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MIRAMICHI

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NELSON AND THE COXSWAIN.
Cause of His Popularity With the Sailors.
Just before the battle of Trafalgar a small vessel from the English fleet to England, and word was passed that it might be the last chance to write before the expected engagement. The letters had been collected from the ships, the letter bags were on the vessel which was to take them, and she had got some distance on her way, under full sail, when Lord Nelson saw a fisherman approach and speak to Pasco the signal officer. Then Nelson showed the side of his nature which so often won the sailors' hearts.

WOULD SPOIL THE SET.
A five year old boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who is fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to let her have him.
"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.
"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow.
"How much would it take?" she continued.
"Five hundred dollars," said the boy promptly, as if that would settle the matter at once for all.
"Oh, well, then," said the lady, "I think I can manage it. If I can will you come and stay with me?"
"No, ma'am," he said, with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't let me break the set."
SUCH IMPUDENCE.
"Young man," said the stern father, "do you think you are able to support a family?"
"Well," said the young man, bravely, "I have thought that all over, and I have come to the conclusion that I am willing to endure Lillian's family for the sake of Lillian herself."
Great Britain has 18,000 gipsies; Austria, 179,000; Turkey holds the record with 200,000.

FOUL PLAY.
I was seated before my first one evening last winter, enjoying my cigar and reading the latest novel, when a ring at the bell announced a visitor, and the next moment a man was shown into the room. He looked about thirty years of age and was decidedly artistic in his appearance, and seemed to be a strong and in the best of health.
"Good-evening," he said. "I have been advised to come to you over a matter of great importance by Sir Richard Nolle, for whom you rendered some valuable services in restoring his health at your disposal. I am in the corner of which I noticed a crest. 'If I can be of any service to you,' I answered, 'I am at your disposal.' 'Well,' he said, 'listen to my strange story, which, after all, may prove to be a coincidence. But I think you will say that it was time the thing should be investigated. 'To be sure,' I said, 'I am in the very best of health, and I am in the very best of health. My two brothers were as I am just over two years ago, and now both are dead—died he died of heart disease. When my father died almost three years ago my eldest brother came into the estate in Suffolk, known as Elmwell Manor. At that time he was perfectly healthy, but in just over a year he was examined by a medical man and pronounced healthy in every organ, yet, strange to relate, he only lived eighteen months after he came into the estate, and of course died of heart disease. I was the only surviving son, and I went to take possession of Elmwell Manor, which was in a state of great fear lest the late which overtook my two brothers may also be mine.' 'Yours is certainly a strange story,' I said, 'but I am simply thunderstruck. I went myself and interviewed his doctor, who told me that he was a case similar in every respect to his two brothers, and he gave but little hope of his recovery. He was returned to me, and I consulted a specialist, whose verdict was the same as that of the family doctor, and he returned to me the most depressed and miserable man in the county. 'I believe,' he said to me one day shortly after his return from London, 'that the disease is the most peculiar in the world, and that I am being slowly murdered.' 'Slowly murdered?' The words rang in my ears. 'Was such a thing possible in the nineteenth century?' I dismissed the man as presumptuous and mad. It was soon to recall the words and to attach a new meaning to them. One afternoon, he was called to Elmwell Manor for almost two months. 'I was in the room in which Arthur Murray slept, and I sat down in the bay window and looked out into the landscape, which I had never seen before. I thought was so soon to go to a distant relative and to pass out of this world for ever. I felt for the melancholy frame of mind. I had been at Elmwell for several weeks, and I was beginning to feel that I could not prevent the avenging spirit of Arthur Murray from overtaking him. I had come to the room to look for some papers, and I found a note pinned to the wall, which I took to be the last will of the deceased. I had looked up at it suddenly, and I remembered that I had been told that the man who was called in to see the man in the room in which the eldest son died. Good heavens! was there anything so ghastly as 'slowly murdered' and 'being hatched whoe end of the world' to the owner of Elmwell Manor? I made my way to the other bedroom, to see if the ceiling there had been treated as the other two had been. I reached the room and looked up at the ceiling, and I saw a square in the ceiling, and a piece had been cut out, about half a foot square, and cleverly replaced, and no body would have noticed it had it not been looking for it. I went through all the other bedrooms in the house and not one of them was similarly treated. Here, then, was an extraordinary coincidence. Two men had died in separate rooms, and in the ceiling of each room was a square cut for no apparent reason. Another man was suffering from precisely the same disease, and a similar square was cut from the ceiling of the bedroom in which he slept, and no other ceiling was touched. By the time that I had finished my examination it was dinner-time. The meal was always strangely silent

