

The Morning Star.

VOLUME I.

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Winter.

Sharp winds that bowl in gusts about
The snows of the lusty days,
In jocund freedom laugh and shout
Through all the meadow woodland ways,
The trees, not all denuded yet,
Make ample gifts of leafy gold;
Like age with children prodigal,
That pays the gift it cannot hold,
What time with sunken cheeks and eyes,
And thin-blown hair the trembling age
Beholds the hands of ruthless heirs
Anticipate their heritage.

Ambrosial fruits are tossed about,
As hurled heaps the summer sheaves
Through meadow laps drift in and out
With shrunken pods and dying leaves.
The breeze-blown faces of the hills,
Ajama with caps of frosty rime,
Are first of merry wassalers,
Assembled for the Christmas-time.
The holy bursts in burnished green
Through frosted tresses of gold and red;
The mistletoe now weaves unseen
Its wintry crown o'er monarchs dead.
Like those who at the funeral feast,
Grow merry with the last bequest,
They furnish from the pomp of death
The garlands for the coming guest.

A shriller wind from yonder wood
Now pipes and through the chimney calls;
While fitful gleams of wintry light
Make dancing shadows on the walls;
And children by the window-pane
See gorgeous fairs wrought in frost,
And love-orn maidens trace in vain
The names they breathe, and breathing
lost.
The sea-cool fire that flames and flees,
And many a Gothic legend sings,
Now woo to magic reveries
And dreams of night-forgotten things;
Queer figures grave and gay appear
And nod fantastic through the smoke;
And all the wicked elves are there
In pantomime, with fairy folk.

Anon, the night, with keener blast,
Shall press against the window-pane;
And over the wood shall sift the snow,
Or o'er the world shall beat the rain,
Then thought, beside the lighted lamp,
Shall there unloose its garnered things;
And all the treasures loved in books
The winter fire will only bring.
There youth and love shall kindle hope,
And mirth and merriment shall glow;
While age shall tread the downward slope
In softened beauty to its close.
And gentle as the voice of prayer,
The sweetest ballads of old time
Shall fill the pause of guileless jest
With dreamy tunes and ancient rhyme.

Story there in the sage shall tell
"There is no time in all the year
That hath not some glad charm or spell
To soothe our chequered journey here,
I've known the fullest joys in spring;
The summer's gladdest days were mine;
The jocund autumn laughed with me
O'er flagons filled with harvest wine.
And winter! why, his lusty breath
Hath blown the crust of care away,
And waked to energies divine
The soul that might have known decay.
The free, glad trumpet of the winds,
That strikes the frosted harp of pine,
Salutes the closing year with tones
In harmony with God's designs.

The Rich Husband.

"Wonders will never cease," said Mrs. Noakes, as she opened a letter she had found beside her plate at breakfast. Here is Cousin Corner coming home after all these years, and such a letter; just listen, my dear:

"DEAR COUSIN: I suppose you have all made up your minds that I am dead; but I'm alive, as you see, and coming home. I'm tired of mere money-grubbing; and those who have made fortunes know that they need something else in this world. I mean to end my days amongst my relatives, and between you and me, I shall put them to the test. I want to find out who are really my friends, and who court me for other reasons; and what I ask you to do is to make them all think me a very poor man, quite out of pocket. Bless me, I'm laughing out loud as I write! You should hear me. To make them think that I'm poor, and that it would be a charity to ask me to pay them visits, and to invite me now and then to dinner, and all that! There I go again, laughing until the room rings! In this way I can discover who my real friends are. I shall come to your house first, dressed in character. I know it as an old joke, quite a thing out of the plays and novels; but I trust it will succeed. Yours, very affectionately,
"OBADIAH CORNER,
"P. S.—Expect me Thursday."
"O. C."

"If that isn't the most amusing thing," said Mrs. Noakes—"coming home so rich that he is suspicious of his relatives, and afraid of being courted for his money. And a bachelor too! Dear, dear! Poor Obadiah! Corner, who used to be the black sheep of the family, and whom we never believed would come to any good! How everything does change about in this world! Life is a checker-board, to be sure! William, what a splendid thing it would be for Arabella Muffit."
"What would be a splendid thing for Arabella; a checker-board?" asked Mr. Noakes.
"Oh, Mr. Noakes!" cried his wife; "don't pretend to be stupid, because you are not, my dear, and you don't do yourself justice. I mean Cousin Obadiah."
"Cousin Obadiah. Oh—yes—yes—

y-e-s!" said Mr. Noakes. "Oh! I see—you mean a good match for her. But Arabella Muffit, though a most excellent person, is no longer young, and she's never been handsome, my dear."
"That's so ridiculous!" said Mrs. Noakes. "Arabella is much younger than Obadiah, and by no means so plain as he is. But that is the way with you men. The older and uglier they get, the younger and prettier they think their wives should be. Boys of twenty sometimes fall in love with women of thirty, but men of sixty never think of any age beyond sixteen when they choose wives."
"Very true, indeed," said Mr. Noakes.
"And very ridiculous," said Mrs. Noakes. "At all events, I've an affection for Arabella, and I'll do all I can to further her interests; and don't forget that we must keep Obadiah's secret from the rest of the relatives. I shall give Arabella a hint of the real state of the case, but not another soul shall know a word beyond what Obadiah has told me to tell them."

"Well, women must be match-makers, I suppose," said Mr. Noakes, as he swallowed his last cup of coffee and glanced at the clock; "but don't calculate too much on success in this affair, my dear."
Then he took his hat and coat and departed for those regions colloquially known as "town," where men of business hide themselves the best part of the day; and shortly after Mrs. Noakes, having arrayed herself for the promenade, went out also, her purpose being a confidential interview with the Arabella of whom she had spoken to her husband.

