

WITH HALIFAX MASONS.

WHAT A ST. JOHN CRAFTSMAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT THEM.

Occasional Comparisons Between the Way Things are Done in the Two Cities—Interesting Features of the Leading Lodges—The Temple and Its Features.

The readers of PROGRESS must have inferred from some recent sketches that freemasonry is a live institution in Nova Scotia, and in particular in the city of Halifax. So it is. The city has no less than eleven lodges, or more than twice as many as the city of St. John, Dartmouth and Carleton not being included in the comparison. Then there are two Royal Arch Chapters, a Preceptory of Knights Templars, and the various bodies, from the Lodge of Perfection to the Consistory in the A. & A. Scottish Rite. It will be seen that it is only in the matter of lodges that it outnumbers this city, but in the province at large, the other bodies have a majority over New Brunswick in all of the bodies named.

There is a good deal of style about Halifax, and it is found within the tyled doors as elsewhere. In Virgin lodge for instance, the dress suit is the rule not only with the officers but the members as well. Virgin is, and always has been, an eminently respectable lodge with a good proportion of the leading military men on its roll. A military man is in the chair now, and the chaplain to the forces sits in the west. The lodge has certain privileges conceded to it by the grand lodge, and one of these is that though on the registry of Nova Scotia it retains the English work. This is allowed so that members of the forces, liable to be called away at any time, may take an active part in it without being called upon to adapt themselves to such changes as they would find in a strict conformity with the Nova Scotia work. One notices a difference in the regalia, too, such as the white collars of office and sleeve gauntlets worn by the officers. In many ways a St. John mason will find much to interest him in Virgin lodge.

Royal Standard lodge, No. 389, on the registry of England, is a purely military and naval body, but it admits to membership no mere privates. The candidate must be an officer of some kind. If a private wants to be made a mason in Halifax, there are ten other lodges in which he can try his chances by the ballot. There is one peculiarity about a mason who is obliged to wear the queen's clothing in public. He never can take part in a public procession of the craft, because he cannot wear an apron, and the reason he cannot is that it is clothing which is not part of his uniform. If he happened to be in St. John and saw the abominably bad marching usually seen on such occasions, he would possibly be thankful that he was not in the ranks. It is probably better in Halifax, because the constant presence of the troops has not been without its effect as an example. Royal Standard is likely to interest the stranger more than any lodge in Halifax. It can be readily understood that everything is done with the precision so essential to good work. A peculiarity about this lodge is, that any number of members, from the master down to the youngest Entered Apprentice, are liable to be called away at any time in the year, if a regiment is ordered to another station. All the offices can never be vacant, however, because there are enough in the resident departments and the navy to make use of the working tools.

Union lodge is where the colored candidate finds that he is in truth "a man and a brother," as the phrase used to be in the abolition days. The members of Union lodge are generally bright masons, and can prove themselves to be such in any part of the world.

St. Andrew's lodge, No. 1, takes precedence as the senior lodge of Nova Scotia. It has a history full of interest dating as far back as 1719, and has a style about its way of doing things that shows its members are alive to the position it holds in the craft.

The temple itself is well fitted up from basement to roof. There are those who say mistakes were made in its construction, just as there are not wanting some who believe errors of judgment were made in the design of the St. John masonic building. In Halifax they appear to have thought the craft was likely to stand still or grow smaller, while in St. John one would think there had been an anticipation of a tidal wave of immigrant masons. If such were the ideas both were somewhat astray in their predictions. Halifax built too small, and St. John too big. Halifax finished and furnished its building, while St. John succeeded in finishing and furnishing, in a sort of a way, one room which on all but phenomenal occasions is entirely too big for the uses to which it is put. The craft is increasing in Nova Scotia; for the last two years it has fallen off in New Brunswick. It is hard to have to admit all this, but "truth is mighty and will prevail."

The Halifax temple is the third which the craft has built there. The corner-stone of the first was laid by the Queen's father, Edward, Duke of Kent, grand master of Lower Canada in the year 1806. Masonry had, however, been planted in Halifax 50 years before that, with Governor Cornwallis as the master of the first lodge. The corner-stone of the second building was laid by that grand old mason, Alexander Keith, in 1850, while grand master Col. J. Wimburn Laurie laid the corner-stone of the present edifice, in August, 1876.

The lodge room, on the top floor, is a good sized apartment, amply large enough, and it is furnished with comfortable settees in a double row. All the seats in the east are luxurious, high-backed arm chairs, those of the master, immediate past master and chaplain, being somewhat more stately than the others. The walls and ceiling are frescoed with due reference to art, while all the principal emblems of the degrees are found here and there looking out from beneath the clouded canopy. The ante rooms are a trifle small, but take it all in all the lodges are in very snug quarters.

The Scottish Rite hall is small, but it is fitted up in the most complete manner, ready for the work of any of the degrees at any time. It may be said, however, that in this respect, the arrangements in contemplation by the bodies of the Rite in St. John will at no distant day excel those of

Halifax. Here there will be the advantage of two good sized rooms.

The Royal Arch chapter room is also fully furnished, but it seems wholly too small for its purpose, so far, at least, as the R. A. degree is concerned.

The same may be said of the Knights Templars asylum, which is furnished with veritable stalls, and has all the paraphernalia in position ready for the conferring of the orders. The encampment of St. John of this city, can, however, boast of what the Nova Scotia Preceptory has not—an armory handsomely furnished and expensively maintained for the benefit of the chosen few who avail themselves of its privileges.

There is, however, a recreation room for the craft, supplied with billiard and pool tables and facilities for other games. It is a good sized apartment, originally used as the grand lodge library, but when the club applied for it, not only were the books bundled into the grand secretary's office, but the room was donated to the fraternity free of charge. They do things differently in St. John. A few years ago a few unofficial members of the fraternity here formed a masonic club which should be open to all members of the craft for a merely nominal annual fee. The rent charged for a room in the masonic building was, however, a good deal larger than a membership about as large as that of the Halifax club warranted. For want of encouragement in quarters where it had the most right to expect it, the club ceased to live after the first year of its existence.

The grand secretary has an office in the Halifax temple, and Mr. Ross appears to be a man who feels it his duty to show himself at the lodge meetings and otherwise keep in touch with the craft.

On the ground floor is a large hall which can be used either for public meetings, grand lodge sessions or banquets. There is also a smaller banqueting hall, and a kitchen in the basement where the banquet can be made ready.

The masons of Halifax, and especially those who are at the head and front of the various bodies, are a fine class of men. There may or may not be "bosses" among them, but if there are they do not appear to antagonize others or to retard the prosperity of the craft.

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TWO SPEEDY YACHTS.

THEY ARE OWNED IN HALIFAX AND WILL RACE TODAY.

The "Youla's" One Year Record a Good One—Mr. Murray's "Lenore" and her Victories—A Great Event in Halifax Yachting Circles.

Everything favorable, today will see a pretty scene and some excitement in Halifax harbor. Yachting is a popular sport in Halifax, and has hundreds of devotees and numbers of good yachts. The race today is over the inside course for the Lansdowne cup, and a good deal of interest is felt in the result. Two leading Halifax yachts which will start in the race are the Lenore and Youla. Both these yachts have brought fame and honor to their owners.

The cutter Youla is owned by Mr. H. W. Wylie, secretary of the Royal Nova Scotia yacht squadron. Her length on water line, is 26 feet; beam, 7 ft. 4 in.; draft, 6 ft., 3 in.; registered tonnage, 5.75; length over all, 37 ft. She was designed by Wm. Fife, jr., the celebrated Scottish designer, and built by the Nova Scotia ship building company of Halifax. Last year she was her first registered Scotia yachtmen.

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herself as follows: Sept. 3 of same year, Lansdowne cup; Sept. 10, Lieut.-Gov. Richey's cup; Aug. 4, 1888, Lord Russell's cup; Sept. 15, Capt. Chauncey's cup; June 29, 1889, Capt. Leonard Russell's cup; July 24, Capt. Chauncey's cup; Aug. 10, Gov. Richey's cup, (final win); Sept. 21, Archibald cup; was not in commission in 1890 owing to absence of owner; June 6, 1891, Archibald cup, (final win); Aug. 1st, match race between Lenore, Youla and Hebe won by Lenore; Aug. 29, Capt. Leonard Russell's cup.

The result of today's contest will be awaited with a good deal of interest among the yachtsmen in St. John. In this city the interest is certainly not so great as in Halifax, nevertheless the men who own yachts are not inactive, and before the summer is over, there will probably be some lively contests. If a race is arranged between Halifax and St. John yachts the winner today will probably be in it, and everything about her will be of interest to St. John people.

Four or five years ago yacht racing in the harbor was a popular sport. There were a number of good yachts, and

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60 and 62 Prince St., ST. JOHN, N. B.



St. John—South End.

An event of much interest took place Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Butcher, Queen street, when a wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Job Shenton. The bride was Miss Jennie Butcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, who was accompanied by her bridesmaids, Misses Alice and Edith. The groom was Mr. Howard Wetmore, of the same address. The ceremony was performed in a beautiful hall, which had been decorated for the occasion. The bride wore a lovely dress of cream cloth trimmed with cream ruffling and gold trim. She carried a bouquet of cream roses, lily of the valley and maiden hair fern. The groom wore a suit of dark cloth. The wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, and groomsmen. The ceremony was performed in a beautiful hall, which had been decorated for the occasion. The bride wore a lovely dress of cream cloth trimmed with cream ruffling and gold trim. She carried a bouquet of cream roses, lily of the valley and maiden hair fern. The groom wore a suit of dark cloth. The wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, and groomsmen.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 King Street.

BLACK PURE SILK SUNSHADES, Extra Good Value, Fine Finished Mountings.
DURABLE SILK SUNSHADES, For Rain or Sun, in Black or Dark Brown.
LADIES' EXTRA LARGE RAIN UMBRELLAS, with Stylish Mountings, Natural Sticks.
SHOT PARASOLS, with Two and Three Ruffled Borders.
BLACK FLOUNCED Parasols, CHIFFON TRIMMED Parasols.
FANCY PARASOLS, in Stripes, Checks, Bordered and Shot Effects, in endless variety.

For Style, Value and Quality our Sunshades and Parasols are not equalled in Canada. This department has had special attention this season, and has already large sales have been the pleasing result.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

BEST LONDON MACKINTOSHES

Warranted Finest Quality Made.

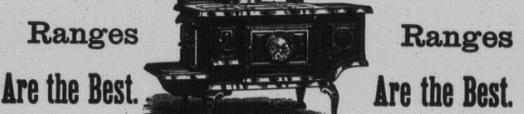
We guarantee these Coats to be the best line imported to St. John, and solicit the most Critical examination and comparison of value. All sewn, taped and cemented seams, perfectly odorless. With 30 in. capes, with and without sleeves. Quality of cloth in these garments are of the very best.

American Rubber Store,

Agents Atlas Rubber Co., New York,
65 Charlotte St. Second door from King.

MODEL GRAND RANGES!

Model Grand Ranges Are the Best.



SEE THE MODEL GRAND BEFORE YOU BUY.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP,

90 Charlotte Street.

Pressed Tongue

ALSO Bologna.

Large Stock or 24th May.

JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST.

133 Telephone.

Oriental Waving Iron

A Patent device for WAVING or CRIMPING the Hair in the prevailing style. Easily and quickly operated. Made of polished steel and handsomely nickel-plated.

Miss K. HENNESY,

118 CHARLOTTE ST., - Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

W. ALEX. PORTER

Has for the Spring Trade a large and well assorted stock of fine Groceries, Teas, Coffee, etc.

Also Brooms, Pails, Washboards, Scrub, Shoe and Stove Brushes, Whisks, etc., with a full line of Grocery Sundries. Particular attention given to family trade.

N. B.—Cheapest all-round Store for the best quality of Goods.

Corner UNION and WATERLOO, and MILL and POND STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SUNSHADES

To be seen in the City.

All qualities are represented and plenty of Styles to select from.

DALRYMPLE & ROBERTSON,

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,
Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N. B.

YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of L. V. Vickery, Harris & Hornsall and Dr. Lovitt's Drug Store.]

June 7.—On Thursday evening last the Yarmouth band gave its second annual ball in Killam's hall. Although the evening was everything that could be desired still the attendance was not as large as on the former occasion, there being only between 75 and 100 present. However those who did attend pronounced it in every way a success, the unexcelled floor giving ample scope to the dancers. The refreshments, served about twelve, were delicious and too much cannot be said in praise of the music. During the first part of the evening the dance music was given by the band; the latter part by the town orchestra. The accompaniment for the eighth dance, a waltz quadrille, was an original one on the violin by Mr. J. D. Medcalf and, as on the two former occasions on which he has appeared before the public he delighted and charmed his listeners. The hall looks up about half past one. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Murray, Mrs. St. Clair Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Eakins, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Rice (New York), Mrs. Dean J. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kempson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Medcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Gertrude Tooker, Miss Marion Murray, Miss Currie (Windsor), Miss Libbie King, Miss Sebra Killam, Miss Agnes Doodson, Miss Alice Eakins, Miss Nellie Crowell, Miss Annie Moody, Miss Lena Dennis, Miss Mary Gardner, Miss Sadie Everson, Miss Ada Munro, Miss Alice Horton, Miss George Gardner, Miss Everson, Miss Dora Munro, Miss Mary Porter, Miss Regina Murphy, Miss Annie Stawood, Miss Helen Porter, Miss Winifred Stawood, Mr. Lewis Lovitt, Mr. Frank Hibbert, Mr. William Widdowson, Mr. William Widdowson, Mr. Harold Crowell, Mr. Geo. McLaughlin (Annapolis), Mr. Fritz Creighton, Mr. David Saunders, Mr. Smith Gardner, Mr. James Munn, Mr. S. McLaughlin, Mr. I. Tooker, Mr. E. Hatfield, Mr. A. King, Mr. R. Hatfield, Mr. E. Killam, Mr. S. R. H. Robertson, Mr. W. J. Rogers, Mr. E. J. Rice.

The ladies all looked so attractive that it would be hard to tell which would be pronounced the belle of the evening. Mrs. Hamilton wore cream fish net over pink with cream sash and flowers. Miss Lizzie Moody, black silk with crimson tulle and roses. Miss Mary Gardner, light figured chalice with brown trimmings. Miss Gertrude Tooker, sea-light green with tulle trimmings. Mrs. Rogers, black silk with natural flowers. Miss Crowell, black lace and pink silk. Miss Currie, figured lavender chalice with silk trimmings. Miss W. Stawood, pink satin. Miss R. Murphy, pink with electric blue plaid trimmings. Miss Everson, heliotrope cloth trimmed with plaid. Miss Medcalf, black silk. Miss Killam, cream cashmere corsage, bouquet of pink roses. Miss G. Gardner, pale drab and pink satin, en traine. Mrs. Kempton wore a pretty heliotrope gown. Miss Murray, figured silk with terra cotta and green trimmings. Miss J. King, orange and black velvet. Miss Doodson, cream cashmere en traine with cream lace. Miss Munro, brown figured chalice. Miss Dora Munro, white with pale blue chiffon. Miss Stawood, black lace with pink. Miss Porter, white cashmere pink feather trimmings. Miss Helen Porter, pale blue cashmere. Miss Gertrude Tooker, cream cashmere. Miss Everson, pink, with natural flowers. Miss Horton looked charming in a cream gown with pink ruffled trimmings, sleeveless raze lace. Miss Dennis, black lace, trimmed with scarlet chiffon. Mrs. Dean Currie, cream cashmere. Mrs. A. W. Eakins, black lace and gold. Miss Alice Eakins, crimson chalice. Mrs. Murray, black fish net over drab silk. Miss Bertie Brown, lavender silk with white overdress. Mrs. Armstrong, gobbin blue satin with white satin sleeves and bodice. Card tables were prepared for those who were not invited to dance, but they were occupied chiefly by the gentlemen, the ladies preferring the more lively amusement.

