

**COUNTRY NOTES.**

**Sights and Sensations of the Rural Districts.**

**A Frog Story.**

Speaking of frogs one day to a gentleman well up in frog lore he related a story which throws considerable light on their habits and customs, and will be very interesting to naturalists. It seems that Mr. Richard Bailey, of Nashwaaksis, who has a sugar orchard, stowed away his sap cans one fall at the foot of a hill near a spring on his farm, and on taking them up in March for use he found them literally filled with frogs, who had made of them their winter quarters. Can any one beat this?

**Followed the Calf.**

A farmer living near Fredericton Junction employed a sailor who came along, to help him on the farm. The first day he set him to plowing, and this son of Neptune being more skilled in binnacles and bob-stays than the manly art of husbandry, of course required considerable information. He accordingly put the plow handles in his hands and the reins over his head, and charged him to plow a straight furrow. The sailor having no compass for a guide inquired for a land-mark to direct him in his course, so as he would not lose his reckoning. As it happened there was a calf quietly reclining at the end of the proposed furrow, and he told him to steer directly for the steer, and having some business at the house went back and left him to his own resources. The sailor followed orders implicitly, but when he got to the end of the furrow the calf, becoming frightened, cocked its tail to starboard and ran off down the hill. Over the fence and down into the interval he followed with the team, taking the course of the calf, and the result was a zig-zag ditch, more resembling a western trail over the mountains than a farmer's furrow. In about an hour the farmer returned, and following the furrow at last came up to the sailor and the calf, all out of breath, exclaiming in no mild tones "Why you blamed fool, what have you been doing?" To which the amateur plowboy replied: "I've been following that pesky calf as you told me to, and if I had kept on much longer he would have led me to the devil." It is needless to state that on the next occasion he set him plowing he gave him a more substantial guide than a calf.

**Run Over a Bear.**

Mr. Ryan, the well known truckman of St. Marys, having occasion to take a man up to Mouth of Keswick a short time ago, on his return late at night ran over a bear that was quietly sleeping at the foot of Curry's Mountain, thereby giving himself and horse a great shock and nearly upsetting the vehicle. He says that when he had time to think, as he was nearing home, his head being cold he felt for his hat and found it sticking on top of his hair about two feet above his head. A bear has been seen around there since with a broken fore paw who is presumed to be the victim of the above contretemps.

**Zionville.**

The Rev. Murray Gosman, resident of a back lot in the vicinity of Marysville, preached a brilliant sermon in the hall at the Mouth of Tay on Thurs-

day evening, the subject being "Bad Nigger." The congregation paid the greatest attention to the marvellous arguments advanced by this distinguished divine. Of course the whole affair was of a rather zig-zag character. Leaving out the text the rev. gentleman went on to give us an account of the ancient grasshoppers, whose hair was like unto the hair of our gals and whose teeth were like unto case knives. He also describes them as having tails like unto muskrats, with columns of smoke issuing from their mouths which resembled the craters of volcanoes. His peroration was the acme of sublimity, in which he said: "Breddern, I gib yo' to understand dat dis species of grasshopper were de residents ob a pit widout any bottom;" concluding with a burst of exultation: "Bress de Lawd, my breddern, I 'scaped dem big grasshoppers yeahs ago."

**Harvy Station.**

Most of the farmers are about through haying, the hay crop being very light.

The blue berries are reported a very fair crop.

Mrs. L. B. Holmes is visiting at her old home.

Miss Ella and May Donahoe are visiting friends in Houlton, Me.

Messrs. Essensa & Pollock have finished hauling bark,

Two young men, one a Liberal, and one a Tory, came to blows some time ago, and the result of the fight is that the tory carries his large nose in a sling, ha, ha, Sandy, you want to watch the Liberals also your nose.

There was a dance at Mr. Stack's Monday night, but owing to the bad weather, which prevented the presence of the dolls, it did not prove as satisfactory as it otherwise would have done.

The cow bell that was lost in Smithfield last spring has been found and returned to the young man's father.

Owing to the amount of damage done by the grubs last spring vegetables are very scarce (especially pumpkins).

Mr. Geo. Stack has finished his new well and is patiently awaiting the arrival of the 10th inst., the day on which he intends making a balloon ascension.

Miss Jennie Pollock of Fredericton is visiting friends here.

Miss Jennie Moody and Miss Jennie Rossborough made a flying trip to the blue berry plains Monday last.

M. J. Sullivan of Mt. Corrigan, New Hampshire, is visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. J. Pollock has finished his new barn.

Mr. Chas. Davis, the crack shot, intends to try for the Queen's prize at Bisley the next season.

Deer are reported to be quite numerous and very tame around here at present.

Mr. Joseph Pollock of McAdam, has been visiting at his father's.

J. T. Sullivan is improving in health.

**Upper Keswick.**

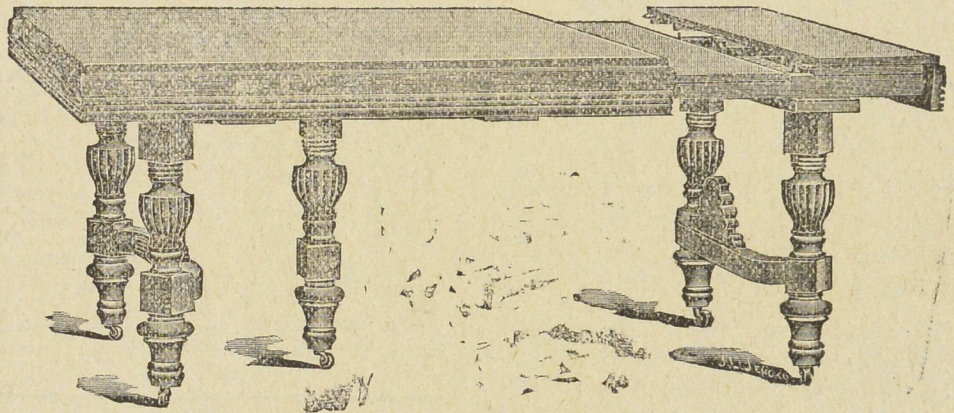
J. R. Bird and Chesley Harris have completed a stone fence around the site of the old Zealand post office which was burned last summer.

Our school is flourishing again after having been demoralized for 18 months. It is greatly prized by the children who have so long been deprived of educational advantages. Fortunately the people know where to lay the blame.

Harry Burlock is station agent at Smith's Corner this summer.

SELAH.

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