Arabella Muffit, known amongst her friends as little Miss Muffit, was a very small, black-eyed lady of forty-five years old, who lived in a tiny house, principally furnished with specimens of all the fancy work that had been fashionable for the last twenty-five years. She had no near relatives, and could remember none but the grandfather who left her the small property on which she now lived, but she had connections who took tea with her occasionally, and with whom she dined at times; for the rest, church-going, needle-work and books occupied her time.

She opened the door for Mrs. Noakes herself, and having kissed her on both cheeks escorted her to the bedroom above, where she was busy with a chair-cover.
"Now we can have a nice chat," said Mrs. Noakes. "And you'll stay to lunch, won't you, Martha?"
Martha promised to stay, and having taken off her cloak and hat dropped into a chair and produced Obadiah Corner's letter.
"There," she said, "read that, Arabella."
Arabella read it, changing color as she did so.
"Dear me," she said, "how romantic he must be. He never used to be so romantic. I suppose he's changed very much in these five-and-twenty years. He must be fifty-seven now. And to think of his having made a fortune and wanting to prove his friends sincere. Martha, do you think you ought to betray him?"
"No, I do not," said Martha; "and I shall tell no one but you. I had a motive in telling you; and as he says in a postscript he'll be here on Thursday, I want you to dine with us on Thursday and meet him."

For Arabella looked in the glass sadly.
"He'll find me dreadfully changed," said she; "but I'll come, Martha."
"Bless you, we all change! We can't help that," said Mrs. Noakes. "I never worry about it," and then they fell to talking about Obadiah and what he used to do, and what he had been doing, and found the subject so interesting that they kept it up over the cold chicken, sponge-cake, etc., that composed their lunch.
When Thursday evening arrived it found little Miss Muffit in Mrs. Noakes' parlor, sitting opposite a burly-looking man, whose nose was rather red and whose eyes were not honest, candid eyes by any means. He was dressed very shabbily, to say the least, and had whiskered Mrs. Noakes in the hall, "Take notice of this coat; it carries out the character, doesn't it? I look like a seditious old fellow who has had ill luck don't you?" And he nudged Mr. Noakes with one elbow and Mrs. Noakes with the other; while they mentally agreed that he certainly did look the character most thoroughly.

On the whole, it was rather a pleasant evening, and Arabella and Obadiah got on finely. He promised to take tea at her house in a few days and saw her home at ten o'clock.
The rest of the connections, not having read Obadiah's letter, were not delighted at his return. They saw him shabbier than ever, and they were very careful to keep him at a distance.
Mrs. Noakes often smiled to herself to think what a difference that letter would have made in their conduct had they known of it; but she wisely held her tongue and left a fair field to Arabella. In a little while, to her joy, and the great surprise of Mr. Noakes, Obadiah Corner actually proposed to little Miss Muffit, and was accepted by her.
"Such a splendid thing!" said Mrs. Noakes. "Such a wonderful thing for Arabella, and it shall all come out now!"

People who ride on the Woodward avenue route have often noticed that when a certain tall, solemn-looking man, aged about fifty, boards a full car, he always holds a whispered conversation with some man, who at once gives him a seat and retires to the platform. The tall man never has to stand and hang to the strap, simply because he understands human nature. Glancing around the car he selects his victim, bends down and confidentially whispers:
"Make no move to attract attention, and listen carefully to what I say. You have an ink-stain on your nose and your necktie is unfastened. Step out on the platform a moment and brush up."

The victim steps out there every time, and after he has wiped away at his nose and pulled away at his tie he looks into the car to see the tall man enjoying the vacant seat with the greatest comfort. Life is full of these deceptions, and yet innocent people are powerless to meet them.—*Detroit Free Press.*
If you are not well educated and can find "nothing to do," improve your opportunity by studying. A wise use of this hard time may make it memorable as the turning-point for good in many a life. Think of it, young friends, and make the most and best of your enforced leisure.

Thereupon Mrs. Noakes went calling among the relatives, showing Obadiah's letter everywhere, and creating great excitement.
"And what can he see in little Miss Muffit?" said one mother of many daughters. "And though I say it—woe, perhaps, should not—there's my Marguerite—such a beauty."
"But Marguerite was very rude to Cousin Obadiah," said Mrs. Noakes.
"The idea of an old man like that marrying—with relatives he could leave everything to!"
"But men don't leave everything to relatives who insult them," said Mrs. Noakes. "Besides, Obadiah is not very old—not old at all. It's just splendid for Arabella; and she was the only one who was civil to him, you know."

Then she went away, leaving the connections generally envious of Miss Muffit, and angry with her also, as one who had been wiser in her generation than they.
And Miss Muffit, so happy that she began to grow plump, was making up a pearl-colored silk dress, and had sent some pearls that had been left to her by her grandfather to the jeweler's to be reset, and sat one evening building some middle-age castles in the air, with her feet on the fender of the grate, when the bell rang and her elderly lover was shown in.