On Friday a party of about sixteen ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a very pleasant drive to Lunenburg, returning home in the evening. We believe their intention was to try their luck at trouting, but as they returned empty handed we conclude that the day was too far from the water to be enjoyable for any sport except picnicking. Mr. Rice, Mr. Rice and sister (of New York), Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Murray, Miss Moody and others up to the party.

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Mr. Walter Holley, of St. John, N. B., is spending a few days in town. The friends of Miss K. Fraser will regret to hear that she intends shortly to leave for the East (Armenia) where she will remain for a few years. Miss Fraser leaves for New York sometime next month, from where she will visit the chief Italian cities and other places on the continent, arriving at her destination about the middle of the year. Miss one of its brightest members, but its good wishes will follow her throughout her long trip. Mr. J. M. Owen of Annapolis passed through here en route for his home on Wednesday.

The concert which took place in the Boston Marine hall under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association was one of the best patronized entertainments ever given in Yarmouth, every seat in the hall being taken. The programme gave entire satisfaction throughout. Miss Ollie Torbet's violin music was loudly applauded. In response to the hearty encore Miss Torbet played a selection, "Way down upon the Swanee River," which was enjoyed as fully as her first solo, although of a different standard. Classical music is of course very beautiful to those who have thoroughly studied it, but the majority of an ordinary audience would find it truly expressed their opinion favorably the least difficult style. Miss Foster sang a song entitled "The Echo" with great effect. Miss Edith Pood's reading "The Minister" was something novel and entertaining. The male songs were also excellently rendered and heartily enjoyed. The sum raised was large and will aid the Y. M. C. A. in furnishing their new rooms in St. John.

Mr. Whitney, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Massachusetts, spent a short time in Yarmouth last week. Mr. Irving G. Hall and Mr. James Hall, both of Boston, Mass., are in town visiting some of the trouting streams in the suburbs. They intend returning home on Saturday. A few of the citizens of Yarmouth, among whom are Mr. T. B. Crosby, Mr. E. A. Vickery, Mr. G. S. Robbins, Mr. J. B. Lawson, Mr. H. E. Chute, and Mr. Chas. Godfrey have gone to Annapolis, N. S., to attend the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons which opens on Wednesday morning. After a very trying illness Mrs. Jas. Clements passed away at her home on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Clements will be greatly missed by the Christian association of the town, particularly the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Women's United Board of Missions, in both of which she occupied the position of secretary up to the time of her death. She leaves a husband and four children, two sons and two daughters. Miss Mary and Mr. Louis Clements arrived from Boston on Tuesday morning, shortly before she passed away. The funeral took place on Saturday and was largely attended. The funeral services were very beautiful. The family have the deepest sympathy of the people of Yarmouth in their bereavement. Miss Beth Lovitt, at the closing examination at Sackville, N. B., was among those who received the degree of B. A. Miss Lovitt intends completing her studies at some higher school at a future time. Hon. Dr. Parker, accompanied by Mrs. Parker, passed through here en route for the United States on Saturday evening. Mr. F. E. Wade of Bridgewater, N. S., was also a passenger by the same steamer for Boston. Upon Mrs. Ellen Scott was conferred the honor of turning the first sod of the new congregational chapel, which will be erected on the corner of Collins and Brunswick streets. The building, when completed, will be a very handsome stone structure. Rev. Mr. Wightman and bride spent a short time in Yarmouth last week. Master Alfred Green, who returned from school at Horton Landing last week, seriously ill, is recovering. Mrs. E. Richardson of Mass., is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. R. James. There have been two weddings here since the first of June, both of which were very quiet. On Wednesday morning Miss Maud Dalgreen was married to Mr. S. Neily of Lynn, Mass. Miss Dalgreen is the daughter of Mr. W. H. Dalgreen, formerly proprietor of the Yarmouth Hotel. The usual number of summer visitors are beginning to arrive in Yarmouth, among whom are Mr. M. S. Seely of Brooklyn, N. Y., who not only visited our town, but a number of others in the Province, returning on Wednesday. Mrs. B. C. Perry, Miss C. Perry, and Mr. G. N. Perry, also of New York, who will remain here some weeks. Elaborate preparations are being made for a mammoth bazaar in aid of the Yarmouth new building, and Friday of this week. Almost every young lady in town has been devoting her time during the last two months towards the arrangements of the different booths, art galleries and other departments of the bazaar. The 9th will probably be a gala day with us, as it is the anniversary of the settlement of Yarmouth.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

June 8.—The county court is in session this week and our town wears an unwonted appearance of bustle and despatch. There is, I understand, a great deal of business before the court this session and many unfamiliar faces are seen in town, besides the numerous barristers of other places who usually congregate here during court time. Among the latter are Mr. Wain, G. C., Mr. Welch, Mr. E. B. Smith, Mr. C. W. McCann, Mr. Shumers, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Knight and Mr. Borden, of Moncton, Messrs. Powell, Teed, and Kincaid of Sackville, and Messrs. Russell and McQueen of Shediac. I have this week to refer to the death of Mr. Alex. Robb whose illness was noted last week. Mr. Robb died on Wednesday last and was buried on Saturday by Rev. Mr. Campbell, rector of Trinity. Mr. Robb has lived in Dorchester from boyhood, though not born here, and was very widely known throughout the county, having held several important offices in the gift of the municipality. He was celebrated for his inexhaustible store of amusing anecdotes, gathered largely from his travels in Australia and South America, and had captured himself to his associates by his uniform kindness and courtesy. Indeed, everyone seemed to be his friend, and no one his enemy. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Robb, who has two daughters in St. John. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Robb and her two daughters in their affliction. Mrs. Geo. W. Chandler has returned from her recent visit to St. John. Miss Gillespie, of Chatham, is visiting Mrs. John B. Foster in Willow Terrace. Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Smith, of Shediac, with Miss Geo. W. Chandler, returned from their recent visit to St. John. Mrs. J. M. Smith, of St. John, and Mr. Chapman Smith with Miss Geo. W. Chandler, returned from their recent visit to St. John. Mrs. J. M. Smith, of St. John, and Mr. Chapman Smith with Miss Geo. W. Chandler, returned from their recent visit to St. John.

Dr. A. H. Chandler has left Dorchester and returned to his practice in Moncton. Miss Nellie Palmer has returned from Mount Allison for the summer. She went to St. John on Monday, where she acts today the part of bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Botsford, who is visiting Dorchester last spring. Miss Lottie Wallace has also returned from Mount Allison to spend the vacation at home. Miss Laura Shreve spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Moncton, returning on Monday. Mrs. Alex. Ford, of Sackville, is visiting Mrs. M. Barlow Palmer. Mrs. J. B. Foster gave a small tea party on Monday evening, the guests consisting almost wholly of ladies. Mrs. J. H. Hickman, who has spent the past three months in New Mexico, returned here last Friday, looking very much stronger than when he left Dorchester. Mr. Albert Kelly paid a short visit to Moncton last Thursday, returning the same evening. TUNABUR.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

June 7.—I think very few residents of Sackville will deny that the town is at present a place "fit for the gods." There is a beautiful deep color in the foliage of the trees and a purer look to the grass than there is later in the season. With a little more life in the town it would be an ideal spot to reside in during the summer months. Mrs. Morris is with us again completely recovered from her severe illness. Mr. Edward Murphy, sr., is back again from Toronto where he has been spending the winter with his family. Senator Botsford still continues to be very ill. Mr. and Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Fraser, Bermuda, and Miss Weston paid a short visit to Annapolis on Monday, also Mrs. Thos. Estabrooks and Mrs. Norman. Mrs. Hutton left this week for New York, and Mrs. E. is to make a long visit at her mother's, Mrs. Inch. Mr. Lantram is not contented, but it must take the credit of being one of the best rollers in regard to the matter of public holidays. There are some few public spirited men in Sackville in all. Why they always hold their "right under a bushel" is not for me to say. But it is certainly a grand idea, namely, to have a grand celebration on the 1st of July. I only hope that it will not all go to the ground like most such schemes. The way things are shaping at present it seems altogether probable that this time we will not be disappointed. Mrs. Albert Rayworth and family left Monday night for the way to join her husband who proceeded here a month or two ago. Mr. Archie Tingley, who has successfully graduated from Acadia college, arrived home Thursday evening. Mr. T. B. Lavers, of St. John, was in town this week. Miss Patty Robinson, of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Allison. Our would-be soldiers are all ready to don the magnificent uniform of the 74th. Camp this year is at Sussex, and the boys go into camp on the 29th instant. A prominent government official was united in the holy bonds of matrimony Tuesday afternoon at St. Paul's. Miss Maud McKewen, of St. John, is making a short stay with Mrs. Wm. Harrison. Mr. Leach, of Fredericton, was in town this week. Mr. Darby, who has made so many friends during his stay with us at college, left Sackville for his home in N. P. D. last Friday evening. Miss Mabel Wilson, of Halifax, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel Smith, left Wednesday evening. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Binney, of Moncton, on the arrival of a daughter, Mrs. Binney was formerly Miss Lucy Miller, of Sackville, and her husband, Messrs. Powell and Kincaid, went to Dorchester Tuesday to be present at the opening of court. One of our young married ladies, who has a friend staying with her, is to give a driving picnic to end up with a dance, either this week or next. Mr. B. A. Trice, of St. John, was in town this week a short time. Prof. W. H. Reedie left for his home in Hampton last Wednesday. TANTANAB.

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ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store.]

June 8.—Miss J. McCallum returned home from St. Stephen last week. Coun. A. Young went to St. John last Wednesday morning, returning home in the evening train. Miss Gertrude Watson, who has been a guest at the Bellevue House for the past month, has returned to her home in Boston. Four of our most promising young ladies, viz.: Misses Winifred Dick, Maude Davis, Edith Baldwin, Josephine McVicar, expect to leave here the early autumn to attend the seminary at Northfield, Mass. Mr. O. E. Steeves of Wolfville college, spent a few days here last week. He left on Friday for Moncton where he will have charge of the 2nd baptist church. While here he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dykeman. Mrs. J. E. Knight drove here from St. Andrews last Saturday morning to meet her husband who arrived here from Musquash in the evening train. They returned to St. Andrews in the evening. Mr. R. Stevens, of Port Williams, N. S., will have charge of church (Diocesan) at Back Bay and La-tete. He is expected this week. The marriage of Miss Maggie Johnson and Mr. Guy Clinch will take place on Tuesday evening in St. Mark's church. Mrs. B. Lawrence and son, of St. John, are here for a short visit. Mrs. A. R. James. Mr. Fred Stealy is expected home today from St. Martin's, where he has been attending the St. Martin's seminary. Mr. J. McLaughlin and wife, of St. John, is here for a short visit. Mr. Lawrence's friends are sorry to hear he is in such poor health. Masters Winfield Halliday is expected here this morning from St. Martin's seminary. Mrs. Ina Hatfield will meet her son here and rest for a few days. UNDERS.

ST. ANDREWS.

June 7.—Miss Bolton of St. Stephen, was the guest of Mrs. B. R. Stevenson during the past week. Capt. Mart. Andrews is spending a few weeks at home. Miss Bessie Jack is staying with her aunt Mrs. W. Morris. Mr. and Mrs. T. Alger are recovering from a severe attack of illness. LAWSON.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor and at the book store of G. S. Wall and in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

June 8.—This week, there is nothing in the way of gaiety. If some one would only break the usual quiet of the times by giving a picnic, now that the season for picnics has arrived, and all the favorite picnic grounds are in their glory of bloom and foliage. What a boom it would be to those who love society, change and excitement, and how delightful to have something new to write. Last evening (Tuesday) several ladies gathered on the piazza at the residence of Mrs. F. A. Grimmer, and enjoyed the first door-step party of the season. Snacks and luncheon was served at ten o'clock. These social parties were very popular last summer, and those who enjoyed them hope to make them equal to this year. Colonel A. E. Neill is expected at his home in Calais the last of this week, having spent winter and spring months at Clifton Springs, New York. He is now at Bangor, receiving medical treatment. Recent reports of his health are not as favorable as his friends desire. Mr. J. M. Sullivan has returned from Montreal where he has been at school during the past year. Dr. F. H. Moore of Calais, has been visiting Bangor during the residence on Princess street recently vacated by Mr. Wm. Carson. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hutchinson are now occupying the residence on Princess street recently vacated by Mr. Wm. Carson. Miss Nellie Smith is soon to leave us to enjoy the pleasures of the month of travel in England and Scotland. She will also visit several points of interest on the continent. Miss Nellie is one of our most popular young ladies, and will be greatly missed by her friends and the summer residents and Mrs. F. D. Laurin and Miss C. Carmichael were also present. Rev. R. L. Staggert spent several days last week in Dorchester on Saturday attending the funeral of Mrs. H. C. Hamilton, Moncton, spent last Sunday with his parents here, returning to Moncton on Monday. Rev. H. R. Emerson returned home on Saturday from Fredericton, where he has been attending a session for the government. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Russell, Shediac, spent last Thursday here on professional business. Dr. A. H. Chandler has left Dorchester and returned to his practice in Moncton. Miss Nellie Palmer has returned from Mount Allison for the summer. She went to St. John on Monday, where she acts today the part of bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Botsford, who is visiting Dorchester last spring. Miss Lottie Wallace has also returned from Mount Allison to spend the vacation at home. Miss Laura Shreve spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Moncton, returning on Monday. Mrs. Alex. Ford, of Sackville, is visiting Mrs. M. Barlow Palmer. Mrs. J. B. Foster gave a small tea party on Monday evening, the guests consisting almost wholly of ladies. Mrs. J. H. Hickman, who has spent the past three months in New Mexico, returned here last Friday, looking very much stronger than when he left Dorchester. Mr. Albert Kelly paid a short visit to Moncton last Thursday, returning the same evening. TUNABUR.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Russell, Shediac, spent last Thursday here on professional business. Dr. A. H. Chandler has left Dorchester and returned to his practice in Moncton. Miss Nellie Palmer has returned from Mount Allison for the summer. She went to St. John on Monday, where she acts today the part of bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Botsford, who is visiting Dorchester last spring. Miss Lottie Wallace has also returned from Mount Allison to spend the vacation at home. Miss Laura Shreve spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Moncton, returning on Monday. Mrs. Alex. Ford, of Sackville, is visiting Mrs. M. Barlow Palmer. Mrs. J. B. Foster gave a small tea party on Monday evening, the guests consisting almost wholly of ladies. Mrs. J. H. Hickman, who has spent the past three months in New Mexico, returned here last Friday, looking very much stronger than when he left Dorchester. Mr. Albert Kelly paid a short visit to Moncton last Thursday, returning the same evening. TUNABUR.

MUSQUASH.

