribbon that dipped in and out through the growth of say two years on a log. Certainly the ribbon would have two kinds of grain and two kinds of color. To get the ribbon the inventor made a knife with a wavy edge. The waves were a quarter of an inch high. However, this did not produce a sufficient variety in the grain of the ribbon to suit the inventor, and he added to it by giving the knife an oscillating movement in the direction of the length of the log by a cam of a half inch stroke. Now, as the log revolved against the knife a ribbon was cut which contained continuous waves that zigzagged up and down in the direction of the length of the log, and exposed a grain not only variegated in color by the varying depths to which the knife cut, but which was at the same time very wavy, if not curly in appearance. The variations in the color even of a plain black walnut log were remarkable and beautiful.

There was one objection to the veneering, and that was it did not lie down flat on the surface to which it was to be glued. This was remedied, however, by stacking up the ribbon in a hydraulic press that squeezed it with a pressure of forty tons to the square inch. It came out of that press flat.

At present three kinds of knives are used in these machines. There is no telling what new forms of knives will be invented. The machine itself is but little more expensive than the old style, but a knife costs several times as much. Besides, when a knife gets dull, a man has to labor over it with emery wheels for just a month to get it in order again.—New York Sun.

A Violin Expert's Dream.

Let me tell you what I am thinking about—the phonograph, as it will be perfected one of these days. Say Hart of London has a Steiner or a Guarnerius for sale and somebody here wants to buy it. A dealer has been so far only able to show what it looked like. Tone, quality, escape description. What he will have to do now will be to have his violin record its own sounds on the phonograph. He sends you by mail the phonographic cylinder. You grind it off on a machine, and there you are. We shall then be able to compare tones, and there will come a better appreciation of what is musical coloring. It will be like a cook who manufactures of a certain dish and who sends you by mail a taste of his peculiar plat.—New York Times.

An Ingenious Poison Stopper.

An ingenious stopper has lately been patented for use in bottles containing poisons. The stopper is made of india rubber, and is surmounted by a perforated ball of india rubber brightly colored so as to render it distinctive in the light, and containing a bell which rattles when the bottle is moved, thus drawing attention to the character of the contents, even though it be impossible to see the label. Such a warning stopper would have rendered impossible many of the accidents which have from time to time taken place, notably one a few months ago, when a distinguished surgeon lost his life owing to a mistake as to a bottle containing poisonous medicine.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Loss of Different Members.

A table prepared for a workingman's society in Leipsic represents that a loss of different members of the body reduces the capacity to gain a living in the following proportions: Loss of both arms, legs, hands or feet, 100 per cent.; loss of right hand, 40 per cent.; of right thumb, 33 1-3 per cent.; of one eye, 22 per cent.; of left thumb or right index finger, 14 per cent.; of any finger, 5 per cent.—Brooklyn Eagle.

European Troops in India.

The total number of European troops in English India in 1886 was 61,015, and the average death rate per 1,000 was 15.18. In the province of Bengal there were 39,000 men, and the death rate was 15.5. In the province of Madras 11,000, and the death rate 16.2. Province of Bombay 11,000, death rate 12.7. The number of native troops was 106,010, and the death rate was 19.46 per 1,000.—Chicago Herald.

The Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, - - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

THE VOICE OF BINGLEY HALL.

To give some idea of Gladstone's recent address in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, we reproduce from a leading London journal, a short account of the Grand Old Man's wonderful effort.

"There were 18 000 men and women in Bingley Hall and their voice was as that of one man. Here and there indeed was a dissentient note, but so feeble that it required perception to discern it. The scene at the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's speech was probably unparalleled in the history of public meetings. The venerable orator was surrounded by more than an acre of human faces, all straining their attention towards him for nearly two hours. Though the space was so vast, and though there were ample openings in the roof, the dense throng in the centre of the gathering evidently suffered considerably from the pressure. Mr. Gladstone had not been speaking for more than twenty minutes before imploring cries were heard for more ventilation. "We are fainting here," said the voices; "open the win dows." Glasses of water were repeatedly passed from the platform and lost in the receding ranks of crowded heads. But, notwithstanding all this severe strain upon human endurance, the enormous mass of people was for the most part so still, that any chance movement, such as the falling of a stick or the pushing of a bench, was distinctly heard. Every now and then the words of the great speaker were answered by appreciative applause; but stillness was instantly restored by the eager desire of every one not to lose a word that followed But when, at length, after a peroration of earnest pathos, Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat, it seemed as if the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and a storm of passion shook the foundations of the building. The vast sea of human faces, which the instant before had been like a broad expanse of calm, sunlit water, twinkling with innumerable points of light, was now like an ocean under the blast of a tornado. Every one in the assembly leaped to his feet; the air trembled to thunders of shouting. Innumerable arms were waved; handkerchiefs hastily fastened to sticks were brandished aloft. Unable to satisfy their feeling by clapping, stamping, and shouting, the audience broke into song, when the rhythm became too constrained for the tumult of emotion, they returned again to clapping and shouting. Then their humor took another shape, and the clapping merged into 'Kentish fire.' From this again the chaotic excitement broke loose; and so the alternation of song and shout went on for fully nine minutes before anything like calm could be restored. Indeed, there seemed to be no reason why it should not be continued as long as the tumult in the Town Hall at Ephesus, had not the burly form of Sir William Harcourt arisen and commanded silence. Of course there was no more speaking of any formal character. The few words uttered by both lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone trembled with manifestly sincere emotion. Indeed, any one would have been less than human who could have spoken calmly after such a scene. The crowd took the advice of Sir William Harcourt to go home and think over what they had heard. In twenty minutes the vast hall was empty, and the cheering had passed from the building to the streets."

Such scenes as this are not evanescent. The emotion they express is too profound and too widespread to be without its after effects. They concentrate in a few brief moments the individual feelings and convictions that have previously been too scattered to be conscious of their own strength. But that consciousness, once given, is not easily lost. Every member of that vast audience, wherever he may now be—in England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland—knows himself to belong to a conquering army whose final triumph is absolutely assured.

AN OLD HERO GONE.

The oldest officer of the British Army has just passed away. Lord Lucan, who had attained this distinction, was born in the last year of last century, and was, therefore, in his 89th year. Only last year his military honors culminated in his appointment as Field-Marshal. He entered the army in 1816, so that he had been connected with it for more than seventy years. In all that time, however, he had only two opportunities of seeing active service, and one of these he sought out for himself by volunteering to serve under the Russians in their Bulgarian campaign against Turkey in 1828. The next time he was in the field he was in opposition to those under whom he had formerly served. This was in 1854, when, on the outbreak of the Crimean War, he was appointed to the command of a cavalry division under Lord Raglan, and was present at the famous Balaklava charge, at the storming of the heights of Alma, and in the battle of Inkerman. The historic charge of the "Light Brigade," in the first of these engagements, was a blunder, with the responsibility of which he was saddled, though in the recriminations that followed it was never definitely settled who was at fault. Yet it became well-known that serious differences between Lord Lucan, and his brother-in-law, Lord Cardigan, who had command of the light Brigade, had tended to the subversion of military discipline in the Crimea. The London News of that time criticised both officers severely, and was sued for libel by the Earl of Lucan, with the result, however, that the liberty of the press was vindicated. In addition to his military career, Lord Lucan also had a political one, being returned as a conservative for Mayo in 1826, and, after his accession to the peerage, becoming a regular attendant in the House of Lords. There he once patched up a dispute between the two Houses, occasioned by Lord John Russell's proposal to relieve the Jews of their political disabilities, and having relation to the form of oath that should be required of them, by suggesting that each House should be left free to modify, as it choose, the oath required of its members. The earl leaves a daughter and two sons, the elder of whom, Lord Bingham, succeeds him.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

A heavy sentence has just been passed upon the New York forger, Bedell. Notwithstanding his plea of guilty, he was sentenced to twenty-five years in Sing Sing. The way in which he practised his fraud was to take deeds pledged with his employers and to borrow money upon them, himself executing all the mortgages and forging all the signatures. The circumstances attending the case of Bedell are very sad. During the early days of his employment he was in comfortable circumstances. Not being content, however, with this, he coveted wealth, and thus brought upon himself the trouble which will deprive him of a quarter century's freedom. Bedell is described as having been at the time of his engagement by the firm whom he swindled, of good character, though he was not long in finding the downward path. The worry caused by his forging, doubtless, drove him to drink, and the loss of that self-respect which he once possessed. The sentence may be the means of reminding those who are on the path which Bedell followed, of what lies in store for them.

HOMES OF THE JAPANESE.

No Windows Nor Regular Doors—Walls and Floors—The "Go Down."

Japanese houses consist often of only one story, and very seldom of more than two. They do not, of course, resemble one another exactly, any more than English houses do; but it may be said of them generally that they have no windows in our sense of the word, and sometimes no regular doors, but they are always provided with a veranda before the lower story, and, when they have a second story, with a balcony.

As to solidity, it is a fact that the Japanese do not even aim at making their houses substantial, as English houses are, or as, even when constructed by a "jerry builder," they profess to be. The outer walls of an English houses are always intended to be fixtures, and so far durable that when once put up they cannot be pulled down without sending for workmen; but among the Japanese two or more of the sides are not permanent walls, but are closed with sliding screens, which can be set up and taken down at the pleasure of the inmates. On a hot day, or when thorough ventilation is required, the whole side of a room can be opened to the outer air.