and melancholy. To-night it was more so than usual; my host seemed to be brooding over his expected fate, and I was vexed with my thoughts.
After dinner I confided my suspicions to him, and a light of hope came into his usually sorrowful eyes. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is such a thing possible? Who could it be?"
"I have a plan," I answered, whereby we can see if there is any truth in my suspicion, and if they prove correct, we may be able to catch the villain or villains responsible. First of all, should I not examine your skin under a microscope?"
The instrument was brought, and I carefully examined the skin of my client. Suddenly I gave an exclamation of astonishment. I found what I was looking for, and what I had scarcely dared to think that I should find. On the wrist, where the arm was very thin, I discovered a small, dark, circular mark, not discernible to the naked eye, through which, by some means, a deadly but slow-working poison had been instilled into the veins of Arthur Murray. Then I referred to an old book that a friend of mine possesses on poisons, and discovered that a certain poison would produce symptoms of disease that would puzzle medical men; but the poison had to be injected with a syringe, and I argued that this was done in a clandestine manner, and knowing it, so I dismissed the matter from my mind until I saw the man in the bedchamber, and the small punctures in his wrists and arms. You have been inoculated with this poison, and you are slowly dying. I believe there is yet time to save you. What I intend doing is to hide the matter from your wife and watch the man who injected the poison. I will sleep there as usual, but I promise that you shall not again be in danger of the poison."
"So I watched."
For three successive nights I lay hidden in the bedchamber, nursing a revolver and watching the square in the ceiling, but nothing happened. It was on the fourth night that the finish of the tragedy occurred. By some means or other I happened to fall into a semicircular trap, which was suddenly awakened by hearing a slight click in the ceiling. I was lying in an old oak wardrobe with the door just ajar, sufficiently for me to get a good view of the ceiling. I lay there with my eyes fixed on the square in the ceiling, which was slowly being drawn back, until it left a narrow slit in the ceiling about half a foot square.
Then something like a large spider suspended on a piece of string was let slowly down on to the bed. It was a terrible looking thing, about the size of a man's hand, with six legs attached, but it was too mechanical-looking to be mistaken for anything else. It descended it made a whirling noise, and directly it touched the bed it commenced to move over the counter-pane. As it crawled over the bed I could distinctly hear the rattling of wheels, which about every thirty seconds stopped, when the figure would stand still, and I thought that this was when the liquid would be injected into the veins of the man who was in the bed.
I admitted the nerve of Arthur Murray. He was well-aware of what was going on, as he had had no sleep since we had made the discovery of the punctures, only in the daytime. He lay perfectly still and breathed as though he were asleep. I was so much affected by the scene, and was just touching his hand when the locomotive "stayed."
A shriek of pain followed the shot, and the machine was jerked off the bed and lay on the floor on its back, its wheels still revolving. Instantly all was confusion and disorder. Servants came rushing to the room, and I made my way with two of the men servants to the trap door which communicated with the apartment above the bedroom.
We climbed up, and I made my way to the spot where the light was streaming through from the room below. On the floor lay the body of a man shot through the head—the body of the man who had already murdered two men and so nearly a third. We picked him up and carried him to the bedroom below, but he was quite dead. Arthur Murray identified him as the relative from India, who would have inherited Elmwell estate had his diabolical plot succeeded.
The little mechanical contrivance was most ingeniously contrived. In the front part was a small spring-driven clockwork, which would inject a small quantity of the deadly fluid into the veins. The ends of the legs were covered with chain oil leather, so that the friction would not wake the victim, and the