June 7.—St. Ann's church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday morning the 1st of June, when Miss Annie Smith was married to Mr. Robert Scott of Boston. The church was very beautifully decorated and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. M. Spikes in the presence of a large congregation. The bride was very charming in a dress of cream tulle, veil and wreath. Her bridesmaid, Miss Charlotte Spikes was dressed in cream chalice with lace trimmings. Mr. G. Smith as usher. After the ceremony the wedding party, which consisted only of the relatives of the bride, repaired to the residence of the bride's brother, where a wedding breakfast was served. The bride received many handsome presents, among which was a very pretty silver photograph holder from her Sunday school scholars. The room's present to the bridesmaid was the handsome bar pin set with rubies. The happy pair drove to St. John, where they will be the evening train for Boston their future home. Mrs. Chas. Hazen and Miss Anderson, of St. John, who have been visiting New Jersey, arrived here last week, accompanied by Miss Ella Anderson, who has been spending the past two years in Burlington, N. J. Miss Mable Smith, of North End, St. John, spent a few days last week with her aunt, Miss Maggie Smith, "Riverbank." Mrs. Hedell is visiting friends in Fredericton. Miss Maud Addy, of St. John, who has been visiting at "Sunny Side," returned home Thursday. Mrs. B. H. Anderson is visiting Boston, where she was suddenly called, on account of the illness of her sister, Miss Baker. Mr. Robert Barkin returned home last week, having spent the winter in the city. Little Miss Louisa Knight, who has quite quit ill for some time, is slowly recovering. Dr. E. B. Berryman paid a professional visit here last week. Mr. Wolford Smith and Miss Lizzie Smith were in the city last week. VIVE.

DALHOUSIE.

[Progress is for sale at H. J. Johnson's.] June 8.—Mr. Jas. S. Bassett, chief inspector of liquor licenses, was in town today. Mr. W. A. Mott of Campbellton, honored the shiretown with a visit on Monday. Mr. John Moffat of "Tulo Head," was a visitor on the same day. Conductor John McLeod was married on Wednesday, 1st June, to Miss Barbara Henderson, of Charlottetown. He has the honor to be known as the McCallum family will be hereafter conducted under new auspices. Mr. McLeod's friends trust to see him contentedly happy and successful. Miss McLeod of Hamilton Hall, is in very poor health, which is a matter of deep concern to the numerous friends of the family. Mr. John Widdowson left on the ship Frederickstad Monday for Liverpool for his health. Mr. Montgomery, collector of customs, paid a visit to Campbellton on Wednesday. Miss Florine Doherty is visiting her aunt Mrs. Ritchie. Miss Haddow has returned home from Marville, E. C. Dr. Dumas Mathurs, visited our town on Saturday morning on professional business. D.

Bedford Cord Challies.

OPENED THIS WEEK 1 Case

Bedford Cord Challies

Light, Mid. and Black grounds, with Colored Spots, Figures, etc., etc. Handsome patterns and PERFECTLY FAST COLORS.

AT ONLY

12 1/2c. Yard.

These goods were sold for 25c. yard in New York last season. We would call attention to the importance of an EARLY INSPECTION, as naturally the choicest patterns go first.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.



FIGURE NO. 5.

8c. and 10c.

AMERICAN COTTON CHALLIES

Light, Mid. and Dark grounds, PERFECTLY FAST COLORS.

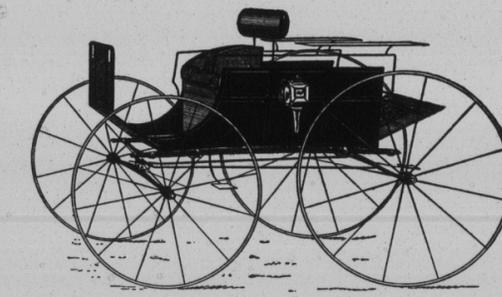
AT

8c. and 10c. Yard

VERY STYLISH PATTERNS IN Drillettes, Satens, Cambrics, etc.

SAMPLES MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

An English Dog Cart.



This is a very stylish carriage; much used by fashionable people, as well as those who delight in a handsome turn out. For prices and other information address

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Warehouse, St. John: Corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

25,000 VISITING CARDS!

PROGRESS Print has 25,000 Visiting Cards on hand. They are the very best that can be bought. With Elegant New Script and the latest Styles of addresses. We are in a position to Supply both ladies and gentlemen at the shortest Notice. Mail orders promptly attended to and Samples sent on application to PROGRESS Print.

Ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER.

Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 2 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st, 1891.



THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN SUMMER MILLINERY

ALSO A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLOWERS.

IMPORTED SOLELY BY T. WILLIAM BELL, St. John, N. B.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

"THE WILLOWS,"

HUGH J. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing the public that I will, on July 1st, open "THE WILLOWS," the new Summer retreat on the banks of the Knappe, at what is popularly known as Waddell's Landing. The house is new and well furnished. The rooms are large, airy and comfortable; especially adapted to the comfort of permanent guests. "THE WILLOWS" can be reached three days in the week by the Steamer "Clifton," which makes the run in a trifle over two hours, or by stage from Robbsey connecting with morning train, which is three miles distant. For terms and particulars, address HUGH J. MCCORMICK, Reed's Point, Kings Co. June 11.

Berton House,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

This well known and centrally located House is now re-opened for transient, Permanent and Table Boarders. Terms moderate. Applied to MRS. A. DANIEL, Elliott Row. COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL, Huntington Ave. and Exeter St., Boston.

WOONSOCKET Rubber Boots.

We have in Stock and can ship same day order received at Lowest Boston Prices with duty added.

- MEN'S D. F. SHORT RUBBER BOOTS. MEN'S PEBBLE LEG SHORT RUBBER BOOTS. MEN'S PEBBLE LEG KNEE RUBBER BOOTS. MEN'S D. F. HIP RUBBER BOOTS. MEN'S D. F. STORM KING RUBBER BOOTS. BOY'S D. F. RUBBER BOOTS. BOY'S PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS. WOMEN'S PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS. MISSES' PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS. CHILD'S' PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS.

Also a full line of Dull Finish and Pebble Leg Boots of the Rhode Island Brand. Orders by mail or through our travellers will receive prompt attention.

L. HIGGINS & CO., Moncton N. B.

THEY ARE HERE!

200 WEBSTER'S; WITH

PROGRESS FOR \$3.95

erooms.

rtains!

OW WINDOWS.

ER.

CKST
T GROF

CHOW

BANNER CHOP
BANNER
everybody.

weather.

he following

air, former 20 to 30c
" 25 to 45c
" 20c
" 20c
" 20 to 25c
" 20c
" \$1.00
" 1.25
" 1.00

BERT TURNER.

& CO.

IGS,
SUITS,

Tailor.

WIDELY
IND. C?

CON

months among best class
of France Hotel Men and

by the majority of our
city. A large number of
were in town who came
as delegates to the
MARSH MALLOW.

occupied the pulpit in
at Sunday at both morn-
He intends remaining

Clarence, from Ottawa,
turned home again.
Sunday at home.

drove to Richbourn on
VENUE.

Holy Trinity church, St.
ev. Wm. LeB. McKillop,
sabbath, Mary E. F. Mc-
ev. and Mrs. McKillop, to
Lang, Nova Scotia.

GREEN HOUSE.
Cove, can supply you
bedding Plants at lowest
of Gaspe Valley to the
June 11, 1892

USED before con-
ederation, on the
I also want pairs and
for my collection. Ad-
sided. Particularly want
a provisional rate to
what you have for sale.
approval to collectors.
street, Halifax, N.S.
June 11-12

ED.

At the meeting of the alumni society,
the principal laid before that body a scheme
of work in connection with the erection of a
gymnasium. The society adopting the
idea decided to make arrangements for its
immediate establishment.

The greatest interest and enthusiasm
prevailed at all the meetings, and the
interest shown in all schemes for the
future improvement of the school and its
buildings, must have been most gratifying
to the principal and governors.

The idea was suggested in the alumni
meeting that the young men of the provin-
ces "put their shoulders to the wheel"
in some practical manner and help for-
ward the work of the institution. Many
have already pledged themselves to the
good work, and the indications are, that
when St. Martin's seminary opens for the
term of 1892-3, it will be with brighter
prospects than ever.

In the evening a very successful concert
was given by the students in assembly hall,
which was much enjoyed by the audience
until, at the conclusion of the thirteenth
number, it was suddenly interrupted by the
announcement of the principal that but six-
teen minutes remained to catch the train,
and considering that the station was a full
mile and a half from the seminary, it goes
without saying that some of the audience
took a very abrupt departure.

The visitor to St. Martin's cannot
fail to be surprised, and delighted with the

S.

ST. MARTIN'S GALA DAY.

THE BLINDS DOWN AND BUSINESS
SUSPENDED.

Everybody off to the Seminary to Hear the
Closing Exercises—Witness from Town—
The Outlook for the Future Looking Very
Bright.

The man from outside, who had a little
bill to collect in St. Martin's on Tuesday,
and being in town, thought it a good op-
portunity to call on his debtor, and obtain
a settlement, met with a bitter disappoint-
ment, for even had he been that mighty
potentate, the tax collector himself, he
would have failed to obtain an entrance to
a single house in the town; the very dogs
were not at home, and the deserted ap-
pearance of the houses might have puzzled
the stranger who was not familiar with the
customs of St. Martin's folk, and therefore
could not be supposed to know that the
closing exercises of the collegiate year
were being held at St. Martin's seminary,
and that every man, woman
and child of the good burghers of that
fourishing village consider it their duty as
well as their pleasure to attend them from
the opening to the closing speech. Whether
they take their lunch or not is a question,
but the presumption is that they do, since
the ranks in the college halls never seem
to thin for a single instant.

Tickets for admission having been dis-
tributed amongst those of the baptist
denomination from other places who might
wish to attend. A special train left St.
John in the morning, and the excursion-
ists arrived in the lovely village at about
eleven o'clock, and proceeded at once to
the crowded halls of learning, in time to
hear the opening speech by the
president, Dr. E. B. De Blois. No
one could fail to be impressed with
the beauty of the college grounds,
which have recently undergone extensive
improvements, and the situation of which,
in one of the loveliest villages of New
Brunswick should make the seminary ad-
ditionally desirable, to those who consider
the health of the body, as well as the cul-
tivation of the mind.

In speaking of the improvements both
present and in prospect in the college, Dr.
De Blois referred to the intention of the
faculty to introduce the study of shorthand
and typewriting into the regular course of
instruction, and together with geography,
making a complete business course. In refer-
ence to the library which is so sorely needed,
the president stated that several prominent
men had promised their aid in this direc-
tion, and that preparations are already being
made for the purchase of a good library await-
ing the return of the students in the autumn.
The great incubus which has always weigh-
ed down the college since its opening, the
mortgage—still hangs over it, and the un-
paid interest on the same, has always been
a stumbling block in the way of its suc-
cess, but this year a number of young business
men of St. John and Fredericton, graduates
of the seminary, have decided to share the
burden with their alma mater, and have
guaranteed to pay the sum of \$50 a year
each, for the next five years, in order to
secure the interest and eventually bring the
mortgage out of debt; this debt having
proved the great drawback to the institu-
tion, especially of late years.

The improvements in the grounds are
very marked, no pains having been spared
to make them attractive. The roads and
paths winding through them have been
beautifully levelled and gravelled, a grand
stand has been placed in the base ball
field through the kindness of Mr. W. H.
Rourke who is also having a flag staff 80
feet high, to fly four flags with gold and
halyards, to cost \$70, the flag costing \$25.
After the alumni dinner which took place
at one o'clock, and was a triumph of culi-
nary skill, addresses were given by C. E.
Rourke of this city, first president of the board
of directors and student of the school when
in Fredericton 55 years ago. Also by G.
J. C. White one of the governors of Aca-
dia college, bringing greetings from the sister
institution, Rev. S. McC. Black, Rev. Dr.
Day, A. C. Smith, M. P. F. Rev. Dr.
Long, Rev. A. M. Hatch, Rev. W. M.
McKillop, Rev. G. A. Hartley.

All the speakers expressed the deepest
interest in the seminary, their faith in the
bright outlook for the future which has
been so materially aided by the improved
basis upon which the finances have been
placed, and the fullest confidence in, and
satisfaction with the work of the present
principal.

At the meeting of the alumni society,
the principal laid before that body a scheme
of work in connection with the erection of a
gymnasium. The society adopting the
idea decided to make arrangements for its
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when St. Martin's seminary opens for the
term of 1892-3, it will be with brighter
prospects than ever.

beauties of the village itself and the sur-
rounding scenery! Viewed on a beautiful
day in June, it is a sight to refresh weary
eyes, with its broad expanse of silver beach,
its sparkling water, and its beautiful wind-
ing roads, wide as King street, and level
as the floor. No tired dweller in city
streets need seek a fairer summer resort
than St. Martin's beach, which lies so near
at hand that sometimes its charms are
neglected for the lesser attractions of water-
ing places farther afield.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS'S WIFE.

Unknown, Unhonored and Unsung, She De-
serves a Better Fate.

It seems a little hard that, in this year,
when a continent is preparing to honor its
discoverer, that there should be insinua-
tions that the great explorer was not, like
all other men, perfect. Recent writers
have tried to make us believe that the great
man was a great rascal; and we may yet be
told that the only reason that he discovered
America was because he wished to spite his
crew.

Columbus is dead; "dead die three hun-
dred year," but while he lived, he was a
live man. The evil that he did was prob-
ably "interred with his bones;" cursed be
he that will not let his ashes, like those of
Shakespeare, rest. The good that he did
was not buried, it is right that a man who
is proved for truth should have his virtues
praised and his faults forgotten.

But while Columbus is receiving his
share of praise, and more than his share of
blame, who ever hears of Mrs. Columbus?
The unknown great wives of great men—
what honor ought theirs to be in "that un-
discovered bourne," to pay for the oblivion
in which they are embroiled in this world!

You didn't know that Columbus was
married? Why, if there hadn't have been
a Mrs. Christopher Columbus there might
never have been a Christopher Columbus.
That is, his name would not be known for
many centuries after he had passed away.
If it wasn't for her, he would have died,
"unwept, unknown, in endless night," be-
cause he lacked a determined wife.

Columbus married a Miss Palestrello, of
Lisbon, whose father was a distinguished
navigator. Miss Palestrello had no abun-
dance of silver and gold, but she gave
Columbus a precious marriage dowry—a
collection of valuable charts, journals and
memoranda. She had gone into unknown
seas with her father, and had drawn many
maps of the places which they had explored.
Columbus had found these of great value,
and thanked his lucky stars—the stars by
whose aid he steered—that there was a
Mrs. Christopher Columbus.

Columbus was a lucky fellow
("So's eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,"
if it were not for Mrs. C.)
Where in the wide world would we be?
For if Columbus had not married,
in Italy he would have tarried.
Don't you see how domestic strife
That Columbus left his wife,
No! Mrs. C., nee Palestrello,
Thought Columbus a likely fellow;
Knew there were yet worlds to discover,
And so sent forth her sailor husband
And in the World's Fair 'twould be well, oh!
To honor fair Miss Palestrello!
For in the age of woman, when
Denies a woman fair her due?
So through the land of gallant men
That Norsemen found, then lost again,
Through this great land Columbus found,
Cause his wife thought the world was round;
From sports that polar bears admire,
Down to the southern land of Fire;
From Roaring Camp to Campobello,
Honor the name of Palestrello!

HOW COLUMBUS LOOKED.

A Personal Description of the Great Discoverer.