Of course, people who are not particular about having a permanent wall between their rooms and the outside world, do not care to have immovable partitions between one part of the house and another. Although in England rooms are occasionally parted from one another by a curtain, or by folding doors, yet, as a general rule, they are separated by walls, which, however flimsy their construction may be, are fixtures, and cannot be taken away and replaced at will. But in Japan one room is commonly parted from the next merely by a screen—a framework of wood covered with paper, which runs in a shallow groove on the floor and a deeper groove on the ceiling, a plan which gives the inhabitants the power of adding to or decreasing the number of their apartments at their pleasure. Baron Nordenskjold, the famous Arctic traveler, has recorded the surprise with which he woke up one morning at a Japanese inn in quite a small room, having gone to bed over night in a very large one.

It has been suggested that the reason why the Japanese do not build their houses more solidly is that, in a land like theirs of continual earthquakes, it is not worth while spending a long time on rearing up a building which may be tumbled down again at any moment. But it is doubtful whether this explanation is a true one, for earthquakes violent enough to destroy a really strong building do not happen very often at any one place, and, besides, the Japanese do erect durable houses, which the English call "go downs," for the protection of their property from loss or accident. The most common accident is by fire, to which the inflammable Japanese houses fall an easy prey, and by which large parts of the towns are continually being burnt down. On the approach of a conflagration the prudent Japanese, as far as possible, pulls his house down and takes away not only its contents, but large parts of itself, to the "go down," which is a building thickly coated with fire proof clay, very strong and substantial, but very seldom used as a home.

The floors of Japanese rooms are invariably carpeted with rush mats of very careful construction, some two or three inches thick and about six feet long by three broad. As these mats are all of one pattern, the size of a room can be determined by the number of mats it contains, and it is described as a six mat or twelve mat room, as the case may be. Since the commonest rooms are either of six or of eight mats, and since an eight mat mat room is only about twelve feet by twelve in extent, it will be seen that the rooms of a Japanese house, like the Japanese house itself, are generally small. The Japanese fireplace is generally a portable brazier, made of bronze, porcelain or wood, lined with clay, in which not coal, but charcoal ashes are burned. Sometimes, however, there is a clay lined hole in the floor, containing a fire of the same kind.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Tricks of Female Smugglers.

"Yes," the inspector said, "I do know something of smugglers' tricks—especially female smugglers, who, I must say, carry on their nefarious business with the most charming effrontery. Of course, there are smugglers of both sexes, but for cunning, boldness and determination the women cannot be approached. Do you know that women are born cheats? Oh, well, I mean in this direction. A woman's dress affords her more facilities for hiding small but costly articles, and it is far less easy to detect them than men, and, as the elder Weller would say, almost impossible to 'circumvent.' It takes an experienced searcher to say whether a woman has got anything concealed about her person, and, as we cannot search everybody, some of the clever ones manage to get through without detection."—Brooklyn Eagle.

How Guiana Indians Count.

The Indians of Guiana have a curious system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a hand, six is therefore "a hand and first finger," seven "a hand and second finger," ten is "two hands," but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is a "man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."—New York Telegram.

Steel and Wrought Iron.

A metallurgist gives as a reason why steel will not weld as readily as wrought iron that it is not partially composed of cinder, as seems to be the case with wrought iron, which assists in forming a fusible alloy with the scale of oxidation formed on the surface of the iron in the furnace.—Boston Budget.

Dry rot in timber is said to be contagious, saws and other tools carrying it from the infected wood to sound timber.

The main strength of American wrought iron is 45,900 pounds; English, 43,741.

An American Compound.

"Cheesine" is a compound which has emerged from a bankruptcy suit in Manchester. It is said to come from America, and it is sold in large quantities in England.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

News from the Districts About Us

As Reported by Our Active Correspondents.

Accidents, Personal Intelligence, and Things in General.

ROCKLAND, CAR. CO.

Another Government Bridge Badly in Need of Repairs.

ROCKLAND, Car. Co., Nov 27. Yesterday morning there was about three inches of hail on the ground. This morning there is not that much. It seems as if it must rain at least once a week yet.

During the recent very high freshet, the bridge across the Becaguimic here was in great danger of going away. The sheer water on north side was badly damaged. As it is at present it can be no protection to the bridge, and if it is not repaired we will be likely to lose our bridge next spring with the ice freshet. As regards our bridge, the matter stands this way. It was built about eight years ago by John Bubar, and was, and is today, a good, solid structure. It has been painted twice and it seems as sound as ever it was. Mr. Amasa Shaw, who was engaged in new flooring and painting it about a year ago, said that the bridge would be good for ten or a dozen years yet. Mr Shaw has had a large experience, and his opinion is, we believe, valuable. A comparatively small outlay now would save us a good bridge not half worn out. Neglect to make repairs this winter, and doubtless, next summer there will have to be a new bridge from the foundation, and the public will have the pleasure of fording the river in the meantime. Whoever is interested in this matter had better make enquiries. We look to our rulers.

The season thus far has been unfavorable for lumbering; but at present the indications are that fully fifty per cent. more lumber will be cut on the Becaguimic this season than for some seasons past.

Measles of a mild type are prevalent. Some old people who formerly played shy have been caught this time, while some of our prominent villagers are still playing shy.

TEMPERANCE VALE.

A Big Budget of Current Items from an important little Village.

TEMPERANCE VALE, Nov 26.—The weather we are glad to say has taken a change since your correspondent last wrote you and Jack Frost has been with us for the last fortnight trying his best to freeze us to death. The ground is frozen very hard and the roads are rough but not so wet as they were a month ago. We have had a little snow but not enough to start the sleighs.

Mr Israel Pike is preparing now and is going to this winter run a heavy operation getting spruce logs on a portion of the Shaw Bros. ground near this place. He is going to get about five hundred thousand feet, we hear, which will be landed on the banks of the St. John river. This will prove a great convenience to the farmers who can't go far away from home, as Mr. Pike will need quite a large crew of men. Mr. George Grosvenor of Southampton is supplying Mr. Pike.

We are glad to say that all the young men who are continually leaving this place do not stay away. Mr. John Parent, Mr. Burt Parent and Mr. John Nelson and his two sons, William and Woody, returned home from Bangor a few days ago where they have been to work in mills during the summer. They have been much missed by both visiting and social circles.

Mr Pinder, whose drive was hung up a while ago, has been to work the last few days hauling his logs out on the bank, from which place they will be hauled to his mill this winter, and then sawed into deal, which will be hauled to the river on sleds.

Mr. Albert Fawcett is to work at present pressing his hay on his farm in Nortondale. He has a large amount of hay for sale, as well as many others in this place.

Mr. Geo. McLeod, who is ever on hand for some fun, had an apple paring on Friday night last, to which all the young folks were cordially invited. They enjoyed themselves very much, besides paring a large number of apples.

Mrs. George McLeod is being congratulated over a certain domestic event.

Some of our highly esteemed and thoroughly experienced young ladies are exchanging their knowledge very freely at present. Miss Ada Fawcett is learning Miss Emma McDonald the beautiful Kensington painting, while Miss Emma in return is learning her the systematic and most wonderful pottery work.

Miss McDonald is to leave in a few days for Jacksonville, Carleton Co.

Mrs John McDonald presented her husband the other day with two beautiful little girls. The present was very much appreciated by John.

Mr Robt Murdock, who does the blacksmithing for this place and the surrounding country, is very busy this fall. He shoes some days as high as ten horses besides other work he has to do. Mr Murdock has to work very hard and needs an assistant.

Mr George Draper is very busy at present yarding his bark. He has about fifty cords. He has Mr George McLeod hired to help him.

Mr Daniel Pike, jr, while down at Mr Pinder's mill the other day for lumber, left his horses standing near the mill untied, while he himself went inside. The horses, becoming frightened, started for home at a lively speed. Mr Pike did not see them when they started and before they were stopped they had torn his wagon all to pieces.

HAMPSTEAD.

Recovering from Her Injuries—The Pickle Business—Mumps—Other Notes.

HAMPSTEAD, Nov. 20. The child of Mrs. Cheyne's, of Hibernis, who was so badly burned last week, is, to the parents delight, recovering rapidly.

The working men of the above place will meet on Saturday to place the frame of the new hall on its foundation.

Mr. Isaac Gardner killed a hog a few days ago which surpasses anything that has been raised here this fall, tolling the scales with a weight of nearly 500 lbs.

We are glad to learn that Mr. and Miss Worden are again able to attend to their respective duties.

Mr. David Stockford, who, a few weeks ago, made himself the possessor of a farm, has bought the place adjoining it, owned by Rainsford Mason. The old gentleman will, we think, have his hands full next summer.

Miss Minnie Lint, who has had charge of the school at Queenston for the last two terms, has tendered the trustees her resignation. She is spoken of as a very energetic and successful teacher.

We are always pleased to learn of persons who adopt the motto "Try Again," and prove it. Mr. Samuel L. Peters, some years ago engaged in the pickling business quite extensively and failed, not being exactly posted in preparing them for market. Since then he has made that point a careful study, and last fall he struck the key note. The general cry is "Give me pickles made at Hampstead." The frost this year injured seven-eighths of his crop, but Mr. Peters is not one of those persons who grumbles at Providence.

The mumps have visited several families in Summer Hill. Latest accounts say that the disease has been handled with such care that nothing serious will result from it.

The Washademoak boat made her last trip on Thursday the 22nd, returning to St. John in the evening, barely in time to escape the ice.

MR. WOODCOCK'S STATEMENT.

Why He Consented to Accept the Title of Freiherr from the King of Wurtemburg.

