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St. Thomas Reporter.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
Single Copies, Two Cts.
FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1880.

TWAIN'S TRAVELS.

We heard his horn, and instantly we got up. It was dark and cold and wretched. As I tumbled around for the matches, knocking things down with my quivering hands, I wished the sun would rise in the middle of the day, when it was warm and cheerful, and one wasn't sleepy. We proceeded to dress by the gloom of a couple of sickly candles, but we could hardly button anything, our hands shook so. I thought of how many happy people there were in Europe, Asia and America, and everywhere, who were sleeping peacefully in their beds, and did not have to get up to see the Rigi sun rise—people who did not appreciate their advantages, as like as not, but would get up in the morning wanting more boons of Providence. While thinking these thoughts I yawned, in a rather ample way, and my upper teeth got hitched on a nail over the door, and while I was mounting a chair to free myself, Harris drew the window curtain and said:

"O, this is luck. We shan't have to go out at all—yonder are the mountains in full view."

That was good news, indeed. It made me cheerful right away. One could see the Alpine masses dimly outlined against the black firmament, and one or two stars blinking through rifts in the night. Fully clothed, and wrapped in blankets, we huddled ourselves up by the window with lighted pipes, and fell into chat, while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle-light. By and by a delicate, spiritual sort of effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees over the loftiest altitudes of the snowy wastes; but there the effort stopped. I said presently:

"There's a hitch about this sunrise somewhere. It doesn't seem to go. What do you reckon is the matter with it?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire somewhere. I never saw a sunrise act like this before. Can it be that the hotel is playing anything on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel only has a property interest in the sun; it has nothing to do with the management of it. It is a precarious kind of property, too; a succession of total eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harris jumped up and said:

"I've got it! I know what's the matter with it; we've been looking at the place where the sun-set last night."

TWAIN AS AN ARTIST.

We had had the best instructors in drawing and painting in Germany—Hammering, Vogel, Muller, Dietz, and Schumann. Hammering taught us landscape painting, Vogel taught us figure drawing, Muller taught us to do still life, and Dietz and Schumann gave us a finishing course in two specialties—battle-pieces and shipwrecks. Whatever I am in art I owe to these men. I have something of the manner of each and all of them; but they all said that I also had a manner of my own, and that it was conspicuous. They said that there was a marked individuality about my style; inasmuch as that if I ever painted the commonest kind of a dog, I should throw something into the aspect of that dog, which would keep him from being mistaken for the creation of any other artist. Secretly I wanted to believe all those kind sayings, but I could not; I was afraid that my masters' partiality for me, and pride in me, biased their judgment. So I resolved to make a test. Privately and unknown to any one, I painted my great picture 'Heidelberg Castle Illuminated'—my first really important work in oils—and had it hung up in the midst of a wilderness of oil pictures in the art exhibition, with no name attached to it. To my great gratification it was instantly recognized as mine. All the town flocked to see it, and people even came from neighboring localities to visit it. It made more stir than any other work in the exhibition. But the most gratifying thing of all was, that chance strangers, passing through, who had not heard of my picture, were not only drawn to it, as by a lodestone, the moment they entered the gallery, but always took it for a 'Turner.'

When the landlord learned that I and my agents were artists, our party rose

perceptibly in his esteem; we rose still higher when he learned that we were making a pedestrian tour of Europe.

He told us all about the Heidelberg road, and which were the best places to avoid and which were the best ones to tarry at; he charged me less than cost for the things I broke in the night; he put up a fine luncheon for us, added to it quantity of light green plums, the pleassant fruit in Germany; he was so anxious to do us honor that he would not allow us to walk out of Heilbronn, but called up Gotz Von Berlichengen's horse and cab made us ride.

I made a sketch of the turnout. It is not a work, it is what artists call a 'study'—a thing to make a finished picture from. This sketch had several blemishes in it; for instance, the wagon is not going as fast as the horses is. This is wrong. Again, the person trying to get out of the way is too small; he is out of perspective, as we say. The two upper lines are not the horse's back, they are the reins; there seems to be a wheel missing—this would be corrected in a finished work, of course. That thing flying out behind is not a flag, it is a curtain. The other thing up there is the sun, but I didn't get enough distance on it. I do not remember what that thing is in front of the man who is running but I think it is a haystack or a woman. This study was exhibited in the Paris saloon of 1878, but did not take any medal; they do not give medals for studies.

Mark says he can understand German as well as the maniac that invented it, but he can talk it best through an interpreter.

A BRAND NEW BRIDE.

At the Jungfrau Hotel, Twain met a 'brand new bride.' In the drawingroom was a clattery, wheezy, asthmatic thing, certainly the very worst misarrange in the way of a piano that the world has seen. In turn, five or six dejected and homesick ladies approached it doubtfully, gave it a single inquiring thump, and retired with the lock-jaw. But the boss of that instrument was to come, nevertheless; and from my own country—from Arkansas. She was a bran new bride, innocent, girlish, happy in herself and her grave and worshipful stripling of a husband; she was about 18, just out of school, free from affectation, unconscious of that passionless multitude around her; and the very first time she smote that old wreck one recognized that it had met its destiny. Her stripling brought an armful of aged sheet music from their room—for his bride went 'heeled' as you might say—and bent himself lovingly over and got ready to turn the pages.