Columbus was of powerful frame and
large build; of majestic bearing and digni-
fied gesture; on the whole well formed;
of middle height, inclining to tallness; his
arms sinewy and bronzed like war-beaten
quills; his nerves high-strung and sensitive,
quickly responsive to all emotions; his
neck large and his shoulders broad; his
feet rather long and his nose aquiline; his
complexion fair, even inclining to redness,
and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his
gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow
high and calm, furrowed with the deep
workings of thought, says Emilio Castelar
in *June Century*. In the life written
by his son Ferdinand we are told
that Columbus not only sketched
most marvelously, but was a
skillful penman that he was able to earn
a living by engraving and copying. In
his private notes he said that every good
map-draftsman ought to be a good painter
as well, and he himself was such in his maps
and globes and charts, over which are
scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures.
He never penned a letter or began a chap-
ter without setting at its head this devout
invocation: "Jesu cum Maria sit nobis in
via." Besides his practical studies he de-
voted himself to astronomical and geometrical
researches. Thus he was enabled to
teach mathematics, with which, as with all
the advanced knowledge of his time he was
conversant, and he could recite the prayers
and services of the church like any priest
before the altar. He was, as I have al-
ready said, a mystic and a merchant, a
visionary and an algebraist. If at times he
veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas,
and allowed his vast powers to degenerate
in puerile irritation, it was because his own
age knew him not, and had dealt hardly
with him for many years—from his youth
until he reached the threshold of age—with-
out taking into account the reverses which
darkened and embittered his later years.
Who could have predicted to him, that in
the midst of the blindness that surrounded him,
that there in Spain, and in that century of
unfading achievement, the name of Colum-
bus was to attain to fame and unspeakable
renown? There are those who hold that
this was the work of chance, and that the
discovery of America was virtually accom-
plished when the Portuguese doubled the
Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in
these posthumous alterations of history
through mere caprice, nor in those after-
thoughts of the discoverers who died in ob-
livion.

DARTMOUTH'S LAKES.

Picturesque and Grand, but With no Poetry
in Their Names.

Very beautiful are Dartmouth's lakes nest-
ling among the rocky hills. They lie just
outside the town only fifteen minutes walk
from the ferry. Unfortunately they have
never been given pretty names, only first,
second, and third lake, respectively. Con-
dign punishment certainly awaits the
person who had so little of poetry in his
nature that he could only command the
numerals for such beautiful sheets of water.

The wonder is they are not more ap-
preciated. Any one tired of the bustle, toil
or dust of the city can in a short half hour
be on the bosom of as beautiful a sheet of
water as one is likely to chance upon in the
Alpine regions, or in "Loch district of old
Scotland." At one point he can see the
sea, the city, with its fort crowned
hill, the harbor lights in the twilight,
and far out to sea the
revolving light on old Chebucto Head,
to the right pretty banks and charming
green slopes or pretty coves, to the left
the rugged and stern hillsides rock capped
and barren, save where man has wasted
energy enough to found a nation striving
to reclaim a garden patch; to the rear the
wilderness for miles. Here he may enjoy
the pure of heaven, reveal in the chang-
ing beauty of the water, as it is ruffled by
the breeze, reflects the form of the passing
sail, or blushes rose red under the gaze of
the setting sun.

The picturesqueness of the scene is
unique. The wigwag of the kindred of
the "Ancient Arrow Maker," peeps from
out its leafy shelter, makes one forget that
a few minutes will bring him back to city
life. Wild fowl are often seen but seldom
shot, as they are ever on the alert for the
wiles of the white man, and refuse to trust
him within gun shot.

One of the chief charms lies in the
locks at Port Wallace, or as they are
called for short, "The Locks." These
are remains of the old Shubenacadie canal,
built years ago, and simply completed
sufficiently to draw a good round subsidy,
and never used after that important feat
was performed. Verily the ways of Mc-
Greevy & Co. were not unknown to our
forefathers in the "good old times," and
they profited thereby. "The Locks" were
generally looked upon as a nuisance, and
are fallen into a badly decayed condition
except where solid masonry was used.
The gates are completely gone. The
sportsman occasionally gets a fish trout at
the fall at the head of each lock, but
otherwise they are of little interest except
as ruins. A fine shower bath can be
obtained by the bold, and with a little
labor, the fall could be easily utilized,
and a very pleasant bath obtained. For
beauty the surroundings are charming,
and many a picnic is held here, when—
"So's eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,"
and in some cases the marriage bell went
merrily enough afterward. "Just the spot
for picnics," every one exclaim when landed
there. The tow paths are as perfect as a
well kept lawn; lots of open places sur-
rounded by trees can be found, just the spot
for spreading blankets and enjoying a
hill-top are easily got, and the stream flow-
ing between the two lakes is simply bewich-
ing in its tranquil beauty, reflecting like
a mirror every object on its shores.
One can get wild rambles by pretty, wind-
ing paths, and possibly start a partridge,
if you have no gun.

Only one drawback I shall name, the
villainous little mosquito sometimes is there
and holds high carnival on the victim who
went for pleasure. After a ramble, and a
return loaded with wild flowers, comes tea
on the green, a dog wip, then the sail on
generally the row gipsy, for the wind will
have gone down, by moonlight on a sum-
mer evening, is a thing to be remembered
"forever and aye."

Though not requested as much as one
would suppose, still a larger number each
year come to know of its peaceful beauty,
and invariably return to enjoy its charms.
Many travel for thousands of miles to see
places not a whit more beautiful. In fact,
return loaded with wild flowers, comes tea
on the green, a dog wip, then the sail on
generally the row gipsy, for the wind will
have gone down, by moonlight on a sum-
mer evening, is a thing to be remembered
"forever and aye."

Turning the Tables.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his ac-
tivity in looking up unlicensed peddlers.
Taking his walk abroad one day, he came
across an old fellow whom he at once con-
cluded was an illegal tender, and inquired
if he had got anything to sell.

"I have got anything to sell, squire?"
was the response. "Guess I have got
blacking that will make them old cowhide
boots of yours shine so that you can shove
in them. Got razors, too, an article you
want, I should say, by the look of your
beard. Got Balm of Columby, too, only a
dollar a bottle, good for the hair, and as-
sisting poor human nature."

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of
Columby, and then desired to see the
Yankee's license for peddling.

The document was produced, examined,
pronounced genuine, and handed back to
the old man.

"I don't know now that I care for this
stuff," said the disappointed official. "What
will you give for it?"

"Waal, I answered the peddler, 'I don't
want it, squire; but seeing it's yours, I'll
give you thirty-seven cents for it.'"

The sheriff passed him the bottle and
pocketed the money, when the peddler said:
"I say, I guess I have something to ask
you now. Have you got a peddler's license
about you?"

"No," said the sheriff, "I haven't any
use for one myself."

"Waal, I guess we will see about that
pretty soon, replied the Yankee. "If I
understand the law, squire, it's a clear case
that you've been trading and peddling Balm
of Columby on the highway, and I shall
inform on you."

Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff
was duly fined for peddling without a
license.

Quality and Style Combined!



We can recommend the "Sonnette" Corset for Durability, Perfection in Shape and Excellence of Material.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR "P. N." AND SONNETTE CORSETS.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Five Hundred Children's Suits

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE SO LOW.

This is part of a large manufacturer's stock which we bought at a clearing price for the purpose of Advertising ourselves before the public. This is how we will do it. We will sell these 500 Children's Suits so low that any person wanting a child's suit will come to us for it; that is if they know about the big sale. The sale will commence Saturday, June 11th, 1892

at OAK HALL, Cor. King and Germain Sts.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

INVENTOR OF THE GUILLOTINE.

It was Originally a Substitute for the Block and Axe.

The centennial anniversary of the guillo-
tine occurred a few days ago in Paris. The
centenary was set for May 27, it is said,
because on that day the guillotine claimed
its first victim, a common highwayman
named Pelletier, but this seems to embody
an error, for reliable records show that
Pelletier suffered on April 25, 1792. Still
the fact remains that the guillotine has
closed a century of bloody work. The man
whom this ugly instrument has immortal-
ized, Dr. Guillotin, would hardly recognize
his clumsy contrivance in the neat, business-
like machine which from time to time
draws a crowd to the Place de la Roquette,
where, in front of the prison of that name,
the executions take place. The tradition
that Dr. Guillotin invented the instrument
of death, which has taken his name, is
not much better founded than the fic-
tion that he died by its blade. The French
have inquired into the origin of the in-
stitution, and there seems to be no doubt that
Dr. Louis, the celebrated singer, really in-
vented the guillotine in the shape France
has used it, though a mechanical substitute
for the axe and block has far greater an-
tiquity, there being some evidence that it
was used by the Spartans. Dr. Guillotin's
advocacy of the machine was based on a
human desire to shorten the agony of
executions, and the constituent assembly
adopted by law in 1791, chiefly because
it made democratic and universal a
manner of execution that had previously
been enjoyed by aristocrats alone. The
guillotine, as it is used today in Paris,
is a simple wooden frame, not un-
like that of a large window, thirteen feet in
height, grooved for a triangular steel blade,
the descent of which is governed by a
spring and made swift by a lead weight.
The criminal's head is fastened into what
is called the lunette, two half moon shaped
pieces of wood that fit under and over his
neck. When everything goes smoothly, a
quicker mode of execution can hardly be
imagined. From the time the prisoner
reaches the platform whereon "the widow,"
as the Parisians call the machine, stands
till the criminal's head drops into a zinc-
lined basket hardly a minute elapses, as a
rule, and the fact of execution itself, the
fall of the heavy blade, consumes but a
third of a second.

In olden times every large city in France
had its executioner, and he was called
"Monsieur de Paris." "Monsieur de
Rouen," after the scene of his operations.
Since 1872 the office of public executioner
for all France has been created, and a
large salary for that country of small stip-
pends has been attached to it. Daubler, the
gentle, uncommunicative gentleman who
presides over the guillotine fetes these days,
gets \$1,200 a year and travelling expenses.
One of his predecessors in Paris, Sanson,
the last of four of his family who held the
office, achieved fame and lost his job by
pawing the guillotine to get money to
treat the girl who had had the singularly
bad taste to smile upon him.

The Religion of Ceylon.

The native religion of Ceylon is Buddh-
ism, but that of a liberal orthodox kind
which attacks christianity to it as a sort of
theological lean-to, on the sailor's principle
of prayer, good Lord, good devil, as he
did not know into whose hands he would
fall and wished to propitiate both. In-
deed, a Cingalese chief is credited with
making this distinction: "When he was
remonstrated with by the principal of a
government seminary for halting between
two opinions, he replied that he added the
christian religion to his own to steady it."
"Just as my boatmen," said the polite
chief, "add an outrigger to his canoe to
keep it from upsetting."

The tooth of Buddha is kept in a shrine
at Kandy, the second town of importance
on the island. It was placed there 1,500
years ago and is devoutly worshipped as a
sacred relic. It is a discolored piece of
ivory about two inches long and is said to
resemble the tusk of a wild boar. But the
splendor of its shrine is a token of the
great value of the relic. The shrine in
which it is kept is hung with cloth of gold
and encrusted with jewels. On a massive
silver table reposes the casket in which,
concealed in the heart of a golden lotus
lily, the tooth lies hidden from the gaze of
the multitude. The relic came into the
possession of the English government in
the Kandyan rebellion of 1848. There is
a superstition among its worshippers that
whoever obtains that sacred relic is en-
titled to the Government of Ceylon. The
English Government had no use for the
bit of ivory, but as a concession made it over
to the Budda priests, and it is exhibited at
stated intervals and is supposed to have the
power of working miracles. The shrine is
only opened in the presence of a chief of
high rank in the Kandyan Kingdom. This
relic of the mythical propagandist is at
least more practical than the one shown at
Kakia—the shadow of Buddha. The ad-
oration of a tooth that is safely shrined in
an unshining temple has some redeeming
features.—Detroit Free Press.

Standing on His Head.

Wagner, the eminent composer, had the
nerves of an acrobat. Once he was climb-
ing a precipitous mountain in company
with a young friend. When some distance
up and walking along a narrow ledge the
companion who was following, called out
that he was growing giddy. Wagner
turned round on the ledge of rock,
glanced at his friend and passed him be-
tween the rock and himself to the front. His bi-
ographer, Ferdinand Praeger, relates an
incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss
home. The two men sat one morning on
an ottoman in the drawing room talking
over the events of the year. Suddenly
Wagner, who was 60 years old, rose and
stood on his head upon the ottoman. At
that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her
surprise and alarm caused her to run to her
husband, exclaiming: "Ah, Richard!
Richard!" Quickly recovering himself he
assured her that he was sane and wished to
show that he could stand on his head at
60, which was more than Ferdinand could
do.—Youth's Companion.

Overfed and Its Results.

We have known several cases, says the
Methodist Times, where ministers have long
persuaded themselves that they were pro-
strate with "over-work," whereas, as a matter
of fact, the only part of their system which
had been really overworked was their alimen-
tary canal. We are more or less on our guard
now against intemperance in the use of in-
toxicating liquors. But we have almost
forgotten that gluttony is also a terrible
temptation. Most persons are more or
less tempted to eat pleasant food in excess.
Great simplicity and moderation at the
table would have a surprising effect upon
not a few ministers of religion who are
now morbid with dyspepsia and with im-
aginary nervous disorders. It is extremely
difficult to work the brain too much, and
very few men have really too much work.
The overwhelming majority could do twice
as much as they are doing if they carefully
observed the elementary laws of physical
health.

Benefits from Running.

Running is the great beautifier of figure
and movement, it gives muscular develop-
ment, strong heart action, and free lung
play. The muscle comes where it ought to
be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold
the trunk well balanced, and the feet take
their correct positions. It was running
which made Greek figure. The more ac-
tive tribes of American Indians have been
runners from time to time immemorial, and
from the chest to the heels they are much
more beautifully built than the average of
white men. Running people have usually
the firm but elastic texture which is the
beauty of flesh.

AN EMPEROR'S WARDROBE.

The Arrangement of the Costumes for All Possible Occasions.

The wardrobe of no modern sovereign has
attracted more attention than that of the
German Emperor. On his recent travels,
wherever he went he became conspicuous
by his change of dress. He has often the
occasion to change his costume than an or-
inary mortal. He might arrive, for in-
stance, in Kiel, the chief German port of
war, in travelling costume, review the ma-
rine in the uniform of a German admiral,
then visit the various schools in civilian
dress, dine on a foreign man-of-war in the
uniform of an admiral of its nationality, and
in the evening give a reception in some gala
dress. For each of the occasions a different
dress is absolutely necessary, according to
the etiquette. He has made as many as ten
or twelve changes in eighteen hours. His
wardrobe has reached gigantic dimensions.

It contains at present more than 1,000
costumes, divided into six classes. The
military costumes include all the different
forms of the highest ranks of the Ger-
man army, with a collection of modern
swords which has hardly its equal in Ger-
many. The court dresses, under which
category all the dresses for great cere-
monies are classified, excepting the corona-
tion robes with sceptre and crown, which
are taken care of specially, include the
uniforms of the different orders, like the
order of Black Eagle, of the Garter, etc.,
and the costume for the Torchlight Polo-
nais at great festivals, which is entirely
of silk with knee breeches and gartered
hose.

The civilian garments, among which the
dress suits and walking costumes of Eng-
lish cut play a leading part, contain every
piece of dress that is worn by fashionable
men at present, with the exception of a
dressing gown, which the Emperor never
wears. Fine smoking jackets are seldom
used. To that category belong also the
incognito dresses and the Free Mason's
costume. He has, besides bathing, riding,
driving, sleighing and skating costumes,
and a large number of hunting costumes,
from the Tyrolese to the Russian fur gear
for bear hunting.

The so-called dresses of courtesy include
the uniforms of foreign regiments whose hon-
orary chief he is, besides the costumes he is
obliged to don in visiting foreign courts, it
being a custom on such occasions for the vi-
sitor to appear in the host's favorite costume,
and vice versa, at the first meeting. Even
Chinese and Japanese court dresses are
not forgotten, and there is a display of
Persian garbs, which the emperor wore
during a visit of the Shah. The only
national court costume he has not worn is
the French. Of all these costumes he has
a duplicate, in case of an accident.

He has twelve dozen of every piece of
underwear, and of socks and handker-
chiefs not less than fifty dozen. As he
does not care for silk, his underwear is of
merino, with the exception of the socks,
which are of silk. His handkerchiefs are
of batiste, and as a rule he uses them only
occasionally. A number of embroiderers are
employed the year round to make the
initials, etc.