There was no light in the room but that of the fire; and she would have lit the drop-lamp; he stopped her.
"I want to talk a little," he said, "and I like talking in a half-light. Arabella, I've a question to ask, and I want you to promise solemnly that you'll tell me the truth."
"I will," said little Miss Muffit, faintly. "Whatever the question is, I'll tell the truth, Obadiah."
"Well, then," said Obadiah, "did you see the letter I wrote to Cousin Noakes?"
The blood rushed to Miss Muffit's face in the darkness.
"I—Yes, I saw it," she said.
"I know no one else did," said Obadiah. "But you—she showed it to you? Well, I intended she should. I wrote it to be seen. I never thought Cousin Noakes could keep a secret. Arabella, I'm a poor man and a rascal! I have met with nothing but failure. You are rich in comparison. You've a home and twelve hundred a year. My letter was only a trap. I wanted every one to see it, and hoped to settle comfortably down among my friends with the reputation of being a rich bachelor with a fortune to leave behind him. You only saw the letter. You were civil, and I offered myself to you, meaning to impose on you until we were safely married. I cared very little for you then, Arabella. I wanted a home, that was all."
"Oh?" cried little Miss Muffit, as if something had stung her.
"But since then," said Obadiah, looking miserably into the fire, "since then I have found how good you were—how nice, how sweet. I've come to love you, Arabella, and to feel that I mustn't play a trick on you. It was natural you should like the thoughts of a rich husband—and then we were great friends as boy and girl. I don't blame you, and I can't cheat you. I think it will break my miserable old heart. But good-by, good-by. I've come to say good-by and beg your pardon, my dear. They'll say you had a lucky escape. So you have. I'm going."

He arose, but little Miss Muffit arose, too.
"Obadiah," she said, "I never thought of the money. Obadiah, don't think that of me. And do you care for me now?"
"The only thing in the world I love," said he.
"Stay, Obadiah," said she.
And he caught her hand and kissed it, and in the darkness she heard him sob.
So they were married after all, and Obadiah has turned out better than could have been expected, and only Mrs. Noakes knows of that bridal-vee confession, and she, you may be sure, keeps the secret.

It Always Works.
People who ride on the Woodward avenue route have often noticed that when a certain tall, solemn-looking man, aged about fifty, boards a full car, he always holds a whispered conversation with some man, who at once gives him a seat and retires to the platform. The tall man never has to stand and hang to the strap, simply because he understands human nature. Glancing around the car he selects his victim, bends down and confidentially whispers:
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AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.
The Brooklyn Lady who has Laid in a France Thirteen Years without Food, Sightless, and yet Reading Sealed Letters—Describing the Doings of Absent Friends—Septicidal Doctors.
Interest in the case of Miss Mary J. Fancher, of Downing street, Brooklyn, accounts of whose strange physical condition have been published from time to time, has been revived by a very long and elaborate article in a New York paper, containing statements from her friends and physicians. Among the persons who have taken a special interest in her are the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duray, pastor of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian church; the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyck, pastor of the Clinton Street Presbyterian church; Professor Charles E. West, principal of the Brooklyn Heights seminary; George W. Benson, Henry M. Parkhurst, the astronomer; James B. Smith, the architect; the Rev. Mr. Moore, formerly pastor of the Washington Avenue (Brooklyn) Baptist church, but now of Geneva, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the New York Observer; Dr. R. Fleet Speir, of No. 162 Montague street; Dr. Robert Ormiston, of No. 74 Hanson place; Dr. Mitchell, of No. 129 Montague street; Dr. Kissam, of No. 100 Joralemon street, and Dr. Crane, of No. 163 Clinton street. Of these gentlemen, Messrs. Speir, West and Parkhurst have made voluminous memoranda of Miss Fancher's physical and mental changes and conditions.

Miss Fancher received an excellent education, and was ready to leave school at the age of eighteen years, when she sustained a fall while riding horseback, and broke several of her ribs. She quickly recovered from this injury, but soon met with another and a more serious accident. As she was alighting from a horse-car, the conductor, thinking that she had stepped to the ground, rang the signal to start, and turning from her, walked to the front of the car, Miss Fancher's dress caught on the step, and the starting of the vehicle threw her with violence to the pavement. She was dragged a long distance before her situation was perceived. Her spine was seriously injured and her body and head frightfully bruised. In a short time she went into convulsions. She was carried to the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Crosby, in Downing street, and put into the bed whence she has never been removed since, save for a few minutes at a time. This accident occurred early in 1865.

Since then Miss Fancher is said to have undergone astonishing physical changes. Soon after the accident she was bereft in succession of sight, speech and hearing. From violent spasms she drifted into a trance-like state, from which it required the unremitting efforts of physicians and friends to arouse her. At the end of twenty days her faculties were all restored. For half an hour she saw, articulated and listened. Then these three senses deserted her again, and within ten more days her fingers became clenched, her jaws locked, her limbs twisted. Spasms were thereafter more frequent and violent.
The days slipped away into weeks before she was able to keep any food on her stomach, and for nearly two months, it is said, she was without nourishment. Then very light food was one day given her with seemingly beneficial results. It is alleged that she has eaten altogether since that day—nearly thirteen years ago—not so much food in the aggregate as an ordinary healthful girl of her age would eat in forty-eight hours.
According to the statements published, about fifteen months after the accident her body became absolutely rigid except her left arm and hand, which she was able to use. This condition lasted for nine years, during which she kept passing in and out of trances. She continued to be blind, but had the power of speech most of the time, though this left her at intervals.
Three years ago the rigidity of her body relaxed, and sight and hearing were restored. Memory of everything that had happened in the nine years disappeared. In all the nine years she had been in a semi-unconscious condition, possessed, however, at times, of astonishing mental vigor and of mechanical ingenuity. She refused food when offered to her, saying it made her sick, and eventually all efforts to make her take nourishment were abandoned. At long intervals she expressed a wish for the juice of fruit or for a bit of candy, but she rejected solid matter, and for weeks and months according to her own assertion and that of her attendants she swallowed nothing. Her physical condition was constantly changing. One day she was without sense except touch; the next she could hear, and taste and talk.