"I do not want to talk about the matter at all. You may say, however, that I have not received my conge from King Charles. I am not spiritualistic, and never attended a seance in my life My relations with King Charles are of an honorable character. My duties are clearly defined and drawn up by the chief of his majesty's cabinet, and honored with the king's signature. I was told at the time he used as a model a contract between Goekle and Carl August of Weimar. My salary was fixed at a generous, but by no means lavish sum. I was to have my entire liberty, but I bound myself to spend several hours each day with the king for intellectual and social conversation.

"Previous to 1883 when I received my appointment I had been a pastor of a small Lutheran church, and I was recommended to his majesty by the then British minister to Wurtemburg. I have been constantly with the king in public for the past five years, but my refusal until lately to accept a title has caused me to be regarded as a mysterious personage by those who seem unable to understand that one should wish to remain a simple American while enjoying and trying to deserve the confidence of the noble minded man who is at the same time a king.

"Since I was gazetted as Court Chamberlain and raised to the rank of Freiherr, I have received many letters reproaching me for the step. It is needless to say I could not help myself. For the last six months the German press has been attacking me. 'By remaining simply Mr. Woodcock,' said the king to me, 'you give corroboration to all these slanderous stories in circulation, and in justice to myself, if you do not want justice to yourself, you must allow me to answer them in the only way I can, by placing you in the highest office in my position.' To show my gratitude to one, who although a king, has been a noble friend, I have consented to be ennobled, and to abjure my American citizenship, but at heart I shall remain an American. My first wish was to yield before this storm of slander and return to America, but after mature deliberation I came to the conclusion that it would be better to remain in the position of a hated alien at court rather than to be guilty of the ingratitude of deserting my benefactor, when now in his declining years and ill health he has need of me. A strange destiny; and those hands not human, which shape the fate of men, having made my sphere of usefulness in a strange land, and among a strange people, I shall continue to do my hard duty, knowing that the judgment of posterity never errs. I am ambitious of leaving Wurtemburg with as fair a name as did Benjamin Thompson Count Rumford, in Bavaria, as did Motley in Poland, and as have many of my countrymen in foreign lands."

The above is part of the statement of Baron Von Savage Woodcock, as he registered himself, to the Paris correspondent of the New York World. The Word says:

"The correspondent's personal impression from the interview is that the American baron is outrageously slandered, and that, with the exception of having in the beginning accepted an equivocal position in the midst of a narrow-minded court, his conduct has been in no way such as to justify the attack of which he and his strange career have been the subject. Corroborations of these have been received within a few days by a communication from Professor Evans, formerly of Cornell university, in which he said, that though he regrets that the baron should descend from his high rank as an American sovereign to a German Freiherr he entertains for him warm friendship, regard and esteem."

MARINE DISASTERS.

Schooner M. & A. Morrison, of Shelburne, Wrecked and All Hands Lost.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Nov. 29. The dismasted schooner M. & A. Morrison was towed in to day from her anchorage at Herring Cove, and run on the flats in the harbor. She will be pumped out and hauled into Union dock at high water. The vessel is a complete wreck. A man about 50 was taken from the wreck, and identified as Capt. Daniel Morrison, of Jordan's Ferry, Shelburne, N. S. She had a cargo of potatoes from Prince Edward Island for Boston. She belonged to Shelburne, N. S., was owned by her captain and his brother, is 89 tons register, and five years old. The balance of the crew were probably washed overboard during the gale, but some may be found below after she is pumped out.

BOOTHBAY, Me, Nov. 30. The schooner Dallas Hill of St. John, was wrecked on Heron's Island in the late storm. The wreck was discovered this morning. The vessel has gone to pieces and was loaded with lumber. All that can be seen is the wreckage of the boat. The crew is missing and supposed to be lost.

SAVANNAH, Ga. Nov. 30. The British steamship Napier arrived to-day from New York, with the captain and crew of the British steamship Domingo, abandoned sinking in lat. 33 86, lon. 73.48. The Domingo was from St. Jago, Cuba, for Philadelphia, with iron ore. She sailed the 18th. On the 22nd she encountered a gale which lasted three days, and when abandoned she had eight feet of water in the hold, and sank shortly after.

BREACH OF TRUST.

An English M. P.'s Disgrace—He Gets His Release by Members of His Party Paying Up.

LONDON, Nov 29.—Robert Cont Davis, member of parliament for Fennington division of Lambeth, was committed to prison Tuesday for contempt of court in failing to pay £3,778, due by him as administrator of his uncle's estate. He appeared in court to-day, offered to apologize and refund the money. The judge refused to interfere and the order of arrest was handed to the sheriff for execution. Davis' debt was subscribed by tory members of parliament to prevent the disgrace of the arrest for breach of trust.

In the commons to-day, Timothy Healy asked what steps the government leader intended to recommend the house to take regarding the charge against Davis.

Mr Smith denied the existence of proof to justify him in asking the house to pronounce judgment on Davis.

Edmund Robertson, liberal, reminded the house that the expulsion of a member should be decreed for breach of trust.

Mr Smith protested against hasty action.

Mr Healy intimated that unless the government acted in the matter he would move on Tuesday that a new writ be issued for an election to fill the seat now held by Davis.

NOT BAD.

An Interesting Case Being Tried at Montreal.

MONTREAL, Nov. 29. A curious case is now engaging the attention of the police authorities. Six months ago Mrs. McKean left her husband at Lake St. John, came to Montreal, and arrayed herself in man's attire. Entering the service of a well known gentleman, she was given a bed in the room with the coachman. The latter remained in ignorance of the real condition of affairs until last night, when the terrified Jehu discovered that for a half year his apartment had been shared by Mrs. McKean. The indignant coachman had the woman arrested.

Idaho Streams That Vanish.

One of the peculiar features of Idaho scenery is the frequent occurrence of dark rocky chasms and channels of lava into which streams and rivers plunge and are apparently forever lost. These fissures are supposed to be old lava beds. The outside of the molten mass cooled and formed a roof, the fiery stream below became exhausted, leaving an empty chamber. A break in this roof having occurred, an opening was formed into which the river or stream now disappears, to reappear as a mysterious lake, basin or spring on some distant mountain or plain.

On the banks of the Snake river one of these streams reappears, gushing from a high cliff in a cataract to the waters below.—Scientific American.

'POSSUM AND 'TATER.

Georgia Gourmets Who Revel in the Chief Delight of the Year.

Did you see that suspicious looking animal hanging out in front of a Marietta street restaurant the other day? Of course you saw it if you passed that way. Of course you knew, even if it didn't have any hair on it, and even if it was butchered and ready for the oven, that it was a possum. But did you know that the possum market in Atlanta was not to be "sneezed" at? Did you know that "possum and 'taters" was one of the swell dishes at the restaurants? Well, if you didn't, read along a little further and I'll give you some facts about the possum crop which will astonish you as they did me.

This file tailed country animal has been a part of the south as long as there has been any south, and, like the rabbit, he is very prolific, and seems to increase instead of diminish as the years roll on. He is very fond of persimmons, from which the name of opossum is derived. He was nearly always caught up a persimmon tree, and years ago was known as the animal of the persimmon, which was gradually contracted into o'possum.

It is useless to say that the 'possum is a nocturnal animal, and is caught by means of dogs who tree him in some small tree which is easily cut down. Strange as it may sound old 'possum hunters will tell you that the bigger a 'possum is the smaller the tree in which he is caught, and it is only the young 'possums, that climb a very large tree when pursued by the dogs.

Three or four years ago our commission merchants began buying a few 'possums from the country and selling them to a few select customers in Atlanta. Before that time a 'possum now and then found its way into the city through the agency of some great 'possum wargor, who always found a ready sale for this toothsome animal. Everything has changed since then, and the 'possum has, through no efforts of his own, arisen to a very important place in the commercial world. One commission merchant informed me that he handled 300 'possums a month, and at Folsom's restaurant 100 of these animals are butchered every month and served out to those who are fond of them, and that means nearly every southern raised man.

The majority of the 'possums sold in Atlanta come from the country merchants, and a large percentage of this number come from up on the Marietta and North Georgia railroad, a section of the country which is regarded as the finest in the world for grapes, rye, 'possums and corn liquor. A number of countrymen living in Fulton county catch many 'possums during the season, and sometimes they bring them in by the wagon load, as they would bring in a load of chickens.

'Possums are sold at various prices, governed according to the size of the animal. The kittens bring from 20 to 40 cents, while the full grown range from 40 cents to $1. The 'possum is ripe by the 1st of September, and he is pulled until the 1st of March. The average sum paid for 'possums a month during the season will amount to something over $500, making the 'possum crop worth about $4,000 to Atlanta.

A dish of 'possum and taters at the restaurant will cost you 30 cents, but if you want a 'possum supper it will cost you from $1.50 to $2. A 'possum supper consists of a whole 'possum, baked with sweet potatoes, and then there's corn bread and coffee thrown in as extras, for 'possum and taters, to be enjoyed, must be eaten with corn bread. There's a very remarkable thing about 'possum meat. It is as greasy as the meat of a hog; but, unlike that, it can be eaten with safety by persons with the weakest digestion. It won't fill you up like pork or other meat, but you can eat a very large quantity of it and feel no bad effects from so doing.

'Possums are caught in a mile and a half of Atlanta, and, as I said before, they are as numerous and prolific as rabbits. My brother, in coming home very late one bright, moonshiny night last winter met a very large and very fat old 'possum on Wheat street, and after a little persuasion the 'possum was induced to accompany him home. The next day that 'possum was the leading attraction at the dinner table.

