

PROGRESS.

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SAMMY'S KNEE DRILLS

HE IS INDULGED IN THEM TOO MUCH FOR EXMOUTH STREET PEOPLE.

And he was called into the Police Court—how he carried on his devotions at the corner of Pennington and South streets in the Victoria is told in full in this issue.

Thursday in the Police Court one Samuel Falkner, a Holiness brother was arrested, charged with being too fervent in his praying, at least fervent to such a degree that the other for nearly a half mile about his Exmouth street lodging house, was unaccountably treated into insanity, as say the neighbours whose discomfort it was to have the ranting of the man in question flooded in upon them to the total exclusion of sleep, thought and almost of speech.

While the public at large had heretofore been officially acquainted with Mr. Falkner and his praying prowess, yet in several residential sections where he has lived of late his high supplicatory gear and pronounced ability at invocation has made him deservedly famous. Before Mr. E. V. Godfrey, the genial collector, found it in the best interests of suffering humanity that Mr. Falkner's emphatic prayers should be modulated the good people roundabout Sowell street and Dorchester street were treated to open air prayer services rivaling in noisiness those of Evangelist King or even the commendable Salvation Army, Falkner boarded in a house in that section of the city directly over E. S. Dibble's grocery.

Shortly after supper each evening he would buckle on his armour of faith and sell in. His basso profundo voice would be at times thin but as high as a tenor key and then sink like the bell in the school-boat poem, "with a gurgling sound" to the inmost depths of his vocal being.

Many a pair of pants must Mr. Falkner have unhooked in his hobbyhorse perambulations about the room in which he had his outspoken prayers. At times the religiously inclined household would join in the supplications and for blocks about, this prayer trust had full sway. Brick walls and heavy casements were quite vulnerable and not a chink or corner of the spacious neighbourly hut but was filled with the stentorian tones emanating from the Holiness boarding house. Once and a while a few S. A. friends would drop in—and down, prayer naturally ensuing in the usual neighbourly way.

But one bright sunny May day when the early risers in the locality peered out their bedroom windows they saw a "moving day" procession of loaded wagons and family effects leaving the scene of so many earnest invocations. It is not like buying a lottery ticket to presume that a grand chorus of silent praise offerings accented when the fact became generally known. The neighbours were glad and although their compulsory lessons in the art of making a good fat and wholesome prayer were many, they did not feel other than kindly toward the man, who though he was a little inconveniencing at times, nevertheless possessed undoubtedly the courage of his convictions.

Exmouth street was the next place to the man who held the championship belt for praying. His groaning and agonies in supplication were at first such a novelty to the street that crowds gathered about the boarding house to listen. Not that the street was depraved religiously, for Exmouth street church is within easy speaking distance; in fact this residential way is quite under the shadow of the Cathedral, and Brussels street baptist church, and cannot be termed other than up to the average as devout, but Mr. Falkner's exhortations were so chuck full of nonconformity and unique that his audiences grew larger and larger. Then the neighbors registered a kick. They did not want to be abruptly turned out of bed at four o'clock in the morning by a noisy religious enthusiast's praying, nor did they care to be perpetually interrupted and disturbed throughout the evenings, with curious crowds, gazing about in front of their homes, consequently the police court was sought by Mr. Godfrey who represented the combined residents, and a formal complaint laid.

Now Mr. Godfrey himself is a devout man, but goes about his christian duties in an unostentatious manner and in St. Mary's church he is the most prominent member. However he came to the logical conclusion as well as the others that their neighbour's prayers were too vociferous and disconcerting to others to be of any good to the sup-

plant, and took steps to have them confined to the four walls of the boarding house.

The magistrate decided that Falkner should pitch his voice nearer zero hereafter when he wants to pray, and not disturb the anti-y. peace and true neighbourly spirit of those living roundabout.

THAT BUOTOUCHES BANNER

Some Halifax Wanderers in Moncton Took It as a Heavy Air.

Moncton Sept 6.—The quiet city of Moncton, where nothing but goodness reigns supreme, was greatly disturbed on Saturday evening last by some of those naughty boys of the Wanderers' Club of Halifax. When I speak of Moncton, of course I only mean the quiet little bar or near the crossing who runs the town in his own mind, and who would have liked to have the entire lot of Halifax sports incarcerated in Moncton jail.

The Forerunners of Moncton held a picnic at Beatonché on Labor day and they had banners displayed about the town reading "Hurrah for Buotouches." Buotouches being a little summer resort near Moncton some of the Halifax men desirous of keeping the place in mind as well as having a souvenir of their trip to Moncton, quietly removed one of the banners and took it along with them to their own city by the sea.

The ever vigilant police force soon discovered the absence of the banner and notified the barber who hurried to the Halifax training quarters with all possible speed and demanded its replacing or the sum of \$20.

"P. E." acting as spokesman for the party looked both scared and dumfounded when he realized the cost that was put on the \$2-50 banner and said on his word of honor that the banner would be replaced, but imagine his surprise to find out that the banner had been removed since he last saw it with the result that for once his word of honor could not be fulfilled.

Two of Halifax's young men who decided to spend Sunday in Moncton were several times disturbed during the day by calls from the police and finally, towards evening, learning they would have to spend the Sabbath on Duke St. decided to try the investigating air of the seaside and the question now is where is the "Hurrah for Buotouches" banner.

WHEE BOUND TO CATCH FISH.

How Some Amateur Fishermen Prepared to Clear Treadwell's Lake.

A brief paragraph in some of the daily papers mentioned the fact that some fishermen (?) from the city had tried to make a big haul of trout in Treadwell's lake by means of set lines and shad nets, but had been interfered with by the game warden whose name it was said was Thompson.

"Sandy" Johnson was the warden in question and he did make a haul of set lines and nets that would soon have cleared the lake of trout. The men came from the North End and they pleaded ignorance of the law so hard that it is said they will not be prosecuted.

Warden Johnson happened along in rather an unexpected fashion. He had an appointment to fish with a friend on the same spot as the North Enders were trying their luck. When he got there he found the lines, and later the nets in the bushes. Those who saw their operations say they went about the setting of the lines as unconcerned as possible in broad day light stretching one strong line clear across the cove and suspending a lot of baited hooks from it. The hooks had plenty of worms and other bait and as soon as the hour arrived for the big trout to be active there is no doubt but that a big haul would have been made. But the arrival of the warden put an end to this and the lines were withdrawn. It is said that both them and the nets would be destroyed. The latter however are valuable and it may be that as they were only on the shore and not in the water they will be spared. Still their presence there should be explained when the owners get them. The men who set the lines denied all knowledge of the matter.

The discovery of the fish in Treadwell's lake has taken a lot of people there but they all agree that it is but poor sport to catch with bait at a depth of thirty to forty feet. There is no life in the fish when they come to the surface having in many cases been half drowned by drawing them up through the water. The bait used is worms and small minnows. A huge

lynch of worms and a shiner some find the best, while others say that frog legs are the best. It is no doubt exciting to find a five or six pound trout on your hook but those who have enjoyed deep sea fishing say that this is much like it though not half so exciting.

WAS THERE FOUL PLAY?

A Fredericton Man Arrested on a Very Grave Charge.

Word comes from Fredericton of what looks like a shocking and brutal crime on the part of one Charles Dewitt of Victoria Mills. The man was arrested on Thursday on suspicion of having been responsible for the death of his three-year-old stepchild. The poor little bit of humanity died last Wednesday and those who prepared the body for burial say that it was black and blue and looked as though it had been severely beaten.

The man Dewitt has a reputation of being most cruel to his own and his stepchildren and shocking stories are told of his inhuman treatment of them. A neighbour's suspicions were aroused by what he had seen and heard during the last few weeks and when the baby of three years died Wednesday he reported the affair to the authorities with the result that the monster was arrested. Coroner Conlath held a post mortem examination on the body and decided that there was sufficient ground for an inquiry into the affair.

Spent the Holiday in Jail.

There were more than a score of prisoners—most of them drunks—in the police court Tuesday morning. Of course they represented the work of the police all day Saturday, Sunday and the holiday, but there were a lot of people who thought that some leniency should have been extended to the unfortunates on the holiday. It would have been a kind act at any rate on the morning of Labor day to have let those who could pay their fine or, better still, to have made the fine nominal in simple cases of drunkenness.

They Enjoyed the Game.

A young lady and gentleman furnished as much amusement at the ball game on Monday last as did the work of some of the players. The young couple were unable to obtain a seat on the grand stand, and so they like many others had to be content with watching the game from a less desirable point. They sought for a spot far from the maddening crowd, but this



D. J. McLAUGHLIN, President of the Exhibition Association, Who Will Open the Fair on Monday.

too was an impossibility, so they sat themselves down on the grass and promptly proceeded to indulge in all the little sentimentalities that are supposed to accompany love's young dream.

The lady's hand throughout was closely clasped in that of her enamored escort, and whenever a fly or a bit of dust alighted on either party the other promptly shook or brushed it off.

The crowd in the vicinity of the love-sick couple smiled and wondered why a policeman wasn't on duty in that locality.

Gorton Minstrels a Good Show.

The Gorton Minstrels opened in the Opera house Thursday evening. The audience was large and enjoyed the performance very much. The best things in the show were the musical features and the acrobatic feats. The whistling solo and the club swinging also captured the favor of the people. Considered altogether the show was one of the best of its kind that has been seen here for years. The ages of the jokes were uncertain but many an old thing is all right when dressed in the latest fashion.

THE CHILDREN BARRED.

NO HOLIDAY FOR THEM ON MONDAY, LABOR DAY.

How the Aunts Enjoyed the Sports and all Other Pleasures Provided for Them on That Day—7:21 at the Victoria Grounds and the Bicycle Races in Moncton.

There was one particular feature about Labor day that nobody seemed to think of before hand, and even if they had, perhaps it would not have been possible to remedy it. The holiday was not for the children. Their parents all had a holiday or were supposed to have one but the boys and girls could not enter into the enjoyment of the day, because they had to go to school. For the matter of that neither could their parents because it was not possible to have a family outing and the great majority of those who plan a day's enjoyment do not think of leaving the youngsters behind.

As the school term was but a few days old it was not prudent to take the pupils from school and in a great many cases mothers remained at home to prepare meals for the children instead of going out as they might have done. The superintendent however reported that there was but a slim attendance on the afternoon of the holiday so it may be concluded that the parents took matters into their own hands and granted half the day to many of the young people. Another year this will probably be remedied.

In spite of this drawback however Labor day was enjoyed probably as it never has been before. There were yacht races and baseball in the city to say nothing of picnic parties and fishing excursions. Everybody went in for a good time. The day was fine, perhaps a bit windy, and as it was the last real holiday in the warmer season no one who could manage to get out at all missed it.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of all was at the Victoria base ball grounds where the Alerts and the Tartars were to decide who were the champions of the province. Each won a game though it was thought that the Alerts might have won both of them. But the absence of the reliable back stop and good batter, Jope, weakened the team and the imported man was not up to the mark. Wholly, too, was off color in the afternoon game and this combination of circumstances was too much for the Alerts to resist so the afternoon game went to the Tartars. The greatest crowd that ever was on the grounds saw the game. Four thousand people make a big crowd all over the exhibition grounds and building but when they are jammed into the grand stand and bleachers and lined about the fence of the compact Victoria grounds, there is not much room to move about.

Fredericton sent quite a contingent to see the game and their disappointment of the morning was relieved in the afternoon. Now there is some talk of a series of three games to decide which is the better team.

Perhaps the principal event in the maritime provinces was the maritime sports at Moncton. They were held Saturday and Monday but the holiday was supposed to be the most interesting. The grounds were evidently prepared for the events and there were a good many cyclists entered but the conditions were such that they could not do themselves justice. Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick seemed to send nearly all the riders and those who entered from Charlottetown made up their mind that if they could not win by speed they would by stratagem. There were five of them in all and it was a queer race in which they did not form some kind of a "pocket" and it was only by much superior speed that a man could possibly hope to win. The crowd did not like it but the judges were tolerant and permitted the game to go on. There were some sportsmen who thought that the judges might have been chosen with greater care—more with an eye to their knowledge of the sport than to their position etc.—and the result proved that they were right because what might have been stepped on the grounds may result in an investigation—and investigations are always unpleasant.

The governor was there and so was one of his aide-de-camps, Lieut. R. R. Rankins of St. John. They occupied seats in the private carriage of Judge W. W. Wells whose turnout Moncton people seem to take considerable pride in. The team of high bred horses is very handsome and spirited and the appointments of the carriage complete while it goes without say-

ing that the judge was looking in his very best form. The spare tall form of the governor is no doubt very familiar in Moncton but it was not a little surprising how few of the strangers recognized him as the firstman in the province. But for the slight military attachment that accompanied him there might not have been much curiosity as to his identity which goes to show how very democratic New Brunswick people are becoming.

The management of the track and the field officials did their part well. Their arrangements seemed to be complete and the announcements—which are so satisfactory to the spectators—were made in a clear distinct fashion. The training quarters at the Moncton track are so far removed from the grand stand that it may be necessary to start the men midway between those points but those who patronized the grand stand and a large portion of the reserved seats certainly would have been better pleased if the start and finish had been nearer them. The crowd could not be called large but it was fairly enthusiastic and that always means much.

SOME ONE IS SURE TO TALK.

The Mother of the Dead Infant Found in the Park—Unhappy as Yet.

The persons who discovered the dead baby in the park last Sunday morning must have been a surprised pair. They were not looking for such a find and as they were strangers it must have enlarged their ideas of the possibilities of park outings. The matter was reported to the police and they began to hunt for the mother of the child; up to this writing she has not been found.

There are plenty of people who cannot understand how such a crime could go so long undiscovered but they do not know how cunning a criminal can be sometimes and yet what simple mistakes they make at others that lead to their detection.

When found the child was not concealed to any extent and had evidently been born but a few hours—probably the preceding evening. There was a band of a skirt tied around its neck and this led to the rumor that the unnatural mother could probably be traced by this as there was a laundry mark on the strip. This could not have been so however or else something would have been said about it at the inquest.

But even had it been so a laundry proprietor told PROGRESS that while it might be a clue still it would not be a sure one by any means. Laundry marks get mixed up in an unaccountable fashion. Mistresses give their clothes to their servants or they sell them to the second hand clothes dealers who in their turn dispose of them. The laundry mark stays there all the time because not one lady in a hundred thinks of removing it when she parts with her clothes no matter how she disposes of them and if it is brought forward to serve as a means of identification as in the present case, for example the original owner might gain some undesirable publicity. That is not likely in the present case however. There are but few things that the police have to go upon but the fact of a young woman committing such a crime can hardly go undiscovered in a place like St. John. If her associates are bound to shield her then it is possible that she will get clear but some one is sure to talk in the end.

Enough Treatment On the Golf Grounds.

PROGRESS has a letter complaining of rough treatment of half intoxicated men at the base ball game on Labor day, and the names of one or two policemen are mentioned in particular. There was a large crowd present and it may have been necessary to be harsher than usual but the policeman mentioned have offended in this direction before and public attention has been called to the fact. The men who run the ball games should have something to say. The policemen are in their employ and get \$1.50 each for every game. They are supposed to take turns and when it is possible no doubt do so but a word to the chief from the men who pay the bills should at least ensure the attendance of men who will not use their authority too harshly.

They Didn't Want His Songs.

The Board of Works when in session in the city building the other day had a caller. He didn't want any favors but he pushed his way right in and offered "Popular Songs" for sale. The director gave him some directions as to where to go and the members laughed. Still there are some songs that would suit the Board of Works first rate.

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The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONCTON" Leaves Yarmouth every Monday (10 P. M.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., commencing at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 A. M.

For tickets, stationery and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S. Or to any agents on the Dominion Atlantic, International, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, stationery, etc. apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 148 Hollis street, or L. S. BAKER, President and Director.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

Star Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamer Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 5 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:40 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 4:30 P. M. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 12:30 P. M.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Fredericton.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after THURSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Yarmouth at 9 a. m., local time. Returning, leave Hampton each day at 3:30 P. M. Arriving back 7:00 P. M. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents. Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 50 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or I. C. B. Station.

On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 5:30 a. m., Wednesdays 9 P. M. and Saturdays at 5:30 a. m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays at 4 P. M.

R. G. EARLE, Manager.

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New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

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R. H. FLETCHER, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.

L. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 7-11 Broadway, New York City.

TALE OF A TYPEWRITER.

THE WAY IN WHICH SOME ARE IMPOSED ON.

People who get their work done for nothing—A Young Lady Tells Progress of People With a Lot of Nerve—A Systematic Sponging Process.

It was in a Prince William street office last Friday afternoon, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the click, click, of the keys of a typewriting machine, as the slim white fingers of the young lady operator flew over them with a rapidity that was a trifle bewildering to one not familiar with the intricacies of that useful instrument. It was after six o'clock when the toiler laid down the last page with a sigh of relief.

There were over twenty of them in all and every one was a model of neatness and good workmanship. Yet there was something in the young lady's face and manner that betokened anything but that satisfaction which comes with the consciousness of work well done. There was something decidedly spiteful in the way she handled the innocent pages that led the observer to ask what the trouble was, and then the whole story came out.

"Well," said the type writer with a grim smile, "considering you appear to be a person who is able to appreciate a tale of woe occasionally I don't mind telling you mine. Were you ever imposed upon? I have been. I am imposed upon daily and I'm getting sick and tired of it."

"I am employed in this office at a regular salary. It isn't an awfully large one but I'm glad to get it. I'm not saying a word about my employer. He is all right. It isn't his fault he isn't able to pay higher wages. It's his acquaintances that I'm kicking about."

"You would hardly believe how many men—and women too—there are in St. John who get their type writing done for nothing. It is an honest fact that there are scores of them who carry on quite a respectable correspondence which doesn't cost them a cent."

"You see my employer's work does not keep me busy half of the time—if it did he would have to pay me a larger salary—and there is hardly a day that some one of his friends does not come in with a 'bit of work which he wonders if he could not get done as a little accommodation.' That 'bit' of work often takes up a whole hour or more of my time—it was some of it that kept me so late tonight—and I ought to be paid, but these fellows never think of any recompense other than a careless 'thank you' and sometimes you don't even get that. If I were a professional typewriter the work I do in this way would amount to an average of \$2 a day."

"By the time these people have visited several offices as they come to this one, they manage to get their correspondence taken care of very nicely. My employer has been away a week but the bumping nuisance still goes on. They drop in and ask for a little favor just the same. Why one day this week I wrote five business letters of two large pages each for one man and three for another besides copying a paper for a lady to read at a club meeting. Now that's almost more than human nature can endure, and yet if I were to ask any one of these people for the smallest or most trifling service they would look at me in amazement and complain to my employer that I was getting too fresh. As I said before I have nothing against Mr. — and yet I must say that it is certainly not to his credit that his cousins, brothers, friends and acquaintances belong to the class who are always trying to get work of this kind done for nothing."

"There are dozens of others in the city who are subjected to the same annoyance and we have frequently discussed some means of stopping it but all plans have come to naught. Besides the extra work it imposes on us we have a feeling that it is keeping some one else from earning an honest penny, for these people are all well able to pay for their correspondence. The other afternoon a man come in here and dictated two letters to me. Then he asked me to write it on some of our plain stationery, after the work was done I supplied him with envelopes and then he said 'just put stamps on them please and I'll return them tomorrow. Could nerve go farther.'

Racing With a Locomotive.

At the time when England was ridiculing its early efforts at railroad travel America was laughing over a race between a horse and a locomotive, in which horse-power won. In those early days Peter Cooper built the locomotive 'Tom Thumb' for the Baltimore road, and ran a race with a gallant grey horse owned by the stage proprietors, Messrs. Stockton & Stokes. The horse was attached to a car on the second track. The race is thus described in 'Forty Years on the Rail' by Mr. George.

Away went horse and engine, the snort of the one keeping time with the puff of

the other. The grey had the best of it at first, getting a quarter of a mile ahead while the engine was getting up steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, and the race was neck-and-neck, nose-to-nose. Then the engine passed the horse, and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But just at that moment, when the gray's master was about giving up, the head which turned the pulley that moved the blower slipped from the drum. The safety valve ceased to scream, and the engine, for want of breath, began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer and driver, lacinated his hands in attempting to replace the band on the wheel. The horse gained on the machine and passed it, to his great chagrin. Although the band was presently replaced and steam again did its best, the horse was to far ahead to be overtaken, and came in winner of the race.

MEASURING A CYCLONE.

Science in Debt to a Kansas Hencoop and a Hitching Post.

"When I saw by the papers," said a man from the West, "that all the weather sharks was getting out their thermometers and barometers and spirit levels and such to measure an' determine an' otherwise size up that cyclone 't was chargin' toward us from down the coast, it reminded me of the time I measured a cyclone with a hitching post an' a hencoop. I wasn't intendin' to do anything o' th' kind, me knowing no more o' th' art an' science o' measurin' cyclones 'a what you do o' navigatin' a Kansas mule, but did it unintentional, an' did it prosper so I understand."

"O' course I had my cyclone cellar all fixed so I could leg it fer cover ef I see a cyclone blowin' my way. Bein' a bachelor, I made it jest a snug fit fer one. I didn't put in much time on it, fer I callated I wouldn't want 't use it fer a spell, an' then wouldn't need it fer more'n bout a minute an' a quarter at a time."

"But I thought ef I ever did have 't use it

when th' minute an' a quarter was up I'd probably come out o' th' cellar feelin' like a stranger on my own farm, fer likely everything portable'd be blowed into th' nex' country or State, as the case might be. So jest by way o' fixin' th' location o' my farm before it got blowed out o' reach, I put in a green cedar hitchin'-post, exactly six inches in diameter with th' bark peeled, an' sunk it ten feet in th' ground with four feet stickin' up. 'Twas a nice round post, an' I had a heap o' trouble gittin' it out thar' where wood is so scarce."

"Well, that post was a great consolation to me, an' I'd often stop work just to look at it. One day I was buildin' a hencoop one o' these little affairs with boards on th' side an' slats in front an' rear built on th' plans an' specifications of a peaked roof. I'd jest got it finished when I looked at the hitchin'-post. Well, sir, I see th' liveliest kind of a cyclone bearin' down on that post an' I jest give one squeak an' dropped on the ground behind the hencoop, which was lyin' on its back, with th' peaked edge toward th' cyclone like a wedge of cheese. O' course, it was a silly thing 't think that crazy hencoop could be any protection, but I hadn't time 't git to th' cellar, an' I jest flopped behind that coop like a drownin' man grabs at a straw."

"Well, sir, I hadn't touched th' ground when that cyclone bust with fury on my place, an' I could see my house an' barn, an' live stock, an' sods an' dirt, an' pretty much my whole farm, sailin' away in th' cyclone, 't drop down like a visitation o' heaven on some other critter's place that didn't want 'em nohow. An' in th' middle o' all th' jumble, I'm flossed ef I didn't see that blamed hitchin' post snapped as clean off as a buzz saw cut an' scootin' along in th' cyclone like all possessed."

"I wa'n't hurt a mite, ner even moved, but th' heels o' both my boots was ripped off while I laid thar. Th' ole hencoop that didn't weigh more'n fifteen pounds didn't even shiver, an' when I got up and looked aroun' I'm blamed ef 'twarn't that

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of these imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to our laboratory system. None of them, like the latter, provides for a scientific business community where the students perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter school. All of them use the same old bookkeeping sets of the text-book, digested with a little so-called "business practice" or "public practice" which consists merely in making out a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is no actual business about them, so any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE.