The bride fetched a swoop with her fingers from one end of the key-board to the other, just to get her bearings, as it were, and you could see the congregation set their teeth with the agony of it. Then, without any more preliminaries, she turned on all the horrors of the 'Battle of Prague,' that venerable chivaree, and waded chin deep in the blood of the slain. She made a fair and honorable average of two false notes in every five, but her soul was in arms, and she never stopped to correct. The audience stood it with pretty fair grit for awhile, but when the cannonade waxed hotter and fiercer, and the discord average rose to four in five, the procession began to move. A few stragglers held their ground ten minutes longer, but when the girl began to wring the true inwardness out of the 'cries of the wounded,' they struck their colors and retired in a kind of panic.

There never was a completer victory; I was the only non-combatant left on the field. I would not have deserted my country-woman anyhow, but indeed I had no desire in that direction. None of us like mediocrity, but we all reverence perfection. This girl's music was perfection in its way; it was the worst music that had ever been achieved on our planet by a mere human being.

I moved up close and never missed a strain. When she got through I asked her to play it again. She did it with a pleased alacrity and heightened enthusiasm. She made it all discords this time. She got an amount of anguish into the cries of the wounded that shed a new light on human suffering. She was on the war path all the evening. All the time crowds of people gathered on the porches and pressed their noses against the windows to look and marvel, but the bravest never ventured in. The bride went off satisfied and happy with her young fellow, when her appetite was finally gorged, and the tourists swarmed in again.

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WOMAN ITEMS.

A daughter of Brigham Young has become an actress under the name of Cecile Grey.

The Duchess of Leeds sets a good example to her class by serving on an English school-board.

Lightning has killed two husbands for a Minnesota woman. Some women merely give their husbands thunder.

A woman can't put on any side-saddle style when she goes in a swimming. She has either to kick out like a man or get drowned.

A young lady in New Haven snuffs candles and cores apples with a revolver. The young men are exceedingly respectful in their attentions to her.

The proper time for a girl to marry is after she has counted up her cash and found that she can support herself in case her husband turns politician.

Love is deaf as well as blind. If it wasn't, how could the tendrils of a woman's affection wind themselves about the man who talks through his nose?

A Colorado girl, Miss Eunice Stone, always kisses the editor she visits. Oh! Eu-nice Stone. You think that very euphonious, don't you? Oh! eu-phony fellow.

A woman who never rode seventeen miles in her life will wrap herself up in her own conceit, and occupy three whole seats, while a man is thankful to get a berth on a wood box, or hang on the bell-cord for a change.

The following correspondence explains itself: 'Dear Mrs. Jones: Please let me have half a dozen tomatoes if you can—Sallie Smith.' 'Dear Mrs. Smith. We are not going to can; we propose to pickle—Hannah Jones.'

Some of the female bathers at Long Branch have taken to wearing masks of wire net, or of oil-silk on wire frames, which conceal the features from the impertinent stare of male loungers, who watch their exit from the water. This precaution applies only to the features, by-the-way.

When the youngest of Mr. Brearling's five daughters eloped with a patent right agent, he didn't get down his double-barreled gun and start off in pursuit. Not at all. He rubbed his hands gleefully, and cheerfully remarked: 'I always did say that Elizabeth had more sense than all my other gals put together.'

A little girl of six in Georgetown, D.C., after leaning some time over the window-ledge, drew back and exclaimed, with her hand on her stomach: Oh, that hurt right on the place where God forgot to put any bones! Another time, gazing out upon a cloudy evening, she said: 'Mamma, there isn't a single star in bloom.'

We expect to see Miss Anthony rush out into the back-yard some day, and, keeping her bonnet on, try to stand on her blessed old head. The event will occur when a lady is elected to Parliament and the telegraph has already announced that the English radicals of Southwark talk of nominating Miss Helen Taylor, niece of the late John Stuart Mill, to that position.

'Is this seat next to you engaged? asked the traveler of a young lady in the cars. 'Yes, sir, it is.' 'Who's engaged it?' 'A gentleman, I believe,' she said. 'Well, he can't engage a seat this way and not sit in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage?' And he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, mustering all her courage, exclaimed: 'Oh! sir, I'm his baggage.'

A SAD SNAKE-STORY.

'Is the snake-editor in?' 'Amid the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he never forsakes his post. Behold in me the snake-editor.'

'Well, I've killed a rattle—' 'How long was it?' 'Nine feet four.'

'W-what! less than ten feet? This paper is no receptacle for miserable fishing-worm stories,' and the exasperated editor seized the visitor by the throat and shut off from his insides the breath of heaven.