At intervals during these nine years the body frequently became as cold as though in death, no warmth being perceptible except in the region of the heart. That organ kept up a slow measured pulsation, except when she went into trances; then its beating was often imperceptible.
As the trances continued she watched and related in detail the movements of the family's friends in different parts of the city, and ultimately narrated what was happening to those who were many miles away. She read letters that were enclosed in envelopes and kept in the pockets of those about her. She recognized persons who rang the door-bell while they were still outside the house, and, of course, not visible to her.

She read books whose covers were closed and newspapers that were folded. It is also alleged that while Miss Fancher's eyes were absolutely sightless, she was able to make beautiful fancy work of different kinds, and could actually distinguish not only colors but shades of colors.
Several New York doctors of standing have been questioned in regard to Miss Fancher's alleged mental manifestations. They all asserted that the lady is suffering from hysterical catalepsy and that the marvelous mental and physical peculiarities attributed to her are an impossibility.

Tigers at Auction.
A score or more of men assembled in the menagerie in Central park, New York. The king of beasts resented the intrusion and roared with such force that he shook down the monkeys who were hanging by their tails from the wires of a cage in another building. The monkeys rubbed their heads and chattered till they aroused the bald eagles. The eagles screamed so loud that the red tilted birds in another cage were terrified into a pale pink, and the one-legged storks, who were standing around and speculating on the length of time the seals could stay under water, actually went so far as to let down another leg from underneath their feathers, and looked as though they were going to move into different tracks for the winter. While this commotion was going on without, the noises within the room of cages had become bewildering and almost deafening. The Bengal tiger, presumably a royal one, seconded the lion's objections to the intrusion. The hyenas pawed up suppositions graves and laughed fiendishly. The panthers slid their sleek hides around over their bone work and gave forth deep gutturals. The lionesses put in their roar and the sun bear fondled his paw with increased industry, and gave forth a sound as though he were winding himself up to join in the general outcry. And the black wolf stood on his hind claws, pointed his nose toward the zenith and howled diabolically. The other animals stopped to listen to him, and he stopped for the reason that he only started because the rest of them were making noises.

Then Auctioneer Burdett said: "Gentlemen, the two tigers in those cages yonder and the one up in that dollar cage, will be sold by order of the collector of customs. The terms are cash. What do I hear for the three tigers?"
Calvin Willy started them at \$20. John Nathan, in behalf of Barnum, bid \$30. The tigers leaped to \$70 by ten dollar jumps, when Robert Robertson bid \$80 for the three. They rapidly went up to \$210, where they hung for some time and then went as high as \$250, at which figure they were sold to Mr. Robertson.
Detroit Free Press Currency.
"The Egyptian pyramids may be classed under the head of 'old mades.'"
When a man begins to take off his coat and vest at you it is a sign that he is resorting to the court of peels.
It is the liar who wants to knock you down for doubting his word. The honest man will stop to argue matters.
Confessionaires are now making such a good imitation of cherries that there is no further use for the fruit itself, and cherry trees can now take a rest.
People who growl about poor weather should realize that if we had good weather right along business would be vastly overdone and the community suffer.

There are two Americans serving in the army of the ameer of Cabul, but the English go right on making their preparations the same as if there wasn't any.
The Hindoos have been figuring again, and they now make out that the earth is 4,000,000 years old. What we most care is to know if it is going to stand about fifty years longer.
All the Western wild geese shot this year and presented to editors of weekly papers measure exactly six feet from tip to tip. They were hatched on purpose for the occasion.
Nevada is the State of surprises. A lady going through one of the jails on a tour of inspection discovered her three brothers cozily tucked away in cells, when she thought them in Boston in the milk business.

Benefit of Walking.
Every muscle in the body is greatly and uniformly brought into action by the swing of the legs and the arms, and consequently of the trunk in a vertical direction. The undulations made by the head, chest and abdomen, in a vertical plane, are thus not only according to Hogarth's line of beauty, but also in that tending to perfect health. Every internal organ is gently stimulated to more robust action. Never in a common walk does a person breathe the same air, because he is constantly changing his position. This fact alone is of incalculable advantage. Some writers contend that the re-breathing of air once partially used is one of the most fertile causes of consumption. The most favorable time for walking is about midday in the winter, and in the morning and toward evening in the summer.

London, Ont., has an inspector of anatomy, whose business is to take charge of unclaimed corpses, and, if necessary, appropriate them for the advancement of medical science.

The Scientific American announces that half the vinegar now sold is rank poison, and a Massachusetts chemist states that out of twelve jars of pickles, put up by different wholesale dealers, he found copper in ten of them.

In France, according to Boccardo, the workman obtains forty-seven per cent. of the profit on his work, in England fifty-six per cent., in America seventy-two per cent., and in Italy only from seventeen to twenty per cent.

Bertha Von Hillern, who for several years performed remarkable feats in pedestrianism, and thereby accumulated considerable money, has settled down to the study and practice of sculpture in Boston. She says that the walking that she has done has not in the least injured her health.

Japanese farmers are in distress. Floods of extraordinary magnitude have swept the lowlands; insects have destroyed eighty per cent. of the bean crop; small insects have devastated the rice fields; and in various parts of the empire virulent infectious diseases are reported among horses and cattle.

During the last war 594,000 Russian soldiers poured down through Roumania into Turkey. Of these 58,800 were sent back by rail wounded and 62,150 ill, 31,000 sick went home to Odessa by sea, 29,000 are still in hospital, 31,000 laid their bones in Roumania and 99,000 perished in Bulgaria.

A co-operative store on an extensive scale is to be opened in Boston, under the supervision of Josiah Quincy and other men of wealth and influence. There is to be a storekeeper in charge, but he is to have no voice in the general management. All purchases and sales are to be for cash. The shares are \$4 each, and an effort is to be made to have workmen take them. Two kinds of dividends are contemplated—one to stockholders on their shares and one to customers on their purchases. Groceries, dry goods, clothing, and boots and shoes comprise the stock.