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Box 50, Telephone 321.

the only thing left o' all my goods an' chatels an' real estate.

"How do I account for it? I couldn't until a weather-sharp that was followin' th' cyclone come up. I told him all about it an' showed him th' hitchin' post stump an' th' hen-coop's prove it. He measured 'em both in every different direction, an' callated fer th' best part of an hour, an' then he says that how I was saved was th' hen-coop, bein' with its edge toward th' cyclone, hed jest split it in two like a knife, afore the cyclone got a chance 't git a good grip onto it. He said th' cyclone pulled itself together an' got down 't business agin jest whar my heels was stickin' up, an' that accounted fer my losin' part o' my boots. Then, from measurin' me, an' weighin, an' measurin' the hen-coop, an' measurin' th' stump o' th' hitchin' post he could tell 't a dot jest how fast that cyclone was flyin'." Fer he said ef 't hed been goin' jest a mite slower, it couldn't never a' snapped off a six-inch green cedar hitchin' post, an' ef 't hed been goin' jest a shade faster, it'd got a purchase on th' hen-coop. An' he told me, too, that ef I'd a' spread th' sides a' that hen-coop a sixteenth of an inch more when I made it, th' cyclone'd a' got a bolt o' it, an' I'd been revolv'in' aroun' th' earth in space. He shook hands with me, an' said me and my hen-coop an' my hitchin' post hed rendered immortal aid 't science, an' then he lit

out on the track o' that cyclone. I got that hen-coop yet, too, b'gosh, an' I kin show it 't anybody 't don't believe me.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD SMALL BOY.

His More or Less Unconscious Imitation of the Practising Singer.

"I have lived at one time and another," said a city dweller, "in various parts of the town, but I have never yet lived in a neighborhood where there was not somebody practicing vocal gymnastics, either in learning to sing or in keeping the voice in trim and I have never yet lived in a neighborhood where this did not appeal to the sense of the humorous or the grotesque in the heart of the neighborhood small boy. That irrepressible youngster may play all day in the street and pay no attention to the sounds made by the greater number of persons practicing on the piano, but let the singer start up and the small boy is dazed by an ungovernable impulse, to start up too. The singer rises to a high key and holds on to it in a loud and long drawn note; the small boy echoes it with an exaggerated sweep of tone, keeping very likely right on at play meanwhile. And he does just the same thing again when the singer reaches that high note. It isn't necessarily mocking, it may be only the natural boyish response to any appeal that has dash and sweep and vigor in it, but this is how the singing practice is always received, and no practicing singer ever pays any attention to it."



e Deceived.

adopting various imitative schemes of our "Animal imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to our...

OUR FREE.

ess University, St. John, N. B.

out on the track o' that cyclone. I got that hen-coop yet, too, b'gosh, an' I kin show it t' anybody 't don't believe me.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD SHALL BOY.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONDS.

Mrs. Charles Van Studdiford, who was known as Gracie Quire while she was a member of the Bostonians, is to return to the stage.

It is said that Pauline Hall will sing next year in 'Erminie,' with as many of the original American performers as it is possible to engage. Della Fox may be the Javotte.

Kitty Loftus did not score a hit at the Magnolia Roof Garden, New York, last week. Her songs were 'Frothy Little Lover,' 'The Man With the Big Trombone' and 'Father's a Farmer.'

The presentation of the Legion of Honor to Maurice Grau by the French government was not unexpected, and surprise has been expressed frequently that this distinction had not been given to him before. No foreign impresario has ever before done so much for musical and dramatic art in France.

Rehearsals of the new Sousa MacDonough extravaganza, which Klaw & Erlanger are to produce, entitled 'Chris and the Wonderful Lamp,' will begin at the N. Y. Victoria on September 11. Jerome Sykes and Edna Wallace Hopper will be the stars of this company, the former appearing as the Genii and the latter as Chris.

Manager Knowles has organized the Fifth Avenue Theatre Musical Comedy Company to produce R. A. Barnett's 'Three Little Lambs.' Among the principals are Adele Ritchie, Linda Costa, Nellie Braggins, W. T. Carleton, George Lenoir, Richard Ridgely, William Phillips, Ida Hawley, Marie Cahill, and Raymond Hitchcock. Barnett is the responsible creator of '1492' and 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'

Mme. Semblich is to sing at the Worcester Festival. Later she will be heard in Portland and Bangor, and will appear with the opera company during the first week in October. According to Maurice Grau's present arrangements, the season in America will come to an end on March 31. As the Covent Garden season does not open until May 14, it is probable that the company will make another tour revisiting Boston, and if the guarantees are forthcoming, undertaking the trip to San Francisco.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company is having a hard time living up to its old reputation. As opera in the vernacular in England is represented chiefly by this organization, the chances look slim at present. The company had to close up recently to recover its financial equilibrium. An operatic version of C. B. Fernald's 'The Cat and the Cherub,' for which Victor Hollander wrote the music, was the last novelty attempted by the Rosa Company. One of the most remarkable pieces of fiction ever written about a composer has Ruggiero Leoncavallo for its hero. The composer visited an Italian town under an assumed name to transact some private business. They were giving 'Pagliacci' in the evening, and Leoncavallo went incognito to the theatre to hear his own opera. His neighbor appeared to be an enthusiastic amateur, and his fervour grew so great that at the end of the entracte he was forced to exclaim: 'Ye gods! What a masterpiece!' 'Not at all,' said Leoncavallo, who is a born practical joker. 'I'm a bit of a musician myself, and believe me, I know. It is a very so-so sort of a piece. Even at the risk of contradicting you, I must say that it is made up of patchwork and plagiarism. Take the cavatine, for instance, that comes from Berlioz. Then the duet in the first part, that's Gounod's; while as for the finale, it is nothing more or less than a vulgarized transcription of an almost unknown score of Verdi's. Next morning Leoncavallo read with a whirling brain, in one of the principal local journals an article headed, 'Ad-

mission of plagiarism. 'Confusion of a composer who has no originality.' The Maestro's neighbor was a critic who knew him quite well by sight.

Johann Strauss sold to the theatre and der Wien shortly before his death all the rights to 'Die Fledermaus,' and the Imperial opera house in Vienna, will have to surrender the work after Oct. 1. Strauss did this without anybody's knowledge, and received but a small sum for the rights, whereas the opera house would have willingly have paid a large sum for the ownership of the work. The director did all he could to get everything possible out of the work by giving it four times a week during a short period preceding his surrender of the work which has grown so popular since the composer's death. In Berlin, the summer repertoire of the new opera house has practically been confined to this work. It is not generally known that on its first representation in Italy 'Die Fledermaus' was a flat failure. It was given at Geneva in 1878, and the indignant audience barely allowed the performance to come to an end. The characters were for some unaccountable reason dressed throughout the play in the most remarkable fashion. The hero was in a clown's costume throughout the opera and the women were garbed in equally extravagant fashion. The libretto naturally seemed like nonsense under the circumstances, and the spectators expressed their feelings so emphatically that the opera never acquired its vogue in Italy, and to this day is less popular than much inferior Viennese works. Next to 'Die Fledermaus' the French operetta 'La Fille de Mme. Angot' has survived better than any operetta of its age. It has recently been given 150 times in Paris and had previously been sung 1900 times in the same city. All over the world it is said to have 20,000 representations. It has been translated into fourteen languages, has drawn more than \$1,800,000 and a more picturesque estimate holds that the author and composer received \$1,000 for every note while ten times that sum went to the managers. Mme. Angot seems to have been a real personage, who lived in the time of the Regent Orleans. She made a great fortune out of the Mississippi scheme and attracted the attention of all Paris by her extravagance. She had been a janitress before her good fortune, and when she lost her suddenly acquired wealth, returned to her work without complaint. 'Rich as Mme. Angot' became a stock expression, during the days of her wealth, and she became the type of the cheap parvenue. She appeared first as a character in a play in 1795 in 'Mme. Angot, or the Fishwoman of the Halls.' A later account of her frequent appearance on the French stage is given in the following quotation:

'In 1797 she was taken as the heroine of a romance. This author would have nothing to do with concierges. He tells how Mme. Angot and daughter, who now appears for the first time, were walking on the seashore near Marseilles, when they were captured by Algerine pirates and sold to the Bey of Tunis. The Bey placed her in his harem, installed her as his favorite, and Mme. Angot began to feel herself born to be great, when the Bey ordered her to strangle herself, an operation which the good lady refused to perform in the choicest and most fluent argot. Finally she is released, returns to Paris and becomes Le Réine des Halles. In 1799 Mme. Angot appeared frequently; among them was the 'Repentance of Mme. Angot.' In 1802 the 'Last Follies of Mme. Angot' was produced, and in the following year the most successful of the old pieces, 'Mme. Angot in the Seraglio at Constantinople.'

This play, based on the romance, had great success, and was played at the Ambigu for nearly a year without a break, a thing unheard of in those days. The history of the work is told in these words; took in 500,000 francs, while the author, Ande, received an honorarium of 500 francs. The present 'Fille de Mme. Angot,' text by Clairville, music by Leoq, was first performed at Brussels in 1873. Leoq thought the libretto old fashioned, and although he saw in it some good effects, in spite of the dialogue he set to work without any enthusiasm, and certainly never expected any such success as it made. The Brussels performance, however, was a triumph and then the piece was taken to the Fantaisies Parisiennes. Here difficulties began. After the first rehearsal, the conductor of the orchestra remarked, 'I must tell you that I did not laugh once,' and as he was an old expert on things theatrical, Leoq was terribly depressed. The first performance was on Feb. 21, 1878. At the very beginning Dupin's voice (he was playing Fomponnet) cracked several times, but the ice was broken by the political allusions, and the first act ended amid loud applause. During the interval, one of the concertors



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plays approached the librettist and requested him to strike out everything that had any political reference or the piece would be prohibited. But the applause increased as the operetta proceeded, and on leaving the house Leoq had the pleasure of overhearing a well-known critic say, 'This is the greatest success of the year.' The piece was played there from Feb. 21, 1873, to April 8, 1874, without interruption and the theatre took in \$324,660.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Boston Comedy Company gave two excellent performances at the Opera House on Labor day, to well pleased and appreciative audiences. In the evening the bill was 'The Long Strike,' and an afterpiece, 'The Rough Diamond'; and in both Miss Grey was at her best, and throughout her work was most meritorious. Mr. Webster looked after the comedy element in his own inimitable manner; and the balance of the support was good. The company opened its regular season at Yarmouth on Tuesday.

Gorton's Minstrels gave two performances here this week, appearing at the Opera House on Thursday and Friday evenings.

Julia Arthur is to produce 'More Than Queen' in Boston on October 8. Charles Frohman has asked Peter Dunne to dramatize the Dooley tales.

'Sherlock Holmes' Gillette's new play is to be given in Washington on October 25.

It is said that Josephine Hall is to marry Alfred A. Aaron, lately manager of Koster & Bial's.

Maud Adams, whose season in 'The Little Minister,' was to begin on October 3, will not open her season until October 18.

Gustave Salvini's American season will begin in October, 1900, and his repertoire will include 'Othello,' 'The Outlaw' and 'Saul.'

The clon of 'Women and Wine,' Benjamin Landeck and Arthur Shirley's play, to be produced in America this season by Manager Brady is a fight with knives between two 'demireps.'

Charles Coghlan will begin his season in 'The Royal Box' at Newark on September 25. Julia Marlowe will return to the boards in 'Colinette' on September 18 at the Harlem Opera House and Viola Allen's second season in 'The Christian.'

Helene Modjeska has accepted a new translation of the powerful German tragedy 'Deborah,' which is better known here as 'Leah the Forsaken.' This latest version is the work of Elizabeth Campbell Winter, who has also sold a play to Charles Coghlan.

Amy Lee, now Mrs. A. G. Delamater, whose enterprises include 'Greater New York,' will star in 'Miss Harum Scorum' and next season will be seen in 'What Shall We Do,' the author of which is Thomas A. Addison, editor of the Jacksonville Times-Union.

Harrison Gray Fiske gives the information as to the Actors' Fund: 'The Actors' Fund has 765 annual members and 121 life members. The last year its receipts were \$38,108. The previous year the receipts were \$32,349. In June, 1898, the Fund's assets were \$181,808.'

Montgomery Piester's new play, written for Fanny Ride, is called 'The King's Playmate,' or, a Page from the Life of Nell Gwynne. It is described as a romantic comedy in four acts. The author is one of the best known dramatic critics in the United States and has already contributed some excep-

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tionally clever comedy writing to stage librettors.

Mr. Mansfield's season begins in Chicago on October 3, where he appears in his repertoire including 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Mr. Mansfield has also secured the American rights to another play by Mr. Moreau which was produced at the vaudeville theatre in Paris last season under the title 'Madame de Lavietta.' This play will probably not be produced until next season.

M. Emile Moreau, who collaborated with M. Sardou in writing 'Mrs. Sans Gene,' has written a new play founded upon the career of Jeffreys, the famous Justice of England under James II., whose brutality is historical. Mr. Mansfield has secured the American rights to the play, which will be produced in England by Sir Henry Irving and in France by Coquelin.

The shop of Bruno Steinel, a New York blacksmith, is just now overtaken by an order on the fulfillment of which the production of 'Ben Hur' at the Broadway theatre depends. He built the 'mattress' on which Nell Burgess' horse race in 'The County Fair' was run. This led to his being called in to arrange the mechanical effects for the chariot race of 'Ben Hur.' Eight horses will be used in 'Ben Hur.'

Charles Hoyt, the playwright, who became seriously ill the latter part of last season, and who was taken to Florida, where he remained until strong enough to be removed to his home in New Hampshire, has returned to New York. He is fully restored in health and prepared to resume his work with several new plays which he was compelled to abandon when sickness prevented their completion.

'In Paradise,' which is to be produced at the New York Bijou tomorrow evening, is a farcical comedy in three acts adapted from the French of Hennequin, Billiard and Carre, by Louis Harrison and B. B. Valentine, and in motif and treatment is very French. The plots turns on the ambition of a French provincial, Monsieur Pontbichot, to vary the monotony of 30 years of married life with a teamagant of a wife in a small country town with a flirtatious fling in gay Paris. Minnie Seligman will be Claire Taupin a young woman of questionable antecedents, and Richard Golden will be the profligate old Pontbichot 'Le Paradis' has already been utilized in this country as 'The Proper Caper.'

In 'Miss Hobbs,' the new comedy by Jerome K. Jerome, in which Annie Russell was seen at the New York Lyceum, last Thursday, Miss Russell appeared as a man-hating young woman, who is instrumental in separating, temporarily, a young married couple and a pair of betrothed lovers, but is overtaken in time by Cupid and succumbs to his wiles. The piece is in three acts, and is said to be written in Jerome's brightest manner. One scene passes in the cabin of a yacht, supposed to be drifting in a fog, the only occupants being the aforesaid man-hater and the man destined to subdue her. Charles Richman and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert will both be prominent in the cast of 'Miss Hobbs,' and so will Orrin Johnson, who will be the leading man in Maud Adams' company this season.

A YOUNG COMPOSER.

Mr. Cook's new March a work of Genius Merit.

Every instrumentalist in the city will want to possess a copy of the new 'Rockwood March' recently composed and arranged for the piano by Mr. Archie S.



MR. ARCHIE S. COOK.

Cook, a native of this city. So really talented and attractive, so full of intrinsic merit is the 'Rockwood' that all the local musicians who have heard it are enthusiastic in praise of the work of the gifted young composer. As an illustration of its accepted merit it may be said that it has already been arranged for the City Cornet band, and it has also been arranged for the purpose of the Artillery band by Professor Heaman. Mr. Cook who is the well known organ-

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap. He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert." Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is entrancingly pleasing. Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

ist of Germain street baptist church is receiving congratulations upon this his latest and perhaps his best work, but a previous composition 'Abide With Me' is a veritable little gem, and ought to be better known. The 'Rockwood' March is printed by the Maritime Steam Lithograph company and is published by Mr. William C. Clarke at the office of that company. The cover presents in colors an admirable view showing the Marsh Creek, and winding hill with the One Mile House in the distance. This pretty scene is taken from a vantage point, within the park. It lends additional charm to the book and is an appropriate setting to the bright catchy march which is destined to become popular and which will be issued to the public today.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

A Fig for Evidence.

An English solicitor was defending a fruit broker in an action brought for the recovery of one hundred dollars, the price paid for a consignment of figs which the plaintiff declared to be unfit for human food. The defence alleged that although moderately discolored by salt water, as the plaintiff knew when he bought them, the figs were perfectly wholesome. The figs were in court. The plaintiff, a coster, who conducted his own case, was skillfully cross-examined. The trial was obviously going against him, and once or twice he retorted so hotly that the judge threatened to commit him for contempt. At length, the coster grew desperate, and turning to the opposing counsel, hoarse and perspiring, he said: 'Look here, gunner, you say them figs are good to eat and Pway they aint. That's all there is between us, ain't it?' Now, s'elp me, if you'll eat two of them figs and you aint sick immediately afterward, I'll lose my case.'

The judge at once saw the propriety of this suggestion and asked the lawyer what he proposed to do. 'Your honor is trying this case, not I,' was the reply. 'No! No! The offer is made to you,' said the judge.

A hurried consultation took place. Counsel suggested that it was the solicitor's duty to submit to the experiment. The solicitor refused. The broker himself was then asked if he would risk it. 'What will happen to me if I don't?' said he. 'You'll lose the case,' replied both his legal advisers.

'Then,' said he, hurriedly, 'lose the case, lose the case.' And so he did.

Trafalgar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University.)

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President: Rev. Jas. BARCLAY, D. D. Vice-President: A. T. DUNN, LL. D. Principal: Miss GRACE FAIRBANK, M. A., B.A., B.S.W.

The Institute will re-open on Tuesday, 12th, September, 1899.

An entrance examination will be held at the Institute on Saturday 9th, of September at ten o'clock. The programme and other particulars apply to the Principal or to A. F. BIRD, B.A., B.S.W., 25 St. John St., Montreal.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 9

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday-morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 85.

THE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition opens Monday and we are sure all the people will wish it success. Of course no one is in a position to judge as yet just what measures have been taken to ensure this desirable result, but as the future depends upon this to a considerable extent we can presume that the management has used every effort in that direction.

There will undoubtedly be much to see; many things new and novel and exhibits that cannot fail to attract and please. Much attention seems to have been paid to special attractions and these are always looked forward to by visitors.

We hope that when the fair is opened it will be ready. There has been some cause for complaint in this respect in the past but the management will no doubt endeavor to avoid this.

ABOUT SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

The correspondence between Rev. ROBERT WILSON and Attorney WHITE regarding the enforcement of the Sunday law is interesting and instructive. Representing the Evangelical alliance, Mr. Wilson asks Mr. WHITE, the representative of the government, some questions and the reply of the latter savors rather of the politician than the lawyer.

There is only one particular reference to an alleged violation of the law this summer. When the yacht club was having its annual cruise they stopped at Gagetown over Sunday and it was announced that their chaplain, Rev. Dr. PARKER, would conduct an open air service. The steamer Victoria made a trip to Gagetown and some hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to be present.

At the same time Mr. WHITE mentions that he was at Beulah one Sunday when the boat arrived, and he speaks of the good conduct of the passengers.

A Boston child after her first week in the Kindergarten said to her mother: "Mother, do I know as much now as I don't know?"

leave a few peacefully inclined passengers in the eyes of the Evangelical alliance an offence. We remember one Sunday this summer that the Victoria took, say two hundred people to Evandale where for an hour or so they strolled about until the service began when the little meeting house was filled, but as all the windows were up scores of so-called excursionists reclined on the grass and listened to a sermon two hours long. They were patient, but quiet and attentive, perhaps far more so than if they had been cooped up in the close air of a city church for such a length of time.

SELF MADE MEN.

A writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post discusses the meaning of the well known and much used phrase "self-made man" and he contends that a wrong meaning is taken from it. As we understand it the "self-made man" is one who by his own exertions has risen from poverty and obscurity to be rich or well known. It does not follow that he must be a millionaire to be considered "self made."

Whether or not there can be a really self-made man is still a question with the schools, but it seems probable that his closest approximation may be found outside of the ranks of the millionaires. The impatient man who schools himself to patience; the timorous one who sets himself the lesson of fortitude and learns it; the one who curbs a turbulent spirit to pursue day by day the path of rectitude, is a type of the approximately self-made man no less than he who, discovering certain talents in himself, cultivates them to what the world denominates success.

It would be well if the street railway company considered whether the fenders used on their cars at present are the best obtainable. The recent accident shows in our opinion that they are not. They are too high to prevent a very small child from being dragged under the car and for that reason there is great danger that the legs of an adult would be broken if a car ran into him with any force.

The yachting disaster off St. John harbor a few years ago was almost equalled in Halifax Labor day when seven people were drowned. What a goom it must have thrown over the gaieties of the holiday.

His Worship Mayor SEARS wired Hon. Mr. BLAIR at Montreal in regard to a conference on winter port matters and Mr. BLAIR'S reply was to take the Maritime express for Montreal.

SIR THOMAS LEIPTON seems to have met with a great reception in New York. The people can't do enough for him. But if he should happen to take that cup away!

It is a long time since 4000 people turned out to anything but a free show in St. John. It took a labor day base ball game to do it.

We have the wharves, elevators, open harbor, railways and all that a winter port should have—but—where is the freight?

William Watson.

WHICH WAY, O FRANCE!

Which way, O France! which way? The stars are bright and clear, To catch the fatal words which they must say.

Which way, O France! which way? Shall graves be dug, and France, France, France, With halberd and spear, in their rear, Bear down the south of France, and overthrow God's truth, which crashed to earth for many a year.

Which way, O France! which way? In times of peace, Thy courts were swayed by men of might; Fair Honor ruled thy realm, from shore to shore.

Which way, O France, which way? Thy hands are bathed in blood, A monstrous deed of barbaric brass, Which should be hid, as all men say.

Which way, O France! which way? No more shall we be slaves, Designed to wholly ruin, read and slay, At thy black lips, begone, thou vile, Blind, cruel prejudice and senseless rage, Avenge its sentence from thy lips, this day, Which way, O France! which way?

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

CHINESE FISH CATCHING.

Method Used That Shows Much Falshtaking Cleverness. The lakes, rivers and harbors of China swarm with fish. Every stagnant pool contains them, and the rice fields, while flooded during the winter, are sometimes used as fishing grounds.

At first these are fed twice a day with chopped vegetables, but after a few days they must forage for themselves. In some parts of the Empire it is customary to put the spawn into egg shells, which, after being carefully closed, are placed under setting hens.

Next in favor to nets rank "decoy boats" low, narrow crafts, which anchor in the rivers and harbors. On still, moonlit nights each boat has fastened to the stern a board painted white. When the moon shines on these boards, the fish leap out on them and are then easily secured.

Fish are also captured with spears, scraped up by dredges, and caught by birds. The cormorant, used for this purpose, has a short neck, a long, slightly-hooked beak, and is about the size of our ordinary domestic duck.

After one set of cormorants has dived a number of times, a rest is allowed. Their necks are taken off, and they are allowed to eat a few fish, while a flock of birds are at work. These fishers seldom fail to catch fish when they dive, and are capable of bringing up a weight equaling their own.