'Yaas, gurgled the poor wretch; 'but it had eighty-seven ra—'

'No back talk!' yelled the editor; 'we want no rattlesnakes less than from ten to twelve feet in length,' and the snake-killer was dashed to pieces on the flinty pavement below.

BILLINGS' ADVICE TO JOE.

'By awl means, Joe, get married if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch in and stick your head under, and the shiver is over. There ain't any more trick in gettin' married after you're ready than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river all run out. Don't expect to marry an angel; them hav' awl bin picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for buty exclusively; buty is like ice, orful slippery, and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking stove, gud for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be sum buty becomingly dressed, with about \$240 in her pocket, a good speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty uv good sense, a tough constitution and by-laws, small feet, a little step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. This mixture will keep in any climate and not evaporate. If the work happens to be off for two or three minutes the strength ain't all gone, Joe. Don't marry for pedigree; there isn't much in pedigree unless it is backed by bank stocks. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.'

ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE.

Saturday night, Mrs. Emma Porter, about 40 years of age, was enticed into the country, from her home in Jackson, by a coal miner in the employ the Eureka mine, calling himself Michael Smith, and another man at present unknown, on pretense of procuring her a situation.

On reaching a secluded spot they made improper proposals, and on her refusing to comply with their wishes endeavored to compass their ends by force. A desperate struggle ensued, in which the woman's clothing was nearly all torn from her. She finally succeeded in breaking away from her assailants and escaping in the darkness and took refuge in a neighboring barn, where she remained until morning, emerging in a half-clad and half-frozen condition and making her way back to town. The men meanwhile had returned to town, taking with them the dress and shawl of their intended victim, which they left at her place of residence, making a plausible excuse for their being in their possession and then left town, it is supposed, for the most diligent search for them has proved unavailing.

A YANKEE EGG REGISTER.

An invention is credited to a Bridgeport Yankee to prevent marketmen from palming off old eggs for fresh ones. The inventor proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad that is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks lightly with her hind leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, and the stamp turns over on the ink pad and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg and replaces the stamp, which is then ready for another. Each evening after the hens have retired to roost the date of the stamp is altered for the next day and the stamp goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs and the grocery man tells you he has some eggs of the vintage of January 29, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie.

Read, the humorist city editor of the Little Rock Gazette, has a heart in him as big as a ton of wool. While yet to fortune and to fame unknown he was learning to stick type on a country paper in Southwestern Kentucky; he one Saturday night resolved to expend what was left of his week's salary in a trip to the home of his parents, about twelve miles distant. Before starting for the train he called at the room of his foreman, to whom he was greatly attached, and found that gentleman very sick, penniless, and suffering for medicine. Read, without explaining the amount of his fortune, or alluding to his proposed trip, freely gave his friend every cent he had and walked home. The roads were exceedingly muddy and the hour late. Read is a tall, heavy individual, and his feet are in proportion to his body—and would be, in fact, if he were twice as big. To this day the tall trees along his route bear in their topmost branches huge lumps of dried mud, tossed there by Read's heels on that memorable tramp.

THE BRAKEMAN'S DEATH.

Night had set in with wind and rain, when the boy at the small hotel went to summon the doctor to the bedside of Jim Brachen—the brakeman who was hurt last week by the accident on the road, who had suddenly become worse—just as the people at the house were sitting down to supper. They were mostly railroad hands who stopped there, and all of them knew Jim, and were fond of him. It was a sad meal for them, because they felt it was the last they would eat in Jim's lifetime. His injuries were internal, and, though he had not suffered much, it was evident to them all, even if they had not been told so by the doctor, that their old companion was dying. He was a fine fellow, was Jim; young, handsome, and intelligent. Nobody about the place knew much of his history before he came among them, but it was said he was the son of a rich man in a distant city, that he had been disinherited and compelled to shift for himself, because he married against his father's wishes. Jim's wife died just after he had obtained a place on the railroad, about a year after their marriage, and the men remembered the young man's grief, and how despondent he was for a long time afterwards. Indeed, it was this that drew many of their hearts to him, and from that time all of them loved Jim. They couldn't help it; for, as Roberts, the conductor of the train on which Jim ran, said at the table that night, as he abstractedly tapped his plate with his knife: 'He was the kindest, gentlest, and most accommodating fellow that ever was.' Then the conductor related how Jim once paid the fare of an old woman who had her pocket picked on the train; and how at the risk of his life he saved a child from being run over by a train which was approaching with lightning speed on the track the little one attempted to cross to reach its mother. These incidents in the life of the sick man recalled others to the minds of several of his fellow-brakemen, and they told them to the men present, who scarcely tasted a mouthful of the food set before them.