If you have never tasted 'possum meat you have lived in vain; if you have never inhaled the delicious fragrance arising from a dish of 'possum and 'taters, life has been but a mockery to you, and if you do not get you a 'possum and bake him with sweet potatoes for your dinner to-morrow you'll regret it even to the end of your life.—Atlanta Journal.

THE FLYING MACHINE PROBLEM.

Lesson Taught by the Bird—Three Indisputable Facts.

The reason of this wonderful effectiveness of the animal machine is obvious. See how this machine has been gradually perfected throughout infinite ages, especially in birds. During the whole geological history of the earth this machine has been steadily improving in structure of skeleton, energy of muscle and rapidity of combustion of fuel, by struggle for life and survival of only the swiftest, the most energetic and the hottest blooded, until an almost incredible intensity is reached in birds. Moreover, in them everything is sacrificed to the supreme necessity of flight. Viscera, skeleton, legs, head, all are made as small and light as possible to make room for the great pectoral muscles working the wings. Add to this the exquisite structure of the wings and feathers, adapting them for the greatest effectiveness, and we must admit that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying machine.

No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel and directing brain, is half so effective. And yet this machine thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds! I said, "weight of machine, fuel and directing brain." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer, the flying machine must carry its engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is 150 pounds. The limit of the flying animal is fifty pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying machine, with its necessary fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than 300 or 400 pounds.

Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together: 1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond fifty pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it. 2. The animal machine is far more effective than any we may hope to make; therefore the limit of the weight of a successful flying machine cannot be more than fifty pounds. 3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, can not be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying machine, self raising, self sustaining, self propelling, is physically impossible?—Professor Joseph Le Conte in Popular Science Monthly.

The Oath of Hippocrates.

A correspondent sends us the Hippocratic oath, apropos of recent strictures on Dr. Mackenzie's publication:

"* * * Whatever in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I see or hear in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret.

"While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art respected by all men, in all times!

"But should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot!"—New York Post.

FREDERICTON AND VICINITY.

Record of Current Events About Town.

The Water Metres Going in—The Police Court.

The Pokiok Bark Business—Mining in Queen's Co.

Home News from Abroad.

New Brunswick and Albany mines at St[illegible]n, N. B., have closed, throwing hundreds of men out of employment.—New York Sun.

The Foresters.

The Independent Order of Foresters is growing rapidly. At the next meetings of St. Mary's and Millicete courts a large number of applicants for membership will be initiated.

Improvements at the Rink.

The curling club is putting some improvements on their rink before the season opens. Among other things the ante-rooms are being nicely painted and fitted up. Mr. John Payne is in charge of the work.

An Excellent Group.

A large photographic group of the Star Social Club is on exhibition in the window of Coate's jewelry store. It is a splendid piece of work and reflects great credit upon the photographer, Mr. John Harvey.

Good Work.

Mr. Harry Hanson, of Nashwaak, claims to have threshed 305 bushels of oats in eight hours and a half recently, and 2,225 bushels in eight days with the Little Giant machine. It will take some fast work to beat this.

Caught in the Ice.

Our Wickham, Q. C., correspondent writes: "A number of schooners and woodboats, anxious to make full time, rather overdosed the matter, and are now lying at Wickham wharf frozen in for the winter."

Horse Killed.

A few days ago, while Mr. Austin Kinney, of North Lake, was hauling logs, one of his horses in some way caught its foot between two rocks, stumbled and broke its leg. The animal, which was a valuable one, had to be shot.

A Large Trout.

Mr. John Richards received from Mr. Robert Connor yesterday a trout weighing eight and a half pounds, which was caught in the lakes above St. Francis. This is one of the largest if not the largest trout ever seen in Fredericton.

A Seizure Seized.

On Sunday morning last a customs officer seized two kegs of whisky which a dealer was bringing from Calais. It was temporarily stored in the customs office at the bridge. On Sunday night somebody entered the office and took the whisky, which has not been seen since.

New Railway Enterprise.

Notice is given that application will be made to incorporate the Prince Edward Island and Continental Railway and Ferry Co., to construct a line of railway from Buctouche to Kingston and Richibucto, to establish a railway and passenger-ferry connecting with the Prince Edward Island railway.

Mining in Queen's County.

Mr. Coes, of St. John, passed through the city the other day on his way to Newcastle, Queen's Co., to build a tram-way in connection with Green's mines. It is understood that Mr. Green has sold part of his interest in the mines to some St. John parties, and that operations will be carried on more extensively than ever.

The Metres Going In.

The soft weather has spoiled it for the hotel and livery stable keepers, and enabled Superintendent Burchill to get to work at the placing of the water metres. Large boxes for the metres are being put down to-day in front of Gaunce's and Lee's livery stables on Westmorland Street. The work will be continued down town next week.

The Police Court.

Mr. John Richards is acting police magistrate in the absence of Judge Marsh, who is at Woodstock to give evidence in a civil suit before the Carleton Circuit Court. The latter is expected back on Monday. There has been little doing in the court this week. One drunk yesterday morning is the only matter that has required the presence of Mr. Richards.

The Northern & Western Bonds.

Mr. Robert Oruikshank, whose name was coupled with that of Mr. Collier, in connection with the Northern and Western railway bonds, got home last night. To-day a Globe reporter sought to interview him on the subject, but he declined to say anything further than that no writ had yet been served on him in connection with the bonds.—Last Night's Globe.

Laid to Rest.

The funeral of the late Mrs. John McBeath took place from the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel McKee, sr., yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended by all classes of citizens. The remains were interred in the old cemetery. Rev. Mr. Mowatt conducted the services at the house and at the grave. Mr. John Adams was in charge of the funeral arrangements.

In Town but not Arrested.

As stated in last issue Edward Quinn, for whose arrest a warrant was issued last Saturday, skipped to St. John before the officers could get at him. He returned to the city on Thursday, and was seen on Regent street that night, but the officers were unable to find him. It is said he has gone to St. John again. His wife is living in the city and his return was no doubt to make arrangements for her departure also.

Serenaded at Marysville.

Mr. J. Judd Libbey returned to Marysville with his bride on Thursday afternoon. In the evening the Marysville band turned out and played several appropriate airs in front of his residence. A large bonfire blazed near-by also in honor of the occasion. Two or three hundred people assembled and enjoyed the music, which was rendered in the band's best style. At the conclusion of the programme Mr. Libbey entertained the bandsmen and other friends to supper at his residence.

That Bridge Approach Again.

The attention of the goverament officers is again respectfully directed to the disgraceful condition of the approach to the St. Mary's end of the bridge. Since mention was last made of the matter, the holes have been filled up, but with large rough stones, carelessly thrown down, rendering it dangerous for people driving across. As it is now it requires the utmost care for a person to get safely on or off the other side of the bridge. A horse fell down while feeling its way over these stones on Thursday night and broke the shafts of the wagon.

Agricultural Meetings.

At the meeting of the St. John Agricultural Society Thursday afternoon a communication was read from H. B. Hall, of Gagetown, stating that the writer, with W. W. Hubbard, of Oromocto, proposed holding a series of farmers' institutes during the month of January at which lectures would be delivered by Dr. Twitchell, of Maine. The meetings will be held at Hampton, Clifton, Rothesay, St. John, Westfield, Petersville, New Jerusalem Hampstead, Gagetown, Sheffield, Oromocto, Kingsclear and Fredericton. The St. John Society will provide a hall and pay a share of Dr. Twitchell's expenses.

BITS OF NEWS.

Gathered and Condensed for the Readers of the "Gleaner."

The city council meets in regular monthly session on Tuesday evening.

The Grand Lake mud is looming up again on Queen street, and the crossings are all covered.

The store of Messrs. A. & F. Sutherland at Bathurst was broken into Wednesday night and goods to the value of nearly $400 stolen. No arrests have been made.

Messrs. Greenwood & Fuller, of Montreal, have strung 213 electric lamps in the Chatham pulp mill, and the current has been turned on, lighting the works up in good style.

Messrs. McCafferty & Daly, dry goods dealers, St. John, have assigned to Robert Harrower, representative of the firm of Stewart & McDonald, of Glasgow. Messrs. Stewart & McDonald are preferred to the extent of $18,500.

IS HE THE MAN.

Arrest of a Man Supposed to be the Braintree Murderer at Millbridge, Me.—Not Quite up to Thompson's Description.

The arrest of a man in Millbridge, Me, Wednesday, supposed to be Thompson the Braintree murderer, caused considerable excitement there, and the arrival of an officer from Boston who was expected there Thursday to identify the man, was anxiously looked for. When the officers went to arrest this man in Cherryfield it was found that he had left town but was overtaken in Millbridge. A correspondent of the Bangor Commercial writes:

The man arrested was tramping through the county pretending to be canvassing for a pie lifter of his own get up, and he is either a crazy fool or a good personator, and it is my opinion that he is the former. He answers the description pretty well, although the scar is behind his ear. He is a man about 5 feet 8 inches, and is round shouldered, thick set, and might weigh 165 pounds or more. He has a dark stubby beard, and it looks as if he had grown it the past ten days or two weeks. He says that his name is Joseph Gibson and that he lives in Kings Co., New Brunswick, and implies that he came this way on account of trouble of some kind. In different places he tells different stories, as he claimed to be a lecturer in some of the towns east. He seems to be an innocent old cuss although he has a treacherous eye. In my opinion they have the wrong man although he answers pretty well to the description. He is a man of about 56 and is a lazy, dirty looking devil.