The total number of awards accorded to each nation at the exposition is given by the Paris *Liberte*, but of course, says a New York paper, the silver and bronze medals and honorable mentions argue quantity rather than quality. The best criterion of the latter, assuming that the judges have been fairly accurate, or that, internationally, their mistakes neutralize each other, is the number of grand prizes and gold medals. Of these France carried off 1,984; England and her colonies, 369; Austria-Hungary, 252; Belgium, 184; Spain, 167; Italy, 157; United States, 145; Russia, 123; Switzerland, 86; Holland, 70; Sweden and Norway, 70; Greece, 12. As to the distinctions of all kinds, France, of course, stands first, with 13,569; Spain and her colonies coming next, with 2,500; England and her colonies third, with 2,455; and Austria fourth, with 1,770. The Spanish aggregate exceeds the English by reason of a larger number of minor awards—viz., 821 bronze medals and 964 honorable mentions, as compared with 779 and 647.

A Tremendous Eater.
On a wager William Laduke, of Vergennes, Vt., undertook to eat in ten hours two pounds of pork steak, four large potatoes, one half of a pie, two slices of wheat bread, each one and one-quarter inches thick, one-quarter pound of butter, half a bushel of apples, and to drink two cups of tea. At seven o'clock in the morning he began his task by eating five apples. He then ate one pound of pork steak, two large potatoes, one slice of bread, one-quarter of a pie, one-eighth pound of butter, and drank one cup of tea. The remainder of the forenoon he spent in walking about and eating apples, of which he had devoured twenty-three at 12 o'clock. At noon he ate one pound of pork steak, two large potatoes, one slice of bread, one-eighth pound of butter, and drank two cups of tea. He was then weighed, and found to have gained seven and one-half pounds. For the next three hours he averaged about two apples per hour. At half-past five P. M. he ate the last apple and won the bet with half an hour to spare. His weight when he began was 145 pounds, and at the close 163 pounds, showing a gain of eight pounds in nine and one-half hours. Seven and one-half pounds of the he acquired in the first five hours, the last five hours adding only one-half pound to his weight. The half bushel of apples was "heaping" measure, and numbered just sixty-five apples. Laduke is twenty-six years old, five feet seven inches in height, and has never experienced a sick day in his life. He is a thin, spare man, and has always worked out for his living, usually among the farmers. He experienced no unusual difficulty from his square meal, and offered to bet five dollars that he could eat another peck of apples the same evening.

A Carte de Visite.
A sweet smile as of old
Doth repose
On your face like sunbeam-gold
On the snows;
You are warmer than the South,
And you have a little mouth
Like a rose.

Enchanting Elsie
You are fair;
You're a captious little tease
I declare.
Yet my bosom thrills with hope
When I kiss the heliotrope
In your hair.

Do you recollect that day
Long ago,
When we lingered in the gay
Afterglow;
Over the cuckoo's tender note
Or the honeyed meads would float
Soft and low?

When the pale forget-me-not
Charmed the leaf,
And o'er your happy cot
Eloise,
Soared the iris-streaked d
And the blue slices cemed in love
With the trees.

Then chirped the oriole
In the time;
And I'm free to say my soul
Turned to rhyme,
And in my eyes your glance—
I shall finish this romance
When I've time.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

Items of Interest.
A bosom friend—The baby.
An old march—The march of time.
A trance-action. Walking in your sleep.
A locomotive drinks forty-five gallons a mile.
Cobblers are said to be healing mediums.
Oak is stronger than iron, both pieces being the same in weight.

Overcoats will be worn long this winter, especially if we have a late spring. Beavers never speak of each other as "straight haired." They say of a square beaver, he is fur-straight.
Talk about the angry sea and the mad waves, and all that. Humph! you'd be angry, too, were you crossed as often as the ocean is.
He who doth the printer pay
Will go to heaven ere some day;
But he who meanly cheats the printer
Will go where there is never winter.

—Whitehall Times.
The first and most dangerous inroad upon the human system made by strong drink, is on the liver, and is not, at the outset, at all observable, even to the victim.
The young man who will turn up his nose at cabbage in connection with corned beef at a cheap restaurant will consume it with effusion in the guise of pure Havana cigars—"3 for 10c."
A matter-of-fact man was told by his doctor to put a check on his stomach if he wished to live long and be happy. He went immediately to his tailor, who filled the prescription by making him a plain vest.

Partridges are among the things that whirr.—*Boston Transcript.* Yes; and ventilators are among the things that air.—*Graphic.* Yes; and hornets are among the things that bee.—*Detroit Free Press.* Yes; and hogs are among the things that ham.
"Speaking of razors," said the obsequious barber, as he tendered change for a quarter, "I believe Adam and Eve were the first raisers, were they not?" The customer raised his Cain, and demanded to know if he was Abel to make another joke like that.

A Funny Story about Edison.
Among Edison's first inventions was a contrivance for producing perforation in paper. Among the girls he engaged to work with it was one who attracted his notice one day, and he gazed at her until she became confused, whereupon he abruptly asked her:
"What do you think of me, little girl? Do you like me?"
"Why, Mr. Edison, you frighten me. I—that is—"
"Don't be in any hurry about telling me. It doesn't matter much, unless you would like to marry me."
The young woman was disposed to laugh, but Edison went on:
"Oh, I mean it. Don't be in a rush, though. Think it over; talk to your mother about it, and let me know soon as convenient—Tuesday, say. How will Tuesday suit you, next week Tuesday, I mean?"