'They couldn't eat,' one of them, a tall engineer, said, 'for thinking of their old comrade.' When the doctor came they all quietly went up-stairs with him, and waited outside the door of Branchen's room in silence, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing Jim, till they were told they could enter. By the doctor's orders all persons except the nurse had been excluded from the room for the past few days, and when the men passed in it was plain to them that their friend had been failing fast since last they saw him. His cheeks were sunken and paler, and his eye had an unnatural brightness and an expression that told but too truly that his mind was wandering. He did not recognize them when they came in—he seemed scarcely to hear them, so quietly they stepped; but in a few minutes he asked:

'Doctor, are these the boys around me?' When he was told they were, he smiled and tried to turn his head to see them better by the dim lamplight. The nurse helped him over on his side, and he murmured his thanks, and asked them all to come nearer to the bedside, and he put out his hand for them to grasp.

'Boys,' he said, as the first one tenderly, almost reverently, took the thin outstretched hand, 'I am going to leave you. I have felt, ever since I was hurt, I could not recover, and I have prepared myself to go. But I hate to leave you, boys; you are the only friends I have had since I came among you. You have been very kind to me, all of you, and I love you for it. I was in need of kindness when I came here, for I felt as though there was nothing left in the world for me to live for. I had been disinherited by my father for marrying without his consent; and though my wife—you knew her, boys, before she died—was as good as any woman in the world, she was not good enough for my proud father, and he never forgave me for what I had done. When I left my home, and struggled along in the world for myself—I, who had never done a stroke of work before—I knew what friendship and sympathy meant. I found both among you. Do you wonder that I love you for it? And so I felt that I could not die easy without seeing you all. Now, boys, one at a time. Shake hands, and say good-bye, and then I shall die happy.'

He released the hand he had been tightly holding, and the others came up and with tears in their eyes bade him farewell. Then he talked of his old home, his parents and his school-days; and then he re-enacted the last scene with his father, when he left his home forever. There was not a dry eye in the room. Even the doctor and the nurse, both used

to death-bed scenes, wept with the rest. Presently he asked if one of the men would go for a clergyman; he would like to have one there when he died, he said. None of them had thought of Jim—good, kind Jim—needing a preacher at his bedside; but a messenger was immediately despatched to the rectory, a short distance away, and in a few minutes the clergyman entered the room. Jim was glad to see him. He took the preacher's hand, and held it in his while he said:

'I have not been inside a church for years, but when I was a boy I attended regularly with my father and mother. I want you to read to me, if you please, from the prayer-book that part of the burial service, which is in 'David Copperfield.' It occurs in the chapter which tells of David's mother's funeral. Read it to me, quick, please; for I feel I am going fast.'

The clergyman opened his book and read: 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

He ceased reading; the hand which he still held in his own gave a slight, convulsive grasp, a smile overspread Jim's face, and death had freed the spirit from the dying body to let it wing its flight to the realms in which it 'shall never die.'

THE SON OF A GAMBOLEER.

Act I.—He boarded a schooner at Buffalo, and offered to work his passage to Bay City, on condition that he did not have to go aloft. 'Aye, aye, my hearty,' said the captain.

II.—The weather was pleasant and work was light, so the men gathered in the fore-castle and played cards, and the son of a gambolier showed them how to 'throw monte.' At eight bells he was the only capitalist on board. '—our ——— to ———,' said the jolly tars.

III.—A storm arose. The captain bade the jolly tars rig a deck pump through the centre-board box, and called upon the son of a gambolier to work that pump until it 'sucked,' as the schooner had sprung a leak and their lives were in danger. 'Shiver my lay-outs!' said the son of a gambolier, and he began to pump the lake up.

IV.—'Land, ho!' exclaimed the lookout, as the good ship made Detroit on her weather-stern. 'Captain,' said the son of a gambolier, 'lemme go ashore here.' 'Avas, ye land lubber,' cried the aged mariner; 'you shipped for Bay City, and to Bay City you'll go. To the pumps!'

V.—When they got to Bay City, they took back all the money the son of a gambolier had won from them, and kicked him ashore. 'Blast my advantage cards!' exclaimed the son of a gambolier.

A young husband and wife from an interior county stopped at the Weddell House in Cleveland, one night recently, and were assigned a room on the first floor—from the skylights. About 1 o'clock the young man made his advent in the office with a small water pitcher in his hand, and glancing inquiringly around, stepped to the front door and looked out into the gloom. He then retraced his steps and started for the ladies entrance. A bell boy, whose curiosity had arisen, followed in pursuit and overhauled the solemn visaged guest on Superior street. Turning quickly, he said: 'Bub, where's your well? Strikes me things are mighty unhandy about this tavern.' The boy found the 'well' and then initiated the visitor into the mysteries of the electric bell.

The conductor of a certain train on the Union Pacific Railroad charges that a fly having alighted on the glasses of the engineer's spectacles, the engineer thought it was a buffalo on the track and turned on the air brake to avert a disaster. The engineer retorts that one night the conductor saw what he thought was the headlight of an approaching locomotive. He kept his own train waiting awhile, and then, somewhat confusedly, started her. He is the safest man I ever ran with, said the engineer. 'Venus is millions of miles away, and yet he waited twelve minutes on a siding to allow her to pass.'