As he is not fond of jewelry, his ward-
robe contains only a limited selection of
cuff buttons and studs, all in gold and
diamonds. The number of gloves, on the
contrary, is very large; there are chamois
gloves for driving, beaver for riding, dog-
skin, white lambskin, and the innumerable
white kid gloves for uniforms that are worn
only once. In civilian dress he uses gloves

THE VERSES SIGNED H. F.

THEY GOT THE REV. HAROLD FENDERSON INTO A BAD FIX.

But Howard Fielding Was the Man Who Stole Them and He Hereby Makes Full Confession—The Rev. H. F. Fled the Town and Miss Martha Recovered.

I have been guilty of literary piracy, and punishment has followed the crime. It always does. The moral law which exacts suffering as the price of sin has not the elastic nature of an excise statute. It is enforced. So there is nothing novel in this case. Indeed it is made entirely commonplace by the fact that the punishment has fallen not upon me, the sinner, but upon the Rev. Harold Fenderson, a good man, whom I respect but shall endeavor in the future to avoid.

While I was the principal villain in this affair, the primary fault is chargeable either



WEeping on the Rev. Harold Fender-son's shoulder.

to Mrs. Betsy Bridges or to Dr. Lemuel Baker. I will not presume to say which should bear the blame. Dr. Baker was Betsy's physician, and Betsy died; and her death was the beginning of our sorrows. The sad event occurred in the town of Pensionville, O., where I was visiting some relatives a few months ago.

When Israel Bridges was suddenly made a widower he had an inspiration that some obituary poetry in the Pensionville Weekly Leader would soothe his sorrow, and he came to ask me to write it. I rather liked the old man, and would have been glad to oblige him, but I can no more write poetry than I can be the shade of Shakespeare in a spiritualistic seance. I tried to convince Mr. Bridges that I was not an speaking terms with the muses, but he wouldn't hear of it; and at last I had to consent. But I bound him to absolute secrecy by a series of vows that made him turn pale to the tip of his chin whiskers.

The next day I struggled with the verses, but they wouldn't come. I wrote only one and in that I was compelled to make Bridges rhyme with religion in order to get the proper sentiment into the lines. They did satisfy my fine critical instincts; so, in the afternoon, I hunted up my grandmother's scrap book, and purloined a poem, which with a few slight alterations would fit the case of Mrs. Bridges or of almost anybody else. I sent these verses to the Leader, attaching only the initials H. F.

They were printed on the day of the funeral, and were generally admitted to be the most gratifying feature of the occasion. They were the talk of the town, and many women who had made things very uncomfortable for Mrs. Bridges during her life were affected to tears by this poetic catalogue of her virtues. When they felt these attacks of emotion coming on they called upon the Rev. Harold Fenderson and wept on his shoulder because they attributed the verses to him.

He was a modest and truthful man, and at first he flatly denied the authorship of this little gem; but the women wouldn't believe him. There stood his initials in old type as a signature to the poem, and the verses breathed forth all the tenderness good will which characterized this man. Possibly they might have been written by some remote ancestor who had transmitted his peculiar virtues to Fenderson. The paper from which I copied them was yellow with age. At any rate, Fenderson was so persistently accused of their authorship that at last he only shook head and smiled when they were mentioned. Meanwhile I got out of town. Bridges kept my secret well; I was not suspected.

Doubtless the Rev. Mr. Fenderson supposed that the obituary poem would soon be forgotten, but it wasn't. It made such an impression upon some of the chronic invalids of the town that they were impatient to have an affectionate tribute of that sort written about themselves.

About three months after the death of Mrs. Bridges, the Rev. Mr. Fenderson's flock seemed in a fair way to suffer another loss, and one that would be deeply felt. Miss Martha Higgins, who had sung alto in the choir for nearly fifteen years, was very ill. Mr. Fenderson was truly grieved at this visitation. Miss Martha had always been particularly prominent in the musical affairs of the church, through the earnestness of her endeavors and the fact that she was never on the key. Her illness developed unfavorable symptoms until at length her condition became so serious that old Mr. Higgins, her father, called upon Mr. Fenderson and with tears in his eyes warned the pastor that another obituary poem would be expected in about a week.

Mr. Fenderson perceived that he was in a tight place. Laurels won from the muses by fraud turn to chaplets of thorns. He was no more of a poet than I am and he was too honest to take my path out of the

difficulty. He could only hope more earnestly that Miss Martha would recover. On the contrary, she grew worse steadily, and the physicians gave no encouragement. On the second evening after Mr. Higgins's call, his daughter's associates in the choir went to the pastor's house to suggest that his verses should be made of such a metre that they should be sung to the tune of Miss Martha's favorite hymn. When they had gone Mr. Fenderson seized a hand mirror, and was surprised to find that his hair was not gray. He had attempted denial once more, but had been met by a smiling confidence in his genius which had fairly rendered him speechless.

All that night he paced the floor of his study, vainly trying to think of two words in the entire language that rhymed with each other. Early in the morning he called at the Higgins house and learned with two-fold sorrow that Miss Martha was still failing. He wandered up into the cemetery in the afternoon and tried to get inspiration from solemn contemplation of the epitaphs, but they did not cheer him up. He passed another sleepless night in his study, without getting an idea, except that he should like to write an obituary for the unknown H. F. in hard, metallic prose.

The next day he received a call from the editor of the Leader, who simply wished to say that he went to press at one p. m. every Thursday and couldn't hold a poem more than an hour even for a poem by H. F. Mr. Fenderson felt that his mind was breaking down under the strain. About five o'clock in the afternoon he learned that Miss Martha was not expected to survive the night; and at nine in the evening he had packed up his small possessions and had quietly fled the town.

There was a tremendous sensation when this news had percolated through the channels of Pensionville gossip. Israel Bridges, the only man who knew the reason, had to fasten his lips with a cloth in order to keep his vow to me. In the midst of all the excitement the editor of the Leader got an idea. He began to search old newspapers files in dusty garrets, and, at last, lines which had been the cause of all the trouble. With this proof in his hand, he had no hesitation in publishing to the world, through the columns



HE FLED THE TOWN.

of the Leader, the full story of the "piracy, disgrace and flight of the Rev. Harold Fenderson."

Poor fellow, I have learned that he has entered the foreign missionary field, and has departed for the scene of his labors. It is so far away that, although Mr. Fenderson is a very large, strong man, I have left that I could unburden my conscience by confession. His sad story affected me even more deeply because I learned from a late issue of the Leader that Miss Martha has fully recovered.

CURIOSITIES OF PARIS LAW.

Parisians Cannot "Do What They Like," By Any Means.

A little book has been published recently which gives the public some insight into the functions and power of the Prefect of Paris. No one is allowed to stick a note on a door or window asking for an employe, or post a bill on a hoarding, unless it is stamped and taxed. Advertisers may adopt any color they please except white, which signifies purity, and is exclusively reserved for official announcements.

Special permission is required to give an assault-at-arms, but nothing is said about permission to fight a duel. If anyone comes to Paris with the idea that he can start business right off as a rag-picker he will be mistaken. He will be run in if found gathering rags without a license. No reunion or meeting for political or religious objects can meet without the consent of the Prefect, and under whatever condition he pleases.

In order to hold a meeting on a non-political subject, several persons connected with it must make a declaration at the Prefecture three clear days before the day of meeting. Special permission is required to give balls and concerts, and to perform feats of agility in music halls. Owing to the exigencies of the octroi, cattle and live stock are only allowed to enter Paris at certain hours of the day and by certain routes. Merchants of bric-a-brac must be supplied with brass medals and licensed.

Dogs are made the subject of regulations. Frenchmen seem to have a terror of the bulldog, for it is decreed that "no dog of the race *bollelogue* or a cross *bollelogue* must be allowed to go at large in the streets, in warehouses, workshops, or other public places. Inside houses these dogs must always be kept in a string or muzzled."

Commissionaries must make a declaration and get a medal and *ford*, before starting business. Commissionaries are bootblacks. No organ-grinder, street musician, or itinerant merchant can exercise his profession without permission from the Prefect. No permission is granted unless the applicant has resided at least a year within the jurisdiction of the Prefect, and is French. The street musicians, however, sometimes play without permission. Should a concierge be of a particularly amiable turn, he will allow an Italian to play within his gates, where he is as absolute as the Prefect.

The Perfect supplies workmen with *fiards*, without which they are not worth anything. Porters at the public markets have a certificate of good conduct from the police. Anyone who saves a drowning person in the river, either by calling attention to or rescuing him, gets 25fr.; who ever discovers a corpse, or part of a corpse, in the river receives 15fr. For rescuing a horse 6fr. is allowed. Republican guards employed at theatres or balls are paid 1fr. per night; if on horseback 1½fr. For a private soiree they get 5fr.

THE SIAMSE TWINS.

The Death of Eng's Wife Brings to Mind Their History.

The recent death near Mount Airy, N. C., of Mrs. Sallie Bunker, widow of Eng Bunker, one of the world-renowned Siamese twins, recalls to mind much of the domestic history of those gentlemen and their families, comparatively little of which has ever found its way into print, which now comes direct from one who lived in the neighborhood of their homes in the old north state, and who was a personal friend of the twins from his youth up.

Eng and Eng were born in 1811, in the lowlands of Siam, of humble parentage, and at an early age lost their father. As soon as they were old enough to be of use to their widowed mother she put them to the light work of tending a large flock of ducks, which they used to carry out every morning in a boat to a neighboring marsh, where the wild rice was plentiful; there they remained all day and night, at the blow of a horn, the ducks would waddle back to the boat, crawl aboard, and then the twins would paddle them home. When the boys were probably 12 or 13 years of age an English traveller named Bunker happened that way, and, after viewing them with amusement, for a stipulated consideration with their mother, obtained possession of them.

Leaving the East shortly after, Mr. Bunker for several years exhibited the twins in every part of the "known world," treating them with great kindness and making money by the way wherever he went, until in 1832 he had amassed a fortune, and the twins being by this time of age, he considerably gave them their freedom, with permission to adopt his name, and with enough ready cash to start them comfortably in life. This happened in Raleigh, N. C., and the young men, though they loved their protector well, loved freedom better; so, with a friendly parting on both sides, they started out to make their way alone—and yet together. While in Raleigh they were making part of the time and the excellent hunting to be found in the mountainous part of the State, and wishing for a little recreation, they journeyed to the Piedmont section, where they finally took up their residence at the house of a well-to-do farmer named Yates, living in the county of Wilkes, nearest at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and seventy-five miles west of Greensboro.

Farmer Yates was fond of the chase. Living in good, old-fashioned style, with plenty of negroes and dogs, raising supplies of all kinds, and surrounded by a large family, he took life easy and made it pleasant for the twins, who boarded with him for a considerable time. While there Eng Bunker became greatly attached to Miss Sallie Yates and Chang Bunker lost his heart to Miss Adelaide.

Sometime between 1835 and 1840 a double marriage took place at the residence of father-in-law Yates, and the twins commenced their married life on a farm which was in easy distance of their wives' old homestead. Here they lived happily, farming part of the time and at intervals going on the road with Barnum and others, returning home occasionally to their families and fireside with well filled pockets.

Some of the children were nearly grown when one day, from some cause or other, a quarrel ensued, in which the mothers took part, and subsequently Chang and Eng, who, being men of spirit and courage, drew knives and were about to attack each other, when the wives, seeing the danger, begged them to desist. The twins ceased struggling, but decided that they would then and there be separated, and at once sent to Mt. Airy for their family physician, Dr. Hollingsworth, a man with quite a local reputation as a skillful surgeon. He arrived with his instruments, and after being told what was wanted, remarked:

"Very well; just get up on that table and I'll fix you, but which would you prefer, that I should sever the flesh that connects you or cut off your heads? One will produce much about the same results as the other."

This brought the twins to their senses, for they knew very well that the great surgeons in London, Paris, and New York had decided that it would be death to separate them.

In a perplexity of mind how to guard against future warfare in their household, the twins called in Dr. Hollingsworth and Messrs. Gilmore and Rawley of Mount Airy as arbitrators. These gentlemen, after revolving the problem in their minds, drew a legal contract whose principal provisions were that out of the money owned by the twins a similar mansion and like outbuildings as those which they then owned should be built on the large estate about one mile from the existing homestead; that the last should be equally divided between the brothers by a competent surveyor; that no transaction of a business nature should take place on these farms between the two brothers; that the family of Chang should live in one house, while that of Eng should live in the other. And, while the wives occasionally visited each other, it is worth noting that for many years the children did not interchange visits, though they met at church or in the village. It was also agreed that Eng should spend three days and three nights with his folks, and that Chang (who, of course, could not help being present) should, during that time, remain passive, and not in any way interfere with the affairs of Eng; then Chang should spend three days and nights at his own house. Eng being, during that time as mindful of attending strictly to his own business, and not that of his brother, as Chang had been. These provisions were accepted and religiously observed by the brothers until death, they alternating every three days in their visits to their family.

During their travels the twins accumulated much money, and in their absence from home their wives managed their property in an excellent manner. Several children were born to each wife, and they all received a first-class education, and were brought up as members of the church, principally the baptist denomination. All the children, save one deaf and dumb daughter, were healthy and strong, have married, and are counted as some of the best citizens of that section of the State, and inherited about \$200,000 left by their fathers.

The last scene in the history of the twins was as sad as it was remarkable, and without precedent. While with Barnum in 1873 Chang had suffered from a slight stroke of paralysis, but after medical treatment and rest, had apparently recovered, and Christmas was merrily spent

at home. About the 15th or 16th of January, 1874, the twins were over at Eng's house, and after a comfortable supper, followed by their usual pipe, they retired in seeming good health. Early the next morning Eng woke up, and, calling to his wife, asked her to ascertain what ailed Chang, as he could not awaken him. Mrs. Sallie Bunker, very soon discovering that Chang was no more, dispatched a boy on horseback to the village (some three miles distant) for Dr. Hollingsworth. After the messenger had gone, Eng complained of feeling numb and cold in the extremities, and his family did all they could to restore the circulation. He rapidly grew colder, and within an hour after awakening and before the doctor arrived, he had joined his brother on the further shore.

The Finest Oysters He Ever Tasted.

The physician in charge of an insane asylum prescribed a large dose of castor-oil for one of the inmates, a man of great strength, and wild, unmanageable temper. The attendant who had been commissioned to administer the nauseous dose foresaw that he was likely to find the task more or less difficult, and therefore took with him several assistants. On reaching the lunatic's cell, the attendant put on a matter-of-fact air, and, cup in hand, stepped inside the door. The madman divined his purpose instantly, and rushed furiously upon him. The assistants were too quick for him, however, and after a severe struggle threw him down and attempted to pinion his arms. The man fought like a tiger, but found himself over-matched.

Suddenly he became perfectly quiet, and, putting his hand to his mouth, said in a whisper to the chief attendant, "Call it oysters!" The attendant was a man of great natural shrewdness—as dealers with the insane need to be—and at once understood the lunatic's meaning. Directing the wondering assistants to release the patient, he took the cup from the shelf on which it had been set, approached the crazy man, made him a low bow, and said in a tone of ceremonious politeness:

"Good morning, Mr. Smith; will you try this dish of very fine oysters?" The lunatic smiled pleasantly, returned the bow with one still lower, and answered:— "Thank you very much; you are very kind."

So saying, he took the cup and drained it, with every appearance of the deepest satisfaction. "Ah," said he, as he finished the dose and smacked his lips, "those are, indeed, fine—the finest oysters I have ever tasted." He had saved his self-respect, and taught his keepers an excellent lesson in their own line.