After Sixteen Years.

Some sixteen years ago H. W. Knight, who lived in St. Stephen, was burned out and removed to St. John, his wife having died. He left his boy, about two years old, in charge of a woman who soon afterwards ran away, taking the boy, his mother's gold watch and two hundred dollars. The woman died and the boy was left in charge of Joseph Young, who, it is said, used the boy badly and he ran away. The father never got a trace of him from the time of his first disappearance. The boy turned up, however, in Barry, Vermont, and attempts were made to find his people. Marshal Sharp of St. John happened to be in Boston, heard of the case and took it to work up. Patiently following threads of evidence he has finally located Knight at Sackville, where he is carrying on a business in butchering. Father and son have been put in communication with each other and the latter is expected to come on soon. It is supposed the woman who ran away with the child did it in the hope of getting a reward.

Council of Physicians and Surgeons.

At the annual meeting of the Council of Physicians and Surgeons, held in St. John, a discussion took place on the health and registration acts. A committee was appointed to draw up such amendments as they deemed proper and submit them at the next meeting of the council. Complaints were received concerning parties in the province who are practicing medicine and signing medical certificates, though they are not registered physicians. The cases were ordered to be dealt with according to law. A communication from the local government relating to an overture on the part of the imperial government looking towards the establishment of uniformity of registration of physicians all over the empire was read and discussed. At present the registration laws differ, not only as between Canada and England, but even between provinces. The communication was referred to a committee.

Twenty Thousand Dollars Wanted.

The case of George A. Stevenson vs. the New Brunswick Railway Company was taken up at the St John Circuit Court yesterday. The action is brought to recover $20,000 damages for injuries received by Stevenson, while brakeman on the New Brunswick railway, at Messrs Kick & Daniel's Mill, Portland. Plaintiff was standing on a freight car when the train reached the mill and while passing under the deal shoot was knocked off the car. The train passed over his leg severing it from his body. He was also injured about the head. The plaintiff bases his claim upon the fact that the shoot is not at the height above the cars required by the Dominion Railway Act. The Act requires a clear space of seven feet between the top of the freight cars and the bottom of any bridge or other structure over a railway.

Another Victim.

The confidence game was successfully played on a Canadian Frenchman, whose name could not be ascertained, Wednesday afternoon. The victim was a passenger on a Maine Central train from Portland to Waterville, where he lives. A flashily dressed man, who got aboard at Portland, formed the acquaintance of the Frenchman just after the train started, and borrowed $40 of him, with the understanding that he would give him a check at the next station for the amount, which he expected to get of a friend whom he should meet there. The fellow got off at Cumberland Junction unperceived by the Frenchman, who found out when too late that he had been swindled.—Commercial.

Personal.

Mr. George F. Gregory has returned from the Carleton Circuit Court.

Mr. C. E. Grosvenor, of Canterbury, has left for Southern California, where he has decided to settle.

Hon. J. H. Fletcher, formerly editor of a Charlottetown paper, has been elected to the Dakota legislature.

The Cotton Factory.

The Marysville cotton factory is running full blast, and an immense quantity of goods is being turned out daily. New machinery is arriving constantly over the Northern & Western, and being placed in position in the factory. At no other time have so many machines been kept running as at present.

Mills Running Again.

Estey's mill at West End, which was shut down for over a week for want of lumber to cut, is running again, the rise of water having brought a sufficient number of logs down to keep the mill running for some little time. The logs are floating down with the loose ice above town.

Goods Exported.

The value of goods exported from Fredericton during November was $17,194, as compared with $11,597 for the corresponding month of last year. Mr. John A. Morrison shipped fifty-two carloads of cedar shingles during the month, which accounts for the increase.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

On Thursday, United States Thanksgiving day, Geo. W. Ross of the Vanceboro dining rooms, entertained the New Brunswick and Maine Central railway employes, the mail clerks and express messengers, in all to the number of sixty, to an excellent dinner.

MAY PROVE FATAL.

Serious Affair on the Bay Chaleur Railway.

An Italian Laborer Demands Money from a Companion.

On Being Refused He Shoots Him in the Abdomen.

A train on the Bay Chaleur railway was the scene of a tragic occurrence on the 28th inst., which will probably result in the death of the injured man. A number of Italians have been working during the summer on this railway, which extends eastward along the north of Bay Chaleur from Metapedia. The Italians were paid off and a number of them were coming down the new road in a box car. Among the Italians was a man about 55 years of age and his son, a young fellow of 16 or 17, and also another man of about the same age of the former. The story told by the boy is that the other man demanded money from his father, knowing that he had been paid off and had some $100 in his possession. His father did not accede to the demand, whereupon the man drew a revolver from his pocket, fired two shots at the boy's father, one of which missed its mark, but the other took effect in the abdomen.

This occurred but a few miles from Metapedia, and on arrival at the latter place the injured man was sent on a special to Campbellton. Dr. Venner made an examination of his wounds at the station and he was afterwards taken to Desmond's Hotel, where the doctor did all that was possible for him under the circumstances. The bullet could not be extracted, however, and as the man is suffering a great deal of pain and bleeding profusely it is feared his injuries will prove fatal. The names of the parties have not been ascertained.

The Italian who fired the shot has not been arrested.

It is believed he is hiding somewhere about Metapedia, though he had a through ticket to Poston.

Our Campbellton correspondent writes that the man was somewhat improved yesterday, and that there are chances for his recovery.

AMONG THE SPORTS.

The Walking Match.

A New York despatch of yesterday says: An increasing interest in Madison Square was noticeable last night in the large attendance. Fully 3000 were present at one o'clock this morning, and there was but a small decrease in the number that remained until daylight. Toward 4 o'clock Littlewood began to lessen the number of miles that lay between himself and Herty. Half an hour later Herty left the track. Littlewood soon tied the score at 451 miles, amid much enthusiasm. Only four men of the large field that started the first day succeeded in covering 400 miles in 100 hours. Littlewood, at 4 a. m., was 2 miles behind Fitzgerald's big record of 1882. The leaders at 10 o'clock this morning were Littlewood, 480; Herty, 472; Moore, 444; Cartwright, 432; Noremac, 426; Howarth, 421; Hart, 413.

The Turf.

Jay-Eye-See, the famous trotter, cut his foot with a piece of glass in the pasture recently and nearly bled to death. His recovery is doubtful. He is valued at $50,000.

The Sprinters.

A Boston correspondent writes that Fred Harmon, the New Brunswick runner, won all the great handicap foot races that took place in London on Monday. He did not enter in the 500 yard contest, but defeated all comers in the 150 and 200 yard races.

Prisoners Acquitted.

The trial of George Butterfield and William McDougald before the Carleton circuit court on the indictment against them for horse stealing and larceny of blankets and halter, resulted in the acquittal of both prisoners on the charge of horse stealing and of McDougald of the larceny, but Butterfield was found guilty of stealing the blanket and halter because of his having concealed the articles. The solicitor general appeared for the crown and Mr. Geo. F. Gregory for the prisoners.

The case of the Queen vs. Thomas O' Donnell, for wounding James O'Donnell with intent to do grevious bodily harm, was next taken up. Verdict not guilty. Solicitor general for the crown; Mr. Geo. F. Gregory for the prisoner.

Sentence has not been passed upon Butterfield

Big Freight Business.

Business is booming on the Northern & Western. The traffic over the line was never so great as at present and is continually on the increase. Large quantities of oats from Prince Edward Island are being sent over the road daily for the Miramichi lumbermen. Carloads of bark, cord wood, ship-knees, telegraph poles, etc., are constantly being landed here. Three car loads of manufactured cotton went over the line from Marysville this morning.

Temperance Meeting.

The Sheffield lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars held a public temperance meeting in the hall at that place last evening. There was a large attendance present. Enthusiastic addresses were made by the Revs. Joseph Barker and Mr. Maggs. Sergt. Major McKenzie and Sergt. Gregory, of the Fredericton lodge, also spoke.

It is Mr. Miller's Bark.

The settlement with reference to the Pokiok bark which was effected in Boston the other day, was between the Maritime Bank, Messrs. George and Sterling, and the trustee. Mr. Miller was no party to the settlement which leaves him undisputed owner of the bark.

The Churches.

By appointment of the presbytery Rev. Mr. Mowatt will preach in St. Paul's church, Woodstock, to-morrow. The Rev. Mr. Baird, who is at present supplying the pulpit of that church, will conduct the services in St. Paul's church in this city.

School Changes.

Miss McGahey, of Doak Settlement, will on Monday succeed Miss Hunter in temporary charge of the school there. Miss Perley will conduct the new department in Charlotte street school until Wednesday, when Miss Hunter assumes control.

Had to go Back.

The tug Dirigo left Indiantown yesterday morning for this city to endeavor to get the schooner Pioneer out of the ice but was unable to get beyond the Reach, and, in consequence, returned to Indiantown in the afternoon.

The Pennlac Reformed Baptists.

The Reformed Baptists of Penniac have chosen Rev. Wm. Kinghorn as their pastor. We are informed by one interested that the owner of the land upon which the church is erected, is not taking such steps as reported.

Fredericton's Imports.

The customs receipts for the month of November were $4,309 12. The value of goods entered was $17,570. As compared with the corresponding month of last year the receipts show a decrease of $45.54.

New Advertisements.

John Harvey—Photographs.
A Lottimer—Rubbers and Overboots.
R. Chestnut & Sons—Charter Oak Stoves.
John J. Weddall—Perforated Felt Work.