'How it does remind me of my courting days!' exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, remarking the blush that the delicately turned compliment of Araminta's young man had brought to the girl's cheek. 'In those halliard days, when I was young and perceptible, how frustrated I used to feel when Daniel paid me a compliment, as he always was a-doing! Yes,' she continued, stopping to brush off the tear that trembled at the tip of her attenuated nose—'yes, Daniel was one of a thousand. And he never changed during all our years of patrimony.'

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Tenders Wanted

FOR the construction of sidewalks and the supply of gravel for the corporation of the Town of St. Thomas. Specifications may be seen at the office of the Town Engineer, on and after the 4th day of March. Tenders to be addressed and delivered to the undersigned by the 13th day of March, marked "Tenders for Corporation Improvements."

ALFRED WARE, Town Engineer.

JOSEPH LAING, & Son, AUCTIONEERS, Accountants, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Imperial Bank, opposite the Division Court office, Talbot Street, St. Thomas. Books made up; accounts and rents collected; titles searched and conveyances drawn promptly, and on reasonable terms. Also servants' registry and general intelligence office.

Agent for reliable Fire, Life and Accidents Insurance Companies.

\$20,000 to loan at reasonable rates for five, six, or seven years, and renewable if satisfactory.

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in wood and bottles.

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HENRY GAUL'S LUCK.

Some people don't believe in luck. We do. Right in our town there was born a man who had the awfulest, most terrible, soul-appalling luck that ever came to mortal man.

His name was Henry Gaul; and, to begin with, he was born with one eye; the other he wore shut all of his life, and his left foot set on backward, so that when he came around the corner the boys used to make bets as to which way he was walking.

When he was three years old he swallowed an iron poker, and the doctor was not able to get it all out. About six inches stuck in his throat, and gave him a voice like a rooster not yet introduced into society.

And when he tried to sing—well, folks have been known to get killed in their mad rush to get out of the door.

When he was five years of age he went out into the street one cold winter's day. People was skating when he went out, but before he got home the weather changed, the thermometer took a flying leap to one hundred and one, and Henry Gaul came home sunstruck. That was a sample of his luck.

He got over that and went to school. The first day he was there the school burned down, and he broke his arm climbing out of the chimney. He broke it into two pieces, lost one of the pieces coming home, and henceforth his right arm was six inches shorter than his left.

At the age of ten, while out in the woods, he met a rattlesnake. It was the first and last rattlesnake ever seen in our section of the country; but of course Henry Gaul met it, and it went half a mile out of its way to bite him. They did not think that he would live, but he did; only his ear, where the snake had jumped up and bit him, resembled half a ham ever afterwards.

By and by his father died and left him considerable money.

Half of it he put in a steamboat. The day after he bought it it blew up, and no insurance. That man was Harry Gaul, and he was knocked senseless by a piece of the boiler, as he stood on the bank watching the boat go by.

After he recovered, he put the rest of his money in a stone-quarry in Illinois. One night a land slide came along, and Harry found that if he wanted his quarry he would have to dig down about six miles after it.

Then he got married, and the next day after the event his wife ran off with a circus-rider, and took Henry's clothes along with her.

He felt so bad that he tried to shoot himself.

But he had his usual luck. His hand trembled, the bullet missed his head, and killed a man across the way, and Harry was locked up for murder.

However, he was acquitted; but inside of an hour after his acquittal, he fell down in front of a locomotive, and lost all of his toes.

Completely discouraged, he went to the Black Hills.

He staked out a claim, worked it for three months, and didn't scrape up enough gold to buy a tooth-pick with. He sold it out for an old hat and a tin dipper, and the man who purchased it had not worked it over an hour before they found a nugget of gold worth fifty thousand dollars. More of his luck.

Henry then joined the army, and went to fight Indians.

There was only one soldier scalped during the whole campaign, and that was Henry Gaul. And he was scalped twice.

Soon after he deserted and reached Omaha. There he went into a gambling saloon, broke the bank, won twelve thousand dollars, and got knocked over with a sand-club before he got home and robbed of all his gains, and ten cents in addition.

The sand-club had smashed his teeth, and thereafter Harry had to chew with his gums.

At Omaha he engaged with a circus and went East.

With the circus there chanced to be a phenomenally mild-tempered elephant, who could be swayed by a child.

But at St. Louis that elephant, for the only occasion in his life, went on a jamboree, and danced the Caledonia upon one of the circus men. Henry Gaul was the name of the gentleman who was used as a dancing platform; it cost him three ribs and a lung. Still he lived.

By and by he drifted back home. Folks felt sorry for him, and they elected him State Senator. The very first session of the legislature a bill was passed wiping Henry's senate district out and consolidating it with the next.

With his last dollar he bought a lottery ticket, but got tired of waiting for the drawing, and sold it for fifty cents. When the lottery did draw, Harry found that

his ticket was good for the capital prize—thirty thousand dollars.