Chances of Success in Burglary.

"Occasionally," said a retired burglar the other day, "a man transfers to himself in a single night the accumulations of another man's lifetime, but these instances are very rare, and nothing is gained from the truth but the idea that burglary is a quick and easy way to wealth. The fact is that the great majority of burglars make but a scant living, and to make even that they must encounter many difficulties. The burglar's reward, whatever it may be, is never commensurate to the risk he takes."

"I have myself acquired some property, but I had my life to lead over again I should choose some other occupation than burglary. Indeed, when you come to consider the inconvenient hours and worry and uncertainty of that business, the wonder is that anybody should go into it; if a man is at all inclined to be sensitive he should certainly keep out of it."

"I remember a long time ago going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over those clothes and about to take them out into the hall, when the man suddenly woke up. Without an instant's hesitation he threw his arms round me. I was young then, and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me if he had wanted to, and he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that he carried me over to the window and lit a light. As he looked at me my watch-chain caught his eye, and do you know that that man took my watch and chain and kept them."

Big Brains.

At Napoleon Bonaparte's post-mortem examination at St. Helena, it was found that the head that had imposed its will upon nearly the whole of Europe contained 62½ oz. of brain. This is a somewhat unusual quantity.

A great financier died not long since in the United States who was remarkably intelligent and strong-willed man. He had risen from the bottom of the ladder to great wealth and influence. His brain was of exactly the same weight.

But here is a curious case. An idiot's brain was once carefully weighed at the London college of physicians, and it was actually ascertained to weigh 53oz.

Giants are almost always of feeble intellect, although their brains often weigh heavily, while many persons of diminutive size possess undoubted genius. It follows that in mere growth—i. e., increase of size—and development—i. e., increase in elaborateness and complexity—there is a certain antagonism. The former is at the expense of the latter. What makes all the difference is not merely the quantity, but the quality of the brain.

Indigestion. HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate. Promotes digestion without injury and thereby relieves diseases caused by indigestion of the food. The best remedy for headache proceeding from a disordered stomach. Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Horsford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Help YOUR HELP Save That hard work of wash day. Let them wash the clothes, without boiling or scalding, with SURPRISE SOAP. This "Surprise way" makes white goods whiter, colored goods brighter, flannels softer, without slightest injury to hands or clothing. Best of all, it does away with the steam, the muss, the hard work of wash day. SURPRISE is a great help; every-body says so. READ the directions on every cake. Surprise is stamped on every cake. 129

Dark Clouds and Sunshine. A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I. A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN. THE Easter church parade had passed. Scores of new dresses, decked off with hats and bonnets which had taxed the ingenuity of countless dressmakers, and the wearers themselves, had been on exhibition. They had been admired and criticized, and at the noon-day meal the sermon was forgotten. Young Mrs. Lovington had seen them all from her window. She had nothing new to wear and had stayed at home. She knew that times had not been as good as her husband had wished for, and like a true help-mate had not even told him that her best dress was shabby, and he, "just like a man," did not notice it. But now after seeing this Sunday morning display she felt troubled. What woman does not like to appear as attractive as those around her? especially a young married woman upon whom all eyes are fixed. Young Mrs. Lovington was no exception to the rule, although she did not want to make her husband unhappy by adding to his already large financial burden. As the last of the church-goers passed, she threw herself on a sofa, rested her head on her thumb and fore-finger, and was soon deep in thought. Suddenly she aroused herself. "I will not stay in another Sunday," she said, "I must have a new dress. I will speak to Jack about it this very day." [TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BE SURE and send your parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, 245 Race Street, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 98. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Traveller street. It'll be done right, it done so. UNGAR'S.

NEW DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT. In comparing a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairline, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or over afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACES, NECKS and ARMS attest its merit. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their necks, find a precious boon in Queen's Anti-Hairline which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairline 25c per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely enclosed). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. The advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$1.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL—To ladies who introduce and sell our friends on Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairline, we will present with a BOTTLE 15c large best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents. Home Representatives—The Lytle Bate and Lock Co., 146 to 150 Water Street; Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 245 Race Street, and John D. Park & Son's Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Children's Kilt Suits. Made up in Blue Serges and Fancy Tweeds. Prices ranging from \$3.75 to \$5.00. In ordering state chest measure and age, and we will send for selection subject to being returned at our expense. E. C. COLE, Palmer's Block, 178 Main Street. London, May 10, 1892.

ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PECKSNIFF'S OLD HOME.

WHERE THE FAMOUS HYPOCRITE PRACTICED HIS HYPOCRISY.

And Tom Pinch Met Martin Chuzzlewit—Salisbury as it is Today—Much the Name as Ever—Edgar Wakeman Visits a Town Made Famous by Dickens.

One cannot help really admiring Englishmen all the more because they love their "tight little island" with an ardent, defiant and uncompromising unreasonableness.

The admiration is not for their often mulish and sudden defense of some features of English government, nor for all English institutions, nor for some very unpleasant English things and people. It is because every square acre of England is so endearing in its age, association and beauty, and those who possess it will justly brook no belittlement of it at all; any more than you would let some smart stranger come into your home and sneer at your sweetest and most cherished, if simple, belongings—beautified by effort, hallowed by time and use, even more tenderly loved for your own errors and short-comings—without pitching both him and his airs incontinently into the highway.

It is such a beautiful country; such a well-kept and delicious old garden; such a smiling land in sunshine and snug and comfortable in the storm; and withal gives to the stranger within it such a sense of constant interest, coupled with close human companionship and sympathies, that cynic and prig and incapable of interest in any land but his own, though he be, he cannot now and then repress a kindling enthusiasm, be here and there pricked into secret admiration, in this place and that find tender and associative interest; and, however disloyal it may be to his determined "Americanism," in spite of himself melt under its innumerable appeals to his heart and intellect, until its good and sunny face cozens his frigidity into a bright, responsive look, and unwittingly his tongue pays tribute.

In that less than two hours' journey, on an English day in May-time, what innumerable scenes of interest, of stirring quality and of restfulness and repose flash upon you from your carriage window! Passing from Waterloo station, or from any other railway station in the heart of London, through the lessening densities of the wonderful city to the first reaches of grassy fields, is itself a tremendous social object lesson and historic panorama.

Almost untrapped one descends into the valleys of the downs, South Wiltshire. Here, where the tiny Bourne, the southern Avon, the Nadder and the Wiley songfully meet in a rich and beautiful valley, are seen the gray masses of the old cathedral town.

Old as it is it was originally built piece by piece out of the Sarum, "the dry place," of the Romans. Old New Sarum, the site of the old city and the new city itself are called. As you approach Salisbury down the winding course of the Bourne, you will see the old Roman station to your right, about two miles north of the city. It stands upon a chalky eminence, the headland of a ridge of downs dominating all the beautiful valley below.

No one knows how long before its occupation by the Romans it had been a fortified British camp. Six great roads, still traceable, led up to it, and when Rome conquered Britain, Vespasian's legions gave it still more imposing fortifications. A town was built about it. It was in turn a bishopric of the West Saxons, a great Norman garrison, an English cathedral city from the time of King Alfred, and now, though for centuries in ruins, it is still to the antiquary and archeologist one of the many marvels of England's early days.

But it seems to me that of all else the kindest glamour and charm investing old Salisbury and neighborhood have been laid upon them by the gentle pen of Dickens. In my wanderings in lane and highway, by riverside and in field-paths, how those folk of "Martin Chuzzlewit" troop back into their old accustomed places. In this village or in that you place the Pecksniff home, and are sure that from that dormer window the uncouth old hypocrite's "pupils" in architecture, in company with tender-hearted Tom Pinch, traced the elevations of the far cathedral roof and spire.

This little wayside inn with its snowy curtains and vine-massed sides must be the veritable Blue Dragon presided over by buxom Mrs. Lupin, where old Martin Chuzzlewit came, cursed with gold and hunted by his vulture relatives, and where the dirty and jaunty Montague Tigg and his companion, the "strange instance of the little frailties that beset a mighty mind," Chevy Snye Esq., entered upon their memorable but bootless negotiations for a loan from Mr. Pecksniff. The little alehouse across the way must also be the Half Moon and Seven Stars where all "the private lodgings in the place, amounting to full four beds and a sofa, rose cent. per cent. in the market," as the vulture relatives gathered.

Here where the quiet country road, no more than a snowy hawthorn lane, stops short at the great highway and of old the stages dashed onward to mighty London town, is certainly the very spot where poor Tom Pinch, with a heavy heart, saw the stage, like some "great monster" bear away his friend, honest John Westlock, "more exultant and rampant than usual, that dreary night of parting.

This bright highway athwart the ridge, bordered with chestnut, elm or beach, with here and there a sunny opening showing the clustered thatches and roses of a farmhouse, undoubtedly was the very one over which Pinch came in his hooded gig; where the redoubtable Mark Tapley first disclosed his contempt for those vocations not sad and harrying enough to render a jolly spirit credible; where the faces of fair ladies beamed upon Tom and even roughish fingers tossed him kisses, for, dear soul, there could be no harm in him, and over which he at last reached Salisbury and its snug old tavern in which "at half past six" he so happily meets young Martin and the event is celebrated in a glass of punch each, as hot as it could be made.

This delightful associative nearness to those whom Dickens has created for your

closeless friendship clings to you in the fine old city as well. If you are here of a market day, as this one is, and as it was on the occasion of Tom Pinch's visit, the picture Dickens drew for Tom is the one you will still find, and with as mellow a setting as there is in all England. You will see "the young farmers and old farmers, with smock frocks, brown greatcoats, drab greatcoats, red worsted comforters, leather leggings, wonderful shaped hats, hunting whips and rough stick," just the same as Tom Pinch did.

Somehow the quaint shops, jewelers' shops, bookshops, toyshops, children's bookshops, chemists' shops and all, quaint but less wonderful to you, and still seen through Tom's kindly eyes. And when you tire of all this and come to that sweet cathedral close, you love all the ancient and sacred place better because Tom Pinch's friend was once associate organist here, and let Tom help with the stops, and when the afternoon service was over let Pinch alone in the organ loft. While he played and the tones resounded through the cathedral "great thoughts and hopes came crowding on his mind," which "seemed to find an echo in the depth of every ancient tomb, no less than in the deep mystery of his own heart."

And so it will be with you, for it is not so much that the spire of this grand cathedral is the tallest in all England, that many of its tombs and monuments are the grandest and most ancient, or that its close is incomparable in its loveliness, tranquility and beauty, as that all these charms of association stir your mind and heart. Not so wonderful is what you will see at Salisbury, though that is wonderful indeed, as what you will feel.

So much this tender enthusiasm possesses you that you can never tell another critically about Salisbury cathedral. No need for that. All the host of those who bring their pocket rules and dissert in technique about plinths and mullions and ogees and superincumbents and strings and flying buttresses and arcades and cupings and filigrees and spandrels and diaper enrichments, have been here before you, measured and sketched and nosed about and gone, a half a thousand years ago. But you see a glorious aspiration wrought out in stone. Whatever your religion, you realize that sublimest human effort sustained by sublimest faith and zeal have fashioned from earthly elements something indescribably grand and beautiful, to stand as place for prayer and type of endless upreaching of human hearts to the mystery of the infinite.

In that and with that you dream and worship. Long and lovingly, too, you loiter and dream in the old cathedral close. As no picture ever graven or painted reveals just impressions of any great cathedral exterior or interior, so no words can convey the subtle charm of the close of Salisbury cathedral. There are tones and tints in "The Deserted Village" and the "Elegy" that hint, but they only hint, of what is here.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

HOW TEXAS HERDS ARE HANDLED.

The Life of a Cowboy in the Old Days—A Stampede.

The task of the drover and his assistant cowboys in getting the herds from the southern ranches to the northern shipping points was one involving both skill and daring. The daily programme was as regular as that of a regiment on the march. From morning until noon the cattle were allowed to graze in the direction of their destination, watched by the cowboys in relays. The cattle by this time were uneasy and were turned into the trail, and walked steadily forward eight or ten miles, when, at early twilight, they were halted for another graze. As darkness came on they were gathered closer and closer into a compact mass by the cowboys riding steadily in constantly lessening circles around them, until at last the brutes lay down, chewing their cud and resting from the day's trip. Near midnight they would usually get up, stand awhile, and then lie down again, having changed sides. At this time extra care was necessary to keep them from aimlessly wandering off in the darkness. Sitting on their ponies, or riding slowly round and round their reclining charges, the cowboys passed the night on sentinal duty, relieving one another at stated hours.

When skies were clear and the air bracing the task of cattle driving was a pleasant and healthful one. But there came rainy days, when the cattle were restless, and when it was anything but enjoyable riding through the steady downpour. Then especially were the nights wearisome, and the cattle were ready at any time to stampede.

No one could tell what caused a stampede any more than one can tell the reason of the strange panics that attack human gatherings at times. A flash of lightning, a cracking stick, a wolf's howl—little things in themselves, but in a moment every horned head was lifted, and the mass of hair and horns, with fierce, frightened eyes gleaming like thousands of emeralds, was off. Necklessly, blindly, in whatever direction fancy led them, they went, over a bluff or into a morass, it mattered not, and fleet were the horses that could keep abreast of the leaders. But some could do it, and lashing their ponies to their best gait the cowboys followed at breakneck speed. Getting on one side of the leaders the efforts was to turn them a little at first, then more and more, until the circumference of a great circle was being described. The cattle behind blindly followed, and soon the front and rear joined and "milling" commenced. Like a mighty millstone, round and round the bewildered creatures raced until they wearied out or recovered from their fright.

But the cowboy with his white, wide rimmed hat, his long leathern cattle whip, his lariat and his clanking spur is now a thing of the past.—Scribner.

The Indian Attendants on the Queen.

The Indian attendants who now invariably accompany the queen are a source of great trouble to the court officials who have charge of the various arrangements. The Indians require to travel by themselves in a separate saloon, and their meals and all refreshments must be served to them in the train, at the stopping stations, instead of their going to the buffets with the suite and the European servants. Special arrangements have also to be made for the Indians at the hotels, which cause much bother and considerable extra expense. Yet they have practically no duties, and are perfectly useless except for show.

TARSUS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Something About an Old City, the Scene of the Bible Incident.

Should the Turkish government allow excavations at Tarsus, to be made, no doubt some very valuable finds would result. Tarsus was one of the principal cities of Asia Minor. The inhabitants early received the Greek and Roman civilization, and it was not long before it was counted among the most enlightened as well as among the most luxurious, voluptuous and sybaritic cities of the East. It was the seat of the Cilician government under the Romans and Cicero reigned in it as proconsul. It sheltered at another period a famous school of philosophy which sent its disciples even to Rome itself to become teachers of Roman emperors.

The Roman influence became predominant in 66 B. C. and the city rapidly grew in importance. It received freedom from Mark Antony. It was frequently honored by the visits of emperors and kings. In Tarsus the Emperor Tacitus died, and here, too, the Emperor Julian was buried. It ran the scale of vicissitudes of eastern cities, was destroyed, and after the Moslem conquest, was rebuilt 787 A. D. by the gentle Haroun al Raschid. Some traces of this former grandeur must remain but they are buried under heaps of rubbish that have never been disturbed. The ancient remains now visible are few. Most interesting of all are the old Roman baths in the Cydnus mentioned above and commonly called Alexander's baths.