Boom Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fredericton Boom Company will be held in St. John on Tuesday morning.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY,

And How it Was Celebrated by the Fredericton Society.

There was a large gathering of the members of St. Andrew's Society at the Barker House last night to celebrate their annual day. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and those present enjoyed it thoroughly. The evening was occupied with songs and speeches and everything that goes to make up a good time. Scotch songs were given by Messrs. James Tennant, Mint'y, D. R. Forgan, John Lawson, Neilson and others. The recitation of Tam O'Shanter by Mr. McCullough was one of the best features of the evening, and was immensely enjoyed by the company. "The Day and a' Wha' Honor It" was the only toast drunk. It was some time after midnight before the company broke out.

The following telegram was received from the St. John Society during the evening:

"*St. Andrew's Society, Fredericton*:—
The luntin pipe and sneeshin mull
Are handed round wi' right guid will
For ye the nicht. "ALEX. RANKINE,
President St. Andrew's Society."

The following reply was sent:—

"FREDERICTON, Nov. 30.
"We drink to ye the nicht.
See the smokin' bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring;
Round and round tak up the chorus,
And wi' raptures let us sing.
"GEO. F. GREGORY,
President St. Andrew's Society."

Bishop Courtney in Town.

Bishop Courtney of Nova Scotia, arrived in town yesterday morning and is the guest of the Bishop Coadjutor at the Queen. He visited Marysville and the several points of interest about town yesterday. He will preach in the Cathedral to-morrow evening.

Woman's Seclusion in India.

I had not been long in India when a native lady who owned large estates sent to beg my husband to pay her a visit, as she was anxious that he should take charge of her property, which was much embarrassed, and wished to discuss the matter with him. We dismounted from our elephants in the court yard of her house, and were conducted by a magnificent major domo and a crowd of smaller satellites to a carpeted veranda, where chairs were placed ready for us. The steward then approached, holding in the palms of his joined hands some gold coins, which we touched instead of royally taking, as was the generous custom in less prudish days. But no lady was to be seen, and I was amazed and even startled to hear my husband, still looking straight before him, begin speaking as if he saw some one.

It gave me quite a shock, but as he showed no other sign of sudden insanity, I looked around for some explanation, and then discovered that our chairs were placed near a kind of screen called a chik, made of thin strips of bamboo, which completely prevents any one from outside seeing in, although a person within the room can see out, and behind this sheltering mantle of invisibility sat the lady and her women. The conversation was long, and almost wholly unintelligible to me, but I gathered that my husband, having reason to be displeased with the lady's conduct, declined to accept her hospitality in any way, which, judging from certain eloquent sounds that issued from behind the screen, drew from her tears and lamentation.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Whistle of the Elk.

The whistle of the elk is a sound which many have tried to describe, yet I doubt if any one who may have read all the descriptions of it ever written would recognize it on a first hearing. It is a most strange, weird, peculiar sound, baffling all efforts of the most skillful word painter. It is only uttered by the male, and there is the same variety in the sound made by different stags as in different human voices. Usually the cry begins and ends with a sort of grunt, somewhat like the bellow of a domestic cow cut short, but the interlude is a long drawn, melodious, flute like sound that rises and falls with a rhythmical cadence, floating on the still evening air, by which it is often wafted with singular distinctness to great distances. By other individuals, or even by the same individual at various times, either the first or last of these abrupt sounds is omitted, and only the other, in connection with the long drawn, silver toned strain, is given.

The stag utters this call only in the love making season, and for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of his dusky mate, who responds by a short and utterly unmusical sound, similar to that with which the male begins or ends his call.—G. O. Shields in Harper's Magazine.

A Primitive Telephone Line.

A correspondent at Lake Megantic sends the particulars of a telephone line that has at least the advantage of simplicity and freedom from paying tribute to a telephone company. The correspondent says:

"In Moose River, Me., they have a telephone working between the Newton house and a store about half a mile distant. The receiver and transmitter are all one. They have a hole cut in the wall and within have placed a small frame covered with sheepskin. To this the wire is attached. The wire is suspended with tarred rope. Any one wanting to speak through the telephone simply raps on the frame. The rapping can be heard ten or twelve feet from the receiver at the other end of the wire. It has been in operation about two weeks now and gives good satisfaction. The natives are delighted to get talking through it."—Detroit Free Press.

The Railroad Brakeman's Slang.

The brakeman gives the prevailing tone to the "society" of despatchers' lobbies and other lounging places which he frequents. He originates whatever slang may be deemed necessary to give spice to the talk of the caboose and round house. He calls a gravel train a "dust express," and refers to the pump for compressing air for the power brakes as a "wind jammer." The fireman's projectile ceases to be lightened by being poetically mentioned as the handling of black diamonds, and the mortification of being called into the superintendent's office to explain some dereliction of duty is dignified by referring to the episode as "dancing on the carpet."—B. B. Adams, Jr., in Scribner's Magazine.

Leave Your Windows Open.

All the higher organisms suffer hard for pure, fresh air. It keeps off disease. Don't close windows the room. Keep them open a little, or much, night and day, as long as possible. When you use double windows don't have the outer or storm window fastened on the frame and depend only on the almost useless little slit of an opening in the frame of the sash, thus named a "ventilator," for your life giving oxygen. Have the window hung with hinges so that it can be opened wide, as well as the inner one, and have both opened freely and often to "flush" the room. Even in rooms with provision for ventilation, this flushing is desirable.—The Prophylactic.

The Native Spaniard's "Outfit."

It is wonderful the number of articles a Spaniard needs for even a short journey. The list is never complete without a garlic pot, full; cigarettes, ad infinitum; a guitar, rosary, pannieri, pomegranate, knives, etc.—all these a Spaniard deems necessary to take with him even for a journey from one village to another. They seem to have meat, and were generally well supplied; more so than one would think from their lazy appearance in the fields, sometimes letting the patient burro drag the plow without help or guidance.—W. Parker Bodfish in Demorest's Monthly.

NEWS OF THE WORLD CONDENSED

From Our Own Telegraphic Reports and Our Exchanges.

Personal, Political and Religious News of the Day.

Cable, American, Canadian and General Topics.

Cable

The Ashborne bill has been carried in the British Commons.

The strike of coal miners in the various districts of Belgium has ended.

Sir Henry Norman has been appointed to the governorship of Queensland.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has resigned his membership in the college of physicians.

A German seaman was mortally wounded at Zanzibar, Thursday, while boarding an Arab dhow.

The presidents of the Berlin Bourse have consented to post the quotations of and transactions in the new Russian loan.

France and Holland have agreed to submit to arbitration the question of the delimitation of their respective possessions in Guiana.

E. Walsh, proprietor of the People, published at Wexford, Ireland, has been sentenced to five weeks imprisonment for making speeches intended to intimidate people.

Boulangist committees advise their adherents not to take part in the Baudin demonstration, on the ground that it is a government trap to provoke a bloody collision.

At a meeting of the Panama Canal company Thursday at Paris, the price of the shares was lowered 33 francs. If less than 400,000 are applied for the issue will be cancelled.

A duel between M. Paul Deroulede and M. Reinach, editor of the Republique Francaise, took place yesterday at Paris. Pistols were used. Four shots were exchanged, but neither combatant was hurt.

The case of Valery Weidmann against Robert Horsee Walpole, heir presumptive of the earldom of Oxford, for breach of promise, was heard Thursday. The plaintiff contradicted herself. The verdict was given for defendant.

A quarrel has arisen between Prince Bismarck and the Stettin merchants, who unanimously refused to comply with the order of the ministry to begin to alter the conditions of the delivery of corn in accordance with the regulations which Prince Bismarck issued in September.

The election in Holborn district of London Thursday, resulted in the choice of Bruce, conservative, by a vote of 4,398, against 3,433 for Lord Compton, Gladstonian. In the election two years ago, Col. Duncan, conservative, whose death last week left the seat in parliament vacant, had a majority of 1,700.

A man named Danth was arrested at Carlsruhe, Germany, Thursday, for the murder of Herr Huelsberg, of the Hamburg American Packet Company, whose body was found in a trunk in Basken dock. Danth had 200 marks in his possession. He confessed the murder and tried to commit suicide. He was taken to Hamburg. Much public sympathy was shown for Herr Huelsberg's family.

American.

A destructive conflagration broke out on Wednesday in Isabel Sagua la Grande, Cuba. Forty-two buildings were destroyed; the loss is great.

Five armed bandits assaulted Francisco Sosa on his estate in Guira de Melena, Cuba, and informed him that he must give them $1500 in gold, or they would kidnap one of his children. Sosa had no other remedy but to assent to their demands.

Fire was discovered at the eighth level of No. 3 shaft of the Calumet branch of the Calumet and Hecla mine, Mich, yesterday morning. A large party of men were working at the time. All made a rush for the surface, but eight are missing and must be dead.

Mrs. T. T. Pitman (Margery Dean) died at Paris, France, yesterday afternoon. She was well known in literary circles all over the world, having written much for newspapers and magazines and published several books. She was the wife of T. T. Pitman, proprietor of the Newport, R. I., Daily News, and daughter of L. D. Davis, editor of that paper.

Canadian.

The new government steamer Stanley has sailed from Glasgow for Prince Edward Island.

John Russell, dry goods merchant of Montreal, has assigned with liabilities about $25,000.

The Scott Act was sustained in Richmond county, Ont., Thursday, by an overwhelming majority.

As previously intimated Messrs. Price, Rodier and Drummond have been called to the Dominion senate.