Completely heart-broken, he started out to drown himself.

But his luck still pursued him, even in death.

Before he reached the river he got run over by a hearse, and finally killed. If his history is not an example of the fact that there is ill-luck in this world, I don't know what is.

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

Head dress for a gossip—A false-hood. Woodmen are always supposed to be first-rate fellers.

It's a sure sign of love when a woman uses her husband's tooth-brush.

A full hand is what a Nevada father calls his six unmarried daughters.

Signs of spring—ulsters are rapidly accumulating on pawn-brokers' shelves.

Some folks are so mean that they sweat to save the cost of taking a bath.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is at least a woman of letters in one sense.

When a shoemaker 'breathes his last' he may be said to be stone dead.

Galloping consumption—A cavalryman chewing hardtack on a charge.

An emaciated archer, although modest, is yet an arrow-gaunt fellow.

A Minneapolis man has had his left leg cut off or broken to pieces eight times. He wears it wooden.

A New York youth's wardrobe is generally on the scale of twelve neck-ties to one pair of socks.

Louisville, Kentucky, girls carry seven-dollar pocket-books with about three cents in them.

Straw-colored paper, pale, violet ink, sixty-seven verses on "summer," will soon make ye editor's heart jump with delight.

A monument to Adam is talked of at Elmira, N. Y. A good inscription would be 'A—No. 1.'

Cincinnati should not be ashamed of the nick-name 'Porkopolis.' That makes her the meat-republic of the country.

What military order would be most likely to quell the workmen's strife? Why, pay-raid rest!

They are going to erect a monument to a man at Syracuse. He could sit down in an easy chair for an hour without knocking down and getting on top of a tidy.

Women never know what it is to get all ready for a Sunday morning shave and then find that Bobby has been using the razor to sharpen slate-pencils with.

A Clyde, Ohio, man has been married eight times, and he has got so many children that, when they come to see him, one half of them have to sleep out of doors.

No more romance nowadays. A man named Lopez, who married an heiress by the romantic experiment of bribing a maid-servant, and carrying off the lady by force, got six months in the penitentiary.

The first question the State examiners put to a supposed insane person is whether he eats sugar on his tomatoes. An affirmative reply settles the case, sure.

Boarding-house hash is said to be like Faith, because it is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things unseen.

An Elmira, New York, girl has found out that, when you rub a hair-brush slowly over your lip, it feels just like a moustache. And now hair-brushes command a fabulous price in Elmira.

An ordinary man will loaf around an office two hours, spend half a dollar in drinks and cigars, and tell six stories, all for a chance to steal a three-cent postage stamp to put on a letter that he's got in his pocket.

What makes men kill is getting their faces all out by an inexperienced barber, and then have him rub bay-rum in the sore places.

Shad time now, and only boarding-house keepers know how to make three square inches of shad do for sixteen board-ers.

Newark girls will stand for hours on the sidewalk waiting for a car, and won't take one till they see a good-looking conductor bossing the bell-punch.

There's a brother in Zanesville, Ohio, who actually took his sister out three nights in succession. And now his folks have got him in bed, with ice on his head, and are fearful that he isn't quite right.

Nothing like living in a brown-stone front, even if you have to scrape the whitewash off the parlor wall to make soup with.

'What is love?' asks Chaucer. We won't charge anything for letting you know, old man. Love is what makes a young fellow, who gets three dollars a week, spend four of it buying collars.

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1880.

Written for the Reporter.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF CONDUCTOR BOBB.

Mourn not friends for the loved one dead; Weep not for the one that is gone;

He has left this world of shadow and doubt, He has gone to the land that knows no pain;

Though hard to part with one so dear, We will try to look beyond the tomb

Friends of the brotherhood one has fled Who was ever an example, a guide for you all;

Let it fall on your heart as a message to you To be also ready the journey to take;

To all of us here who knew him on earth He has left a bright record and memory dear,

Then weep not, Dear Parents, for the one that is fled, He leaned on the Saviour who carried him through;

That has taken his flight to the realms above, His sufferings are o'er he's where pain cannot come

Conductors on the Canada Southern Road, You have lost a warm friend in the one that is gone;

RIDGETOWN.

It would be advisable for the proprietors of the Sky Parlors to put up a more appropriate sign over their front door,

The "Hebe" impersonator had better stop using soap as it is bad for the hair.

Get under the bed, you sleepy head, And always beware of cootich;

SMASHING THINGS ON THE AIR LINE.

TWO COLLISIONS LAST NIGHT; NO LIVES LOST

The Air Line has become noted for being free from collisions of any character of late, while its more unfortunate rival, the Canada Southern, has been very unlucky,

'Why don't they carry it up by way of the stairs?' demanded a man as he flourished his gold-headed cane around and seemed much put out.

It is a curious fact that no matter what may be said in the English Parliament even the deaf people in Ireland are always in their.

RIDGETOWN.

We paid a visit to the town of Ridgetown on Monday last, and were completely surprised to note the increase in the population and the number of fine edifices, which have been erected since our last visit.