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BAKING POWDER

yeast; but they are not over particular, and excepting one particularly repulsive species of frog, they are willing to devour anything the waters contain.

In order to propitiate all water gods the fishermen hold every spring a celebration. Those settled on the coast are mostly a turbulent set, with whom the peaceful vacation of fishing often serves to cloak the more profitable one of piracy.

So called "sparring" matches have not amounted to much in the Institute this summer and that on Monday night between Littlejohn and Campbell will, no doubt, prevent the mayor from giving any license in the future.

Mr. Charles K. Cameron in today's Progress calls attention to his magnificent stock of fall and winter millinery, including the latest styles in French, English and American millinery in trimmed and untrimmed hats, toques and bonnets.

Well, Johnnie, I shall forgive you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you are sorry.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance.

You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread.

Can you give me an example of a toothless animal of the mammalian group?

Why, Allie, dear, is that the way to begin your dinner? I asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie.

Visitor—Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar. Tommy—yes, sir.

Teacher—Of course, you understand the real difference between liking and loving?

We have a very refreshing process for wilted collars. Try us with a bundle.



September seems to be steadily gaining in popularity as a favorite month for weddings and the present week has had several of these interesting events.

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We have a very refreshing process for wilted collars. Try us with a bundle.

Urgent Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 31 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

silver engraved with the bride's monogram. Mr. and Mrs. King have a large circle of friends in this city who will extend best wishes for future happiness and prosperity.

The announcement is announced of Miss Fannie McVay of St. Stephen and Mr. Smalley of this city and congratulations are being liberally showered upon the happy couple.

Mr. Valentine E. McFadden, formerly of St. John but now a resident of Boston has been spending a few days in the city on his return from Halifax where he spent a little while with Mr. Jas. McFarlane.

The marriage took place at an early hour on Monday morning at the residence of the bride's father in Carlton of Miss Annie E. Sharp, daughter of Mr. L. L. Sharp, and Mr. Ernest E. Gardner, formerly of the West and now of Roxbury, Mass. Rev. M. C. Higgins performed the ceremony in the presence of many guests consisting of relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

Hon. J. F. Burchill Mrs. Burchill at the Misses Burchill of Nelson B. O. are in the city.

Mr. J. B. Tyrrell daughter of the late Rev. G. W. M. Carey of this city left Ottawa last week for Dawson City to join her husband formerly of the geological survey at Ottawa.

Mr. W. F. Todd and Miss Todd were here from St. Stephen for day or two this week.

Mr. J. H. Merrison, manager of the Halifax Banking Company at Amherst is spending his annual leave of absence in the city.

Miss Mary Grace Mooney daughter of Mr. M. F. Mooney, and Miss Marie Brady left Monday to resume their duties at Notre Dame convent, New-castle.

Mr. David Hudson returns today from a three weeks visit to friends in different parts of the province.

Mr. George Jones and Miss Edie Jones who have been visiting the former's brother, Mr. C. J. Jones for the past six or seven weeks, left on Thursday for their home in New York.

Mr. Justice Landry of Dorchester was in town the first of the week.

Miss Jessie Phelps is spending a week or two in Halifax with her friend Mrs. J. F. Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jardine and Miss Elsie Jardine made a short stay in Fredericton recently.

Miss Edie Lawton and Miss Armstrong are guests of Mrs. McCarthy at the capital this week.

Miss Margaret Quinn and Miss Ellen Murray who have been visiting Mrs. T. L. Murray of Fredericton returned home last week.

Mr. W. P. Broderick left Tuesday for Philadelphia to resume his studies in dentistry.

Mr. (Dr.) Couillard of Fredericton was the guest of her sister Mrs. H. G. Fenety, Leinster street, for a day or two last week.

Miss Mand Gorham and Miss Ethel Ganong who have been spending the past three months at Browns Falls visited their uncle Mr. J. N. Golding at Union street, before returning to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ryan made a short stay in St. Andrew's lately.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Gleason and children and Miss Alice Ryan have been making a visit to Mrs. Daly of St. Andrew's.

and Mrs. Baird left on the early train for a trip to the United States, and upon their return will reside on German street.

The Klunardine, Ont. Review of August 21st has the following account of a pretty wedding in which two of our town people figured and which will be of much interest to their friends here.

Today a very pretty and interesting wedding was celebrated at Knox church, the contracting party on being Mr. George F. Dole, of St. John, N. B. and Miss Jennie, the third daughter of the late David Robertson, Esq., and for many years one of the most charming young ladies of the town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McLean were given a genuine surprise last Saturday evening, the 20th anniversary of their marriage when a number of friends assembled to do honor to the event.

Miss Beattie Black of this city is the guest of friends at the capital this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Morrison and Miss Jennie Peterson left this week for a trip to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace King returned this week after a years absence in England and France.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Holyoke of Bangor are paying a visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beaton have returned to Halifax after a pleasant visit to the Misses Kane.

Mr. Frank H. Zauner of Rochester, New York, who has been visiting Stephen P. Snow left for his home on Saturday last.

Mr. McDonald of Princess street is entertaining Miss B. L. Warden of St. John this week.

Mr. Harold Schofield left a few days ago for Montreal where he will spend a short time before going to Chicago to visit Mr. Harry Dunaway.

On Tuesday evening a large number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Finley drove out to their summer residence at Riverside to tender congratulations upon the tenth anniversary of their marriage, and to present them with some interesting little mementoes of the event.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans returned on Saturday from their trip to Boston.

Mr. Fred Whelpley of New York, who has been spending a part of the summer here with his sister Mrs. N. M. Barnes, leaves for home on Saturday next.

Mr. Victor W. Barnes who spent the past few weeks visiting his sisters here, left for his home in Baltimore on Wednesday.

Mr. Downs of Boston, after spending the summer at "Linden heights," left for home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans returned on Saturday from their trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Whitlock and family have returned from a two weeks visit at Delois.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens, Jr., gave a family dinner at their residence on Friday last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Eaton gave a very delightful party at their residence on Wellington street, Oshawa, on Thursday evening last for the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall of Pictou.

Straws.

There is a world of wisdom in the saying "Straws show which way the wind blows." The many letters we are continually receiving from consumers regarding the superior quality of "WELCOME SOAP" are only straws, but they show that the wind of public favor is blowing in the direction of the most pure and economical Soap in the market.

Welcome Soap.

Always reliable, Most work for least money. THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry, Manufactured under Mexican patent by THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

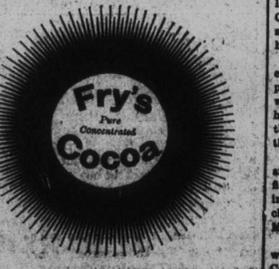
Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman, From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

WHEN YOU WANT a real tonic Ask for "ST. AGUSTINE," (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS: E. S. SOOVIK, Agent Pelee Wine Co., Dear Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured a case of your Pelee Wine, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age, I think too much cannot be said in its praise and no home should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from its gripes, debility, with the good results. I am, yours gratefully, JOHN C. GLOVER. E. C. SOOVIK, 62 Union Street.



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

For ORIGINAL COPY Name, see paper and name - Page.

WOMEN'S SECRETS.

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over thirty years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, and the honor paid him by the profession as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases. Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge. Every woman's letter which contains her secret remains her secret. It is read in private, answered in private, and its contents guarded as a sacred confidence. That no third party should enter into this secret, all replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, with out any printing or advertising whatever, except the name. Write without fear as with-out fee, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

beautiful pillow from the F. R. A. of which Mr. Alkman was president; maltese cross of white and lavender panes from Miss Upham; a wreath of white dahlias and purple sweet peas from Dr. and Mrs. Alkman; a fan of beautiful flowers, Mrs. Robert Alkman, and a wreath of everlasting from Master Gerald Alkman, a little grandson. Miss Agnes Alkman arrived from Montreal on Wednesday before her father's death. Misses Sadie Oakes and Pauline Prior have gone to Wollville as pupils at Acadia Seminary. Mr. Rex Vickers and Mr. Hilton Tucker are students at Dalhousie. Mr. Cecil Townsend left on Saturday to return to McGill College. Dr. Albert Sproul who has had a dental office here during the summer has returned to Cambridge Mass. Miss Winifred Gillespie left on Wednesday to attend school at St. Mary's. Mr. Geo. Upham spent a part of his holidays at St. Martins and St. Stephen. Mrs. Brown who has been an invalid for some time died on Monday morning at the residence of Mr. D. A. Huntley. Her sister Mrs. Stikany and niece Mrs. Huntley left on Tuesday for Eastport Me where Mrs. Brown will be buried. A service was held at Mr. Huntley's on Monday evening by Rev. E. Johnstone and Rev. H. K. McLean at which Mrs. McKenna sang "Peace Perfect Peace," and "Jesus Lover of my Soul." Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod left on Monday for the Toronto Exhibition.

WYBOUTHE, N.S.

Sept. 4.-Miss Hood returned this week to Boston. Miss Payson of Halifax has been visiting here left last week for Westport. Mrs. Blagdon and little daughter returned this week from a pleasant visit with friends. Miss Crowell enjoyed a few days at Sandy Cove lately. Miss Dalry of Meteghan was in town for a few hours one day last week. Mrs. George Grant went to Annapolis for a short time lately. Dr. and Mrs. Waite of Newark, N. J. have joined their daughter and are staying with Mrs. J. B. Jones. Mrs. Stubbart returned last week from a few weeks stay in Yarmouth. Mrs. Steadman left this week on a visit to Mr. Steadman's mother at Mill's Village. Mrs. Frank Journeay was in St. John last week to join her husband who left later for Liverpool, England.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falton, J. M. O'Brien, Crowe Bros. and at D. C. Smith & Co's.] Sept. 6.-Miss Sadie Smith left last week on a week's visit to relatives in Boston. Mrs. Bourgeois has had a visit to her friends here and leaves Quebec this week for Liverpool. Mrs. Gordon Campbell has returned to Montreal after a two months visit to her friends at "Rose-leads." Miss Bertha Boston has returned to Halifax, having spent two months very pleasantly with her brother Mr. Fred Boston and family. Mrs. G. O. Falton and family who have been

For 10 Cents

The great English Home Dye—Maypole Soap (all colors of your druggist or grocer) will do this and do it to perfection. It washes and dyes at one operation. It doesn't leave streaks—it is absolutely fast in its colorings and shades.

BLACK, 15 Cents.

Free Book on Home Dyeing and samples of the work from the wholesale Dept., No. 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

Maypole Soap Dyes.



spending a month at Little Dixie Beach, came home this week. Mrs. O'Day left this week for her home in New York. Mrs. T. E. Pines and Miss Francis have returned from a three weeks' visit to friends in Halifax and Mt. Ueloch. Mrs. F. E. Dickie and her two sons who have been spending some weeks with Mrs. J. R. Dickie, left this week for her home in Indianapolis.

YARMOUTH.

Sept. 4.-Yarmouth's delightfully cool climate was never more appreciated by our American cousins than it has been the present season; and in a visit to the city, we find our hotels well filled and our transportation companies fully taxed in providing for the congenial strangers. The Grand Hotel, spacious as it is, has never been continually filled as it has been the past eight weeks, before it ceased and taking parties daily leave the Grand to the supervision of the hotel guides; and no more contented visitors are to be found than those who are spending their vacation amongst the thorn edges of our town. Hospitable Yarmouth enjoys it too; and the American tourist appreciates the knowledge that although every home-stayed has a bed in a room, there is a wide open gate as well. Mr. Robert L. Binyon son of Councilor Binyon returned from Kingston Military College last week. He is one of the recent graduates at the college who has received a commission in the Imperial service. Mr. Binyon has been appointed at the staff of the Royal Engineers. Mr. T. R. Jolly has leased the J. Townsend Anderson residence, and will occupy it early in October. Mrs. Anderson and family leave on the 24th inst. for Guatemala to join Mr. Anderson who is extensively engaged in the steamship business at that port. Mr. R. L. F. Straily arrived last week, and is spending a few days with his family who are summering at Bay View park. Mr. Harry Archibald, of North Sydney, is spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. T. B. Brown. Mr. Thomas Savory, son of Judge Savory of Annapolis is in town the guest of Rev. E. D. Bannister. Mr. John G. Clarke and wife of Berwick, who have been spending a few days in town the guests of Mrs. Arthur Oann, left to return on Tuesday morning. Mr. Eugene Campbell, son of Custom Officer Campbell, who has been spending his vacation at home, left to return to Boston on Monday evening. Miss Grace Hatfield left for Seckville on Monday as a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention at that place. Mr. Jacob Binyon, accompanied by her son Herbert, leaves by the S. S. Halifax City this week for London, England. Mr. John Dunlop, of Scarborough, Mass., formerly of Yarmouth, is spending his vacation in town. Steamer Yarmouth had 585 passengers out on Saturday evening last, which was the largest list outward this season. Miss Gustie Gray, who has been visiting Truro, Pictou and other eastern towns, returned home by the S. S. "City of Montreal" last week. H. Fries Webber and Edwin Gray, supported by a good company, are with us this week in the Royal opera house. Miss Susie Cunningham of Annapolis, who has been visiting friends in town, left for home last week. Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, financial officer of the Boston Globe, and wife, were registered at the Grand hotel this week. A co-mediator summer hotel is to be built on the Bay View Park grounds next season, golf links are to be laid out, and orchestra concerts and other entertainments arranged for. This foretells for Bay View a flourishing summer, and with its golf and tennis tournaments, its cot-courts and hops, it will be a fair rival to Bar Harbor and other eastern fashionable summer resorts. The Misses Dayton of Boston, who are visiting Mayor Stoenman, return this week. Mrs. J. A. Craig left on Monday for a visit to Annapolis. Dr. J. A. E. Ednard of the French Navy, passed through here last week, en route to Halifax. The Yarmouth City band gave one of its popular promenade concerts at the Exhibition Building on Thursday evening last, which was largely attended. Amongst the participants in the dance, especially distinguished by his difference, although none the less graceful, was the late Mr. Edmond, our sociable summer friend—the "American Tourist"—enjoying intensely the society of his fair blue nose partner, and on being approached by your correspondent he willingly volunteered the expression, that she was equally as entertaining as she had proven herself efficient in the dancing art. We trust that these "Duchess" will be frequent in future, as much enjoyment can yet be had before this waltzy adapted building is utilized for other purposes. Mrs. Washburn and Master Murray Washburn, who have been visiting relatives here, returned to their home in Kansas City last week. Messrs. Courland Nicol and Chas. J. McIntosh of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., are guests of Mr. B. C. Baker at Beacon House. Miss Lillian S. Harris, of Annapolis, formerly of the Western Union Telegraph office here, passed through to Boston on Friday evening. Mr. Douglas Cummings, of Truro, spent a few days in town last week. Mr. W. F. Bannister, who formerly published the "Yarmouth Daily News", and with who have been spending their vacation here, returned to Chicago last week. Miss Johnston of London, Eng., who has been visiting Mrs. Robert Cole, returns home via Halifax this week. Mr. E. A. Kaulbach, son of J. A. Kaulbach, M. A., Archbishop of Nova Scotia, who has recently

The Best is None too Good.

At Allan's White Pharmacy, 87 Charlotte Street, you will find the best of everything in the Drug Line.

My Dispenser Department is the largest and brightest in the city. Every prescription receives careful attention and is promptly dispensed. My various cases display a beautiful assortment of choicest French, English and American odors and perfumes of every description. At my Perfumery you can get a delicious drink of Cold Phosphate or Orange Soda. My confectionery case contains an assortment of Gurney's choicest goods, and in my cigar case you will always find reliable Havana Brands.

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returned from Kingston Military College, is the guest of Mr. Robert L. Binyon. The Misses Johnston and Ashtons, of the Acadia Seminary, arrived by steamer "Boston" on Tuesday morning, and proceeded to Wolfville. Mr. Thomas Binyon, who has been on a visit to his home, left on Wednesday morning for Truro, B. C. Hon. L. E. Baker left for Halifax Wednesday morning on a business trip. Mr. Harrison A. Frympton and wife of Boston, who have been occupying Spruce Cottage at Bay View Park the past month, and Mr. E. B. Newcomb and party, who have also been spending some weeks at Bay View, left by steamer Boston on Friday evening last. Mr. Frympton hopes to spend next season in Yarmouth and vicinity, and has engaged one of the Bay View cottages for another year. Mr. K. G. T. Webster registered at the office of the Canadian High Commissioner, London, on the 17th ult. Mr. Webster is en route to the continent where he will pursue his studies at one of the German Universities. Miss Jean Ralms gave a delightful dance for the entertainment of her young friends on Monday evening. Music was furnished by Messrs. Medcalf and Allison of the Yarmouth orchestra; and a most enjoyable evening was spent at the home of this bright and charming hostess. Amongst the guests present were: Misses Margaret Ralms, Laura Brown, Miss Ford, Annie Stearns, Laura Lawson, Floss Johns, Archie Ralms, E. L. Binyon, Carl Binyon, Fred Barrill, J. B. Bond, Bertie Perry, Bernard Faith, Thomas Binyon, Osmar Killam, Nicol, McIntosh, and a number of others. Mr. Charles Kelley, son of Robert Kelley of Liverpool, Eng., is spending a few weeks amongst his many relatives here. He is the guest of Miss A. L. Kelley. Judge Johnston, of Washington, is spending a few weeks in town. Over 1500 persons attended the Bible Conference at Bay View Park on Monday last. A select party numbering about 25, drove to Gilman's famous hostelry at Truro on Monday afternoon.

ANAPOLIS.

Sept. 5.-Miss Lillian Johnson has been visiting Miss Wilma Cove of Annapolis for a little while. Mrs. Robert Mills of the Ferry is on a visit to Boston. Mrs. Richard Carr and son have returned from a visit to relatives at Lake May and other places. Mrs. Melville who with her family has been residing at the Ferry for five years leaves this month to join her husband and make her home in Truro, N. S. Miss Lena Chipman of Kentville is visiting Miss Christine Riecke. Mrs. E. W. McBride and child are visiting Digby friends. Mrs. Philp of Truro is paying a visit to her mother Mrs. C. D. Fitchell at Yarmouth. Mrs. Will Edwards and child of New York are staying for a while with Mr. and Mrs. J. Havelock Edwards. Miss Maggie McCormack of Boston is visiting Miss Buckler. Mr. and Mrs. George Rouser and children of Washington have been visiting in town during the past week. Mrs. Carrille of Annapolis spent last Sunday with Mrs. Brittan. Miss Bertha Ruggles is paying a visit to Annapolis. Miss Susie Cunningham returned last week from an extended visit to Yarmouth. Mrs. E. B. Ruggles and Mrs. E. Ruggles spent a day with friends lately. Miss Lottie Corbett is home from a lengthy visit to Halifax. Miss Aetion of Halifax is visiting her sisters the Misses Mansers. Misses Goldie Thomas and Francis Wilcox who have been visiting Mrs. Robert Wade of Lower Grandville are home again. Mrs. Dibblee of Dorchester N. E. is here on a visit to friends. Mrs. F. C. Whittam who is summering at Round Hill was here this week for a day or two. Messrs. Jack and Oby Savary visit to St. John last week for a two weeks visit to friends.

DIGBY.

Sept. 4.-Mrs. F. C. Lewis visited friends in Liverpool last week. Mrs. Fane Dillie is slowly recovering from a serious illness. Mrs. Aymer of Truro is visiting her cousin Miss Beatrice Tins. Mrs. John Westcott of Malden, Mass. is the guest of her sister Mrs. James Dillon. Mrs. Gutter Tins of Lynn, Mass., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Hollingsworth. Miss Adelle Phillips of Cambridge Mass., is the guest of Mrs. (Major) Daley, Ladies Terrace. Miss Angie James returned last week to her home in Bridgetown after a pleasant visit here. Mrs. Hannah Thomas has returned from an enjoyable visit to St. John. Mrs. Ella Douglas is home from a pleasant visit to friends in Moncton and Annapolis. Mr. and Mrs. George E. Watson, and Mr. and

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PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effectual. Readily taken by children.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pig's Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in oaks and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Buttache Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buttache Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

From a very pleasant visit of several weeks with friends in Portboro, Nova Scotia. Part of the time was spent in camp at the seashore with a very jolly party. Miss Emma Gilmour is confined to her home by illness. Arthur Chapman left on Thursday afternoon for the military school in Kingston, Ontario. Miss Annie McKeen is visiting relatives in St. George. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hall, who have been Mr. Frank Todd's guests, have returned to their home in Montreal. Charles F. Beard has gone for a three weeks' hunting trip in the vicinity of Grand Lake. Miss Elizabeth Black will spend a year at Brockton, N. Y., attending school. Miss Vera Young gave a water party on the steam yacht Nestles on Friday which was greatly enjoyed by her young guests. The camping party at Red Beach, championed by Mrs. Albert A. Laffin, has returned home. Miss Anna Stevens and Master Harley Turman expect to leave this week for Halifax. Mrs. W. H. Covilland left on Friday for Montreal. She will also visit friends in Dorchester and she also before she returns. Miss Annie Harvey was recently the guest of Mrs. Henry G. Brooks at Red Beach. Mrs. Mrs. F. V. Lee spent Tuesday in Ellsworth, Maine. Miss Kate Washburn, who has spent the summer at Barrington Park, Newport and Boston, arrived home on Sunday on the Washington county railway. Miss Jennie Smith is assisting Miss H. E. Wright in her new book store on Water street. Mrs. Frank V. Lee is holding receptions this week at her home on Washington street, Oshawa. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Mitchell of Sussex are guests of Mrs. James Mitchell this week. Miss Florence Mitchell has returned from a pleasant visit at the cottage of Mrs. George Eaton. Mrs. Tucker is the guest of Mrs. Irving Todd. Miss Ethel Sullivan has returned to school in Montreal. Mrs. William Schumler left on Monday for Boston to visit Mr. and Mrs. Walter Orman. Mrs. William Gillespie has returned to her home in Moore's Mills after a visit of ten days in Portland, Maine, with Mrs. D. B. Myhrall. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmor have returned from a trip to Cape Breton. Miss Alice Graham has returned from a visit in St. Andrews. Miss May Foster is visiting friends in Houlton. Miss Annie Birch has returned from her holidays which she spent in Eastport and Woodstock and has resumed her duties in John E. Algar's dry goods store. Dr. Delmsted and Miss Edith Delmsted have returned from a short visit to Boston. W. F. Vroom left yesterday for New York after several weeks in town. Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Grant and their family returned on Monday from 'Morning-side,' their summer home. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter closed their summer cottage yesterday and returned to their home in Milltown. Miss Winifred Howland was a passenger on the steamship Parisian which met with an accident when leaving Montreal for England last week. Mrs. W. C. Goucher and children were Mrs. D. H. Bates' guests during Rev. Mr. Goucher's absence in St. George. Mrs. W. F. Todd accompanied her daughter Miss Borden to Rochambou where she will attend school. Rev. O. S. and Mrs. Newham visited Campobello last week. Mrs. and Miss Clayton have returned to their home in Baltimore. Miss McEury of Houlton is the guest of Mrs. F. Lee. Miss Luther of Providence, R. I., is the guest of Mrs. Lewis Dexter. Rev. E. L. Sloggett, Mrs. Sloggett and their young son returned to Houlton Friday. J. C. Henry and family moved up from their summer residence at the Lodge, Saturday. Rev. W. S. W. Raymond who was in town last week, has returned to his duties in Grace Church South Boston. Mrs. Helen Kelley and Mrs. L. White have been visiting in St. Andrews. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Machum were in town on Friday.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Teller's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

At Midnight. I wandered by the water-side, Who, like a mist, before me stood My sweetheart who had died. But so unchanged was she, mesemed That I had only dreamed her dead; I gazed in her eyes the love-light gleamed; Her lips were warm and red. What though the stars planned shadowy through Her form as by my side she went, And 'neath her feet no drop of dew Was stirred, no blade was bent! What though through her white loveliness The wildflower dimmed, the moonlight shone! Unto my touch she was no less Real than when earth did own. She took my hand; my heart beat wild; She kissed me on the mouth and head; Then a zing in my eyes he smiled: "When didst thou die?" she said.

