

THE DISPATCH.

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First Fatality of the Maine Season

Ellsworth, Me., Sept. 24.—The first hunting fatality of the fall season in Maine was reported Tuesday when word was received from Franklin of the death Monday night of Walter Murch, aged 21—Murch was accidentally shot by Boyd Robinson, a younger companion, while hunting partridge Saturday afternoon. They were walking through thick brush, with Murch in the lead, when Robinson's gun was discharged and the contents entered Murch's side. Robinson's efforts to move his wounded companion were fruitless and he was forced to leave him for more than an hour while he went for assistance. During his absence Murch bled profusely.

Sidewalks of Kenora are Snow-Covered

Winnipeg, Sept. 25.—Snow fell steadily at Kenora all Tuesday and three to four inches lay on the sidewalks. Frost was reported again last night from many points in the west and continued cool weather is prophesied. In spite of frost and rain little damage has apparently been done to crops still standing in Manitoba, especially in the north.

Kitchener Threatened With Assassination

New York, Sept. 25.—A cable to the Herald from London says: Before leaving London for Paris yesterday, on his way to regard Lord Kitchener received a letter from a man who threatened to assassinate him on his return to England.

Find Bubonic Plague Infected Rats In Porto Rico

Washington, Sept. 30.—A rat infected with bubonic plague, found at Cague's Porto Rico, is causing the public health service much uneasiness. Cague is all most in the centre of the island, and that a plague carrier should penetrate so far inland is regarded by the service as very dangerous. Many plague-infected rats have been found and killed near the coast.

Million For Coal Lands In The West

Calgary, Alta., Sept. 30.—A deal is reported closed between the Dominion Coal and Iron Company and A. H. Ford of Calgary, whereby the former becomes possessed of the Ford coal areas in the High River district, comprising 12,000 acres.

The purchase price is said to be \$1,000,000 and gives possession of one of the largest anthracite fields in Canada. The seams have been prospected for a distance of fifteen miles, and range in width from seven and a half to thirty feet. The deposits carry both coking coal and anthracite of a quality equal to that of Pennsylvania, both of which will be developed.

FLORENCEVILLE

Mrs. H. H. McCain and her grandson, Hugh John Gordon, are away to Montreal for a visit.

Miss Amy Ross, a nurse in training, Lewiston Me., is spending her vacation at her home in Florenceville.

Mrs. W. W. Jewett was in Woodstock on Tuesday.

Hollis J. MacL. Fiske left on Saturday for MacDonald College, where he is entering his 3rd year in Agriculture. Horticulture will be his specialty.

Mrs. Scott McCain and three children left on Wednesday for Elko, Nevada, to spend the winter with relatives.

The farmers have been getting on fast with their harvesting.

During the fine weather of last week, those fortunate enough to be through with their grain are harvesting their potatoes.

The Centreville Exhibition on Sept. 2nd and 3rd bids fair to be a huge success. Hartland Poultry Yards plan on having a large exhibit.

Fiske Bros., are going into Pure Bred Yorkshire Hogs. They bought a fine specimen, last week, from MacDonald College, P. Q.

To be absolutely sure that a carbolic solution will not burn use one part acid to twenty parts water.

CENTREVILLE

The Praying Band, of Caribou, has spent several days in Royalton, and are having interesting meetings. Mr. Grant, the Speaker of the band, is interesting in his discourses and no doubt their services will be a benefit to many of the hearers.

Mrs. Mary J. White has been visiting in Centreville and vicinity for the past few days. She is expecting to leave for Boston in a short time, where she will probably spend the winter.

People were somewhat surprised to see the hills covered with snow on Monday morning.

The prophets, who predicted a very late Autumn, are now calling in their Certificates.

The Agricultural Show to be held here on Oct. 2nd. and 3rd. will have the ladies of the Baptist Church to attend the tables and the public may rest assured that as tasty a dinner may be secured here as at any place in New Brunswick.

The farmers are getting along slowly with their harvesting, some having cut no oats as yet, the wet weather keeping the crops from ripening.

The drop in the price of potatoes stopped many of the farmers from digging though from some parts of the Province potatoes are steadily going to Montreal market, where the New Brunswick product brings higher prices than any other.

A good deal of ploughing has already been done, showing that the farmers are a hopeful class under all circumstances.

CHESTER

Mr. Scott McCain returned from McAdam on Thursday, having accompanied Mrs. McCain that far on her journey to Nevada.

Miss Marie Ward, of Bath, spent the week-end with the Misses Maddox.

Snow fell during the night of Sept. 29th. and was distinctly visible on the hills next morning—an other feature of this most unusual season.

H. H. Estabrooks has had a Consolidated telephone installed recently.

A number from this locality attended Baptist Church in Florenceville Sunday afternoon including Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Shaw and Miss Lillian Shaw.

Rev. E. C. Turner occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sherwood were guests of Mrs. Sherwood's uncle, Gideon Estabrooks one day last week.

Deer are numerous about here. They are used in the harvest fields and lanes frequently. The hunters should become interested for no deer have yet been shot since the season opened.

AUTO PARTIES HERE.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Phillips, Miss Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Jones, of Woodstock, were here yesterday in an auto. They were guests at the Barker House.—Gleaner.

OVERLOOKED.

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order, order!" said the judge gravely.