The K. H. K. Minstrelers an amateur organization of young men belonging to Ridgetown, performed to a very fair audience, at the Opera House, Dutton, on Tuesday last.

SURPRISED BY A TRAMP.

A short time ago one of our leading physicians was dragged out of bed in the middle of the night and carried into the country a few miles, where he reduced a dislocation of the shoulder of a tramp, who had temporarily been cared for by a generous farmer.

HE WON THE BET.

Soon after two o'clock yesterday the sash in a fourth-story window of a business house on Woodward avenue was raised and a man's head and shoulders appeared in sight.

'You'll break the glass if you try it!' shouted one of the fast growing group.

'That cord isn't stout enough!' yelled a third.

'Lower away!' yelled the man at the rope.

'Pull down on it!' cried a dozen voices.

'He wants it over the hitching-post!' screamed a boy, and it was carried there.

shouted a man, and it was carried there. 'Let—that—rope—alone!' came from the man above.

Six men had hold of the plank, ready to boost on it, and three more had hold of the rope. 'Do you want the plank?' asked one.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

LISGAR HOUSE. Friday, March 5—J. A. De La Hooke, J. Hall, J. W. Lester, T. Cilton, J. H. Patterson, H. Goodman, C. T. Marshall, Toronto;

AUTHORSHIP HOUSE.

Friday, 5—T. Goffett, Orillia; C. H. Fisher, D. E. Turner, R. J. Tackaberry, Toronto; J. Tabb, W. B. Farthing, London; E. Burwell, Fingal; L. A. Procurior, Bayham; D. L. Gregory, J. T. Harrigan, Port Hope; J. Powers, Port Elgin; J. Wilson, Montreal; J. D. Carlton, Jarvis, G. Dayton, London; S. Slater, Leamington. Saturday, 6—W. Cornell, Sparta; C. Sinclair, wife and child, W. H. Kennedy, North Yarmouth; Mos. Faulds, Hamilton; J. Cameron, S. T. McIntyre, J. McColl, D. N. McGregor, Wallace town; E. Sutherland and son, Southwold; J. D. Malcolmson, do, W. P. Pierson, O. N. Brayton, Galt; H. Juxton, Jefferson, Ill.; A. Henry, do; W. P. Hurd, Orillia; J. Timewell, T. Warren, G. Smith, Fingal. Monday, 8—G. Anderson, J. A. Miller, J. C. Hazzard, J. E. Kenleyside, W. M. Cairns, London; C. E. Stuart, Chicago, A. Worthington, Chicago, W. Moore, Corinth; T. M. Nairn, Aylmer, A. B. Walker, Waterford; A. T. Armstrong, Millbrook; H. Miller, J. A. Donaldson, Toronto; R. Beras, Wallace town; O. M. Johnson, Hamilton; James O'Brien, Brantford. Tuesday, 9—W. J. Drought, H. C. Allison, J. Campbell, W. B. Herron, London, J. Hawley, Toronto; J. McKay, T. W. Kirkpatrick, Rodney; W. C. Hoag, W. E. Griffin, Stratfordville; G. W. Procurior, Bayham; J. Mills, Port Burwell; W. Jackson, Shedden; J. Bobier and ladies, Rodney, A. H. Hughes, Aylmer; H. Wilkinson, Brantford; R. N. McCall, Simcoe; C. D. Smith, Fairfield Plain; G. F. Miles, Brantford; C. C. Cloes, do; G. Finlay, Muirkirk. Wednesday, 10—T. J. Broadwick, H. C. Lyons, Toronto; J. Luke, Tilsonburg; A. D. McIntyre, Wallace town; J. T. Sutherland, Fingal; L. O. Lawrason, London; J. E. McNamee, do; D. J. McKenzie, Paris; E. Heglar, South Dorchester; James Burns, London; F. J. Kains, Dunville; G. F. Niles, Brantford; F. C. Wheatley, Jas. O'Keeffe, Tyrconnel; A. McCrath, Morrisont; J. T. Bingham, Binghamton; W. B. Bowlby, Fingal. Thursday, 11—A. Hughes, Aylmer; Wm. Gasphor, S. Ormand, London; T. W. Kirkpatrick, Rodney; D. M. Tait, Glenoe; D. Coughlin, New York; D. Wequart, do; O. C. Benton, St. Louis; D. Rollinghead, Manchester; D. Wismer, Mapleton; D. J. Kennedy, Rodney; Hugh Douglas, Springfield; A. B. Hilborn, Chatham; G. D. Darkinson, Rond Eau; A. M. Malcolmson, Eagle; D. Black, Iona.

Those three sisters, now at the Hutchinson House, had better keep on with their practice in singing; they will soon eclipse Jenny Lind, Catharine Hayes, and other notable vocalists, thus becoming prima donnas in a short time.

SHORT ENDS.

An English friend remarked to me the other day: 'It only takes a hel to make flame of fame.' Curiously enough, my mind immediately reverted to certain of our big politicians.