Edison's shop was at Newark, in those days, and one night a friend of his, employed in the main office of the Western Union telegraph company, in New York, returning home by the last train, saw a light in Edison's private laboratory, and climbed the dingy stairs to find his friend in one of his characteristic stumps, half awake and half dozing over some intricate point in electrical science which was baffling him.

"Hello, Tom!" cried the visitor cheerily, "what are you doing here this late? Aren't you going home?"
"What time is it?" inquired Edison, sleepily rubbing his eyes and stretching like a lion suddenly aroused.
"Midnight, easy enough. Come along."
"Is that so?" returned Edison, in a dreamy sort of way. "By George, I must go home, then. I was married to-day!"

THE TRI-WEEKLY STAR
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 mornings, from the office on Queen
 Street, Wiley's Building.
 Terms: \$2.50 per annum, payable in
 advance.
 Address "STAR," Fredericton.

The Morning Star.
 Jos. E. COLLINS.....EDITOR.
 FREDERICTON, DEC. 5, 1878.

We to-day present what we hope will prove a very readable number of the STAR, and henceforth it shall contain as much reading matter as to-day. Why we are enabled to make such a sudden and marked improvement in our paper, we don't think the public has any special right to know, but we may say that very much is due to the reliable and efficient workmen that we have been fortunate enough to procure the services of at last. We feel assured that our paper as a news paper will have no superior in the Province. But let it speak for itself.

Who is Without Stain.
 All flesh is weak. Weakness is part of our nature, and 'tis this very weakness that stamps us with the mark "mortal." In the first of our race weakness and error were manifest. A happy pair were placed in a garden to which poet nor painter can ever do credit. Beautiful trees were laden with fruit delicious to the taste and fair to the eye. Rivers of nectar flowed through the glorious meads, and birds sang such notes as only birds of Paradise can sing. In the dark the nightingale tuned her note, and at day breaks, ounces and pards lay tame at the feet of Adam and Eve. The lion dandled the kid, and perfect harmony prevailed. But a certain tree, which tree bore certain fruit, there was the eating of which, by God's command, meant death. Yet both eat of it, and thus Sin entered into the world.

Then if we follow Holy Writ we find the most favored of God and beloved of the people guilty of "rank offences before heaven." The children of Israel, under the protection of the Cloud by day and the Pillar of Fire by night, at the foot of Sinai, when God spake in thunders on the "secret top" and wrote his commandments in uncrumbling stone, with Aaron & Co. were fiddling and dancing and paying homage before a golden calf. David who was after God's own heart, sinned so grievously that Nathan, the prophet of the Lord, was sent to see which he would accept, pestilence, war or famine. And then the Royal son, Solomon, the wisest of all men, kept his wives and concubines from the people who fell down before the wooden-sided Baal. Even this man Solomon, was reserved to build a temple to God's honor and glory.

And long centuries after this when the Divine truths of a Christian faith became scattered over the earth, kings who carried a banner with the motto "In Cruce Salus," often did things which if submitted to the microscope, that hypocritical society, seeing everybody's defects but its own with would appear monstrous. These men erred because they were mortal. And now we read with pride of the daring exploits of one who filled England with joy, and hostile nations with terror, the hero of Trafalgar, that victor died on Gaithe wave, without considering it a reproach on his honor or a tarnish on his fame to have been guilty of some offences which would shock to death some of his Fredericton admirers. Nor was the "Iron Duke" above reproach; but his glory less, or are all those cited less examples for mankind, those of Holy Writ and England's and the world's pride?

Burns, the idol of kilted Scots, and the model for thousands of others, could not read his own private life without a blush. But what of that—except that we say: Let "men's evil manners live in brass," we will write their virtues in water. We might range over every page of history and on each one find a moral defaulter. Oftenest do the most brilliant ones transgress Mrs. Grundy's code—their irregularities are the "infinities of genius."
 Let it not be understood that

we champion errors, but at the same time we must feel that each and every one of us is all of the common family who is "born but to die," who "reason but to err." Some people who walk the street with God's laws written on their foreheads, are like goodly apples rotten at the core. They are only better than their neighbors in not being caught in their evil deeds. Such men walk Fredericton streets.

There is a white-livered crowd almost too mean to commit sin, who, if one err or get into a tight place or is going down hill will kick him on with their big feet, and if he fall, trample on him. If sunshine hang about him their paws are ever ready to squeeze his hand.

Then there is another and a worse crowd—the pharisaic sect—"Never forgive," is their motto. If they see a man infinitely their superior—to whom they are as the bat is to the eagle—to whom they take something, he is to be ostracised and this when their own slim souls are spotted as the leper's. While they blaspheme the High One's name by daring to mention it, they forget that His greatest mercy is forgiveness. These fellows care as much for morality as they do for their own wives, but makes as much noise about the one as they do about the other. Wretched creatures!

To sum up—all mortals are prone to err, and few, even the chosen of God, are perfect. Peter fell as did the millions, and even we "fall ten times a day." He who points the finger at his brother's spots is himself a leper and a whited sepulchre. The moral man is not he who points at his neighbor's faults, but who tries to rectify his own conduct. A man's own moral affairs is a big job for himself. The commonest occurrence is to err, the noblest thing is to forgive, or with the poet,—
 "To err is human, to forgive divine."

English Politics.