Tired of a Waiting Foolcy. A little Minersville tot was found out by her papa at the window calling 'Nigger, nigger!' to a colored man on the street. The gentleman reproved her and said if she repeated the offense he would have to chastise her. He went into an adjoining room, but presently he heard the little girl saying 'Nigger, nigger!' sofly to herself. 'You mustn't say that,' said the nurse, 'your papa will whip you.' 'Will he whip me real hard?' 'Yes real hard.' The tot then went to the window and called out as loud as her lung would permit 'Nigger, nigger.' Then, turning to the nurse, 'Now you may call papa and let's have this thing over right off.'

The Lawyer's Little Fictioneer. The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open nor see the curly head that was thrust into

"The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward."

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point. Severe Pains—"I had severe pains in my stomach, a form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." Mrs. JOSEF LA PAPE, 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Complete Examination—"After treatment in hospital, I was weak, hardly able to walk. My blood was thin. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla until well and gained 20 lbs. It also benefited my wife." ARTHUR MILLS, Dresden, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS. Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

his office. A little sob attracted his notice and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears, and told plainly that that the little one's feelings had been hurt. 'Well, my little one, did you want to see me?' 'Are you a lawyer?' 'Yes. What is it you want?' 'I want, and there was a resolute ring in her voice, 'I want a divorce from my papa and mamma. I want it real quick, too.'

GANG-NEEDLE MACHINES.

One of the Many Varieties of Sewing Machines Made Nowadays. It is a more or less familiar fact that sewing machines are used nowadays for sewing many different materials as leather, paper, canvas, carpets, rubber. They are used for making buttonholes and sewing on buttons. They are made of many types and in simply hundreds of varieties for special uses. But it may not be known so commonly that there are many sewing machines now made with more than one needle.

The first of these, a two-needle machine was made in the early eighties, about fifteen years ago. It was used by manufacturers of heavy clothing, perhaps first of all by the overall manufacturers, making seams stronger by putting in two rows of stitching. The utility and economy of the two-needle machine soon became apparent and it came into widespread and diversified use. Whenever two rows of stitching were to be made, a two-needle machine was used. A familiar illustration of the work is seen in the two parallel lines of stitching running with perfect exactness around the top of a shoe vamp. Shirt sleeves are stitched into the body of the shirt on a double needle machine, the two rows being made in the same time that it would take to make one. Collars and cuffs were stitched on two-needle machines, as were a great variety of these things, and later there were produced machines with more than two needles, the first of these coming into use within five or six years. There are now made sewing machines with as many as twelve needles.

A twelve-needle sewing machine simply has twelve needles where the ordinary sewing machine would have one. Instead of a single spool of thread on the top of the machine there appears there a rack of twelve spools. There are twelve tension disks. The thread from each spool runs through its own tension disk to its own needle. There are below twelve shuttles, one for each needle. When this machine is operated, it makes twelve rows of stitching, just as an ordinary machine would make one. The twelve-needle machines are used chiefly in the manufacture of corsets.

Corroborative Evidence. Deacon—"Susie, I am sorry your papa was not at meeting." Susie—"Please, no, thir; he went out walking in the woodth." Deacon—"I'm afraid, Susie, your papa doesn't fear God as he should do." "Oh, yeth, thir, I gueth he doth. He took hith gan to the woodth with him, thir."

Dickie's Melting-Pot. Dickie, six years old, had a pair of boots. He cut one of them with his hatchet. The father became very angry and scolded incessantly. The little fellow looked his father in the face and said: 'If you don't stop talking you'll get me mad, too, so you'd better stop.'

Keeping His Place. Irate Mamma—"Why didn't you get the things I sent you to the store for?" Son—"I had to wait so long I forgot what you wanted." Mamma—"Then why didn't you come back and find out?" Son—"I was afraid, you know, if I left to come back I would lose my turn."

Collaboration in Dating. Little Darling—"That was a white sugar almond I gave you, Mr. Squames. Does so like it?" Crusty Old Bachelor (who is trying hard to see allow the dairy in ques-

tion)—'Very much indeed, thank you. Little Darling—"It was a pretty pink one.'

The Sculous Water. "I am glad to see that it is no longer necessary," said a man who has lived abroad long enough to lose his taste for ice, "to drink mineral waters at the drug store fountains that they are so nearly frozen as to lose all taste. Vichy, seltzer or soda, it has always been the same. They are so cold that they retain no particular taste and have the common quality of seeming to be the same and nearly freezing the teeth of the person who has the temerity to drink them rapidly."

"I heard a man in a drug store the other day order a glass of vichy out of a siphon. That was new to me, but I was certain that it could not be worse than the almost frozen liquid I was trying to drink. The next time I repeated his order and got a glass at an agreeable temperature. I made the same experiment, and found that the practice has spread until it is possible, in nearly every city drug store, to be served in the same way."

"There has come protest against the ice, rather a mild one and not strong enough to get what is supplied from the fountain down to a reasonable degree. But the new plan is an acceptable substitute, and, possibly, after a while, all of it will be less like melting ice than it has been in the past."

From a Chicago Times-Record.

The Chicago Times-Herald speaks of the trip of Capt. A. W. Masters east as follows: Captain A. W. Masters, general manager of the London Guarantee and Accident Company, leaves on Monday next for Detroit, where he reads a paper on 'Liability Insurance' before the national convention of insurance commissioners. From there, accompanied by his family he goes to make a short visit at his old home in St. John, New Brunswick, the first since taking up his residence in Chicago several years ago. Probably no man connected with liability insurance has become better known or forged more prominently to the front than Captain Masters in the past decade. He has been a close student of this most intricate class of underwriting and is a tireless worker. His efforts have resulted in giving to the company he so ably manages a large volume of business, strong financial position and a steadily increasing prosperity. All who know the captain will wish him and his family a pleasant trip and safe return. Before coming back to Chicago Captain Masters will attend the liability conference to be held in Hartford Sept. 26.

Money to Burn There.

A recent issue of the Halifax Recorder would give one the idea that there was 'money to burn' in the sister city by the sea. This is how it happened:—The strong smell of burning paper coming through the grating in front of banking establishment this morning was accounted for by the statement that 'they were burning their notes'—that is, destroying in this way the mutilated notes that were being out of circulation. This process is an interesting one, and carried on with great particularity in banking institutions; but it was not always the case that the safeguards were effective, as on one occasion in the centre of the city passers-by were astonished to see a whole flock of \$5 bills circulating in the air, and it transpired that these had been drawn up the chimney from the furnaces by a strong draft. Doubtless a few got into circulation again.

"I always say what I think." "Ah! That accounts for your extreme reticence."—Truth.

"Has your sababund a pedigree?" "Pedigree? Look at him; it makes him sag to carry it."—Chicago Record.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments. For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collins, Kings Co., N.B., says: "I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine."

A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

SUBERUGOSIA AND TRAINS.

The Grave Dangers to which Travelers are Often Exposed. Our contemporary The Railway Surgeon in a recent number, calls attention to the danger of infection by the tubercle bacillus to which railway travelers are exposed. It may be remembered that in 1890 and 1891 when Koch's tuberculin discovery brought large numbers of consumptives to Berlin, some found that the carriages in which these sufferers had travelled had become infected. Since that time Petri has made elaborate researches to determine whether the tubercle bacillus is commonly present in the dust of railway cars, in what class of carriage it is most frequent, and in what parts of the car the dust has the greatest infective properties. As might have been anticipated, the first and second classes were free from the third and fourth; but dust from all of these was found to contain the specific germ of consumption. Of 91 guinea pigs inoculated with scrapings from the floor 26 were infected. It is obvious that the floors of our railway carriages, covered as they frequently are with excretion, seldom washed, never freely exposed to air or sunlight, are most fertile breeding grounds for the germs of consumption.

The Prussian Minister of Public Works has now made an order that all railway cars shall be cleaned periodically at specified depots. Carpets and upholstery must be treated with steam, and all woodwork washed with potash soap, rinsed with water, and rubbed dry. We would suggest that a further improvement in the hygiene of cars might be brought about by adoption of leather or other impervious coverings for cushions, by the substitution of linoleum for the present floor carpeting, and by the provision of spittoons for use, especially in the smoking carriages. The chief district sanitary inspector of Perthshire points out that the new Public Health act for Scotland provides that the local sanitary authority may make 'by-laws for securing the cleanliness and sanitary condition of public conveyances plying within its district,' and indicates his intention of framing a code of by-laws to secure a much needed improvement. In view of the danger that undoubtedly exists it is desirable that these powers should be extended to all parts of the kingdom, and the travelling public protected from a peril which, although unseen, is as real as that from collision or other railway accident.—The Hospital.

Marriage and Insanity.

The very first conclusion, so far as the natural history of the steps toward insanity is concerned, is that the weak constitutional strands and tendencies have their beginnings in those ancestral marriages which, chiefly for educational reasons, I have chosen to call 'unphysiological.' By an unphysiological marriage one need not mean a marriage between people obviously deformed or imbecile or insane, or otherwise permanently unfitted, but rather between people who are found to be not well adapted to each other in some important sense. Thus, two great physical disproportions; too great disparity of age, or of temperament, or of family, or of natural tendencies; or, on the other hand, too near a sameness, either through consanguinity or other sources; or too fixed constitutional characteristics; or even too great differences in education, religion, taste, or ambition. In fact, it seems probable that anything and everything which distinctly amalgamates in marriage, and as surely falls to blend in progeny, may be considered as unphysiological in this connection. As I have said elsewhere: "The parties entering into such an unphysiological marriage may both be normal individually, but yet not physiologically marriageable, because they are either too distantly or too nearly, or in fact too unphysiologically related, either physically or psychologically. In such cases the ultimate outcome is almost absolutely certain, and is noted chiefly by a definite class of tensions and reactions of both mind and body which invariably impress themselves upon progeny, and which for the most part are made obvious in this particular way. No matter how unphysi-

logical such marriages may be, however, they do not necessarily or very often result in the evolution of insanity in the parties contracting them, but rather they lay the foundation of degenerative tendencies which almost invariably predetermine the development of this affection in more or less remote succeeding generations. "The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to— "May I help you to some of the hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady. "And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly."—Chicago News.

"Is George so much in love with the Chicago girl?" "I should say he was! He gave up yachting on her account, and when he sold his boat he took the extra material and had his shoemaker make him a pair of canvas shoes out of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The gentleman from Chicago—Stranger, can you tell me where there is a good place to stop at? "The Citrus of Boston—Just before the 'at.' Good day, sir."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Was he driven to drink?" "Well, not exactly. He used to carry a bottle under the seat of the automobile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Newspaper Plant FOR SALE.

Tenders will be received up to Wednesday, Sept. 13th, for the purchase of the Daily Record Newspaper Plant. The tenders will be for the plant en bloc or in part, as follows:

- 1st—One English Improved Wharfedale (Double Feder) Press, in perfect order; capacity 4,000 per hour. 2nd—One Dexter Folder, speed 3,500 per hour. 3rd—One New Outfit of Type (Miller & Richards). 4th—Stand's Cases, Stones, Furniture, Gallies, etc., etc., complete and in perfect order.

HARRIS G. FENETY, 29 and 31 Canterbury St., ST. JOHN.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Harvest Excursion

TO THE Canadian North-West.

On August 26th and September 15th the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run two Harvest Excursions from points on their line in New Brunswick to all points in the Canadian North-West. Tickets return till October 31st, and November 15th, 1900, respectively.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. Rows include: Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Swift Current, Moosehead, etc. Prices range from \$28.00 to \$45.00.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

PRIZE SOAP

PLAY SH DAY

logical such marriages may be, however, they do not necessarily or very often result in the evolution of insanity in the parties contracting them, but rather they do lay the foundation of degenerative tendencies which almost invariably predetermine the development of this affection in more or less remote succeeding generations.

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to—"

"May I help you to come out of the back professor?" interrupted the headlight.

"And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly." Chicago News.

"Is George so much in love with the Chicago girl?"

"If I should say he was! He gave up yachting on her account, and when he sold his boat he took the extra mutton and had his shoemaker make Laura a pair of canvas shoes out of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The gentlemen from Chicago—Stranger, can you tell me where there is a good place to stop at?

The Citizen of Boston—Just before the "at." Good day, sir.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Was he driven to drink?"

"Well, not exactly. He used to carry a bottle under the seat of the automobile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Newspaper Plant FOR SALE.

Tenders will be received up to Wednesday, Sept. 13th, for the purchase of the Daily Record Newspaper Plant.

The tenders will be for the plant en bloc or in part, as follows:

- 1st—One English Improved Wharfedale (Double Feeder) Press, in perfect order; capacity 4,000 per hour.
- 2nd—One Dexter Folder, speed 3,500 per hour.
- 3rd—One New Outfit of Type (Miller & Richards).
- 4th—Stands Cases, Stones, Furniture, Galleys, etc., etc., complete and in perfect order.

HARRIS G. FENETY,
29 and 31 Canterbury St., ST. JOHN.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Harvest Excursion

TO THE

Canadian North-West

On August 20th and September 15th the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run two Harvest Excursion trains from points on their line in New Brunswick to all points in the Canadian North West. There will be second class in each direction and good, for return till October 30th, and November 15th, 1900, respectively.

The return rates will be as follows:

Winnipeg, Deloraine, Estey, St. John, B. B., Moncton, N. B., etc.	\$28.00
St. John, B. B., Moncton, N. B., etc.	30.00
St. John, B. B., Moncton, N. B., etc.	35.00
St. John, B. B., Moncton, N. B., etc.	40.00

At the above rates will not be in force from any one station to any other station. It will be necessary for passengers to purchase local tickets to St. John, N. B., and to purchase them from the Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

COFFIN DRUMMER'S TALK

PROFESSOR TELLS THAT HIS CALL IS NOT SO GLOOMY.

A Wonderful Burial in an Ohio Cemetery Which Put a Final Touch to a Marriage Romance—A Strange Disturbance With Happy Results.

When the experienced drummer with the two heavy grips stepped up to the desk the clerk recognized him and bowed and smiled gravely.

"Ghost walk, No. 3, Gibson," he said to the hallboy who answered his call.

The drummer nodded an acquiescence to the assignment and followed the boy to the elevator. When he returned to the lobby half an hour later the cherry policeman who had stood within arms' length of the desk when the drummer registered, came forward and said, earnestly:

"I beg your pardon, but will you give me a clue to the mystery of the clerk's instructions in regard to your coffin? What and where is the ghost-walk?"

The experienced drummer looked up in surprise.

"Good heavens," he said, "where have you been all your life? I thought everybody knew about that. Why, the ghost-walk is what they always call the rooms where the men of my line are stowed away."

The cherry phosphate man flushed slightly at the allusion to his possible backwoods origin, but boldly persisted in his laudable endeavor to add to his meagre fund of information. "What is your line?" he asked.

"Coffins," said the experienced drummer, succinctly.

The cherry phosphate representative quailed. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "You don't travel around with a— with those things do you?"

"Why not?" demanded the experienced drummer, irritably. "What's the matter with coffins? They're something we've all got to come to, sooner or later, unless we happen to be incinerated in a hotel fire or die in the course of a trip abroad and get shoved off into the measureless depths of the murmuring sea. For my part, I must say that I prefer a coffin to either of those alternatives."

"Oh, I don't know that there is anything the matter with your coffins," returned the phosphate man, calmly ignoring the reference to possible casualties. "If there was, I suppose you couldn't tell them. But it must be a gruesome sort of business."

The coffin man sniffed angrily. "Now, see here," he said, "don't you know that that's all tommyrot? But I suppose I ought not blame you for your ignorance. You're no worse than nine out of ten of the other people I meet. Honestly, it makes me boil sometimes to see how people look upon a coffin man. It seems to be the popular impression that our traveling paraphernalia consists of a bear and a pair of funeral horses, not to mention a car-load of coffins and a saratoga trunk full of shrouds, while some folks even go so far as to imagine that we carry a corpse around to make the display more attractive."

"I'll venture to say though," said here the experienced drummer showed signs of lapsing into reminiscence, "that if it came down to an actual story-telling contest I could discount every single one of my conferees and not pass outside the realm of facts, either. To start with, I'll make the assertion that I'm the only man in the business who has completely fitted out a cemetery that is all the way from one foot to six thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth."

The drummer stopped to light another cigar, then continued, musingly: "That was a peculiar thing. It was by all odds the strangest thing I have ever seen or even heard of, and that means a good deal coming from a man who has been on the road constantly for the past thirty years and has as a matter of course, seen more than one thing of interest. It was such a very strange thing that if there were not two or three thousand people living in southern Ohio now who can vouch for the truth of what I'm going to say I should be afraid to tell it for fear you'd go away and say: 'Well, if that coffin man ain't the darndest liar I ever did see.' The cemetery I had reference to a moment ago is on the outskirts of a little town on the Ohio River about sixty miles above Cincinnati. There was only one undertaker in the town then—there is only one there now, for that matter—and up to the time I began to

solicit his trade all the people thereabouts, who were of the hide-bound, old-fashioned sort, had been content to be laid simply away in family burial lots upon death. Shortly after I made my first call, however, a wave of progress struck the place, and one of the first things the village guardians did, after becoming imbued with the spirit of advancement, was to lay out a cemetery.

"That was—let's see—that was about twenty three years ago. I had just sold a large order of goods to the undertaker when the first death occurred after the consecration of the new ground, and as I continued to stand high in his favor, they never was a coffin or a scrap of funeral trappings put away in that unique cemetery that did not come direct from me and that is saying a good deal when you take into consideration that Cincinnati is one of the greatest coffin towns on the face of the earth, and Ohio people as a rule, the greatest of sticklers for patronizing home industries. Not richless, I held my ground. In the preceding of my business I visited the town about every six months. When there I did not stop at the local hotel, which afforded but poor accommodations, but put up with an eccentric but generous old character named Judson Calhoun, who lived on the outskirts of the village. One evening when I happened to be stranded there over night I found when I got around to Judson's house, that his wife was very ill. She had been sick for a week or so, he told me, and their dear friends a Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay had literally shut up their own house and come over to take care of her and look after things in general.

"I felt a little squeamish about staying there under the circumstances, but Judson insisted, so finally I retired to my old room as usual. Along toward morning Mrs. Calhoun died. I had been awakened by the confusion, and was at the bedside along with Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay when she breathed her last. Just before the end came the poor woman seemed to realize that she was going fast, so she called us all close to her side and said:

"Judson, I want to be put away in the family lot in the cemetery, and when your time comes I want you to be laid beside me. It may sound like superstition, but I couldn't rest in my grave if you were not there close at hand."

"And with his wife lying there staring death in the face, what could Judson do but promise that he would make his final resting place by hers? But still she didn't seem to be satisfied with that—knowing, as I suppose she did, that the best man on earth is apt to break his word, if the slightest inducement is offered to do otherwise so she looked up to Mrs. Lindsay and said:

"Sarah, if you're still here when Judson goes, you'll see to it, won't you, that his grave is made alongside mine?"

"And Mrs. Lindsay promised, too, thus making the agreement doubly binding.

"After Mrs. Calhoun's death I switched around and made Donald Lindsey's house my stopping place. When making my semi-annual visit two years later, I saw, to my regret that Donald was going at a pretty lively gallop right up to death's door. Now, whether he took his cue from Mrs. Calhoun or not, I cannot say, but certain it is that when his last hour had come he made his wife promise the very identical thing Mrs. Calhoun had asked of Judson: I guess neither Judson nor Mrs. Lindsay thought much about their solemn words at the time, but it wasn't long till they began to make themselves felt pretty strongly. When I visited the town six months later I found that Judson had already commenced to call on the comely widow. I expected to see them married when I came again, but to my surprise the courtship seemed no nearer a termination than the last time.

"I asked Judson the difficulty, and he told me the whole story. The trouble all hinged on the burial of their former partners. There was Donald Lindsey, he explained dolefully, in the Lindsay lot in the west end of the cemetery, and Mrs. Calhoun in the Calhoun section in the east end, and so far as human knowledge could go there was no power short of downright sorcery that could take them away from their respective places. And worst of all, the two relics were bound by those solemn promises. Judson frankly admitted that he wouldn't have cared a rap for his word, but Mrs. Lindsay was as hard as adamant. She was willing for him to call whenever he felt like it, she said, and she would even

go so far as to wash and iron and mend and bake for him, but she wouldn't marry him, because when she died she wanted to be laid by Donald.

"Once, Judson told me, he became so bold as to suggest that that was all right; that she could be put away with the Lindseys when her time came and he with the Calhouns, according to agreement, but she let out on him so furiously that he was completely unbalanced. "Judson Calhoun," she said, "I want you to understand once for all that I will never marry any man who doesn't think as much of me as he did of his first wife. I'll not play second fiddle to any woman, living or dead. You don't think for one minute that I'll marry you and do for you for ten, maybe fifteen years, and then at the last, when my work and yours is all over and done with, have you go back to your first love and make your home with her and let me be put away any old place. No, indeed, I will be just as dear to you as anybody and if I can't be buried alongside you, too, I won't have you; that's all."

"This of course, was a damper on Judson, and he allowed the courtship to drift quietly along after that, without mentioning marriage. Matters were still in that unsatisfactory state when the earthquake, or landslide, or whatever it was, occurred. I was in the town at the time and was stopping with Judson, as I soon came to do again after he became accustomed to his bachelor ways and set led down to good housekeeping. It isn't worth while trying to describe that terrestrial commotion to you. If you have ever been in an earthquake region and experienced a shock, you know better than I can tell what it is like. If you have never been through it no words of mine, however well chosen, could give you any conception of the horror of it.

"It came on about midnight. Judson and I had set up late talking and I had been asleep but a little while when the first quake came. It was a pretty severe shake-up for a starter, and I jumped out of bed in alarm and lighted the lamp. I hadn't the faintest idea what was the cause of the disturbance, but for the moment I became as weak as a cat and felt, instinctively, that I should be safer if I only had a light. This introductory quiver was followed by a stillness of several minutes' duration, and I began to think that my nerves had played me a trick after all. Just as I began to wonder if it wouldn't be advisable to go back to bed I felt the earth tremble once more. There was a series of shocks in rapid succession that time. The house rocked violently, chairs and tables slipped around over the floor as though they were greased, looking glasses and pictures fell from the wall, and the light was extinguished.