Alphonso Pelardeau, merchant of Isle Perrott, Quebec, is missing. A meeting of his creditors has been called.

Ottawa city council has issued circulars to all municipalities in Ontario, urging united effort to abolish all exemptions from taxation.

The civic finance committee, of Montreal, has voted an additional $5,000 for improvement in the fire brigade on condition that the fire underwriters should reduce the rates of insurance.

At a meeting of Toronto and Montreal publishers and paper makers held yesterday, it was unanimously decided to support an agitation against Canada's entry into the Berne convention.

Yesterday a drover named John Spearman was found dead in a yard at Point St. Charles, Quebec. Deceased and two others went into the yard under the influence of liquor to sleep.

David Ames has been sent to the Toronto central prison for four months for bigamy. He was married 15 years ago, separated from his first wife 10 years since, and married a widow with eight children last month.

A fatal shooting accident occured near Halifax, Thursday, by which Capt. Ruggles Brise, of the Duke of Wellington's regiment, was killed. His gun exploded while on a shooting expedition, the load entering his abdomen.

The body of a new-born infant was found early yesterday morning on Morris street, Halifax. One leg had evidently been eaten off by a dog, and there was a hole near by where it seemed as if a dog had been trying to bide a bone.

It is denied that the government is putting obstacles in the way of Canadians who propose to send exhibits to the next year's Paris exhibition. The dominion government will take no official part in the fair, which is intended to commemorate a revolutionary centenary.

It is reported that the governor general will exercise executive clemency in the case of Kehoe, the Montreal murderer, sentenced to be hanged next month. Twenty-five medical men recently petitioned the minister of justice in favor of the prisoner, claiming that he is insane.

A conductor on the Canadian Pacific Railway, named James Vanalstine, has fallen heir to an estate in Scotland valued at over a million dollars, through the death of a near relative, who died intestate. He leaves in a few days, accompanied by a prominent Kingston lawyer, for Scotland, to attend to his interests.

It has just leaked out that a large number of registered letters from western Canada and the United States are missing, and that there has been a wholesale robbery of mails coming in by the Grand Trunk Railway. It is stated that a large amount of money has been stolen. The post office authorities give no explanation but are investigating the matter.

The Street Gamblers of China.

One never failing source of amusement was watching the street gamblers. You see a man, generally the most innocent looking of Chinamen, if one Chinaman can be said to look in any way different from another, unless in size, walking along with what looks like a rather large umbrella. He stops in what he thinks to be a convenient place, always near a corner, sticks this machine on the ground, which in some ingenious way becomes a gambling table, marked into squares and spots. In an instant he is surrounded by a crowd of all ages, and the game goes merrily on.

Suddenly a cry of police goes up and in an instant man and table have mysteriously disappeared and the crowd has scattered. I believe the law is strict against gambling, but the police seem about as efficient to stop and prevent it as are the police of our country. I never could get to understand the game, but it seems to be run on the good old principle that the odds should be in favor of the bank, as the bank seemed always to win. After watching the game for several days, I came to the conclusion that the person who raised the cry of police must be a confederate, as it was always done when the stakes were quite large, that is, for that game, as only pieces of copper were placed on the board, and in his anxiety to get away the man would not wait to hand back to the players their money, but would disappear, money, table, and all.—Samuel F. Farrar in Chicago Journal.

The Detectives of Berlin.

The detectives of Berlin are the nearest approach in stolidity to those of London. There is really very little crime in the German empire, on account of the extraordinary sentences that are imposed and the strict military discipline that prevails throughout the empire, and which has its highest development in Berlin. On this account the most experienced and capable detectives are taken out of the criminal service as rapidly as possible, and promoted to the official department.

Their duties consist solely in watching socialism and guarding eminent Germans from bombs and dynamite. Bismarck, for instance, never travels without the protection of at least two of the crack officers of the detective corps, and, when he takes a side in the park, or even ventures on a short official visit to one of the departments, a man precedes and follows him. The vigilance is severe and thorough. The emperor, I may remark in passing, is never guarded by detectives, but his personal staff hover about him in a fashion that renders any interference from Nihilists or Socialists well nigh impossible. As to the skill of the German detectives, it cannot, I think, be compared for a moment with that of the police of Paris or New York.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Peculiar Idea About Religion.

A student deeply versed in ecclesiastical matters recently advanced a very peculiar idea while conversing with a friend. He said that the established religion of a country owed its principal doctrines less to faith than to the conditions of its climate and surroundings. He cited the beautiful religion of the natives of India, who would not eat anything that had once lived, because, while all could take away life, only One could give it. He argued that a religious belief like that could only have its origin in an intensely hot climate like that of India, where animal food is not necessary to sustain life. Among the Lapianders such a religion could never obtain, because it was absolutely necessary for the inhabitants of so high a latitude to keep the warmth of the body up to a certain heat. Nothing but animal fat could do that.—New York Sun.

A Rope Walker's Coolness.

If I myself do not feel nervous, I am afraid the many persons I have carried on my back across the rope have felt a trifle perturbed, save when they have been professional assistants. In reality there is nothing in the world for them to be afraid of. All they have to do is to sit perfectly still, refrain from clutching me too tightly around the neck and leave the rest to me. When I am carrying any one over for the first time, I chat to him continuously on any indifferent subjects I can think about, and try in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always caution him against looking downward when in mid air. Somehow, though, he never seems quite happy, and I always detect a gasp of relief when the end of the rope and the platform are reached. More than once the victim has devoutly exclaimed, "Never again!"—J. B. Blondin in Lippincott's.

The Cat Hard to Train.

A successful cat trainer says that next to the goat, which is the most obstinate animal in the world to instill an idea into, the cat is the most difficult animal to train. They never take any interest or pride in their work, like the horse or dog, and they have not a particle of affection. Old fabbies who are the pets of the social corner would probably object to this criticism.—Boston True Flag.

THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(Continued.)

"As I was addressing the assembled crowd, a horrible explosion broke forth, and a shower of grapeshot passed over my head. But heaven, doubtlessly protected me, for I was not touched."

"Poor Masaniello!"

"Prince Caraffa, who had ordered the troops to fire, was brought before me. It is superfluous to tell you the rest. An instant afterward the young man was dead, his palace and twenty others were pillaged, ransacked, burned, and I had the sixty thousand ducats, without which I was doomed never more to behold all that I love in the world, all that gives me joy, hope, courage, and life here below. At present, Isabella, will you condemn me?" asked Masaniello.

"Conduct me to my father without an instant's delay!" cried the maiden.

"You shall be obeyed, senora," replied the Head of the People, "but if to-morrow you do not return, I shall have ceased to live!"

"Before the sun sets we shall all be assembled at the Vicaria!" answered Isabella. "Peace shall be re-established in Naples, and nothing shall ever separate us again, dear Masaniello—for you are still the same Masaniello you were wont to be, my dearly beloved Masaniello, my savior, my husband! Pietro, Jeanne, farewell for a short time."

After the fisherman had sent Isabella under a good escort to the Castel-Nuovo, Conrad wanted to accompany him to the Vicaria.

The lansquenet entered the council chamber with him without ceremony.

"Signore Masaniello," said he to him, "I haf still someding do asg or you!"

"What is it?

"Only den dousand doogats."

"How can I procure so large a sum, my brave fellow?"

"It is Biedro who bromised dem do me."

"For delivering the two young maidens?"

"Ya, ya, mein Herr!"

The fisherman immediately granted the demand of the deliverer of Jeanne and Isabella. Conrad filled his pockets with the gold pieces.

"At breset I shall goo," he observed.

"And where are you going?" asked Masaniello.

"Do find out my liddle Pafarian."

"Your little Bavarian?"

"Ya, ya, my Pafarian, Donner-Wetter! a bretty girl, who is in lofe wid my musdache, and who I haf been gooing to marry for dirty-dive years."

"I wish you may be successful, Conrad!"

"Dank you, signore. Shake hand vid dat goot vellow, Bietro, for me."

* * * * *

As each successive day passed by, the position of the Duke of Arcos in the Castel-Nuovo became more critical. The revolt of Naples was becoming more serious. The people had fought with the Spaniards on the first day; they had pillaged and murdered the next day, and from the battlements of his fortress the viceroy had been able to see the gloomy reflection of the burning buildings.

The Spaniards were completely discouraged. On the first day of the siege, Naples might have been frigitened into submission by a bombardment. But the viceroy had hesitated; for, after all, the Neapolitans were a property to him, a valuable property, a harvest always ripe, always fit to be cut down in fat sheaves by the sickle; it was more profitable for him to deceive this vulgar herd than to mow them down with grapeshot.

Suddenly the news was brought to the viceroy that his daughter, escorted by a troop of armed fishermen, was at the gates of the fortress. The old man rushed down in person to the gates in order to convince himself of the truth of such good news, which indemnified him for his most bitter annoyances, and afforded him an honorable excuse for renewing with Masaniello the negotiation that had been broken off. He did indeed behold his daughter in the midst of a group of men of the lower classes, whose weapons were ornamented with olive branches fastened by white kerchiefs. In his joy he immediately ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, and advanced to meet Isabella. He led her into his own apartments, and premising the beautiful head of his beloved child between his trembling hands, said to her:

"Do I then see you once again, my Isabella, my beloved? Do I then see you, after these dreadful days of revolution, still young, beautiful and smiling? Oh! my misfortunes are now nothing since you are here to share them with me! But what are those men doing there?" continued the viceroy, as he perceived those who had brought back his daughter walking peaceably up and down on the external glacis of the fortress.