The two great political rivals in England are Beaconsfield and Disraeli. The one is a Liberal, the other a Conservative. Both have in their following intelligent bodies who have unbounded faith in their leaders. Mr. Gladstone, though admitted brilliant and able, just now appears to disadvantage. He is a severe critic of the Government without suggesting a better mode. While under ordinary circumstances the leader of an Opposition is not expected to develop a policy, yet when England was on the verge of a war which possibly might prove a disastrous one, it would not have been more than patriotic in him to point out a wiser and a better course, if he knew such. He makes some very able speeches, for he is no less eloquent than logical and practical. He is therefore a big gun firing into the Ministerial ranks, and though Beaconsfield may say of him that he is "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," he feels keenly his censure.

Mr. Disraeli has too been making some able speeches. His last was at the Lord Mayor's banquet. It was a forcible plea in justification of the past, the present and even the proposed policy of the Government. The rectification of the Indian frontier seems his fondest dream, and no doubt if he can accomplish it much will be thereby gained for the safety of the Eastern possessions.

Weather Prophets.

Nature seldom blabs before her time. She keeps her business to herself; herein Vennor and others of that ilk are confounded. Notwithstanding the predictions to the contrary by Mr. Vennor, there seems now some probability of having a green Christmas. It is little short of absurdity for any one to presume to tell what "to-morrow may bring forth." A volcano may spring up under our feet, or a city fall below the sea. Fog may arise from the ocean couch and eclipse the "Sun" or the "Star." Hot waves may come, and cold winds prevail, just from some cause which Mr. Vennor nor anybody else can no more foresee than he can prevent. Science may do much yet, but in the direction of wringing secrets from the air before the time is ripe for their delivery, it never can operate.

Police Office.
 There seems to be a feeling just now in favor of the erection of a new police office. The present concern is better fitted for a second-hand stable than for police purposes, and we only wonder at the cheek the City must have to ask Mr. Marsh to try a case in such a hovel. A new police office is about the first thing we want.

The lager beer saloons, we learn, are in full blast again in St. John.

The *News* and *Sun* still rake each other like a pair of fishermen over the "dismissals." Go in, brother Willis—this time you seem to be on the right side, somehow.

New Advertisements.

NOT GONE YET!

WE have concluded to remain, and are making preparations to manufacture Soap for the mill. "Give us peace and clean linen." Have a few boxes of SOAP on hand at our New Soap Works, West End, Queen street, (opposite Simmons' Tannery).

NIXON & SON.
 dec 3 tt.

The best Bargain in Real Estate in this City.

A DOUBLE Two Story Solid Brick Building, thoroughly finished throughout with Barn and Outbuildings complete, is offered at the extremely low price of \$2,000 to close an Estate. The building is situated on East side of King Street, opposite the Madras School House and originally cost over \$4,000 to construct. The property soil right, and a decided bargain. Apply to

GEO. G. HUNT,
 Druggist, Queen Street.

EXHIBITION.

1878.

ADMISSION FREE.

THE Public are respectfully requested to call and inspect our new stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY

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GOODS

Selected for our

Fall & Winter

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the best Markets of Great Britain and America.

Doors open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

ALBION HOUSE,

QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON,
 Opposite Normal School.

F. B. EDGECOMBE.

NW FOR SALE.

100 BARRELS White Potatoes; 100 Bbls. White Turnips; 50 bbls No. 1 Apples; 10 Hhds. Choice Molasses; 5 " No. 1 Scotch Sugar; 10 Barrels Ex. C. Sugar; 10 " Granulate Sugar; 10 " No. 1, American Balwins.

For sale at **JOHN OWENS,** Queen Street, F'ron.

CARD.

THE subscriber is now prepared to attend to all his old customers, and has plenty for new ones in his new and well stocked store, Queen Street. His stock consists of Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, Meats, Flour, Meal, Apples, &c. Also always on hand Geese, Turkeys, Chickens, &c., dry, plucked and every variety of Wild Fowl in Feathers, Geese, Ducks, Partridges, Snipe, &c.

M. MORAN, Queen Street, Opp. Stone Barracks, F'ron, Nov. 16, 1878.—tt.

J. F. M'MANUS,

Barrister & Attorney At-Law,

SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

McManus' Building, REGENT STREET.

All business in his profession promptly attended to. **J. F. M'MANUS,** Barrister, &c., Regent Street.

DONT FAIL TO SEE

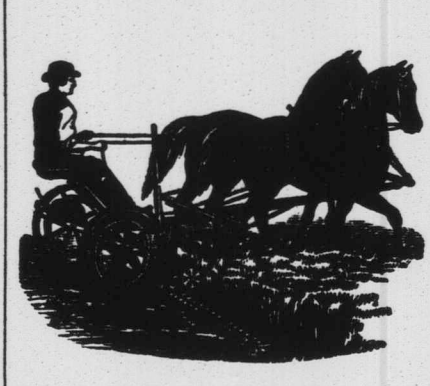
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DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

STATIONARY

and Novelties of all kinds.

The highest price paid for Country Produce.

UNDER BRAYLEY HOUSE,

QUEEN STREET,

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Foreign and Domestic Fruits always on hand.

COY'S BLOCK, NO. 1.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

DRUGGIST,

Cor. Queen & Regent Streets,

Has in Stock the best assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Patent Medicines,

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TOILET & FANCY ARTICLES

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

HAVANA CIGARS!

A SPECIALTY.

NO. 1, COY'S BLOCK

GEO. H. DAVIS, Cor. Queen & Regent Streets

CARD.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favors wishes to inform his friends that he will be found at his old stand on York Street. **NELSON CAMPBELL.** Nov. 23, 1878.—tt.

10 Bales GRAIN BAGS

For Sale Low by the Bale.