"It came over me like a flash then that we were passing through an earthquake. Just as I realized what was happening there came a dull, hollow roar, followed by the most terrific clap of thunder. I remember that even in my fright it gave me the impression of the whole earth being flattered out and then doubled over in the middle and flapped together like a pancake. At that final shock I fell to the floor insensible. When I came to myself Judson was standing over me, talking wildly about Mrs. Lindsay. We both felt as if we ought to go to her, yet I doubt if we dared venture out, for while Judson's house was still intact, there was no knowing what he should strike ten feet beyond the door. But Judson would listen to no argument. Anxious for her safety finally overcame my personal uneasiness, and we started out.

"It was pitch dark. Our lantern had been thrown from a shelf and broken, and we were obliged to pick our way by step without a light. Mrs. Lindsay's house was about half a mile west of Judson's. The intervening space was utilized as truck patches, and I found, as we groped along, that all the fences were down and that the ground was cut up by innumerable gullies and ridges. It seemed to take us an eternity to get to Mrs. Lindsay's, but when we reached the house at last and found that she was safe, we felt amply repaid for our rough trip, and when she went so far as to own up that she was crying, not from fear, but anxiety as to Judson's welfare, the old chap was so tickled that he declared he would be glad to go through an earthquake every night in the week if he could only receive such an assurance as that as a recompense.

"We stayed at Mrs. Lindsay's till morning dawned, then left her and set out to see what damage had really been done. The first person we met on our way to the village was the undertaker. He was pale as a ghost.

"'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Everybody killed?'

"'No,' said he, 'there is but one life lost that I know of, and that was Eli Garrison's, who was sleeping off a drunk in a fence corner, but the dead have been shaken up at a terrible rate. Lord of Levy, you just ought to see the cemetery!'

"The horror in his voice made me sick with dread. My legs wobbled so I could hardly stand, and my lips trembled.

"'What's the matter?' I repeated.

"'What do you mean?'

"'Just go down and see,' he said, and hurried on.

"As for me, I hasty ran to the cemetery

with Judson close at my heels. What I saw there made me reel and doubt my own senses. In the western part of the little graveyard where, the night before, anybody looking that way could have seen a smooth plane dotted with grassy mounds, was now a conical hill of yellow, clayey mud. To the east a narrow strip of the cemetery remained, about one-tenth of the width of the original ground. I hurried over to the Calhoun lot the first thing. It was in a state of good preservation. Not a grave seemed to be disturbed. Then I looked carefully around. About six feet to the west of the Calhoun section I saw a monument that seemed strangely familiar. I stepped over and examined it, and there on one side was the well-known inscription: "Donald Lindsey. Born, Oct. 6, 1833. Died, Nov. 10, 1875." On the other side I read: "Sarah, wife of Donald Lindsey. Born, May 30, 1840. Died—"

Several scientific men from Cincinnati were there in an hour or so, and not until I had listened several times to their examination could I make head or tail of the interesting observations. At last they made me understand that when the western half of the cemetery had been heaved up, a great chasm had been opened in the earth at its base. The upper crust of ground on this hill to the depth of nine or ten feet had formed a landslide and slipped down into the abyss, graves, tombstones, and all. That section at the top of the newly-made hill—the one containing the Lindsay lot—had been loosened last, and when it finally came sliding down the slope the disturbance could I make head or tail of the interesting observations. At last they made me understand that when the western half of the cemetery had been heaved up, a great chasm had been opened in the earth at its base. 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The Necklace of Death.

CONJUROR.
The wedding was over. The happy pair had been duly smothered with rice and kisses, and were now standing on the platform of Paddington Station, trying their best to look like an old married couple, but greatly betrayed by the nervousness of their trunks, and the pretty shyness of Cora's air coupled with the smartness of her travelling gowns.

The guard quite mechanically looked them into a first-class carriage, and left as assured of the substantial trip that would await him at the journey's end as if it were already lying in his palm.

But Cora continued to gaze out of the window with an assumed air of pretty nonchalance, making observations upon the passers-by.

"It is no use, my darling," said Douglas, catching hold of the hand nearest himself, and trying to draw her closer. "Every one 'spies' us; you cannot take anyone in with that grand air of yours."

"Be quiet, sir," said Cora, turning to him with a charming look of command for a moment. "I am extremely interested in the passengers. Here is a fat woman, with six—no, seven—children, trying to crowd into a carriage, and I am sure the people inside do not want her, and she is arguing with them; and oh do look at that old man running as if for dear life!

"How many people are when starting on a journey! Look at that wretched-looking creature, too, with all his belongings tied up in a red handkerchief. I suppose he is one of those miserable street scoundrels you see about. I always wonder how they make a living. Well, he is not an Englishman, I am sure. Do you think he is a Hindoo, Douglas?"

"Where?" demanded Douglas, with sudden interest, getting up, and looking quickly over her shoulder.

A thin, dejected man, in the soiled gaudy dress of a street tumbler, only partially concealed by an old coat, was passing down the train towards the third-class carriage, and Douglas felt a distinct relief to see that he bore not the slightest resemblance to the madman who had attacked him on the Underground Railway.

"Oh, that! Yes, I suppose he is," he answered, carelessly; and then the train began to move out of the station, and Cora no longer looked from the window, but turned her eyes on her husband with a wealth of love in their sweet depths that she had never before suffered him to fully see, and all thoughts of the outside world vanished from their mind for a time.

Mr. Steiny's bungalow at the tiny Oxfordshire village at Leytonbridge would have been quite the ideal place for a honeymoon if the weather had only condescended to be fine.

But, after a glorious summer, September had come in wet and stormy; and, day after day, rain came down in torrents, until the meadows began to flood, as they often do in that low-lying country, and the bridal pair could only steal snatches of sunshine.

Mr. Steiny was a confirmed old bachelor, and his household consisted of a man who looked after the pony-and-cart, and the big mastiff Tauro in the day time, and at night retired to the bosom of his family in the village, and Hannah, cook and factotum, who reigned over a small and timid village maid when she wanted extra help.

So there were no household duties for Cora to busy herself with, beyond arranging and rearranging the flowers.

She made great friends with Tauro, who graciously returned her advances by laying a large and heavy paw on her knee, gazing at her with his small, deep-set eyes; and together she and Douglas paid many visits to a sleek cob and the cows in the paddock, feeding them with all sorts of indigestible dainties.

The days passed pleasantly enough, in spite of the weather, until one morning Douglas received a long ble letter, after reading which he looked at Cora in dismay.

"My dearest, I am awfully sorry, but I am afraid I shall have to go up to town to-day," he said, apologetically.

"Oh! Douglas, must you?" said Cora dolefully.

"I must, darling. You know I am joint

trustee with a Colonel Majendie for Nellie Ferrers, my cousin's child, and he has just come home and wants to see me about an investment we made. It seems the security is rather shaky, and he thinks we ought to sell out before there is a rash on the shares."

"How long will you be away? You'll be back by dinner-time, won't you?" she said, in a coaxing voice.

But Douglas shook his head dubiously.

"I am afraid not, darling; but, anyhow, I will come down by the night mail. I shall get back here by one, but you must not sit up for me. I'll take the key with me, and let myself in. If you feel at all nervous, I will ask John to stop till then."

"Of course I am not nervous, and, if I were, is there not dear old Tauro? You will take care of me, will you not, eh, old dog?" said Cora, bending down to pinch the mastiff's ear gently. "Well, of course, you must go, dear, and so there is no use in making a fuss about it."

"Brave little woman!" said her husband, fondly. "You see, I naturally do not want to be let in for losing a lot of money."

It had turned out quite a cheerful morning, and Cora came out into the garden to see him off, followed by Tauro.

She was wearing a gown of soft white serge, the white belt fastened with an old-fashioned buckle set in turquoise.

And Douglas, turning back for a last glimpse, thought what a picture she made, standing with the background of green trees, one hand on the great dog's tawny head, the other shading her eyes from the sun.

All through the day that picture kept coming back to him.

Cora, left to herself, did find the time so rather slowly.

It was impossible to persuade herself that the flowers wanted renewing, her books all seemed uninteresting and dull, and John respectfully entreated her not to give the cob any more green apples for his health's sake.

She wandered into the kitchen, where Hannah was making cakes, and talked to her from sheer ennui.

Hannah was unusually gracious, and by-and-by remarked that it was a pity Mr. Stewart had had to go up to London.

"Oh, yes, of course I miss him," said Cora, ingenuously, blushing a little.

"Well, it was not that exactly I was thinking of," admitted Hannah, with a prodigious sniff, "though there is no denying that, when first folks are married, they do think a mighty lot of each other, soon as it wears off afterwards; but, if you had not been alone this evening, I was going to ask you to allow me to go over to Mattingley to see my sister for a while. She has a little tea-party on, and put it very particular that I should come, but, of course, I would not like to incommode your arrangements."

Cora was secretly in no little awe of Hannah, and made haste now to reply—

"Certainly you may go. Mr. Stewart will be back by one o'clock, so you would not be keeping me up."

"Well, I cannot deny but that I should be obliged to you, to go over to Mattingley to see my sister for a while. She has a little tea-party on, and put it very particular that I should come, but, of course, I would not like to incommode your arrangements."

"Oh, no, I think not," said Cora, with an involuntary smile at the idea of Hannah's little drudge as a companion. "I shall manage all right. But what is the matter with Tauro?"

She sprang up from her perch on the edge of the table, and dashed out into the garden, from which came the sound of Tauro's deep bay, and a high pitched voice trying to quieten him.

The big dog was standing menacingly in the path, every bristle up, his eyes bloodshot, and a man, just inside the gate, was holding out his hand to him, and speaking in an insinuating manner, which Tauro only seemed to take as a fresh insult.

"Down, Tauro, down!" cried Cora, catching him by the collar. "Why, you foolish dog, what are you making such a fuss about?"

The man was advancing doubtfully along the path, his thin face wreathed in an obsequious smile.

"Will the gracious lady permit that her slave show her little conjuring trick?" he said, fawningly. "Her slave ver' good conjurer."

Cora looked at him with a sense of recognition, and then in a flash it came upon her that this was the man she had seen get into the train at Paddington.

He looked more poverty-stricken and wretched than then, and his dark skin had a sort of ashen pallor upon it.

Cora was a charitable little soul, and she felt pitifully over this miserable exile.

"No, I do not want to see any conjuring tricks, but here is sixpence, and, if you will come up to the house, I will give you something to eat," she said, kindly. "You must feel very miserable over here in such weather as we have been having."

"Your slave is a poor man, and he must go where destiny permits him," said the man, in an expressionless manner. "Your honor will see how even the dogs of the mighty spurn him—for here Tauro had begun to growl again."

"Never mind, I will shut him up. You need not be afraid of him," said Cora, and, greatly against the animal's wishes, she dragged him to the dining-room, and locked him in, where he kept up a dismal howling.

When she returned to the conjurer, he was still standing in the porch with that air of imperturbable waiting that only an

Artistic can assume.

For all his thinness and wretchedness, she noticed that his features were good and intelligent, and his deep-set eyes were like coals of fire.

Hannah was a good deal scandalized at the idea of giving to a beggar and particularly to a "beastly black" as she put it, but at length Cora consented a plateful of food out of her and brought it to the man.

"Your slave is your debtor through the ages," he said, bowing himself to her feet, and he tied the food up in a corner of the handkerchief he carried.

"Are you not hungry? Will you not eat something now?" urged Cora, but he shook his head.

"It is not custom to eat except at certain times, and after due prayers," he answered, with a touch of loftiness, and, with another lowly bow, he turned and walked away down the garden path and out into the road, Cora watching him, almost sorry that he was gone.

Talking to him would have helped to pass the day.

If she could have seen the conjurer, when he was about three-hundred paces from the bungalow, she would have been surprised, and, perhaps, alarmed, for both the food and the money she had given him were thrown disdainfully into a brook that ran by the side of the road, and he spat on the ground with an expression of the greatest contempt and loathing.

"Many dogs defile the graves of the unbelievers! Surely it shall be counted unto me for righteousness that I, a high priest in the third degree, polluted myself by accepting alms of them!" he said, fiercely, and then he laved his hands and face in the brook, as if to rid himself of the contagion.

Cora ate a little lunch, but felt very dissatisfied without Douglas's cheerful face opposite her, and afterwards tried to read a little, but the day had grown dark and heavy, and she felt as though she could settle to nothing.

She was quite willing to agree to Hannah's proposal that, as there would be only tea instead of dinner to serve that night, she might as well be going to her sister's.

Jane could stay and help her get that; so, accordingly, about four o'clock, Hannah replenished in her best bonnet and shawl, set out for Mattingley.

Little Jane seemed overwhelmed with the honor of being allowed to aid "the young lady" to get tea and make toast, and the alms of one of Hannah's rich cakes, with which she was presented, would have made that sage house-keeper wonder "What in the world Jane would expect next?" Hannah having a fixed idea that it was good for the young to be repressed and snubbed on every possible occasion.

Tea came to an end in due course, and then Jane also departed, Cora standing at the door to watch her off, but not feeling at all nervous at being left alone.

It was not for long, after all. Hannah was to be in by ten, and, after that, it would seem no time until Douglas was home again, and had she not Tauro?

It came on dark early that night, and Cora had hardly lighted the lamps before there was a heavy dash of rain against the window, which made her think, with dismay, of the wet walk poor Douglas would have from the station.

How very quiet it was here!

It had never struck her before, when Douglas was about, and there was the cheery sound of household preparations from the back regions.

Except the dash of the rain, there was not now a sound to be heard, and Cora began to think almost regretfully, of the hum of the London streets, that never quite dies away, even from dark to dawn.

It was about nine o'clock that Tauro suddenly raised his head from the rug, where he had been peacefully slumbering, cocked an alert ear, and gave a low, rumbling growl.

"What is it, good doggie?" said Cora, patting his head. "I can't hear anything. You must have been dreaming."

But Tauro got up, and showed such signs of uneasiness that she finally opened the front door, thinking he would settle down peacefully after a prow round.

The rain beat in so sharply that she could not stay there, and, closing the door she went upstairs, thinking she would take off her gown and put on a tea-gown that Douglas especially admired.

It was a very pretty collection of white alpaca, with many intrications of lace over an under lining of pale mauve silk, and Cora looked at herself in the glass with an innocent pleasure in the fact that she was so fair for Douglas's sake.

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"What is it, good doggie?" said Cora, patting his head. "I can't hear anything. You must have been dreaming."

It seemed to her that she must have been mad when she consented to being left alone in this isolated cottage, and even now it was not half-past nine.

Hannah was not due until ten even then if she were punctual, and who could tell what might not detain her?

Hark! what was that noise?

Someone forcing the flimsy lock of the front door?

No, no; it was only the wind against a loose sash, but her heart was beating so furiously that she could not hear distinctly. The ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, which she had never noticed before, seemed almost more than she could bear, and yet, ah! how slowly the hands were moving.

But any great strain on the nerves brings Nature to the rescue, and at last, in spite of—or rather, because of—the tumult of her emotions, Cora's head dropped among her pillows, and she fell asleep.

She awoke with a start that made her heart stand still, and saw the blood racing furiously to her brain.

There was a step in the passage—a step that was not Hannah's, nor Douglas's, but the tread of naked foot.

It was coming nearer, but a sort of paralysis had seized upon her.

She lay back among the pillows, unable to stir hand or foot, waiting with wide op-

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Her head ached a little, and she let down her hair, which fell about her in a shining glory of ruddy tints.

She would bring Tauro in now, and they would settle snugly down by the wood fire she had lighted for cheerfulness until Douglas returned; but when she opened the front door and called the big dog, no Tauro appeared in his usual prompt obedience to her summons.

"Tauro, Tauro!" she cried, peering out into the darkness, the wind blowing the long strands of hair into her eyes, and dashing a cold spurt of rain against her face.

There was a sound of some heavy body shuffling slowly along, she could dimly discern Tauro's tawny shape looming through the darkness.

"Here, here, good old boy! Whatever made you so long?" she said, reproachfully.

The dog followed her in; but, when she turned to look at him after closing the door, she saw he had fallen over on his side, his legs drawn up convulsively, and that he was panting heavily.

"Oh! Tauro, Tauro, what is it, you poor old dog?" she cried in dismay, dropping on her knees by his side and laying her hand on his head.

Tauro looked up at her with a dumb agony that was infinitely pitiable, and made a feeble attempt to lick her hand; but another convulsion overtook him, and a sharp howl of pain escaped him.

It was evident that he was very bad indeed, and Cora raked her memory for a suggestion as to what she could do for him.

Brandy was the only thing of which she could think, and, running to the dining-room, she got a little, and, putting it in a spoon tried to pour it down his throat, but it only ran out of the side of his mouth, and his kindly eyes were glistening fast.

Cora wrung her hands in despair.

Should she make her way down to the village, and get the man up, to see what he could do?

But, even as she thought of it, a strong shudder ran through Tauro's mighty limbs, a foam gathered on his lips, and, with a sort of smothered groan, he was dead.

A sudden horror seemed to seize on Cora when she realized it.

Someone must have poisoned the dog; a quarter-of-an-hour earlier, when he had gone out, he had been quite well.

Nothing else could account for such a sudden death.

And what object could anyone have in poisoning him but a sinister one.

Springing to her feet, she made a hasty tour of the bungalow, seeing that every lock and bolt was secured.

Moved by an impulse she could hardly have explained, she also lighted every lamp and candle, and then sat down on the couch, by the fire, shaking from head to foot.

Every dark and unwholesome tale she had ever heard seemed to recur to her memory, and she was almost afraid to glance toward her shoulder, lest she should see some fearful shape emerging out of the shadow.

Twenty times it seemed to her as if she heard a stealthy step in the little passage and to have gone out into the kitchen regions again was a feat of courage beyond her.

It seemed to her that she must have been mad when she consented to being left alone in this isolated cottage, and even now it was not half-past nine.

Hannah was not due until ten even then if she were punctual, and who could tell what might not detain her?

Hark! what was that noise?

Someone forcing the flimsy lock of the front door?

No, no; it was only the wind against a loose sash, but her heart was beating so furiously that she could not hear distinctly. The ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, which she had never noticed before, seemed almost more than she could bear, and yet, ah! how slowly the hands were moving.

But any great strain on the nerves brings Nature to the rescue, and at last, in spite of—or rather, because of—the tumult of her emotions, Cora's head dropped among her pillows, and she fell asleep.

She awoke with a start that made her heart stand still, and saw the blood racing furiously to her brain.

There was a step in the passage—a step that was not Hannah's, nor Douglas's, but the tread of naked foot.

It was coming nearer, but a sort of paralysis had seized upon her.

She lay back among the pillows, unable to stir hand or foot, waiting with wide op-

ened eyes for the tale that was coming to her.

A couple of seconds, that were an eternity of sickening apprehension, and then she caught the gleam of a pair of human eyes, set in a dark face, and the Indian juggler of the morning stood in the doorway, looking down at her as a snake may look at the prey, lying helpless before him. Cora made no effort to escape.

She felt absolutely certain that this man had come to murder her, and just as certain that resistance was useless.

It seemed to her even as if her life was abbing away from her under the grip of that awful horror of death approaching her.

The murderer said no word, nor did she utter a sound until just as he was upon her, and then something seemed to break the spell that held her!

Nature made a last despairing stand against the adversary that is, in the end, always the victor, and she sprang to her feet with a wild, inarticulate cry, but too late!

Something soft and light was flying over her head, she fell among her pillows, there was an intolerable pressure round her throat, lights danced before her eyes, her very brain seemed on fire.

Oh! she had never dreamt that death was such anguish, and then her head fell back, and, like a helpless bird in the hands of a cruel boy, her harmless life flickered out under the deadly cord of a murderous fanatic.

CHAPTER V.
Douglas's journey to London was performed without incident.

Nevertheless, it was not a pleasant one. Immediately following the last glimpse he had of his wife, a feeling of utter depression had seized upon him.

His could be no way account for it, and tried his utmost to shake it off.

In vain, however.

Somehow, it seemed to be associated with Cora.

She was continually in his thoughts. And, by degrees, another object came to share with her the troubled workings of his mind.

The emerald necklace.

That string of dull green stones, which he could not dissociate, in his mind, from his cousin's awful death, and the murderous attack that had been made upon himself on the Underground railway.

But why should the recollection of all that force itself so persistently upon his mind?

Nothing had occurred to bring it to his mind.

Nevertheless, there it was, and he could not get rid of it.

It seemed tightly to haunt him.

And, presently he found that his mind was dwelling also upon the mentally-pictured face of the Hindoo student.

He seemed to see the gleaming black eyes fixed menacingly upon him.

And then, most unaccountably, another Asiatic face flashed into the radius of his mental vision—the face of the conjurer whom he and Cora had seen at Paddington station.

Why should this be? Why should the one suggest the other? What connection could there possibly be between them?

And why was it that, in spite of all his efforts to get rid of the notion, the latter should come more and more to be associated in his mind with Cora?

He began to feel most horribly uneasy, and every mile of the railway journey that increased the distance between him and his wife added to the feeling.

He wailed now, with all his heart, that he had not left home, and resolved that he would return at the very earliest opportunity.

In the compartment he occupied it so happened that there was one else throughout the journey, and to this fact, he tried to persuade himself, was due, in a large measure, his inability to shake off this awful depression, which sat upon him like a nightmare.

But even when he reached his journey's end, the bustle and animation of the busy London streets did not decrease it in the slightest degree.

On arriving at his lawyer's, he found he had to wait some time before his co-trustee, Colonel Majendie, put in an appearance, and, as the colonel turned out to be a sundried old Anglo Indian, with very strong ideas on the subject of having things done formally, it was late in the afternoon before their business was finished, when they adjourned to the latter's club for a cigar and a whisky-and-soda.

"Well, I think we have put matters pretty well in the right way now, Mr. Stewart," said the colonel, looking cheerfully at the tip of his cigar. "By the way, I do not think I ever told you that I used to know your cousin pretty well in India. Queer man; he had for travelling."

"Poor Edwin! he met with a horrible fate," said Douglas. "No; I never knew you were a friend of his."

"I did not say I was a friend of his," said Colonel Majendie, significantly; "I do not fancy he had many of them; but, if I had been in England at the time, I fancy I could have thrown a good deal of light on the manner of his death."

"What do you mean, Colonel Majendie?" said Douglas, rather sternly. "If you know anything on the subject, it is certainly your duty to speak out, and bring the murderer to justice."

"My speaking out would not do that," said the other, dryly. "The murderer is probably thousands of miles away from this now, in a region where our laws could hardly touch him. It is my work publishing tales of dead men's and, after all, Ste-

(Continued on FERRIS'S PAGE.)

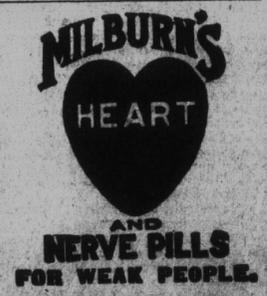
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Sunday Reading

The Angel came by night (Such angels still come down), And like a vial of blood...

ROBE YOUR FLAG

Gordon's Letters Reveal His Great Love of Christianity.

The question is naturally asked, when some eminent reformer, who, in spite of great opposition, accomplishes almost incredible results—Who supports him?

George B. Hill has recently published a volume of Gordon's letters to his brother in England, letters which were meant to be a kind of journal of his daily doings while governor-general of the Sudan.