"They are waiting for me, they are waiting for us, father," answered Isabella.

"They are waiting for us?"

"Yes, for I proclaim peace to you, and I am come to bring back to you the viceregal crown which you were unfortunate enough to lose."

"My child—my good Isabella, is that possible? Good heavens, is that possible?"

"You must sign Masaniello's edicts; you must renew the emperor's charter—the true one, mind, and the head of the people will himself reconduct you through the city to your palace of the Vicaria!"

"Have you seen this fisherman, then?"

"Yes, I have seen him. Oh! Masaniello has a noble soul. Under the embroidered doublets of our Spanish grandees there does not beat a more generous heart than his."

The countenance of the Duke of Arcos darkened.

"Senora," said he, "you fell into this man's power on quitting the palace, did you not?"

"I did; and I was immediately conducted to Convent of Santa Chiara, where Jeanne, his sister, had already taken refuge."

"Do you know this girl, then?"

"I do."

"And Masaniello?"

"Yes, Masaniello as well."

"Very good! But what can the daughter of the Duke of Arcos have in common with such persons as these?"

"Masaniello used to take us in his bark when we went with Dame Pedrilla to eat oranges and pomegranates in the islands that stud the gulf."

"You used to talk to Masaniello, then?"

"Of course I did."

"And it was he, doubtless, who taught you those fine speeches about the misery of the people, and the tyranny of the Spaniards, which you used to repeat to me at the Vicaria, when I was good natured enough to talk politics with you?"

"Yes, it was he, father. Oh, if you had but listened to me"—

"I did what I judged right; let us change the conversation if you have no objection. I wish to question you; answer me. How did you leave the convent of Santa Chiara?"

"A certain Corcelli, chief of the brigands, who fought against the Spaniards during the insurrection, carried me off, as well as Jeanne, and conveyed me to an almost impregnable fortress which he inhabits in the Apennines."

"As well as Jeanne, do you say?"

"Yes, father."

"Masaniello's sister?"

"The same."

"Very good. And who rescued you?"

"Pietro, a smuggler; in order to do so he risked his life a thousand times, father."

"What motive induced this smuggler thus to risk his life a thousand times in order to save you?"

"He is Masaniello's friend."

"And the lover of his sister, mayhap?"

"He is betrothed to her."

"Oh, betrothed to her, is he? At present I understand completely the bonds which unite Jeanne, the smuggler, Masaniello and yourself, my dear senora. You saw this fisherman on your return from the Apennines?"

"Pietro took me to his cabin on the Mergellina."

"A cabin that you have often visited—which is very dear to you, eh?" continued the Duke of Arcos, with a bitter sneer.

"I will not deny it."

"Oh, you are very frank in your affections, my child. It is only to be regretted that you should place them so low."

"But, mi senor"——

"Do not let us enter on a discussion, I entreat you. Have the kindness, however, to inform me whether, in dictating his terms, Masaniello asked nothing for himself"

"Nothing."

"Are you sure—nothing?"

"I am quite sure—nothing."

"And you, Isabella, do you not demand some reward for the service you have this day rendered to the king of Spain, Philip the Fourth?"

"Oh! I see at what you would hint, father," replied the maiden, blushing. "But I will not disavow in your presence a passion that does me honor. I love Masaniello, and I will never have any husband but him."

"But consider, my dear Isabella," continued the Spanish grandee, calmly, "in what a singular position we are placed. Masaniello asks for the hand of my daughter—for thus I must interpret his advances—he asks for it at the head of 50,000 armed lazzaroni—can I refuse it him?"

"Father, do not refuse it. One word from you and the Neapolitans lay down their arms, the city returns to its obedience, Masaniello is gained to your cause, and Isabella is happy at the thought of having reconciled two men so well suited to know and understand each other. By the memory of my dear mother, mi senor, let me move you."

The young girl clung round the knees of the viceroy. He raised her up.

"I am about to call my council," he said, "and I will submit to them Masaniello's humble request."

With these words he rang a bell.

"Send for the women of Donna Isabella d'Arcos!"

He accompanied his daughter as far as the door, and took leave of her with a sort of affected politeness. Never had the poor girl seen this haughty man so unkind, so severe, so pitilessly sarcastic. She awaited his decision in a state of the greatest anxiety. At length he appeared at the expiration of two hours. He was dressed in state, and all his orders sparkled on his breast. He held in his hand various papers, furnished with all the formalities used in the offices of government, and bending toward his daughter, said:

"All your desires are fulfilled, my dear senora. Call Golden Fleece," he continued, addressing one of his pages.

Golden Fleece was his herald. He entered the room.

"You will call together all the great officers of state," said the duke to him. "You will then go with them to the Vicaria, and take these title deeds for me to El Senor Masaniello, head of the people. Let him cause them to be immediately published in Naples, and then let him come directly to the Castel-Nuovo, where I shall await him."

That day was a happy one for the population of Naples. The edicts sanctioned by the viceroy were read aloud in the public squares in the midst of cries of joy and triumph. When this was concluded Masaniello proceeded to receive the Duke of Arcos as he left the fortress.

The duke advanced, hat in hand, to meet the fisherman, and having embraced him, leaned familiarly on his shoulder.

He would not allow the troops to accompany him, but re-entered his palace surrounded by an escort of the people and greeted by a thousand cries of "Long live Masaniello! Long live the viceroy!" In the evening a splendid banquet brought together the families of the two masters of Naples. They showed themselves together to the people on the terrace of the Vicaria.

We must not omit to state that Il Cappuccino was paid to the last real. But how great was the happiness of the people, when, the next day, the edicts of their chief were put into execution! There were no more farmers of the customs in the market place, no more officers, no more taxes, no more villanage, no more of those persons who had so often stirred up such ill will! Peasants and fishermen were free to sell their wines, their fruit and their fish without paying any tax save that which they willingly allowed the begging friars to collect.

As head of the people, Masaniello shared with the Duke of Arcos the cares of the government. His hands were always filled with favors and with alms, which he distributed in profusion as he passed along. The viceroy delighted to take him in his carriage, to place him at Isabella's side, and to show the people their fisherman triumphant, still wearing his woolen jacket and disdaining the purple which he might have assumed. Everywhere the greatest enthusiasm greeted the two chief officers of state, who lived in such harmony with each other—everywhere did the Neapolitans join in their cries the name of the viceroy to that of Masaniello and of Isabella. The duke insisted on Masaniello's occupying a splendid suite of apartments in the Vicaria. He gave him gentlemen to bear him company, and lackeys to wait on him. Masaniello, the fisherman of the Mergellina—Masaniello, the plebeian—Masaniello, the rebel, whom a defeat would have conducted to the gibbet, had as his attendants ricco hombres, who bore lance and banner, and were descended from the kings of Arragon.

Such was the good feeling of the Duke of Arcos toward Masaniello—such was the sincerity of his esteem and affection for him—that he did all in his power to hasten the day on which Masaniello should become a member of his family.

The fisherman was indeed the betrothed of Isabella; and he enjoyed all the privileges of his position.

In his impatience to see their marriage concluded, the viceroy begged from the cardinal archbishop the necessary dispensations to do away with the delay required by the ecclesiastical laws.

He succeeded in obtaining them.

Immediately he had done so, and of his own free will, he decided that the nuptials should be celebrated the next day.

CHAPTER XX.

POISON IN THE FLOWER.

Let us now enter that same chamber where we have seen the Duke of Arcos forget all etiquette, as well as his own dignity as a grandee of Spain, in his excitement against Senor Badajoz y Suerry y Nevada y Fualdes, and especially against his daughter Isabella, at the moment the revolt was threatening him at the gates of the Vicaria and on the market place.

Fernandez was standing up, leaning against the wall, while the duke was hastily pacing up and down, stamping impatiently on the bright colored carpet under his feet.

Most certainly his grace the Duke of Arcos had lost a great deal of his dignity and his marvelous calmness.

"Two days more," said he, "two days more, during which I must master my anger, and veil, with a continued smile, the rage which is gnawing at my heart."

"But, then, your grace, you will revenge yourself like a king!" replied Fernandez.

"Yet, after all, will it be less true that this fisherman—this boor—has been for three days betrothed to Isabella; that he has spoken to her of his love before every one; and that, with his lazarone hand—a serf's hand!—he has pressed that of the noble daughter of the house of Arcos?"

"Your grace is a devoted subject of the king, our master, and you were resolved, even at the most fearful sacrifice, to preserve intact the sacred pledge of power which you had received."

With a gesture of rage, the duke tore his ruffles of Brussels lace.

"What will his most Catholic majesty say of this revolt? He will be irritated against me, and a host of cowardly enemies will seize this opportunity of ruining me. Oh! Masaniello, Masaniello! accursed lazarone! can it be true that I have degraded myself so far as to hate you?"

"The miserable wretch will pay dearly the honor your grace does him," said Fernandez.

"You have seen the court perfumer?"

"Yes, this evening we shall have the flowers I ordered."

"Have you written to Corcelli?"

"Your grace must excuse my not having done that; I never commit such an act of imprudence. A person on whom I can depend, and of tried fidelity, has made an appointment with him for to-morrow evening."

"But supposing that our projects are not successful"——

"They will be successful, mi senor!"

"Have we not another revolt to fear from this people?"

"Masaniello," replied Fernandez, with a gloomy smile, "has, for the last two days, shared with you the supreme authority. Yesterday the Neapolitans still adored him; today they look on him with indifference; to-morrow they will desert him. Such is always the course of popular favor, mi senor!"

(To be Continued.)