P. McPEAKE.



Empress Relief

JUST RECEIVED AT

GEO. H. DAVIS,

DRUG STORE,

COR. QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS

Fredericton, Nov. 16, 1878.—tt.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

The subscriber has now in stock, the following goods which he will sell cheap for cash, viz:—
 8 Hhds. Dark and Pale Brandy, very old, (in bond);
 2 Hhds. and 10 Quarter Casks, Gin, (in bond);
 12 Quarter Casks Irish and Scotch Whiskey, (in bond);
 3 Hhds. and 2 Barrels W. F. L. Old Rye Whiskey;
 3 Barrels "Gooderham & Worts" and Walkers Old Rye Whiskey;
 3 Barrels Bourbon Whiskey;
 50 Cases Brandy, "Henney," "Martel," "Henry Mounie," "Priet, Castillon & Co., and other Brands.
 55 Cases Irish and Scotch Whiskey, "Kirkleton," "Glenlivet," "Bullock Lade," "Loch Katrine," "Donville," "Wards" and other Brands.
 10 Cases Old Tom Gin, quarts and pints, 25 cases "Kewneys," old Jamaica Rum, 50 Barrels Gunners' Stout and Bass Ale, quarts and pints, Baskets, piper, qHeidsick & Co., Champagne quarts and pints.
 Cases sparkling Moselle;
 Cases Hock; Cases Claret;
 2 Chests and 16 Half Chest Tea; also, Flour, Molasses, Sugar, Rice, Cigars, and Tobacco, Pickles, Sauces, Biscuit and all other Groceries usually found in a first-class Grocery Store.
 ALSO FOR SALE, CHEAP,
 1 Second Hand Coffee Mill;
 1 Second Hand Counter Scale;
 1-2 Dozen Japanned Tea Cannisters;
 1 Tobacco Cutter;
 1 Platform Scale; 1 Liquor Pump.
ALEX. BURCHILL.

MISS C. M'MICHAEL,

HAS just received a full and select lot of Fresh Island Oysters, which she will sell by the Barrel, by the Bushel, by the Peck by the Quart or by the Pint.
 She will serve them in all styles Raw, Steamed or Fried, will give Oysters in Pie, Scallop, patties or roasted.
PASTRY.
 She can supply Apple, Lemon, Mince and Custard Pies.
MEATS.
 Stakes, Mutton Chops, and Poultry served to order.
CAKE
 Of all kinds, Tea and Coffee, and meals at all hours.
 C. M'MICHAEL'S Exchange, Restaurant, Queen Street, Fredericton.
 Nov. 14 —2mos

RISING FROM THE ASHES.

THE subscriber can be found for the present in the store formerly occupied by SFAFFORD BARKER, Esq., where he will meet all his old friends and as many others as may be kind enough to favor him with a call. In order to make room for Fall Stock the Goods on hand will be sold very cheap FOR CASH and all the stock damaged by rough handling or otherwise, will be sold at decided bargains.
 With best thanks for past favors, a call is respectfully solicited.
OWEN SHARKEY.

I HAVE NOW

IN STOCK—

125 TONS

BEST REFINED IRON,

ASSORTED SIZES.

FOR SALE LOW.

BLACKSMITHS

AND OTHERS REQUIRING

LARGE QUANTITIES,

CAN BE SUPPLIED AT

ST. JOHN PRICES,

FOR CASH.

Z. R. EVERETT,

QUEEN STREET.

MISS KATIE CORNELLISON,

HAIR DRESSER,

and dealer in Braids, Chignons, Switches, Puffs, Braids, Combing made over in Curl, Hair, Braids, Combing points to turn all one way. Hair bought and sold cheaper than anywhere in the city. Please ladies give us a call.
MISS KATIE CORNELLISON, 207 B.—2mos.

OBSERVE.

THE

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IS THE PLACE FOR

ADVERTISING!

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The STAR will be everywhere, and everyone will read the STAR.

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There will be no Advertising medium equal to it.

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The Morning Star will contain

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THE CHOICEST CULLINGS FROM OTHER PAPERS,

and a good stock of readable

ORIGINAL MATTER.

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The DAILY CIRCULATION will be at least

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will contain the

Choicest Literature

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JOB WORK

of all kinds done in the

NEWEST STYLE,

with despatch at the STAR Office.

HANDBILLS,

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LAWYERS' BRIEFS,

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ETC., ETC., ETC.

All done promptly and neatly.

STAR OFFICE—Up stairs

WILEY'S BUILDING, Queen Street

BAZAAR.

LADIES OF THE

St. Dunstan's Church

Fredericton, intend holding a Bazaar in

ST. DUNSTAN'S TEMPERANCE HALL.

The proceeds to be applied towards paying the debt on said Hall.
 Full particulars will be given in a subsequent notice.
 Contributions will be thankfully received by any of the undersigned:—
 Mrs. J. McDonald, Miss Hudson, Donnelly, Major O'Malley, Martin, Elliott, W. Jennings, F. McPeake, Kirin, P. Dever, J. Houghier, P. McPeake, Soory, Miss Hennessy, Brodie, LaForest, Barker, Peters.
 Miss O'Connor, MRS. P. McPEAKE, Secretary.
 Nov 2-tf—Rep Agr

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MASON, BRICKLAYER,

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All kinds of color washing executed in the best manner and on reasonable terms. Jobbing punctually attended to. Fancy Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Residence, Corner of St. John and Charlotte Streets.
 Oct 31, 1878.—6mos.

IRON! IRON!

DAILY EXPECTED PER SCHOONER

"RANGOLA,"

700 Bars American Refined Iron,

200 Bundles " " "

Which will be sold as LOW as ANY in the City.

JAS. S. NEILL.

—

Horse Nails,

Just Received from

MONTREAL

60 Boxes Mooney's Polished and Finished Horse Nails.

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL,

QUEEN STREET