These letters, written because he had no one to talk to, were never meant to be published; but they reveal, as no analysis of Gordon's character has before done, the power that sustained him when he was in peril of water, in peril of robbers, in peril of wilderness and heathen, of hunger and thirst, and when, burdened by the administration of the most difficult country in the world, he was practically unsupported by his chief, the Khedive of Egypt.

In his mission to stop the slave-trade, he bore disasters and sufferings and disappointments such as have come to a few who have trodden this earth.

'What supports me, dost thou ask?' said Milton, in his blindness. Unconsciously Gordon answers this question regarding himself in these admirable letters.

Of the role of life to be followed by him in the Sudan, he says, 'The main point is to be just and straightforward; to fear no one, no one's sayings; to avoid all tergiversation or twisting; if you lose by it.'

He did lose by it the support of the ministers of the khedive, who could not understand such superb honesty and independence; but he gained the khedive's respect and conviction that Gordon was indispensable. He secured, as well, the love of the common people. Authority feared and hated him. Poverty loved him.

'There is not one thing I value in the world. It honors—they are false. Its knickknacks—they are perishable and useless. Whilst I live I value God's blessing.' This sentiment he dwells on over and over again. It seems to have been ingrained in his soul.

At one time, when greatly depressed by thoughts of possible failure, he wrote from the banks of the inscrutable Nile. 'To-day might bring me civil dismissal, or the news of the death of the khedive, or some such event. Want of money is the great need, and yet it only needs us to lower our flag a little to have enough.'

At that time there were not more than three foreigners in equatorial Africa to ten million natives, and of that vast multitude, Gordon was probably the only man who never departed from his principles. His character was more incomprehensible to those around him than Christ's is to us.

Later he wrote again: 'My dear—, why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave to it. You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it. It is bliss. All this caring for what people will say is your pride. Hold your flag and abide by it!'

On July 10, 1878, he writes: 'Thank God I am quite well, and so happy, now that I have resigned the government of the province, and put all the faults on my friend. He is able to bear them, and

will use me as long as He pleases as His mouthpiece; and when He has done with me He will put me on one side. 'Casting all your care on him' has just come to mind.'

A hundred quotations of like import might be culled from these remarkable letters. They remind one more of the utterances of Christ than of those of almost any public man of this century whose life has been given to the great Teacher's service.

When he was last in Cairo, just before he went on his journey south never to return, he was terribly hindered and annoyed by delays; but the opposition of the court officials, who hated him, rather amused him than otherwise. Strong in his honesty of purpose and of conduct, he wrote: 'The new khedive is more civil, but I no longer distress myself with such things. God is the sole ruler, and I try to walk sincerely before Him.'

Thus he lived. Thus only was he able to accomplish the wonders that have excited the admiration and surprise of the world. His support came not from concert or self-reliance, but from his unquestioning faith in God and in His promises.

A nobleman one day met a child who was crying bitterly because she had broken her pitcher. Having no money with him, he promised to meet her at the same place and at the same hour the next day, and give her money to buy another. Upon his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine with a gentleman whom he particularly wished to see, but as the time appointed was the same as his pre-arrangement with the child, he immediately sent a note declining it. 'I could not disappoint her,' he said, 'she trusted me so implicitly.'

All right minded, honest thinking persons have the same due consideration for a promise as the aforesaid nobleman; their word once passed it becomes their bond, and they would as soon think of breaking it as they think of passing a counterfeit note. It goes without saying that such faithful promise keepers win the sincerest admiration and respect. It is a great thing to have a friend whose word can be thus trusted, and it is a great thing to have such a reputation one's self. 'I promise' is no light and trivial affair, and when one makes such a declaration he should put himself into it body and soul.

Sometimes, however, promises are made hastily; they are meant at the time, under the impulse of the moment, but calmer, more deliberate judgement proves them to have been too rash, and one must either break one's word or fulfil the obligation under protest. In such instances the latter course seems the only fair and honorable one, but it should have a wise and salutary effect, teaching the lesson of self-control and the importance of weighing well one's promises before they are made.

It has been said that 'a bad promise is better broken than kept,' but this can scarcely apply to upright, honest manhood and womanhood, or become an excuse for making unwise or indiscreet agreements.

But however we may have occasion to doubt earthly promises, we never question the veracity of God's covenants. 'He is faithful that promised,' and search the Scriptures through there cannot be found one promise of his that has been broken nor one vow that has not been kept. Our God is a covenant-keeping God—while the earth remaineth his word shall stand—and he gives his children the blessed privilege of entering into covenant with him, and it should be their greatest joy to keep faith with him. To be in covenant with God presupposes a consecrated life. Those who truly pledge themselves to God rejoice in his work, rejoice in his house, rejoice in his people, rejoice in communion with him. The one who enters into co-

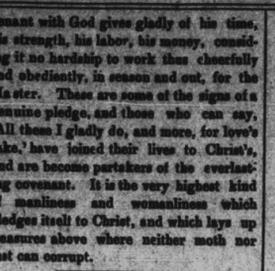
venant with God gives gladly of his time, his strength, his labor, his money, considering it no hardship to work thus cheerfully and obediently, in season and out, for the Master. These are some of the signs of a genuine pledge, and those who can say, 'All these I gladly do, and more, for love's sake,' have joined their lives to Christ's, and are become partakers of the everlasting covenant. It is the very highest kind of manliness and womanliness which pledges itself to Christ, and which lays up treasures above where neither moth nor rust can corrupt.

The Living Water. Under the similitude of living water, or running water, is depicted the Holy Spirit. He would have given thee, and not have upbraided thee as thou hast me, 'living water' under this same similitude the blessings of Messiah had been promised in the Old Testament. The grace of the Spirit and his comforts satisfy the thinking soul that knows its own nature and necessity. Jesus Christ can and will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, for he received that he might give. Through the woman throughout acts and speaks fervently, yet Jesus does not cast her off, but rather instructs and encourages her. Whose drinketh of this water shall thirst again; it will quench the present thirst, but the thirst will return. So the infirmities of our bodies in our present state; they are still necessities and ever craving. Life is a lamp which will soon go out without continual supplies of oil. Our comforts in this world are neither perfect nor lasting, nor our satisfaction in them enduring. Whatever waters of comfort we drink of, we shall surely thirst again. But the living waters yield a lasting satisfaction and bliss. Whoever partakes of the Spirit of Grace and the comforts of the everlasting Gospel, he shall never thirst, he shall never want that which will abundantly satisfy his soul's desires. This water that Christ gives shall be in him a well of water; ever ready, because within him. A good man is satisfied from himself, for Christ dwells in his heart. Never failing, for it shall be in him a well of water—overflowing, overflowing, in all his principles and affections. It but for one hour we saw God's gift, and him through whom he offers it, Christ would no longer need to knock at our door. We would be knocking at his.

There was a knock at the door of Aunt Fanny's pleasant kitchen one morning, and on the steps stood a little girl with a basket on her arm. 'Don't you want to buy something?' she asked as she came in. 'Here are some nice home-knit stockings.' 'Surely you did not knit these yourself, little girl?' said Aunt Fanny. 'No, ma'am, but grandma did. She is lame, and so she sits still and knits the things, and I run about and sell them; that's the way we get along. She says we are partners, and so I wrote out a sign and put it over the fire-lap, Grandma & Maggie.' Aunt Fanny laughed and bought the stockings, and as she counted out the money to pay for them Maggie said, 'This will buy the bread and butter for supper.' 'What if you had not sold anything?' asked Aunt Fanny. But Maggie shook her head. 'You see we prayed 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and God has promised to hear when we pray. I guess there wasn't any 'it' about it. When he says things they're sure and certain.' [The Sunbeam.

A BOY IN BATTLE. 'Boots,' the Tenth Pennsylvania's Mascot Who Went to Manila. John McDermott, the mascot of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, is probably the youngest American boy who has gone to Manila and actually taken part in the war excitement. He was only a little over twelve years old and small for his age, when he started his long voyage across the Pacific. When a mere tot he was a familiar figure on the streets of Pittsburgh as a 'shiner' who never slighted a job, and later he added the business of a 'newy' to his means of earning a livelihood. 'Boots' says he belongs to the Tenth Regiment, but the soldiers say the regiment belongs to him. His acquaintance with the Tenth came through the honest shiner he put upon their footwear. They nicknamed him 'Boots.'

One day, when the train bearing the regiment to Mount Gretna to attend a State encampment was about to pull out from the station, a private, spying 'Boots' on the platform, bundled him into a car and managed to keep him in hiding until the regiment reached its destination. He was only ten years old then, but being bright and active and willing to make himself useful, the soldiers took to him kindly. After his first visit to Mt. Gretna he became an attendant on the regiment wherever it went, and for two years before going to Manila he tented with it on the old camp ground. He was with his boys in camp when the



Closer you keep to the directions, the more Pearline will do for you—especially so in washing clothes. Even the hit or miss way in which many use Pearline is better than soap-using. But soaking, boiling, and rinsing the clothes—according to directions—is best of all—better for clothes; better for you. Use no soap with it.

word was received that they were to go to Manila and he decided at once to go along. The train bearing the soldiers to the Pacific coast stopped a few minutes at the Pittsburgh station to allow the soldiers a last word with the friends thronging the platform. Knowing his mother was too ill to be there, 'Boots' sprang down the steps and, rushing through the crowd, made his way to his home to kiss her good-bye.

With a hasty farewell to the other members of the family he hurried back, reaching the station just in time to swing himself on the rear end of the moving train. Until after the train left Ogden, Utah, 'Boots' shared in the best that was going. But, for some reason, the conductor then objected to his presence among the men, and ordered him to leave the train at the next station.

Instead of obeying, 'Boots' crept under a seat until the next station was passed, when he ventured to creep out again. Angry at being thus baffled, the conductor began a series of persecutions against the little fellow which, despite the threats of the soldiers, continued until the train reached San Francisco. 'Boots' was too plucky to give in, and when tired of crouching under seats he went out and, scrambling to the top of the train, found room to stretch himself.

'Boots' was uniformed at San Francisco at the expense of the soldiers and he sailed with them on the steamer Zealandia for Manila. During the voyage he fell down a hatchway and broke his arm, but, remembering he was a soldier, he bore the pain uncomplainingly.

On Aug. 1 at Manila the regiment was attacked by the Spaniards, 'Boots' passed the danger line time after time, carrying ammunition to the fighters and water to quench the thirst of the wounded and dying. Once while handing ammunition to a soldier a bullet crashed through the crown of his hat. He took his part in another battle a little later, and again became a ministering angel to the wounded. Late in the fall, when fever broke out among the troops, and his 'pal,' Jim Doran, died, the officers of the regiment deemed it best to send their mascot home. He reached Pittsburgh Dec. 4, 1898, and a rousing welcome awaited him.

HAPPY MEN AND WOMEN.

Paine's Celery Compound Has Given Them New Health and Long Years of Life.

THOUSANDS MADE WELL DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

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If you are unfortunately numbered with those who are tired, worn out, nervous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, neuralgic, or your life made miserable by kidney disease, liver trouble or blood diseases, and have met with sad failures in the past under medical treatment and the use of wrong medicines, we would impress upon you the wisdom of trying Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that cannot fail or disappoint you. It is the only remedy in the world that has the full and hearty approval of educated men and women—a remedy that has received the complete indorsement of the best physicians.

ABOUT LOVING FRIENDS. When if One is so Inclined it is Possible to Take a Philosophical View.

'Twice, in the course of my life,' said a cheerful visaged man, 'I have lost a bunch of electric railroad tickets. I buy ten or twenty tickets at a time and carry them in my pocket, so that I don't have to bother with buying a ticket every time I go to the station. I don't have to wait, and often I have caught a train that otherwise I should have missed. Aside from the comfort of the thing, I reckon that my gains in time saved by buying tickets in this way amount to considerable. I carry my bunch of tickets in a pocket,

where, also, I carry paper upon which I am accustomed occasionally to make memoranda. In pulling out this paper I pulled out the tickets whose absence I noted when I thrust the paper back. The first time I missed the tickets I walked back and found them lying on the sidewalk, a dozen steps to the rear. I considered that an extraordinarily fortunate recovery. That time there were only two or three tickets left. I had used up the rest. In a bunch that I lost yesterday there were ten or twelve; I had just begun to use from this lot.

'When I missed the tickets this time I turned and walked back, as before, but really with no expectation of finding them for this was in a busy street, where there were many people passing all the time, and where somebody was sure to see them, and pick them up. I didn't find them, but was not disturbed by their loss. They stood for fifty cents. I don't mean to say that fifty cents are so free with me that I can afford to throw them away, but I never feel over the loss of a thing that is likely to be found again to somebody's benefit as I might over the loss of something destroyed or otherwise lost beyond all recovery. For instance, I once lost an umbrella overboard from a steamboat. Now there was a total loss. Lost an land that umbrella would have been found by somebody who would have made it useful; but of what use would it be to the fishes of the sea? None at all; it was just a dead loss to me, and no gain whatever to anybody else.

'But take the case of those elevated tickets. They were of use to whoever found them, and they may have done somebody a lot of good. I hope they did, but I shall carry the next bunch I buy in another pocket.'

A London Clergyman's Courtesy. As a well known London clergyman has recently ascending the steps to his church an old lady requested his help. With his usual courtesy grace he gave the old woman his arm. On reaching the top step she halted, breathlessly, and asked him who was to preach. 'The Rev. Mr.—,' he replied, giving his own name. 'Oh, dear,' exclaimed the lady, 'help me down again; I'd rather listen to the endless grinding of a windmill. Help me down again, I'll not go in.'

The minister smiled, and gently assisted her down, remarking as he parted with her: 'I wouldn't go in either if I weren't the preacher.'

Household Leno Majesty. 'Fortunately we don't have such a thing as leno majesty in this country,' said the bachelor.

'Oh, I don't know,' replied the Benedict. 'My wife seems to regard any comment on her cooking as somewhat in that line.'

Not Fitted for the Work. 'That man never will make a ball player,' said the manager of the club. 'He can't catch anything.'

'How do you know?' 'He was once a detective.'—Chicago Post.

Good Summer Literature. 'What do you read in summer?' 'The Congressional Record.'

'Does it interest you?' 'No; I don't want to be interested. I want to be put to sleep.'

The Reason. Mr. Spelter—Oh, you may talk as you please, Jane, but you were an ignorant woman when you married me!

Mrs. Spelter—Yes that probably accounts for it.

One Negative Vote. Do you think women should propose? asked the sweet young thing. 'No, I don't,' returned the cynical old bachelor. 'It's dangerous enough for a single man as it is.'

In Good Humor. Daughter—Papa went off in great good humor this morning. Mother—My goodness! That reminds me; I forgot to ask him for my money.—Boston Traveller.

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

ened eyes for the late that was coming to her. A couple of seconds, that were an eternity of sickening apprehension, and then she caught the gleam of a pair of keen eyes, set in a dark face, and the Indian fighter of the morning stood in the doorway, looking down at her as a mauler may look at the prey, lying helpless before him. Cora made no effort to escape. She felt absolutely certain that this man had come to murder her, and just as certain that resistance was useless. It seemed to her even as if her life was ebbing away from her under the grip of that awful horror of death approaching her. The murderer said no word, nor did she utter a sound until just as he was upon her, and then something seemed to break the spell that held her. Nature made a last despairing stand against the adversary that is, in the end, always the victor, and she sprang to her feet with a wild, inarticulate cry, but too late!

Something soft and light was flung over her head, she fell among her pillows, there was an intolerable pressure round her throat, lights danced before her eyes, her very brain seemed on fire. Oh! she had never dreamt that death was such anguish, and then her head fell back, and, like a helpless bird in the hands of a cruel boy, her harmless life flickered out under the deadly cord of a murderous fanatic.

CHAPTER V. Douglas's journey to London was performed without incident. Nevertheless, it was not a pleasant one. Immediately following the last glimpse he had of his wife, a feeling of utter depression had seized upon him. He could in no way account for it, and tried his utmost to shake it off. In vain, however.

Somewhat, it seemed to be associated with Cora. She was continually in his thoughts. And, by degrees, another object came to share with her the troubled workings of his mind. The emerald necklace. That string of dull green stones, which he could not dissociate, in his mind, from his cousin's awful death, and the murderous attack that had been made upon himself on the Undergrove railway.

But why should the recollection of all that force itself so persistently upon him now? Nothing had occurred to bring it to his mind. Nevertheless, there it was, and he could not get rid of it. It seemed fairly to haunt him. And, presently he found that his mind was dwelling also upon the mentally-pictured face of the Hindoo student.

He seemed to see the gleaming black eyes fixed menacingly upon him. And then, most unaccountably, another Asiatic face flashed into the radiance of his mental vision—the face of the conjurer whom he and Cora had seen at Paddinton station.

Why should this be? Why should the one suggest the other? What connection could there possibly be between them? And why was it that, in spite of all his efforts to get rid of the notion, the latter should come more and more to be associated in his mind with Cora?

He began to feel most horribly uneasy, and every mile of the railway journey that increased the distance between him and his wife added to the feeling. He wished now, with all his heart, that he had not left home, and resolved that he would return at the very earliest opportunity.

In the compartment he occupied it so happened that there was one else throughout the journey, and to this fact, he tried to persuade himself, was due, in a large measure, his inability to shake off this awful depression, which sat upon him like a nightmare.

But even when he reached his journey's end, the bustle and animation of the busy London streets did not decrease it in the slightest degree. On arriving at his lawyer's, he found he had to wait some time before his co-trustee, Colonel Majendie, put in an appearance, and, as the colonel turned out to be a sundried old Anglo Indian, with very strong ideas on the subject of having things done formally, it was late in the afternoon before their business was finished, when they adjourned to the latter's club for a cigar and a whisky-and-soda.

'Well, I think we have put matters pretty well in the right way now, Mr. Stewart,' said the colonel, looking cheerfully at the tip of his cigar. 'By the way, I do not think I ever told you that I used to know your cousin pretty well out in India. Queer man! he had for travelling.'

'Poor Edwin! he met with a horrible fate,' said Douglas. 'No; I never knew you were a friend of his.'

'I did not say I was a friend of his,' said Colonel Majendie, significantly; 'I do not fancy he had many of them; but, if I had been in England at the time, I fancy I could have thrown a good deal of light on the manner of his death.'

'What do you mean, Colonel Majendie?' said Douglas, rather sternly. 'If you know anything on the subject, it is certainly your duty to speak out, and bring the murderer to justice.'

'My speaking out would not do that,' said the other, dryly. 'The murderer is probably thousands of miles away from this now, in a region where our laws could hardly touch him. It is ugly work publishing tales of dead men; and, after all, Ste-

CANCER And Tumors cured to say the least, in 10 to 15 days. For Consultation send 25c in postage to Dept. 11, Mason Research Co., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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Men and Women of To-day.

Mr. Rockefeller and the Lead sharks.

The troubles of a millionaire are illustrated by a story told of William Rockefeller by one of his attorneys. The oil magnate bought a large tract of land in the Adirondacks, which he used as a game preserve and forest home. A small country paper announced that Mr. Rockefeller intended to buy half the Adirondacks and make them into a park. The article was widely quoted, and soon letters began to pour in.

The letters were soon followed by brokers, farmers, real-estate agents and speculators. Mr. Rockefeller at first denied the report, but this had no effect. His secretary answered every letter in the negative, but this proved ineffective. His clerks were instructed to tell all callers that their employer did not want any Adirondack land, but even this was futile. Not long ago Mr. Rockefeller was driving, and stopped to rest his horses, when a man suddenly walked out from behind the trees and asked for a match. Mr. Rockefeller went through his pockets and handed the man three or four.

The man struck a match and said: 'I am very much obliged to you, sir; I wanted a match very badly, and you came in the nick of time. By the way, I believe you are Mr. William Rockefeller, and you want to buy some land in this neighborhood. Now—'

The sentence was not finished. The unhappy capitalist threw the box of matches to the man and drove off in a gallop.

Enjoying a Polar Candy Pull.

Albert White Vorse was one of the relief party that went into Arctic waters on the whaler Kite in 1892 and brought back to civilization Lieutenant Peary and Mrs. Peary. Mr. Vorse has made a book of his experiences, which Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia, is printing. But not all of his experiences are included in the work. There was a candy pull on the Kite, the like of which never happened before.

'We had been for three months in the ice north of Godthab, Greenland,' says Mr. Vorse, 'and the sun had never set once. Three months of endless day, the sun circling around us, all the time in sight, and when we got to Godthab we were glad to see something familiar once more. Godthab has the most northern sidewalks in the world, and we spent hours looking at them. Then there was a schooner, and men and women, and, to cap it all, we had got into the region of night once more. Of course we were elated, and that accounted for my proposition to make some chocolate caramels and have a candy pull on the fo'castle stows.'

'It was accepted, and our party gathered around the fire while I stirred the molasses. The fo'castle was a small room at the best, and we crowded it to the limit, so when the Mate came in he grumbled. Then he told us a story. It was a blood curdling tale of the days when Kite was in the whaling trade, and had rescued a lot of fishermen who would not work, but sat around the fo'castle fire and made merry even as we were doing.

'But we got rid of them. One of the men dropped cartridges down the funnel and they went off in every direction.'

'Before he could enter into details we heard a cracking noise as if something had fallen down the stove pipe, and an instant later there was a bang, and the men scattered in every direction. I alone was left, and that was chiefly because I didn't have time to get away. Some idiot of a sailor-man had dropped a few cartridges down the funnel. After a while they came back and we had our candy. It was good, too only I admit that it tasted a bit of powder.'

A Reporter Worth a Million Dollars.

Colonel Sheffield Phelps, owner of the Jersey City Journal, was the richest newspaper reporter in America several years ago. From his father, the late William Walter Phelps, he inherited a fortune of several millions, and under his active and practical management he has made his newspaper the foremost journal of the state. At the end of his first year he was bitterly attacked by his political enemies, who brought libel suits for many hundreds of thousands of dollars against him, but he won easily in the courts. Since then he has been a powerful political factor in

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Hudson County, and his course has been signally indorsed by Governor Voorhees. The Colonel, whose title comes from appointment on the staff of Governor Griggs, lives in one of the show places of the State, directly opposite New York City on the crest of the Palisades. The family estate comprises more than three thousand acres. It is probably the costliest farm in America. The land is worth in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000 for building purposes.

After his graduation from Yale, in 1886, Colonel Phelps began active newspaper work as a reporter on the World at New York. Later he became an editorial writer on the Mail and Express, and afterward filled the position of acting managing editor on the same paper.

Once, while on the World staff, he was sent to report the wedding of the daughter of a Wall Street man recently from the West. The reporters were met at the front door by a trained servant, who quickly separated them from the guests and led them to the host's private room, where the banker met them in person and gave them typewritten slips containing the information they were sent for. Then champagne was opened and the banker took some cigars from a drawer in his desk.

'Have one,' he said to Phelps. 'They're genuine conchas. I import them myself.'

'Thanks,' said Phelps pleasantly, as he took the cigar. 'Have one of mine. They're real sacra maduras.'

The Great Commoner of the West.

'It took a long time to nominate Bryan,' said one delegate to another at the close of the Chicago Convention of 1896. 'Oh, no,' his friend replied; 'Bryan was nominated in a hurry, but it took a long time to beat Bland.'