At the point where they occur the river is divided by a heap of rubbish about twenty feet. The fall, indeed, is caused by the ruins of the baths, which in the spring the water covers entirely. At low water, however, one can go among these ruins and examine the structure of the baths. There are built of a sort of natural tuff, and are very hard and very durable. It has withstood for centuries the action of the water. The different rooms and dimensions of the baths are still in a good state of preservation. The divans or lounges on which the bathers reclined after their ablutions are still in place. The baths proper are still intact. You may pass by doors through the entire system of baths, and you may even take a bath yourself if you don't mind cold and dirty water. Exactly how the flow of water into the baths was regulated is not quite clear, but it seems likely that the main channel of the river was formerly in another place, and that the water was conducted from it by aqueducts and pipes. Below the falls the water is collected in a circular basin with one narrow outlet. Around all the walls of this basin are a series of wells, which might indicate that the original building was circular in form. In that case they must have covered about half an acre of space, and were consequently extensive.

At the other side of the city is another structure, or series of structures, also built of concrete, which is interesting mainly because no one knows exactly what it is. Tradition says without the slightest proof that it is the tomb of Sardanapalus. A much better guess and one which has more followers is that, if it is a tomb at all, it is the tomb of the Emperor Julian, who is known positively to have been buried in Tarsus. He it was that may be, the tomb is quite an elaborate affair. Shut in by a wall thirty feet high and twenty-two feet broad is an enclosure which at a guess is 300 feet long and 150 feet broad. At the end of the enclosure stands a solid mass of concrete thirty feet high and eighty feet square. Either one of these, as you please, is the tomb. On both of them excavations have been made and nothing has been found. They are absolutely barren. The enclosure serves as the cemetery. The ends of the list of antiquities in Tarsus, except the picturesque gate, known as St. Paul's gate. This opens to the south, and overgrown as it is with vines and creepers is a pretty sight.

There are a number of alleged antiquities, of course. Among these is the tomb of the prophet Daniel, carefully venerated in a mosque and regarded with much veneration. Another is the tomb of St. Paul, which is also a Moslem shrine and greatly visited. As mentioned above, the so-called St. Paul's tree stands in the yard of the Armenian church. It is said to have been planted by the apostle. It is now dead and is carefully protected and railed off from the rest of the profane. For the well bath, also to be visited. It stands in the courtyard of one of the oldest houses in Tarsus. The curb is of a single circular stone and the windlass is supported on two broken columns. The water of the well is sweet, and (so the pretty girl who drew it said) possessed miraculous qualities. These places, however, are not, after all, interesting. It is not edifying to connect with the name of St. Paul localities which are so manifestly spurious. That he was born in Tarsus is the central fact.

It is unfortunate that Tarsus does not possess the very best of climates. A great part of the town is as low if not lower than the river, and malaria is very common indeed. Out on the foothills, however, the air is sweet and fresh, and a breeze blows almost constantly from the sea.

It would not do to write about Tarsus and not mention the fact that there is in it a large and flourishing protestant community.

Mark Twain Says:

You cannot tell by the size of a frog how far he will jump. Neither can you tell by the appearance of the Rigby cloth that it is waterproof. But, oh! what a difference in a rain storm, if you happen to have your spring or fall overcoat Rigby-proofed.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

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THE VIKING SHIP.

The Norwegian Craft That Will Be Hailed Over the Atlantic.

The national subscription toward defraying the cost of building and manning the Norwegian Viking ship, which it is proposed to send to the Columbian Exposition, has been opened throughout Norway. As already announced, it is intended to sail the vessel to America. The project is, however, regarded as hazardous, notwithstanding that a committee of eleven experienced ship captains, to whom the question of the feasibility of the idea was submitted, have declared that it is quite capable of execution. The crew will be strictly limited to the number of men requisite to navigate the vessel across the Atlantic, though the full equipment will be made up with Norwegian crew on the ship's arrival at Chicago.

Not less than thirty rowers will be required to man the ship for the voyage, and many applications for these posts have already been received. It is intended, however, as far as possible to accept the services of none but educated men, who may be able to take part in the compilation of an account of the voyage, which is to be published immediately after the vessel's arrival in America, and also to assist in necessary correspondence in regard to the journey.

Another literary project in connection with the interesting experiment is the issue of a pamphlet on the Norwegian Viking ship and the discovery, in A. D. 1000 by the Viking Leif the Fortunate, of "Vinland," the chief settlement of the ancient Norsemen in America, a territory comprising the present States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

It is interesting to note that this discovery is also referred to in the appeal for subscriptions, where the proposed Viking ship is described as a memorial of the days in which Leif Eriksson was the first European to set his foot on American soil. With patriotic emulation the appeal further announces that if the ship, as is to be hoped, is exhibited at Chicago, near the famous caravans, in which Columbus made his discovery, the Norwegian flag will bear witness to the intrepidity of Norse seamen, both in the days of old and at the present time. The pamphlet on the Viking ship will also contain a brief account of the Norway of today. It will be published both in Europe and America immediately after the ship starts on its adventurous voyage. It is hoped that, besides defraying the cost of building and manning the vessel, the proceeds of the national subscription and of the sales of the two books mentioned above, will leave a surplus, which will be devoted to a home for aged Norwegian sailors similar to the well-known "Sailors' Snug Harbor" in New York.

Do You See THE POINT?



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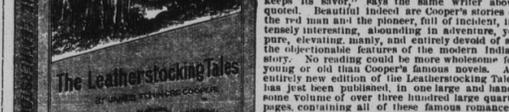
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SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

Cut cold roast veal into small pieces, and put on the fire in enough cold water to cover. Boil it for about ten minutes, and then drain. Make a roux with a table-spoonful of flour and one of butter, and add the liquor in which the meat was boiled. Season with a little made mustard and a pinch of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Add the yolk of a hard boiled egg and a cup of cream. Just before serving add a small glass of sherry, and serve on toast.

Tom Cream in Five Minutes. The following will prove useful in an emergency: If the preparation desired to be frozen is placed in a tin bucket or other receptacle it can be readily congealed by putting it in a pail containing a weak dilution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this throw a handful of common Galuber salt, and the resulting cold is so great that a bottle of wine immersed in the mixture will be frozen solid in a few minutes. All ice cream or ices may be quickly and easily prepared. The cost is but two or three pence.

Kidneys and Tomatoes. Make a reliable breakfast cooked in this fashion:—Boil for about ten minutes half a pound of tomatoes mixed with two teaspoonful of potato flour or arrowroot, one teaspoonful each of finely-chopped onion and salt, two teaspoonful each of vinegar and sugar, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and piece of butter or lard the size of a walnut. When it thickens pour it into a dish, and dress it with kidneys cooked in the following manner:—Beat up an egg with a table-spoonful of breadcrumbs, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley. Dip each kidney into the egg and crumbs, and fry in boiling lard, or make a stiff batter with flour, milk, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and onion, and cook in the same manner.

Bouquet Garnished. It is well to know what a cook's "bouquet" is composed of, and how it is made, for in many a soup, sauce, and stew, it is indispensable. Put together in a bunch a sprig or two of parsley, leek, and celery, and place in the centre of these a bay leaf, thyme, a couple of cloves, and garlic if wanted; double up your bunch so as to completely cover the spices, tie well with twine, and snip off all small pieces hanging about. By using a bouquet the cook can regulate the flavor and save many a useless straining, for a bouquet can always be taken out in one piece.

How The Chinese Cook Rice. It is well known that rice is the staple food in a great part of China, and it is not surprising that the Chinese, who are well almost all that they do, should cook rice to perfection. What is surprising is that American cooks should hardly ever prepare it properly, for the cooking is very simple. The directions, by a Chinese gourmand, are as follows: Wash the rice twice in cold water. The first washing removes dust and dirt; the second removes a thin outside layer of rice starch. Put it in the pan, more than cover it with water and boil till done. Drain off the water and let it steam slowly for thirty minutes. Each grain will then be cooked, snow white and separate from its fellows, very different from the pasty mass that is so often found on American tables. If it is not to be served at once do not put it into the oven to keep hot. That will dry it out. Set the covered pan in a kettle, cover the kettle and set it on the back of the stove.

Call's Liver and Americanism. Call's liver is a homely dish, but a very nice one. Most English people simply fry it with bacon, and the bacon has a trick of getting very hard. An American way is to wash and dry the liver and cut slits in it, in each of which is inserted a small finger or strip of fat salt pork. It is then floured, peppered and salted, and baked for half an hour in a hot oven. A little hot water poured into the pan after the liver has been taken up, and well stirred round, so as to get all the gravy from the sides, will be the better for a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and a little salt, and makes a rich brown gravy to pour over the liver for table, where it should be carved in slices as thick as mutton is generally cut, instead of in ficks.

Cooking by Electricity. Has become an accomplished fact at the great electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Saucepans, kettles, and frying-pans are there to be seen containing within themselves the means of imparting heat. Thin wire, heated by electricity to a point beyond that necessary to boil water, seems capable of working culinary wonders, though it is possible that, before very long, we may make a further step in advance, and cook the joint out of hand by simply passing a current through it. The expense of electricity is still a great drawback to the invention, but if it can only be cheapened so as to compete with gas for cooking as well as other purposes, the fortune of the electrician is made at once.

Practical Suggestions. Very young new peas may be made of a brilliant green colour for garnishing plates of fish by carefully sauteing them in a frying-pan oiled with butter. The liver of an ordinary goose, blanched in butter, sprinkled with crumbs, pepper and salt, then grilled, is most delicious, and a plate can be bought very cheaply from some poultry shops.

The Best plan to take out the strong taste of a fat goose or wild fowl is to place in the body a small skinned onion and a pared lemon before cooking; it also gives the bird a milder flavour. Oyster shells are good to clean the fire-brick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have sealed off the bricks. Flour cannot be too cold for pastry,

cookies or kindred doughs, while for yeast bread it should be warm enough to favor the growth of the yeast plant. For the same reason warm water should be used with yeast, while with cream tartar and soda it would hasten the escape of the gas, and cold liquids only are allowable.

Fried parsley is one of the most desirable adjuncts to fried fish served without a sauce. Heat some lard in the potato fryer, but not hot enough to smoke, for too much heat takes all the color out of parsley. Put the parsley in the wire basket and immerse in it the hot lard about one minute, when it should be crisp, but still green. Drain it on a sheet of paper, and set for a minute in the open oven.

Rabelais mentions the originator of Sauce Robert (the best accompaniment of pork chops) in these words: "And Robert, another cook, who gave us the sauce that is good with fish and capon and grilled bones," etc. Another writer refers to him as "Robert, one of the Parisian gastronomic masters." Sauce Robert, briefly and simply, is brown meat gravy containing lightly-fried onion and garlic, or one or the other, and mustard, vinegar and pepper.

To judge of an oven's heat, there are no better rules than Gouffe's: "Try the oven every ten minutes with a piece of white paper. If too hot, the paper will blaze up or blacken; when the paper becomes dark brown (i. e., rather darker than ordinary meat pie crust), the oven is fit for small pastry. When light brown (i. e., the color of really nice pastry), it is ready for vol au vent tarts, etc. When the paper turns dark yellow (i. e., the color of deal, you can bake bread, large meat pies or large round cakes; while if it is just tinged, the oven is just fit for sponge cake, meringues, etc."

The Beefsteak. You may talk of spring chickens and quail upon toast, or anything else of which epicures boast, but when you are hungry there's nothing can take the place of the juicy and savory steak.

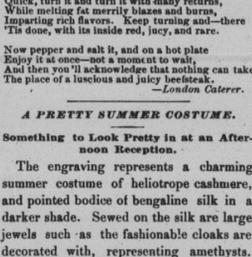
Two inches in thickness ought to be cut. With swordfish of fat on it sweet as a nut; And always remember when buying it that Prime meat must be streaked and covered with fat.

Quick, turn it and turn it with many returns, While melting fat merrily blazes and burns, Imparting rich flavors. Keep turning—and there 'Tis done, with its inside red, juicy, and rare.

Now pepper and salt it, and on a hot plate Enjoy it at once—'tis not a moment to wait. And then you'll acknowledge that nothing can take The place of a luscious and juicy beefsteak.

A PRETTY SUMMER COSTUME. Something to Look Pretty in at an Afternoon Reception.

The engraving represents a charming summer costume of heliotrope cashmere, and pointed bodice of bengaline silk in a darker shade. Sewed on the silk are large jewels such as the fashionable cloaks are decorated with, representing amethysts.



"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

I have had so few letters from you this week, girls, that I have come to the conclusion you must all be in the Ladies' Drill and too much occupied with military manoeuvres to write. If you were in the drill you deserve to be congratulated because you do well, and it was a pretty sight to see the red and blue-coated squads march and counter-marching to the stirring strains of the band, with their saucy little caps and glittering accoutrements. What erect figures and graceful walks those girls will have until they begin to forget their training a little and go back to the careless style so many girls get into. I often wonder how it is that the St. John girls walk as well as they do, when their lives are spent, from their "earliest infancy," in climbing up one hill and then climbing down another. You scarcely have time to straighten your shoulders when you are in your chin at the top of the hill before you have to throw your body backward and balance yourself to go down the other side, and that sort of thing is fatal to the willowy Andalusian walk we would all like to cultivate. What a luxury it must have been to the girls in the drill to have nearly two months on a perfectly level surface!

HEARTSEASE.—Indeed I have not forgotten you, though it is a long time since you wrote to me last. I think I have often said before that I like the old correspondents to come back again and show that they feel at home in our column, and like to make their appearance there now and then, just for the sake of friendship, even if they have no very particular questions to ask. You are a good and clever girl, and I will do what you ask with pleasure. It will certainly be much pleasanter work than hunting up those wearisome old recipes for freckles and pimples that I have published until I ought to know them off by heart, but somehow I don't. I am glad you came back, and be sure you don't let such a long time pass again without reporting yourself.

CLIO.—What an experienced person you must be, to be so sure! Nobody knows as much about life in general, or is such a complete man of the world as the callow youth of eighteen or nineteen "verdant summers" who thinks there is nothing new under the sun, that he has sounded the lowest depths of worldly wisdom with the plummet line of his own astuteness, and that there is nothing else left for him to learn. Just wait a few years, my dear boy, and you will begin to realize how little you know about the other sex, and you will be more willing to learn.

The first part of your letter was so poetical in its description of running streams, and emerald lawns that it made me think of the song, "To The Woods." "Oh forest green and fair, oh pine trees waving high." Your retreat must be a delightful one. I am glad to hear that you have come to the conclusion it was all for the best, and are inclined to enjoy your freedom. I congratulate you upon the approaching freedom in another sense, which June is bringing you. I am sorry you "do not altogether agree with me," as to it being the fault of the men themselves that girls allow comparative strangers to kiss them. I suppose you really think you know more about girls than I do, and so I forgive you.

SUNBEAM, Moncton.—Don't you believe any such nonsense, or let yourself be made unhappy by dismal predictions! For one unhappy marriage in this world, I firmly believe there are ten happy ones, but unfortunately the majority of people are not more about their work than the others do about their bliss, and to fall into the error of supposing that the fault lies with marriage instead of in themselves; also, that because they are miserable, all other married people must be the same. I really believe that the majority of people are not only as happy, after they are married, as they were when they were engaged, but much happier. They are all in all to each other then; utterly dependent for their daily and hourly happiness upon the love, patience and forbearance that each one shows toward the other. Geoffrey and I used to quarrel terribly while we were engaged, but we never do so now. As for marriage being a failure, a true marriage is the only remnant of Paradise left on this sad old earth, and if you can "begin as you mean to go on," there is no doubt about that. I think it is such a shame for people who have made a mistake themselves to take an eternal vengeance on the world, by making the hearts of young people heavy with their dreary croakings. I believe most couples think a great deal more of each other after they are married than before, and I know numbers of very old people who are as devoted to each other,

"After years of life together, After hair and snowy weather, As they were in the halcyon days of courtship. Now, if that is not enough to satisfy you, what can I say? Remember, I am only saying what I think, and what I believe to be true. I was not out of patience with you at all, and I shall look forward to hearing of you again, and that will not be a failure, in the near future.