locomotive that have been on the rails for many years and are still effective. The famous "No. 1" Great Northern engine recently completed its four millionth mile. It was built in 1870. It is still regularly employed on express passenger work, says The London Daily Mail.
Turning these facts over in his mind a Daily Mail representative was led to reflect that, after all, perhaps there might be something good to be said of the much abused British locomotive, and he set out on a voyage of investigation which embraced, first of all, the company's locomotive works at Glasgow's Cross.
"Well, good night, mate! I'm getting sleepy," said I. "I hope our won't bring back the fever. I don't know you'll get the effects of it still. I've given back the saddle at once if I'd known. You can have it now if you want."
"No, thanks, I'm all right as I am."
"Sure?"
"Good night!"
"Good night!"

OLD ENGLISH ENGINES.
Locomotives That Have Been on the Rails for Many Years and Are Still Effective.
The famous "No. 1" Great Northern engine recently completed its four millionth mile. It was built in 1870. It is still regularly employed on express passenger work, says The London Daily Mail.
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"Good night!"

WHAT HE WAS.
A school-inspector was examining a class in grammar and trying to explain the relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example.
"That's a perfectly splendid idea," he said, "what an idea!" That was an easy question, and all the children shouted.
"A man!" and then looked around triumphantly, as if such as to say, "Ask now, what was the idea?"
"Yes, but what else?" said the inspector. This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest.
"A little man!"
"Yes, but there was something more than that." This was a poser for the youngsters, but after a prolonged puzzled silence an infant phenomenon almost leaped from the seat in his eagerness, and cried to the inspector.
"Please, sir, I know—an ugly little man!"
312 people die of starvation yearly in England, and 260 in France. 60 per cent. are men and 40 women.

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—Forms and see our Work and compare it with that of Mackenzie's Job Printing Office CHATHAM, N. B.

THIRTY KNOTS AN HOUR.
What a New Locomotive Promises in the Near Future.
To clip from twenty-four to thirty-six hours from the record time for crossing the Atlantic is the promise of the New York and European Steamship Company, a new trans-Atlantic Steamship line, which offers assurance of a speedy fulfilment of its pledge, says The Tribune. This company, which has already applied for pier privileges in New York city and formulated the larger part of its plans, expects by the substitution of the turbine engine for that now in use to secure a constant speed of 30 knots an hour in its new boats. Such a speed will mean that passengers can be carried from this country to Europe in a little more than four days.
The success that has attended the use of the turbine engine in Europe, and especially the remarkable speed that has been secured thereby, has naturally raised the question as to its adaptability for trans-Atlantic steamers. In New York a strong company has been organized, and plans have been pretty well completed for this new line.
To cut off a day in the time of crossing the Atlantic will mean to bring enormous profits to the steamship company which succeeds in doing it.
Fast mails will naturally fall to the steamship company that can handle them quickest. Delivered at Queenstown these mails could, according to the plans of the New York and European Company, be carried three days and seven hours, a reduction of two days from the present time.
Of the importance and value of the turbine engine, Professor H. H. Thurston recently spoke at length before the Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Juvenile Suspicion.
"I shall soon be your new mamma," said a governess to her little charge. "I am going to marry your father, Freddy dear. I wonder if you are glad?"
"Hurrah!" exclaimed Freddy. "That's a perfectly splendid idea. Who thought of it first—you or papa?"
The trouble with the people who look on honesty as a good policy is that they are not willing to pay the premium.
Physician (severely)—I have no hesitation in saying, sir, that your wife's nervous fits are occasioned by your staying out so late every night. Withbye—Good gracious, doctor, I didn't know she was suffering from an incurable disease!"

Physician (severely)—I have no hesitation in saying, sir, that your wife's nervous fits are occasioned by your staying out so late every night. Withbye—Good gracious, doctor, I didn't know she was suffering from an incurable disease!"
Hobbs—"Good gracious, Hobbs, how did you lose all your front teeth?"
"No, I gave our cook notice to leave last night, and this morning she put dynamite in the rolls."