Bland would undoubtedly have been nominated long before Bryan could have had the opportunity to make the 'cross of gold, crown-of-thorns' speech which nominated him, if the Missouri managers had sincerely desired the nomination, and they prevented it by delaying the deliberations of the Convention which, at the start, was largely in favor of nominating 'Silver Dollar Bland,' the most conspicuous advocate for the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one. Bland was a statesman rather than a politician, a man above common intrigue, vulgar trickery, and sincere to fanaticism in devotion to his one idea. He never recovered from the tremendous disappointment at Chicago, which was embittered by the revelation of the treachery by which he had been deprived of his legitimate reward by men whom he had trusted. If it did not break his heart, it at least so afflicted him that when his last illness came he apparently did not fight the disease, and for the first time in his life failed to exert his great will power.

Mr. Bland was so simple in all his ways of thinking and acting, and so democratic in his manners and habits, notwithstanding his fine Virginia ancestry, that he was not appreciated fully by men who did not come in contact with his great intellectual powers. Thus he never had the reputation in the country generally which his friends thought he deserved, and which other men of much less ability and much fewer attainments, but of greater pretensions, obtained. The men who served with Mr. Bland in the House regarded the quiet, modest silver leader as a remarkable man. Of course he was recognized as a master of his special subject, even though his point of view was peculiar.

Mr. Bland's store of information upon the silver question was great and always at command. A Washington correspondent recalls that during the discussion of the Sherman purchase clause repeal, Mr. Bland one evening spoke of the numerous requests he was receiving from magazines for articles, with which he could not comply for lack of time, and regretted especially that he could not furnish a short article requested by one of the leading reviews.

'Dictate it to our stenographer,' suggested the correspondent. Mr. Bland said that he did not like to interfere with the work of the office, but being pressed he took out the letter from the magazine editor to re-read the questions asked, and then rapidly dictated the article, without feeling that he had to stop to consult any other authority than himself. 'In fifteen minutes,' says the correspondent, 'he had finished scarcely

changing a word; nor was it necessary. I saw the article after its appearance in the magazine, and it was a model of concise and logical construction and expression.'

This is a fair illustration of the great readiness of Bland.

Mr. Bland was one of the kindest and most sympathetic men, but as a boy, his brother says, was the most pugnacious youngster he ever knew. 'Dick was always looking for a fight up to the time he was fourteen years old. We carried, grist to mill, and when I went alone I never had a harsh word with any one; but let Dick go along, and we would fight first the toll-gate keeper, then a farmer we met on the road, and then the miller.' Mr. Bland was always ready to fight with intrepid courage for free coinage of silver, but otherwise he was a man of peace, and a helper and friend of everybody he knew who needed his assistance. A hundred tales are told about his kindness to young men just starting in life, and all the younger members of the Democratic side of the House drew upon him for advice and assistance without limit. Mr. Bland had known what it was to fight the hard fight of a poor boy, orphaned at an early age, and obliged to shift for himself in Kentucky farm work, and he never lost a tender feeling for struggling young men. In leaving Virginia for Kentucky, early in the century, Mr. Bland's grandfather seems to have left behind all the pride of his aristocracy, and it was not until Mr. Bland himself had become a prominent man that he learned that through his great grandfather, Theodric Bland, a Colonel of Washington's staff, he was related to the Lees, the Randolphs, and all the other great families of Virginia, and also to noble houses in England. Although he was pleased to receive the Bland coat-of-arms, he never used the crest of illud publicly to his distinguished ancestry.

He like best the title of 'the great commoner,' which was applied to him in Missouri, and rejoiced in everything that identified him with 'the plain people,' emphasizing all the democratic doctrines that he thought brought out this idea. He delighted to take part in the work of his farm, which was his one great recreation.

Irving Scott's Fighting Fortresses.

Irving M. Scott, Vice-President and General Manager of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco and builder of the battle-ship Oregon and of Admiral Dewey's flagship, Olympia, has had a career of which few men can boast. He went to San Francisco in 1860, and after paying his first week's board he had five dollars. That was his entire capital. 'And,' he said, 'the other day, I have never had less than that sum of money since.'

His first work was in the Peter Donohue machine shops. There Mr. Scott learned his trade thoroughly. In a few years he withdrew from the shops and started in business for himself. He had managed to make a fair share of the trade his own almost from the start. Soon afterward, in company with his brother and two practical workmen, he started the Union Iron Works.

'We went into the mining business exclusively,' said Mr. Scott. 'We made the best mining machinery in the world. We made it better and quicker than any one else, and we soon controlled the trade. Our work was admitted to be the finest ever constructed. Most of it was of our own invention. I, myself, might have made a fortune out of my own inventions if I had them patented, but I did not think it was worth while at the time. We did most of the work for the great Comstock Lode, and made money fast. After the Lode played out it made hard times in mining circles, and we turned our attention to ship building. That is the way we got into that business.'

Mr. Scott is the executive man of the company. He secures the contracts and

superintends the works. In getting the contract for the Charleston, his first war-ship, he spent eleven months in Washington, and only secured permission to look at the plans during the last weeks of the time.

'I told Mr. Whitney the plans were defective,' explained Mr. Scott, 'but he told me to go ahead on the lines laid down. He said that the plans were English, and if the ship turned out a failure it would be attributed to the change. So I followed the plans, and after the ship was completed the Government paid us a great many thousands of dollars for making the very changes I had first suggested.'

A Mandarin's Wife on American Marriage.

Margherita Arina Hamm, the well-known traveler and author, called when in China upon the wife, or rather the wives, of a great Mandarin. Her visit partook of the nature of a festival, so novel was the experience to the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of their yamen. They examined her clothing, and were partly pleased and partly astonished at it. They were shocked by her shoes, and especially by the fact that her feet were not confined by bindings.

Finally one of them said, through the interpreter, 'You can walk and run just as well as a man?'

'Of course.'

'Then you must be as strong as most men.'

'Yes, I think I am.'

'You wouldn't let a man beat you, not even your husband, would you?'

'Not at all.'

The Chinese woman paused, laughed, and then said, 'Now I understand why foreigners never take more than one wife. They are afraid.'

One Woman's Work.

Anna E. Dickinson, from her first appearance until she retired from the lecture field, was without question the 'Queen of the Lyceum.' She made her debut as a speaker early in the war. Attending a Quaker secular meeting, or a Woman's Rights meeting held under Quaker auspices when she was hardly out of short clothes, she heard a man make a bitter, sarcastic speech in opposition to granting women equal political rights.

'I got madder and madder,' said Anna, in telling the story, 'and just as soon as he sat down I jumped up like a Jack-in-a-box and began to reply to his tirade. As I spoke I left the pew and walked down the aisle to where he sat, and shook my fist in his face as I continued to answer him. I had no idea of speaking at all, and was as much astonished as anybody at what I did.'

That settled it. There was no escaping destiny after that. The speech astonished every one who heard it by its splendid rhetoric and logical force. She was invited everywhere. When Fort Sumter was fired on, she found her true vocation. She took the stump for the Republicans in New England, and created a cyclone of patriotic enthusiasm wherever she went. The Democrats gave her the credit of changing Vermont from a Democratic to a Republican State.

She went from there to Connecticut, and was equally successful in rousing political patriotism and in urging men to volunteer. East and West, wherever she appeared in the Northern States, the same story was told. Everywhere she was recognized as an oratorical Joan of Arc.

During and after the war she lectured in regular courses, and became so popular that only Gough and Beecher rivaled her as a lyceum favorite. But it was on war topics that she was heard at her best. Then, in pleading for the Union, she spoke and looked like one inspired, and never failed to thrill and enthral her audiences. In vituperation and denunciation she had no rival among living orators. In politics she had a 'level head.' The power of her arguments was only surpassed by the force of her anathemas.

This great woman had a passion for the stage, and after having established a just claim to be regarded as one of the greatest actors in a true sense in her country's history, she yearned to win the reputation of a great player on the mimic stage. Of course she failed. The stern and stalwart personality, the imperious individuality that made her a great leader in the history of her day, disqualified her for excellence on the stage, but not even her most devoted friends could conceal or deny the fact that she was a dead failure.

Mrs. Howe is a Great Traveller.

Julia Ward Howe comes from a long line of Puritan ancestry. She was an ardent worker in the anti-slavery cause. In 1866-7 she and her husband, Dr. Arthur Howe, edited an anti-slavery paper, The Boston Commonwealth, and were leaders with Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Higginson and Theodore Parker. It was Doctor and Mrs. Howe who brought about meetings

in Boston for the discussion of the problem of the Abolition on one side and pro-slavery on the other. Robert Toombs of Georgia, who boasted that he would hold his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and Colonel Sam Houston, of Texas, took part. 'I remember,' said Mrs. Howe, 'we had lively times.'

In 1861 Mrs. Howe wrote the Battle-Hymn of the Republic. She presented to me the manuscript, which I have yet. She is past eighty years of age, and yet if I said to her, 'Mrs. Howe, I have an engagement for you to speak in Omaha next Monday night,' she would be there.

She is a great traveller and a great woman, and still available for the lyceum.

Mrs. Howe has devoted her life unflinchingly to everything that elevates humanity. For thirty years she has been lecturing in all parts of the United States, and has always shown herself the elegant well bred, highly educated woman.

She has lectured before the Parisians in the French language; also in Florence, Italy. During her last visit to Rome she preached two sermons.

SCIENCE OF METALLOGY.

New Method of Studying the Structure of Bronzes used in Machinery.

Alexander E. Outerbridge, Jr., a metallurgical expert of Philadelphia, has recently been making some experiments in the new science of micro-photography with the object of discovering by a careful study of micro-structure of bronzes why an scale-bearing will sometimes 'cut out' in a short time, and another, not differing from it in any way that the naked eye can detect, may last ten times as long. The solution of this problem is of great importance to railroads and manufacturers. Mr. Outerbridge is the metallurgist of the Sellers tool works, Philadelphia. He said of his experiment:

'The microscope has long been employed in the examination of minute forms of life, and of the structure of leaves, flowers, thin and transparent sections of woods, materials and other objects. More recently the powerful eye of the microscope has been called to the aid of the metallurgist in peering into the arrangement of molecules of metals. A coin, fresh from the minting press, presents to the naked eye a beautifully polished, smooth surface, but when examined under a strong magnifying glass shows many defects. The surface is seen to be full of pits, or small holes, and other surface irregularities, while the design looks coarse and crude. This is quite natural, and it is only to be expected that a very moderate magnification will show these defects. Within the past score of years scientific men in Europe and this country have been delving deeper than ever before into the mysteries of the molecular structure of metals, by the aid of powerful microscopes, assisted by photography.

'In my experiments on the micro-structure of bronzes I was assisted by Fred P. Maish, son of the late Prof. Maish, the well-known botanist, who is an expert micro-photographer. We selected for our first subject a bright new cover cent, the surface of which, in order to properly study and photograph its molecular structure, we filed and ground it as smooth as we could, and then polished to remove all scratches, after which the coin was etched in acid in order to develop the crystalline structure of the alloy. After this treatment the specimen was mounted and its entire surface examined by the microscope under a strong light. By substituting a camera for the eye and focusing the image upon the sensitized plate we obtained a micro-photograph, from which we obtained prints in the usual manner.

'The general appearance of the picture of the cent (composed of copper, tin and zinc bronzes) thus treated may be compared to that of a field which has been ploughed and then harrowed and raked. This is the 'micro-structure' so called, of metals. A large number of specimens of different bronzes were subjected to this method of examination. These were cut from as many castings, the immediate practical object being to find out, if possible, why some of these castings are more dense and homogeneous than others and therefore more durable when subjected to wear or more suitable for cylinders in which steam is confined under high pressure, or for hydraulic work. We have made progress with our work and expect definite and decisive results soon.'

Mr. Outerbridge recently delivered an address on micro-photography before the mining and metallurgical societies of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, which attracted a large number of experts interested in the subject, from all parts of the United States. They were of the opinion that he is on the track of important discoveries.

Writings of It.

'Did you have a good time last night?' 'I must have had. I've broken this morning.'

A WISE WOMAN

Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a

PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK

written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it.

WRITE TO-DAY

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal

Frills of Fashion.

A new lot of American Girls. Will you walk with me tomorrow if it rains? That is what the smart girls at the American summer resorts ask each other this season when they meet at the casinos and on the golf links.

In consequence of this faith every smart resort and country house turns out a troop of young women every rainy day. Over in fashionable Barnstable, up along the Hudson at Rhinebeck and in the Narra-gansett cottage settlement, the rainy dainties can be seen when the downpour comes trooping over the hills and fields with countenances held consciously skywards.

The cool moist air is all for their good, and under their gossamer coats they wear short skirted flannel suits such as are used in 'cow' bathing, with those golf shoes and woollen hose and all protection is given their heads by means of eiled silk caps upon which gay silk handkerchiefs are tied.

Housekeepers find that highly polished library and parlor tables need protection almost as much as does the dining-room board. One New York woman accomplishes this by the use of mats of stamped leather. These mats are made in various sizes and are faced on the under side with Canton flannel of a color to harmonize with the leather.

The dinner gown for all fresco affairs, a gown which will serve as the correct toilet for the casino or an evening at the watering place, consists of a long sleeved, demi-decollete gown, and a broad, low hat wreathed with plumes or flowers. How becoming these hats are with their undulating brims and drooping garlands!

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As Described a Hundred Years Ago. The language of the fashion plate and the woman's paper is sufficiently perplex-

ing to men, even in these days of emancipated and simplified womanhood, but according to an extract from a fashion journal of 1787, which is now going the rounds in Paris, the jargon of a century ago was even more bewildering. This is how the paper described the dress of a certain Mlle D— at the opera: She appeared in a dress of 'stuffed sighs,' ornamented with 'superfluous regrets,' the bodice cut in a 'perfect candor' point, and trimmed with 'indiscreet complaints.'

Some discussion having taken place in Boston on the question whether wives are employees or not a bright woman cites a case in point and asks for some person's opinion. She knows of a case where a man married his managing housekeeper after she had held the position in his home nearly a year. The lady was refined and well-educated, having a teaching knowledge of piano and violin, and capable of filling a higher position if she had more self confidence.

Stiff feathers are very fashionable, not worn upright, but bent and curved gracefully, to which a drooping movement is imparted. They are not left in their original state, but are artistically painted in soft shades of red and greenish gold. For this kind of embellishment black feathers are generally chosen, and the indiscriminate assembling of the wings of one kind of bird with the tail of another, completed by the head of a third—which was fashionable two seasons past—is no longer seen.

A favorite foundation for wearing under a lace robe gown is green silk in which case a green tulle turban is worn and a green chiffon parasol carried.

Two great novelties are plumes in light colors, with black patterns interwoven and plush angora, a perfect imitation of the fur. These latter goods, however, seem more suitable for millinery purposes and for trimmings.

Paris has for the moment affected a blue that has the appearance of being washed out and very cool looking, though it has a gray tinge. It is very pretty in cotton and other washing dresses trimmed with lace and chiffon. Gimpure looks well on this shade of silk with chiffon rouchings placed just at the hem, where all the trimmings seem now concentrated, the rest sheath-like. Many of the bodices are trimmed with the same lace to simulate a bolero, the upper part covered with a chemise of pleated chiffon.

Some beautifully painted mother of pearl and ivory buttons came to us from Germany, and both Malta and Norway are contributing a rich store of Maltese buttons. Many of the winter dresses are likely to have single-breasted waistcoats, and for these the page boy's close-set bullet buttons are likely to be wanted. The crystal buttons have been the feature of this season. They are now being beautified by a pearl, an emerald, a ruby or their semblance inserted in the centre. Painted buttons to match the flowered muslins, find a place on the silk sash band at the side of the waist, and anything in the way of antique buttons would seem to be warmly appreciated and to find a use at once.

Queue Record of the Traits of National British Types.

Some of the wealthier men of our aristocracy have a fixed scale in the way of tips. The Rothschilds are well known for their generosity in this direction. I have my doubts as to any member of that respected family riding on an omnibus, but regularly in the autumn of the year nearly every 'bus driver and conductor is presented in the way of a tip with a bunch of pheasants by the esteemed hand of the Rothschilds. Lord Roseberry's kindness in this direction is also well known. Every telegraph and message boy that finds his way on urgent business to Lord Rothschild's house

ply of domestic servants there, just as it does everywhere else. 'I am trying a Chinaman cook a friend engaged for me in San Francisco,' said the hostess. 'It's the first time I've had a cook who really could cook, and my kitchen is as tidy as my parlor. It costs more of course—'

'Costs more?' demanded a previous speaker. 'Then what does this mean? It is from an editorial: 'Are the people of this city ready to encourage an incursion of 'clean white Chinamen' to cut down wages and to displace white laborers?'

'It doesn't mean anything at all. Chinamen can't displace white labor that isn't there, and they can't cut down wages when they ask 50 to 75 per cent more than a woman cook.'

'I am having my periodical upheaval,' said the previous speaker. 'I am promised a splendid girl in October if I can get along till then. So Henry has his dinners at a restaurant downtown in the middle of the day, and I give him a light breakfast and a heavy tea, and I've made special rates with the laundry. But October looks a big way off.'

There's always the state employment bureau, reiterated she who had spoken before. But no one took up that suggestion with enthusiasm.

Some Notes of Fashion.

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Queue Record of the Traits of National British Types.

Some of the wealthier men of our aristocracy have a fixed scale in the way of tips. The Rothschilds are well known for their generosity in this direction. I have my doubts as to any member of that respected family riding on an omnibus, but regularly in the autumn of the year nearly every 'bus driver and conductor is presented in the way of a tip with a bunch of pheasants by the esteemed hand of the Rothschilds. Lord Roseberry's kindness in this direction is also well known. Every telegraph and message boy that finds his way on urgent business to Lord Rothschild's house

ply of domestic servants there, just as it does everywhere else. 'I am trying a Chinaman cook a friend engaged for me in San Francisco,' said the hostess. 'It's the first time I've had a cook who really could cook, and my kitchen is as tidy as my parlor. It costs more of course—'

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. HOUSEHOLD LINENS. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

is awarded two shillings, while last Christmas his lordship sent no less than thirty-three sovereigns to be distributed between the light-footed messengers of the local post office. A late regretted member of the family always fixed the honorarium for 'wire' bearers at sixpence. A very wealthy nobleman in the immediate vicinity of the latter gentleman, used to always present a piece of bread and cheese and a penny to any man, woman or child who found their way on business to his palatial home.

A widow who lives in the near vicinity of Park Lane, and whose late husband was a prosperous banker, always allows a threepenny bit and a card decorated with a light floral design, which weaves its way artistically around some type giving weighty and healthy advice to the doubtless grateful receiver. The late proprietor of one of our biggest daylies never allowed a boy to bring a message to his private room without awarding him half a crown. Hobbs, of Liberator fame, was famous for his tips and five shillings represents the lowest tip he ever gave, and now the young men of Croydon gratefully remember him for his generosity, and can never believe in their hearts that he was ever guilty of the frauds imputed to him. Some of the big firms in England are also noted for their 'tips.' Who has not heard of the small fee that is awarded to cabmen who have the luck to take a fare to Maple, the great furniture dealers? It takes a form of a voucher for refreshments. The same firm 'tips' its customers with a light lunch. One gentleman went so far as to tell me the customer could demand it, but that is the danger that grows out of the tipping system. What is received in time without a 'Thank you,' is in the end demanded as a right. The great biscuit firm of Huntley & Palmer make it a rule never to send out or sell a broken or damaged biscuit, so at the end of the week they are all equally divided, put in bags and given to the employees as they leave on Saturday. They are prohibited from selling their share. Surely this is a most wholesome 'tip.' Most of the big brewers give to everybody that brings an order to their respective firms a voucher, representing a pint of stout or bitter ale. The distiller also allow a 'tea drapple' of Scotch or any other spirits they may manufacture.

Some of the great city companies 'tip' their guests for their trouble in sitting throughout their sumptuous feasts by presenting them with curious little presents. For instance, the Salters' Company always present every visitor at their banquet with a pair of miniature salt spoons; while the Blacksmiths find their friends quite a substantial basket of fancy fruit and confectionery.

In the poorer neighborhoods of London tipping the patrons' children is a recognized institution. The publicans give packets of sweets once a week to every little boy or girl who deals regularly at their palaces. Even the hairdressers are bitten with the devourer of their hard earned wages, giving to their stubble-chinned customers on Sundays a toy for the babies at home. This is severe at three halfpence an easy shave. Most of our well-known actors are celebrated for this species of generosity. Sir Henry Irving heads the list, both in talent

and good nature. Most people know that the cabman that bears him to his theatre never gets less than a sovereign. And most of us know that the story of the caddy that was given a shilling by mistake for a long distance by our actor-knight and caddy's comment on the fact, that 'if he took the Jew as well inside as he did out,' he would spend the 'bob' to see him do it. A very fine example of Sir Henry Irving's generosity was provided by his action on the afternoon following the first night of 'Robespierre.' After a most lively speech thanking everyone, from the highest to the lowest, for their assistance in the big crowd scene, he presented every person from the flyman aloft to the smallest man below, with a guinea each. Surely a magnificent record in the gentle art of 'tipping.'

So Saw Himself Again.

An Italian merchant, Cassi, was made a prisoner of the Mahdi and the Khalifa and kept in confinement for fifteen years, until the liberation of Omdurman by the Anglo-Egyptian troops. From a recently published account of his adventures, we extract a pathetic incident:

'During the fifteen years of my imprisonment I never saw a mirror, so that I gradually lost all interest in my personal appearance. When I knew for certain that an expedition was directed toward Omdurman I once more felt some interest in life. At last I heard the cannon roar, and the wild shouts of battle penetrated into the city. I snatched a sword and held myself in readiness, with the firm resolution to put an end to my life should this last hope vanish. When the noise of the cannon had at length subsided, and I beheld Kitchener before me, congratulating me on my liberty I thought I should die, so overwhelming was my emotion. I was curious and anxious to see the image of myself, but on beholding my own face next day, I stepped back horror stricken. When I had last seen myself in a looking glass I was young active and strong, while the image I now beheld was that of a man withered by disease and hardships. Never had my sufferings come to my mind with such painful reality. I wept like a child—the first tears I had shed during those fifteen years! The day before I was made a prisoner I saw my wife die, but my grief was too deep to allow the relief of tears. My child was torn from me, and died from ill treatment; still I was unable to weep. I had gone through many a trial and hardship without showing weakness, but there, in front of that little mirror, I broke down. Grief for all that I had lost seemed to be concentrated in that sorrowful image which the mirror reflected.'

The Same More Girl.

'What man dare, I dare,' he quoted. 'Well, you haven't as yet,' she replied regretfully, for it was not her first season at the seashore, and she had known others who were more forward.—Chicago Post.

A Reminiscence.

Tommy—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a lock? His mother.—To remind me that he once had none. Tommy.—Boston Traveler.

TO THE DEAR.—A Hot lady, named of De-Deanness and Nobles the Head of Dr. Hobbins, so that first people unable to procure the Hot Drama may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 7th, Eight Avenue, New York.

TIPS FROM THE UNSEEN.

A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING TO STUDY A SURGICAL PROGRESS.

Smallpox the Cost of Another Doctor's Disregard of the Impression—Psychic Experience of a Nurse—A Shopkeeper Who Obeyed—A Boston Message and a Death.

Some stories of psychical experiences of physicians which were published in The New York Sun the other day were referred in a discussion of the same subject, and suggested the following stories to one of the party. In all cases the names of the persons concerned were given.