The following letter from "Uncle Moses" speaks for itself, and as several of the questions are of public interest, and are asked with a simple and business-like directness very refreshing in these days of circumlocution, I consider it worth publishing in full:

DEAR ASTRA.—One or two important questions have been troubling me lately, and I would like to have your opinion about them. (1) Whether it is better to be born lucky or rich? Also which should rule the realm after marriage, husband or wife? Another question—is it proper for ladies to appear on the public stage in dress which attracts the gentlemen. Are not the married ladies of the present day different from our grandmothers? True questions have been puzzling me for some time, and I hope you will throw a respectful,

UNCLE MOSES.

My dear "Uncle Moses," do you know what your letter reminds me of? When I was younger, and much better than I am now, I used to teach Sunday school. I had a very useful book called *The New Testament broken into Short Questions*, and that is what your letter made me think of, the questions were so continuous and sus-

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you imagine that they would be permitted in literature? If I have hurt your feelings I am very sorry, but I thought it best to tell you just where the error lay. Your best plan is to pay attention to the conversation of refined people, and if you are willing to learn you will soon see the difference between their conversation and your own. Can you not get a good English grammar and study it carefully; you would find it of great use to you. Write whenever you like, and if I can be of any service to you, I shall be most happy to do anything in my power.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The great majority of people die between 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning.

China, with all her four hundred millions of people, has only forty miles of railway.

There are more Roman Catholics in the United States than there are members of any other sect.

There are supposed to be more followers of Buddha in the world than members of any other church.

The mines of the world produce twenty-five tons of gold every week, but the precious metal remains as rare as ever.

Taking a fair estimate of the world's producing power, it is yet capable of providing sufficient food for 12,000,000,000.

The Mississippi river has 600 affluents, whose courses are marked upon the map, and a drainage area of 1,257,545 square miles.

Ceylon's extreme length is 271 miles, its width 137 miles, and its area, including all attached islands, is about 26,000 square miles.

The expression "modus vivendi" is Latin; it means simply "mode of living," or way of rubbing on together. A similar explanation is "modus operandi," "mode of working."

The paid servant of a tradesman who originates an improvement in the goods he is engaged in selling, may patent his invention, and sell it in the best market, either to his employer or anyone else.

Promissory notes are outlawed six years and three days after due or in the case of demand notes six years after they are made, provided in both cases no payment has been made, no new promise exchanged, nor no judgment obtained. There are some special provisions governing notes of decedents and a few other classes.

The length of the ancient cubit, so often referred to in sacred and other writings of strictly, it was the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. Recent investigations prove that the Roman cubit was 18.47 inches in length. The Greek, 18.20. The Hebrew varies from 24.34 to 22.08, the variation being due to age and locality.

The most deadly poison known is strophanthidin, a substance discovered by Professor Fraser, of Edinburgh. He separated it from the African poison plant, strophanthus hirsutus, by means of ether and alcohol. As little as one thousand millionth part of an ounce of crystallized strophanthidin produces a distinctly injurious effect upon the heart, and a very small quantity is fatal.

General statistics prove that, since the Trojan war 3,000 years ago, not a single year has elapsed in which some war has not killed its proportionate number. During the thirty centuries which have elapsed since the beginning of Asiatic and European history, a loss of 40,000,000 a century makes the total number destroyed by war to be 1,200,000,000, a number very nearly representing the total population of the globe at the present day.

The Latin Union was formed in 1865 and originally embraced France, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland, but was joined by Greece in 1885, Spain in 1871, and subsequently Serbia and Roumania. The object of this combination was to regulate the amount of silver to be coined yearly in each country, and to secure a uniform coinage which would be received without discount throughout the union. The unit of coinage in the Latin Union is the franc, and, although it is known in other countries under different names, the value is always the same. The perfect decimal system of France is also used. In 1874 the states practically suspended the coinage of silver.

The potato was used as a food in America long before the advent of Europeans, and was probably indigenous from Chili to Mexico. It was taken from Peru to Spain, and thence into the Netherlands, Burgundy and other parts of Europe early in the sixteenth century. In 1563 or 1565 it was carried from Virginia to Ireland by Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake introduced it into England in 1585. Its importance as a vegetable was not recognized, however, until the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, who cultivated it on a considerable scale on his estate in the county of Cork, Ireland. Through the exertions of Raleigh it was developed in quality and popularized as food to such an extent in Ireland that its cultivation spread into England, where it became known as the "Irish potato."

The weight of the earth is five thousand eight hundred and fifty-two trillions of tons. The method by which scientists attain this result is as follows:—First they ascertain the force of attraction by certain bodies of known dimensions, and then, the size of the earth and its attractive force being known, they work out the problem in this manner: De the proportion of attraction to that of the object tested, so would its attractive power be if the specific densities were the same, attraction being in proportion to density. If the proportion of attraction is not the same, the earth and the other body must be of different densities; and it then remains to be ascertained what specific density of the earth, its size being known, would give the attractive power it is known to possess. The average of several experiments gave the earth's mean density as 5.472, or, in other words, the earth was as nearly as possible five and a half times heavier than a globe of water of the same size. As the result of careful calculations based upon accurate measurements, the solid contents of the earth are 259,373 millions of cubic miles. Taking these dimensions of the earth it is easy to calculate its weight, for the exact weight of a cubic mile of water is well known; and on this basis Sir John Herschel found the

weight of the earth to be 5,852,000,000,000,000,000 tons of 2,240 pounds to the ton.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"How does your new errand boy go, Johnson?" "The long way, apparently, every time."—Truth.

"Are the Misses Dúmahoe in?" he asked. "She are," returned Bridget, "but the young ladies is out."—Life.

Pretty Teacher (giving object lesson to class)—Now, children, tell me something that remains green all the year round.—Small Boy—Our Irish girl.

Diggs—I shall make a sensation among the dudes at the mask ball. Figgs—What will be your disguise? Diggs—I am going as a tailor's bill collector.

An Improvement.—Husband—"How do you like your new girl?" Wife—"Well, she works me a little harder than the last one, but she is more respectful."—New York Weekly.

"Why don't you sign the pledge?" pleaded the temperance advocate. "I will next week," promised the subject. "Why not now?" "Because I'm going fishing to-morrow for three days."—

Miss Jones (the daughter of his employer)—I don't believe, Mr. Cashier, that pa will give his consent. Mr. Cashier—Oh, yes, he will want to keep the money in the family.—Texas Sittings.

The Young Man—Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, dahling? The Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—He doesn't see anything in you, Algeron. That's why he objects.

Hicks—"See those two ladies over there. They seem to be enjoying themselves hugely." Wicks—"Yes; I wonder which of their dear friends they are picking to pieces."—Boston Transcript.

Miss Vining—"That Mr. Flips is always staring after me; he torments me almost to death with his attentions." Miss Vixen—"I know. Poor fellow! He never did have any sense."—Judge.

Mr. Nicettole (cautiously)—"Why are you so cold and distant?" "Sweet Girl (quietly)—"The fire has gone out, and this sofa is too heavy for me to move up to your chair."—New York Weekly.

Mme. Albino—"That ossified man is awfully quarrelsome." Mr. Skeleton—"You're right, my dear. He has been the bone of contention around this museum about long enough."—New York Tribune.

Mr. McSwat (in an undertone)—"Lobelia, my dear, I don't see any meat on the table. Mrs. McSwat—"Sh, Billiger! It will be brought on after the Rev. Dr. Lastly has asked the blessing. He's a vegetarian.

Why They Wouldn't Marry.—Miss Goldberg—"I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you were as rich as Croesus." Mr. Harrow—"Well, that's just the difference; I wouldn't marry you if you weren't."—Boston Post.

Witherby—"There's a button almost off your coat, old man. You ought to call your wife's attention to it." Von Blumer (sadly)—"I'm going to, as soon as I can save up enough money to get her a new gown."—Puck.

Friend—"What did he say to you when he proposed to you?" Miss Rox—"He said life without me meant nothing." Friend—"He was sincere in that. That's just what his possessions amount to."—New York Press.

Harry—"I hear you have been paying court to Judge Lamson's daughter. Do you expect to win her suit?" Jack—"I did expect to when it came to an appeal, but the judge threw me out of court."—New York Herald.

Unpopular With the Girls.—Ethel—"I hope the men aren't going to wear those horrid broad-brimmed straw hats again this summer." Mand—"Why?" Ethel—"Because they muss one's bangs up so."—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. Hicks—I think you had better give Tommy some medicine tonight, my dear; I'm afraid he isn't well. Mrs. Hicks—"What makes you think so, Charles?" Mr. Hicks—"He was teasing me this morning to let him go to church."

A difference of opinion.—Wife—"Spring hats are very pretty, but they are not as high this year as they were last." Husband—"They are not, eh? Then I've been swindled, and I've got the receipted bill to prove it."—Texas Sittings.

Elevation Desirable.—Lady (with high hat)—"I beg your pardon, but I forgot my opera-glass. Would you kindly lend me yours just a moment?" Tyrant man (in seat behind)—"Very sorry, madam, but I need it to sit on."—New York Weekly.

Neighbor No. 1—"Does the noise of my children disturb you?" Neighbor No. 2—"Oh, I like it." "Do you really?" "Yes, indeed. My husband's relatives are rather nervous people, and they never stay longer than a day or two now."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Ambitious mamma—"Edith, I noticed last night that Mr. De Rich paid you considerable attention. I hope you showed him a proper amount of civility." Ingenious debutante—"Oh, yes, ma, I did! I'm sure he knows he can't have me for the asking."—Brooklyn Life.

"You never told me yer husband wor a sailor, Mrs. Donahue." "Yes; he's just bin around the world." "Clear round to China and the opposite side, was he?" "To be sure." "Worra, but it must be aisy he feels to get up here on top wast more."—Washington Evening Star.

Mr. Standardoil—"Is it my daughter you want, or is it her money?" Tobias Howens (amateur champion, hundred yards)—"Mr. Standardoil, you surprise me. You know very well that I'm an amateur athlete." Mr. Standardoil—"What's that got to do with it?" Tobias Howens—"A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the great explorer, is a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell.

Prince George of Wales wears a beard to please his mother, of whom he is devoutly fond.

Though Wales is deteriorating, and even the language is dying out, there is a colony of 50,000 Welshmen in London.

Only one woman of the upper class of Egypt is permitted to see men. She is the widowed Princess Nazal, for whom the Sultan issued an order granting her that privilege.

The Sultan of Turkey suffers from a severe nervous disorder, which at times renders him unfit to transact business, and in a less exalted personage would probably justify suspicions of temporary insanity.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, of Austria, son of the heir to the throne, is said to find his greatest pleasure in the useful function of running a locomotive, and brings his train in on time and in good order.

Her little Majesty of Holland is a merry, good-natured child and has already shown signs of superior intellect. She looks forward eagerly to her visit to Berlin, as she will then have six little military princes to play with. It is likely that she will be betrothed to one of them during her stay.

Henry Irving likes to tell how, when he was in a Dorsetshire village last summer he passed a group of children. One of them eyed him so sharply that the actor said: "Well, little girl, do you know me?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "you are one of Becham's pills." She had seen his face in an advertisement.

It is said that the Princess of Wales, prior to her marriage, had allowed her \$60 a year as pocket money, and in order to eke out of her limited income she made her own dresses, bonnets, etc., a fact which has ever displayed as a leader of fashion since she came to this country.

The richest woman in the world lives in South America, near Santiago. She owns the entire town of Lota, which has 7,000 inhabitants, and nearly all of the adjoining town of Coronel. She lives in a magnificent mansion in the centre of the finest private park in the world, and is supplied with the luxuries of every climate, brought to her door by her own steamships from most remote countries.

Nathaniel Laird, of Oswego, in New York State, was lately recorded as having, on the last election connected with New York charity, cast his eighty-seventh annual vote, or seven over and above the four-score years usually looked upon as the longest term of average old age. Nathaniel, however, has attained the patriarchal age of 109, and therefore had not cast his first vote till he had reached the age of twenty-two.

The little Queen of Holland is now making a collection of postage stamps, and she has written cue letters to all her fellow kings and queens asking for used specimens. The czar sent the young queen a specimen of every stamp ever used in Russia, and Queen Victoria has given instruction that every known English stamp is to be sent to her. Her youthful Dutch majesty hopes somebody will send her a set of American stamps.

Fritz Grummel, who was recently fined in Tiffin, Ohio, for disorderly conduct, can boast of being the first man on record who was arraigned, tried, convicted, sentenced, and committed by telephone. Mayor Abbott, who meted out the electric justice to the offender, has a telephone in his office connected with the police court, and adopted this convenient method of exercising his magisterial function to save a long walk through the streets.

Mrs. Montague, the Irish society woman who tortured her baby girl to death and who is now doing time in prison, will be Duchess of Manchester if two sickly lives in front of her husband pass away. She has been removed into the hospital of the Asylum for the Insane, and Mrs. Montague is allowed to be partially secluded from the other inmates (none of whom has ever killed a child, by the way), but she has her own bed and is allowed her maid and all sorts of delicacies to maintain her strength.

William Grey, ninth Earl of Stamford, owes the possession of a title to the fact that the right hair is a mullatto. His uncle, Harry Grey, eight earl, after a most disreputable life in England, went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he married a negress. This ceremony legitimized, by the law of the colony, the two sons born out of wedlock to the earl. In London some months ago, and the elder pressed claim to the earldom. But the House of Lords, influenced as much by the strains of blood as by the law and the facts, has awarded the title to his cousin, who is entirely white.

It is now six years since Alphonso XII., King of Spain, died. It is generally supposed that he was buried, but he is said not to be. Carefully wrapped up in fine linen his body still lies on a slab close to a stream that flows through the Padrido, the name of the cavern on the side of the mountain upon which the Escorial stands. It will be left there until it has all the peculiarities that belong to a mummy. Then it will be placed in the niche prepared for it in the wonderful Jasper vault under the great cupola of the Escorial, where the remains of all the Kings of Spain are deposited. Some royal bodies, and particularly that of the father and mother of Queen Isabella, remained for twenty-five years on that same slab before they were considered fit for removal to the grand vault.

Mr. George W. Childs, of The Philadelphia Ledger, who is best known on this side of the Atlantic for his gift to Stratford-Avon, is one of the most considerate employers of labor in America. He not only pays his men about him well, but he pensions every man when he reaches a certain age. He takes an honest pride in the fact that every man in his employ, from editor to porter, owns his own house.

Appropos of the pensioning, it is told that his cashier came to Mr. Childs one day, and said—"Mr. —, whom you are paying a pension to, is a rich man; he is worth a large sum. Shall I stop his pension?" "For what reason?" asked Mr. Childs. "Should a man be punished because he has been thrifty and saved his money?" So the pension was continued.

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How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

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How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

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"The year was getting fast into the zero and yellow leaf; brown October had brought its short and its (sometimes) moonlit nights; and it was on one of these—a glorious one it was—that I started off, with an equally-balanced admixture of grief and hopeful elation of my heart, for the bow of my Sophie—my own Sophie, as I fondly hoped soon to call her now—to unfold my gruesome tale.

"I had got about half-way towards my destination, when it occurred to me that I ought to strike a match and have a quiet puff of the soothing weed, as nothing could be more in keeping with the peaceful quiet of the scene. No sooner thought of than done; and I was in the act of remounting, with pipe aglow, when my eye caught sight of another rider coming in the same direction, but at a considerable distance behind.

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