Come to think about it, why not thread Cleopatra's needle with the Atlantic cable and draw the old and new worlds together with a 'whip' stitch?

The Denver Tribune says that a mere millionaire in that city of magnificent fortunes is considered a 'mere nobody.' There are numbers of people who would just as lieve be Denver 'nobodies' as not.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF LIVERY STOCK.

J. G. NUNN

Has received instructions from MR. M. HATTAN.

PORT STANLEY,

to sell by auction on Thursday, March 25

the following valuable stock, &c.:

- 1 black Mare, seven years old; 1 bay Horse, four years old. 1 bay Mare, seven years old. 1 Poney, seven years old. 1 pacing Poney, nine years old, extra fast, 1 brown Horse, nine years old. 1 top side bar Buggy, (new) 1 Eleptic spring top Buggy. 1 top Pheasant. 1 open Buggy, (Concord Springs) 1 light track Sulky, (new) 1 platform spring Wagon, nearly new, 6 sets of single Harness, silver mounted. 1 double set of light Harness, new. 5 Buffalo Robes. Rugs, Whips, Bells, and other articles in connection with a first-class Livery.

TERMS.

Ten dollars and under, cash; above that sum six months credit, on furnishing approved joint notes, without interest. 8 per cent. per annum, discount for cash, on all sums of \$15 and over.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock noon. J. G. NUNN, Auctioneer.

ABSTRACT STATEMENT OF Receipts & Disbursements

Municipality of the Town of St. Thomas, for the year ending 31st Dec., 1879.

Table with columns for Receipts and Disbursements. Receipts: To Cash on hand from last Audit, \$3,170 64; Waterworks, 839 65; License Fund, 4,544 62; D. D. Campbell, 555 00; H. Comfort, 27,492 93; Merchants Bank, 46,146 99; General Purposes, 516 01; Interest, 207 41; Geo. W. Boggs, 409 56; Fines and Forfeitures, 414 05; Town Hall, 54 94; L. & P. S. Ry., 2,039 60; S. Rhyard, 1,093 00; General Improvement, 10 00; Registry Office, 191 18; Public Schools, 823 60; Henry Cusack, 27 00; D. Drade, 78 00; Joseph Cox, 50 30; A. Marsh, 55 00. Total Receipts: \$88,718 89.

Table with columns for Disbursements. Disbursements: By Coupons, \$6,408 75; General Purposes, 1,628 56; Water Works, 3,999 52; General Improvement, 258 27; Town Hall, 161 33; Officers Salaries, 3,710 00; Indigent Fund, 1,055 67; St. George's Ward, 1,946 40; St. Andrew's Ward, 429 42; Horton Market, 21 75; Gas Account, 1,253 23; Fire and Water, 1,471 43; St. David's Ward, 1,208 63; Public Schools, 4,823 00; County of Elgin, 767 30; Bills Payable, 44,500 00; Central School, 4,000 00; Interest Account, 20 68; Market Account, 1,797 83; St. Patrick's Ward, 1,313 78; Street Railway, 63 88; Debentures, High School Acct., 750 00; Balance on hand 31st Dec. 1879, 6,529 46. Total Disbursements: \$88,718 89.

GEORGE W. MORGAN, J. H. CRAWFORD, Auditors

CANADA & SO OTHER RAILWAY LINE.

CHANGE OF TIME. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

On and after Sunday, Nov. 8th, Trains will leave the St. Thomas Depot as follows:

FOR THE EAST. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 11.15 a. m., for all Stations to Fort Erie.

FOR THE WEST. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 8.35 p. m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.00 p. m.

CHICAGO EXPRESS, 6.15 a. m., (Mondays excepted) for Detroit and Toledo.

ST. CLAIR BRANCH, 3.30 p. m., arriving at Court-right 8.50 p. m.; leaves Court-right 6 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11 a. m.

ACCOMMODATION, LEAVES Amherstburg 6.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.00 a. m.; leaves Fort Erie 6.25 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 p. m.

E. P. MURRAY, W. P. TAYLOR, Div. Superintendent, Gen'l Superintendent.

WEST END BARBER SHOP, Talbot street, opposite the Town Hall, St. Thomas.

Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-dressing. Switches and Curls made to order. Combing dressed in the latest style. Charges moderate.

Caution to Farmers!

FARMERS AND OTHERS BRINGING any article to market for sale must first come on the market and pay their fees, otherwise they will be prosecuted.

Timely Warning!

FRANK BOGGS, Market Clerk. St. Thomas, March 1st, 1880-7d

CLEARING OUT SALE

AT THE VARIETY HALL

Third door East of Post Office, St. Thomas.

AUCTION SALES

EVERY Monday, Thursday, Saturday,

at 7 o'clock, p.m. The stock consists of

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes, Tinware, Vases, and FANCY GOODS

Call and see for yourself. A. LARMAN.

St. Thomas, March 6th, 1880-7