I do not think that the experiences of the two doctors cited are at all unusual, said the narrator. So much is said and written in regard to the materialistic side of the medical profession that people in general have come to look for nothing else; but those who know doctors in an intimate, social way are apt to discover quite another side. In fact, so many odd things are associated with their profession that many of them are brought into contact with facts too queer to be handled about lightly.

In the youthful career of a near relative of my own I know an experience that tallies almost exactly with that of the doctor referred to in The Sun, who found a man lying on the roadside with a broken leg. In the case of this cousin of mine it happened in the first year of his practice in a small country town in Maine. He was not long home from the Bowdoin college medical course, and he could count his patients on the fingers of one hand. One winter morning, while he was eating his breakfast, preparatory to visiting a patient a few miles away, he said to his mother, my aunt:

I don't know what has got into my head but ever since I woke this morning I'm haunted with one question—'what would you do if you had to set a broken hip?'

'His mother, a canny housewife, known for ten miles around as a woman of 'faculty' and a natural born nurse, asked laughingly, 'Well, what would you do?'

'I hardly know,' replied the son. 'I'm no surgeon and have had no experience.'

'Better think it out, my boy,' said the mother, and then she wisely let the subject drop.

He ate his breakfast with that refrain still haunting his consciousness. 'What would you do if you had to set a broken hip?' He turned to leave the house; then suddenly turned back again, went up stairs took down a big work on surgery and spent an hour poring over it while his harnessed horse waited at the door. He had got about half way toward his journey's end when, nearing a pond on which as a boy he had often spent hours skating, he saw an excited group. Hurrying to the scene he discovered that the people gathered there had rescued a boy who had broken through the ice, gone under and received serious injuries. On examining the boy the young doctor found that one hip was not only dislocated, but also broken below the socket. That doctor has had for years a large city practice, and is a successful man, but I have often heard him refer to his first case of surgery, and the queer warning which caused him to read up that morning and enabled him to save a fellow creature's life. He is a believer in messages from the unseen world, but I am pretty sure he would not acquaint many of his patients with the fact.

I happened to drop into a confidential chat with a medical man who I have known pretty well for a long time. I had often noticed that the doctor's face showed in certain lights a few pitted marks of smallpox. He noticed my looking at these and remarked casually:

I suppose you would like to know how I caught that internal disease? I nodded in the affirmative and he went on: It was not professionally. It happened when I was a youth, years before I took up the serious study of medicine. I then lived in Cincinnati and was a bit wild. One night I went with a companion into a saloon where I knew a good time was generally on tap. Now, before I go further, I want to tell you that even as a reckless strapping I was a believer in the invisible side of life. It was not anything that I reasoned out. It was, I may say, instinctive. I always seemed to be controlled by some unseen force. I am to this day, and having learned not to oppose it I am saved from a good many petty disasters. Well, on the night of which I speak, as I went to enter that saloon and put my hand upon the latch, something unseen, but as swift, strong and subtle as an electric force, dashed my hand away from it. I paused a moment, then again tried to enter. Again my hand was dashed from off that latch. A third time I tried, and then, quitted by the laugh of my companion, I did go in, he following.

A little way from the bar, drinking a glass of beer, stood a strange looking man quietly dressed. His cap was pulled down over his forehead and his chin was

half hidden in the folds of a muffler; but what was visible of his face was horrible to look upon: swollen, purple and pitted. My companion looked at him turning pale whispered to me, 'I believe he has the smallpox.' The bartender caught the word and turning to us said, 'I believe he has it too, and have ordered him out, but he refused to go.' Then seizing a pistol he said to the man, 'If you don't quit this place, I'll shoot you.' The man continued to demur; we interfered, and finally we helped to put out by force. As a result of that experience we both had an attack of smallpox. But the point I want to make in telling you this story is that something unseen was trying to guard me that night, and I refused to be guarded and paid the natural penalty. If I had turned away when my hand was twice struck from that latch I would have avoided the horror and misery of that experience.

I have had dozens of experiences more remarkable even than that, the doctor went on. I am convinced, too, that the dumb animals sometimes share them with us. Let me tell you of an incident, where, in a horse proved he knew more than I did. It was sometime after I had begun practice; not in New York, but in a town in New Jersey. I was driving in haste one night to get home after visiting a patient, and nearing a little bridge I urged my horse to a run. The bridge was not considered wholly safe and I had my doubts about it, for there had lately been a freshet which might have weakened still more its decrepit underpinnings. I thought the safest way was to make the run across it as fast as possible. The horse reared on till he reached the edge of the bridge and then to my surprise came to a full stop. I urged and coaxed him on; he would not move; I threatened and even used the whip; he only snorted and shuddered, and crouched back on his haunches. There had been high winds and high water for days; there had been some rain and several lightning flashes that evening. Deciding that the lightning had frightened the horse I got out and tried to lead him on the bridge. All my strength could not do it, I then led him in another, a round-about direction homeward, and he obeyed me. We had got perhaps about a quarter of a mile away when there came a crash. To wind my story up short, that bridge had reached the limit of its endurance, and if I had then and there overmastered that horse and compelled him to go on it we both would have gone down with it. Construe that story as you please, but it is natural or supernatural, I defy you to call it less than phenomenal.

'I know a man,' continued the narrator, who is a confessed materialist, an utter skeptic, and who yet had a psychic experience which controlled him in spite of himself. He is a commercial traveller. His home is in Boston. The home of his parents and other members of his family was in Portland, Me. One day he left his home and wife in Boston for an extended business trip through the West and South. He had got as far as Baltimore when some strange power got control of him which seemed to tell him he must go no further. In vain he tried to shake off the influence. All day long he transacted business in Baltimore, telling himself that he must proceed further South that evening. At night he tried to carry out his plans but at each step he took in that direction a voice seemed to say to him, 'Turn east; go back east.' Finally when he tried to take the

train southward he seemed to be overpowered; and like one in a dream and without volition of his own, as he puts it, he was controlled and directed to take the train back to Boston. Finally when he reached his home the next day he found his wife in greatest agitation pacing the floor with a telegram in her hand. His father had died suddenly at Portland, and word had been wired to him shortly after he started south. His wife had been to the telegraph office sending messages in the hope she could head him off somewhere. Everything failed to reach him. Yet the invisible power concentrated upon him through the action of others—it matters not whether by the living or dead—drew that man home in spite of himself.

Sometimes we learn of vivid psychic pictures which seem to bear the stamp of truth yet cannot be verified by actual proof. A notable instance of this sort is worth relating. I know a colored woman who is one of the most natural and spontaneous psychics I ever knew. She is herself a native of Maine, but is the daughter of a slave father and mother. From a child she seems to have possessed gifts both prophetic and clairvoyant to a degree startling to those about her. Her own family who seem to have been ashamed of her gifts persecuted her on account of them. I have often known her to enter a house, and after familiarizing herself with its atmosphere, so to speak, foretell events about to happen there days, sometimes weeks, ahead of their occurrence. This woman has been married and is the mother of several children. Like many another mother of higher station, her favorite child was the one who gave her most trouble. He was not a bad boy, but daring and mischievous. One of his favorite pastimes was to leap on the steam cars unobserved, climb to the top and take a ride, waving his arms aloft and calling to other lads to admire his dangerous perch. One night his mother dreamed that she saw him climb thus to the top of the car, when one of the brakemen reached up, struck him and caused him to fall from the car to the ground where he lay speechless and bleeding. The mother told her dream and with alarm warned her son, upon whom neither dreams nor threats appeared to have any effect. A few days later his mangled body was picked up from the railway track where he had either fallen or been thrown from the car. The distracted woman went to the railway authorities and told her prophetic dream, together with her belief in the fact; she even identified for one of the employes the man she had seen strike her boy. Of course no notice was taken of her complaint and but little of her grief; the boy was dead and through his own foolishness. But the fact remains that the woman had seen it all days before the event in a dream.

'I have known some horse-play jokes and wanton antics to be practiced in the name of psychic experience, and sometimes such antics have resulted in some what grim earnest'. A curious example of this sort occurred in Boston some time ago. It is a curious coincidence rather than anything seriously convincing. Certain improvements and widening of streets necessitated the disturbing of a portion of an old graveyard in the heart of the city. Family tombs were, of course, left intact, but bones from unknown graves were carelessly gathered and carried for reburial to one of the islands in the harbor. While this work was in progress, a group of three young fellows, whom I knew, happened to see among the rubbish a stray human skull of rather small size. For a lark they picked it up, took it home, cleaned it and put it on their mantel piece. One of these young men pretended to possess psychic gifts. That evening, they sat the skull on the table in their lodgings, and ordered the magnetic fellow to use his powers and ask to whom it had belonged in life. He waited for a time, and then, seeming to pass into some sort of trance, seized a pencil and began to write. When the pencil flew out of his hand this was scrawled upon the paper: 'My name was May Robbins, of England. I died a stranger in a strange land and was buried in Potter's Field, 1851.'

Then one of the young men, still in mockery, replaced the pencil in the psychic's hand and requested the spirit to tell what would happen of consequence to himself within the year. The answer came more promptly than was expected. 'You will leave this life before the old year closes.'

'When the psychic fellow came out of his apparent trance he was so elated in sound earnest for carrying his joke to such brutal length; whereupon he declared on his honor he had no knowledge of what he had written. They next went to hunt up old records to discover whether May Robbins was lying. They found the name more than once, but no date to tally with the information given. The latter part of the prophecy, however, left nothing to be desired in accuracy. The young man named fell ill of a fever, lingered some time and actually died a little before midnight on the last day of the old year. I give the story only as a queer coincidence, not as conclusive evidence.'

In business comes when thorough satisfaction is given the public. That's why Nerviline sells so rapidly. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Pain, internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Try it.

Wigs—Talk is cheap. Wags—Yes; especially in these days when a barber will shave you for 5 cts.—San Francisco Post.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To get a pail of water; But when Jack said what he fell down, Jill said he hadn't either.

'Say, Tommy, does yer ole man know yer smoke?' 'Sure! He's gev up lickin' me ter doin' it.'

'Catherine, you get your own way more than any woman on earth.' 'I You ought to know my dressmaker.'—Chicago Record.

Some men are so deficient in the elements of success that they would never set the world on fire even if the world were insured in their favor.

He—I'm thinking of proposing to you. She—I hope you will postpone it awhile. He—Why? She—I don't know you well enough yet to refuse you.

'My husband and I never take trips together in summer.' 'Why not?' 'If we did we wouldn't have anything to tell each other when we got home.'

'Don't you judge a man by his clothes,' said Uncle Eben. 'Dar is some mighty smart an' respectable people playin' golf an' ridin' bicycles dese days.'

'Don't say 'I won't' to me!' exclaimed the old gentleman angrily. 'Why? You wouldn't have me lie about it, would you?' asked the boy.

Bridget—I can't stand the missus, sur. Van Blumer (sarcastically)—It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.

De Jones—I hear you firm discharged you. Smythe—Yes; but I wouldn't mind that so much if they hadn't added insult to injury. De Jones—How so? Smythe—They advertised for a boy to fill my place.

'Which do you prefer,' said the caller, 'golf or whist?' 'Golf,' answered M. A. Blykins promptly. 'It stigmatizes my husband so much when he plays it that he doesn't talk about it in his sleep.'

The Sweet Young Thing—Did you know there is a man in the moon no longer? Some one has discovered a woman in the moon.

The Savage Bachelor—No wonder the man leapt.

Poundkeeper—Gee! But you've gathered a lot of ki-yis.

Dogcatcher—Yep, I just drives me cart down the street and whistled and hollered, 'Here, Dewey! and they all come a runnin'.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Larry was on the witness stand. 'Now, witness,' began the judge, 'where were you when the prisoner began shooting into the crowd?' 'Within a hundred feet, your honor.' 'Then, you were a bystander?' 'No, sir! Oi didn't stand a minnet; Oi run loike th' wind.'

Observer (on Mars)—I wonder what those new lines on the surface of our sister planet can be. They don't look as if they were canals.

Observer No. 2—Perhaps they are merely boundary lines. The trusts may have agreed upon an amicable division of the earth.

May: 'That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do those initials, 'E. C.' mean on the inside?' Harry (who has bestowed the ring before had and it back): 'Why—er—that is—don't you know that is the new way of stamping eighteen carats?'

Teacher, do you believe that Elijah was taken up to heaven in a fiery chariot? 'Why, yes.'

'What does your father say?' 'He says he'll bet a cook that it was just a gasoline otymobile, an' that th' hired girl got to foolin' with th' gasoline!'

Freddie (whose pa is a strict disciplinarian)—Ma, can you have a man arrested if you think he is going to kill you? Ma—Certainly my son—Freddie—Then I'm going to get out a warrant for pa. Ma—You shock me Freddie. What reason could you have for any such action against your father? Freddie—Why I heard him tell the lumberman this morning to bring him a cart load of shingles.

Diamond Dyes

Far Ahead of all Others.

Practical Experience Has Demonstrated That They Are the Easiest to Use.

It is the easiest matter in the world to dye with Diamond Dyes, as thousands of women know from practical experience. By using these simple home dye one can make old clothing look like new and save a great many dollars in the course of a year. Do not accept imitations of the original Diamond Dyes from any dealer, no matter how strongly he may recommend them, for while he makes a larger profit on them they do not dye as much goods, nor do they equal the Diamond Dyes in fastness of colors.

When poor dyes are used, both your money and labor are thrown away and the goods are spoiled forever. Use the Diamond Dyes only and get the best possible results. All reliable dealers can supply you with the Diamond Dyes.

An Effective Treatment. Mother (to little Freda, who has been taken to the dentist's to have a tooth pull-

ed)—Freda, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist's again.—Tri-Hits.

Fragment of a Conversation. 'How is your wife, Mr. Schirmer?' 'Her head gives her a good deal of trouble.'

'I hope it isn't neuralgia?' 'Oh, no! It's only that she's already wanting another new hat!—Uncle Gesellachart.'

He was looking a theatrical enterprise, and he had just met the little daughter of his star.

'But I don't see his wings,' the little one protested turning to her mother. 'Then he knew just how he was regarded by the profession.'—Chicago Post.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

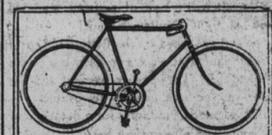
A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: 'For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. "She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.'

'I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial.'

LAXA-Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping effects. 75c at all druggists.



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our well known models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer a splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

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FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joint, 1-piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$2.50; fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$2.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any road. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$5.00. \$1.00 Free. Secure Agency at once. P. O. BOX 107, MONTREAL.

PATENTS

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They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices.

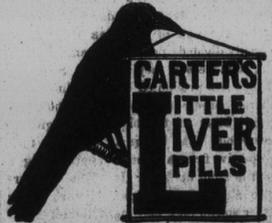
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Which covers a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair—is possessed by all the best Palmer's antistatic hair conditioners. The standard of fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars.

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SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

ed)—Prods. if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist's again.—T.B. Bits.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

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No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Ross, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

LAXATIVE LIVER PILLS

Advertisement for a bicycle, including an illustration of the bicycle and text describing its features and price.

PATENTS

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder and Paste, highlighting its effectiveness and availability.

Advertisement for Palmer's Hair Restorer, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the product's benefits.

from for no one to enter the inner sanctuary of the goddess, as she was supposed to be shunning, so the loss would not be immediately discovered.

"You seem to forget that you are speaking of my cousin, the man whose place I now fill. We have been changed for a new while, but, the very day before his death, I am glad to say, we were reconciled, and he gave the lady who is now my wife a valuable emerald necklace as a wedding present."

"Ewan Stewart gave you a wife and an emerald necklace?" cried Colonel Majendie, in a tone of incredulous horror, passing back his chair, and gazing at Douglas with a white face.

"Yes; what is there so wonderful in that?" demanded Douglas, astounded. "The cruel devil, the unrelenting fiend!" said the other. "I thought they had got it back again when they strangled him."

"No; but stop! the Hindoo in the train?" cried Douglas, suddenly interrupting himself. "But I'll tell you about that later on. Tell me the story of the necklace now."

"It's a queer tale," said Majendie, with something like reluctance in his manner, "and I'm to tell it, I must speak the truth about your cousin."

"I took a lot of quinine I had brought with me, and went down to find it was your cousin, Ewan Stewart. I had known him some years, although, as I said, we had never been friends, and though he recognized me in a way, he was partially delirious, and not at all aware what he was saying."

"That's it," he said, "and the man who carries that about with him had better insure his life for all it is worth, for over ten thousand Hindoos are secretly initiated into the Brotherhood of the Goddess, and it will be the duty of every member not to desert until he has restored the necklace to the neck of the idol."

Advertisement for Packard's Shoe Dressing, featuring an illustration of a shoe and text describing its benefits for shoe care.

lately among her pillows, her arms flung wildly out, was his wife.

"Majendie, look, look! we are too late! They have murdered her! My darling, my darling, my little love! Oh! how could I have been such a fool to leave her to such a fate—such a horrible death? Look at her face! Oh! what avails walk this earth if her face be no more?" commanded Majendie, authoritatively. "They have only just done it, there is a chance yet. Try artificial respiration. I brought a man round with it once, who had been hanging half an hour. Out those hands quick!"

"Heaven help you, I fear she is beyond all hope," said Majendie, sadly, at length, and was about to lay down the hand he held, when there was the faintest tremor of the eyelids, and an almost imperceptible sigh.

"From the very gates of death Cora came back to her husband."

"It was some days before she had recovered enough from the pain and shock to hear the sequel of the necklace and the legacy of a cruel fate bequeathed with it."

"Under this scanty tunic was the little bag that held the necklace; but, while Douglas still hesitated as to whether he should come forward to claim it as his property, being alike anxious to be free of such a dangerous possession, and unwilling to throw the danger of it on to other shoulders, the matter was solved for him."

"The village look up, where the corpse had been left for the night, was broken into, and in the morning it was found that the emerald necklace had disappeared."

"How and whether it was never clearly ascertained; but, doubtless, by now the fatal gift rests once more on the bosom of the great idol in the far-off Himalayas."

"What do I care about him now?" cried Douglas, desperately; "only go on."

With a hoarse, inarticulate cry, he sprang forward.

"Majendie, look, look! we are too late! They have murdered her! My darling, my darling, my little love! Oh! how could I have been such a fool to leave her to such a fate—such a horrible death? Look at her face! Oh! what avails walk this earth if her face be no more?" commanded Majendie, authoritatively.

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Advertisement for Seal Brand Coffee, highlighting its purity and strength, and listing the manufacturer, Chase & Sanborn, Montreal and Boston.

river continued to rise, however, at the rate of twelve to eighteen inches a day until June 5, when it went over the banks, and the situation became alarming. The channel was full of driftwood; occasionally a log house floated down, with chickens and turkeys on the roof. In several instances men, women and children were seen on the tops of houses floating hither and thither, and turned and twisted about by heavy logs and jams, but the people were rescued by parties in skiffs.

"On June 30 the water had reached its highest point, and the next day began to fall, but the damage done seemed absolute and the ruin complete. The flood extended from bluff to bluff, generally, two miles. There was not an acre of dry land in the river bottoms from Kansas city to the mouth of the river. The rains subsided, and the river fell rapidly. A few persons moved back to their farms in what was then a very sparsely settled region, and, although it was impossible to do any farming until the latter part of July, it is reliably reported that enough corn was raised that season for the people in many places to subsist on."

"Where Kansas City now stands the flood was about three miles wide. In what is now known as the packing-house and wholesale district, where the Union depot stands and all the switching grounds are located the water was about ten feet deep. The flood extended over the present site of Armourdale and Argentine in Kansas, near the mouth of the Kaw, but there were few settlements at the junction of the Mississippi and Kaw in those days. A deplorable consequence of the great flood was the season of sickness which followed and the high rate of mortality. It is said that it was impossible to find a well person on account of the miasma resulting from the decaying animal and vegetable matter. Chills and fever prevailed in their most malignant form, followed in the winter by spinal meningitis, then called 'head disease,' which proved very fatal. An important fact connected with this flood was that steamboats going up the river found it as low as usual above St. Joseph, Mo. All the tributaries of the Missouri, are believed to have overflowed their banks in 1844 very extensively, although in that early day there was scarcely anything to damage along the streams in the way of personal property."

"The flood level at Kansas City was determined and marked on a pier of the Hannibal bridge when it was being constructed by Mr. Octave Chanute, who was supervising engineer of construction. The stage was obtained by the collation of eleven or twelve high-water marks, preserved by old settlers on both sides of the river. Mr. Chanute states that there was practical agreement in the well-authenticated marks. Some years after the completion of the bridge, a few local engineers expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of the stage claiming that it was too high, but Mr. Chanute, who was then building a bridge across the Missouri at Sibley, about thirty miles east of Kansas City, found the high-water marks at that place to correspond very closely with the established mark at Kansas City, after allowing for the slope of the river. Mr. Chanute tested all data worthy of consideration in his determination, so that there is nothing upon which to base a doubt of its accuracy."—St. Louis Globe.

Gen. Banks, with plenty of men and boats and plenty of ammunition and sup-

plies, had gone up the Red River into Louisiana and was hammering Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor into destruction. The federal government conceived the idea that Smith and Taylor might be attacked in the rear by an expedition landed on the shores of Sabine Lake, and consisting of some ten thousand men, who would be transported to their landing by a part of the federal fleet. To reach the banks of the lake, of course, it was necessary to go through Sabine Pass—this narrow channel of which I have spoken. Richard Dowling, in command of about forty men, was acting as a scout for Smith and Taylor, and saw the evidence of the coming of the fleet of gun-boats and transports, and, with his forty men, took possession of a little mud fort at the mouth of the pass, in which there were three or four six-pounders and perhaps a siege gun. There he waited, with guns loaded and instructions given to his men that they must not fire until the gun-boats came well abreast of him, only about 300 yards away. His plan of action was not to shoot until they were immediately opposite, and then to discharge his whole battery at the gun-boat. This was done successfully; her boilers were exploded, and, together with hundreds of soldiers, she sank to the spot where she now rests. Many died from the steam that scalded them, more from the water that engulfed them.

Leading his guns, he sank the next vessel with the same disastrous result to the enemy, and, loading yet again, he turned guns on the transport following, with a thousand men aboard of her. She, in response, ran up a white flag. The rest of the fleet turned and sailed, leaving the dead bodies of the drowned soldiers and sunken vessels. Dowling, in a dugout, (that is a hollowed log or a canoe, as it is variously called), paddled himself out to receive the surrender of this transport with a thousand men. The commander of the vessel expressed his surprise at such a reception of his white-flag token, and asked why the commander of the fort didn't come in person to receive his surrender. Dowling replied 'I am commander and have come in person,' to which the Captain said: 'Well, what do you mean by coming this way, in a canoe by yourself?' Dowling answered: 'I have no other way of getting here, and hence I came in my dugout. He received the surrender, paroled the prisoners, for he could not take them in charge, and went back to his comrades. Of these forty, only one had received a wound at all, though the gun-boats had shelled the little mud earthwork diligently.

In the history of the world nothing similar, unless it be the battle New Orleans has ever happened, and yet, such is the large carelessness of the Southern character in recording its wonderful and numerous deeds of heroism, that but little notice has ever been taken of this extraordinary battle.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brunswick St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

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