"You seem to forget that I am in the room."

MAGIC FIRE WRITING.

How to Perform an Amusing and Mystifying Trick.

This recipe for "magic fire writing" is given by the Pathfinder: Dissolve saltpeter in water until the water will take up no more. Then take the "wrong" end of a penholder and, dipping it in the solution, draw in thick strokes some name or design on a piece of light paper, taking care not to break the continuity of the writing anywhere—that is, all words must be joined. When dry the writing will be invisible. Fold over or roll up half an inch of each end of such a paper after it has been allowed to get dry and stand it on something that will not burn. Light a match, then blow it out and apply the glowing tip to some spot touched by the design (you can make an ink mark before applying the saltpeter to serve as a guide), and a tiny glowworm of fire will travel all along the lines traced and end by leaving the device burned out of the paper, no other part of it being destroyed.

By the use of a little ingenuity all sorts of amusing designs for this purpose can be got up. For example, you can draw in pencil or ink on the paper a picture of one boy throwing a baseball to another and also trace an invisible curved line in the saltpeter from the hand of the thrower to that of the catcher. Then when you touch fire to the thrower's hand the fire will follow the saltpeter line right to the other's hand.

Those who see the thing and are not in the secret will be much mystified as to why the fire follows this line and does not burn the rest of the paper. Saltpeter enters into gunpowder, and wherever it has touched the paper it makes it burn.

MONEY NO ONE CLAIMS.

British Banks Have Millions That Owners Never Call For.

Twenty millions of unclaimed money are in the coffers of British banks—derelict gold which nobody owns and which the banks are naturally pleased to take care of—gold more than sufficient to pave every square foot of Cheapside with sovereigns.

Some years ago, when Mr. Goschen's conversion scheme was in the air, it was found that the Bank of England alone had nearly 11,000 of these dormant accounts. Forty of them had more than \$50,000 apiece to their credit. One balance was written in six figures—\$907,900. The total at the bottom of the long list was \$39,248,875. This amount was very largely made up of unclaimed dividends on government stock.

For seven years the bankers keep the accounts open, prepared to pay over the balance to any who can prove title to it. This term expired, they regard the forgotten gold as their own. Five million dollars of such ownerless money went to build London's splendid law courts. The city, it is said, has more than one magnificent bank building reared from the same handy material. The Bank of England, one learns, provides pensions for clerks' widows out of such a fund.

But, whatever becomes of it, these millions of "mystery gold" are always growing, fed by man's carelessness or forgetting, their secrets hidden away in thousands of musty bank ledgers.—London Tit-Bits.

BRAVERY AS A GIFT.

Bedouins Do Not Look Upon Cowardice as a Disgrace.

The idea that nothing is so disgraceful as cowardice is one that is not held by all races. Among the Bedouins a sheik may be the leader of his tribe only in peace. When there is war the chances are that he will relinquish his leadership to the fighting sheik.

"I have not the gift of courage," once said an Arab chief to an Englishman, apologizing for not putting himself at the head of a band that he had sent to attack another tribe.

The Englishman learned that these nomads esteem personal bravery as a gift, for the want of which a man is no more to be censured than he is to be blamed for not being handsome.

A Bengali says, without the least sense of shame, "I am timid." Yet he will meet death, even when it approaches in the form of the hangman,

with the composure of a martyr.

The following instances illustrate strikingly this double nature of the Bengali.

A native had been sentenced to death for killing his wife. On the morning of the execution the officer who was superintending the hanging entered the condemned man's cell. Instead of finding him crouching in terror he was surprised to be greeted with a low bow and a request.

The man wished for some sweetmeats with which to refresh himself on his way to the gallows. They were ordered, and on their arrival the procession set out.

The doomed man ate the sweetmeats with a relish as he calmly walked along the way of death. When the gallows was reached the crowd which had followed seated themselves on the ground. The man waited a few seconds to finish the last morsel, then mounted the gallows with composure and was swung off.

Strange as it may seem, that man would have been panic stricken at the rush of some wild rumor. His timidity was natural, but his religion and discipline had trained him to accept with calmness the inevitable.—Detroit Free Press.

CRUEL PUNISHMENTS.

The Use of Torture in Legal Processes in Former Times.

The constitution of the United States and the constitutions of the various states in prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments were not fighting an absurdity. The use of torture in legal processes was not, when these instruments were framed, so remote as it is now.

When Sir Thomas Dole came as high marshal to Virginia he crushed a conspiracy by killing the ringleaders by torture. One had a bodkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he died. Others were broken on the wheel. It is quaintly stated that Sir Thomas was "a man of good conscience and knowledge in divinity." Dole's date was 1611.

The next notable instance of the use of torture was in 1692, in the Salem witchcraft excitement, when Giles Cory was pressed to death—the "peine dure et forte," the most horrible of deaths.

Executions were in public throughout the east until comparatively recent times. When Quelch, the pirate, and six others were hanged in Boston, Sewall wrote in his diary, "When the scaffold was let to sink there was such a screech of the women that my wife heard it, sitting in our entry next to the orchard," though the gallows was a mile away and the wind unfavorable.

The use of torture to wring the truth from witnesses is said to have been recognized as legal in Austria until well within the last century.

Needless Use of Opiates.

It is perhaps a conservative estimate that only 10 per cent of the entire drug consumption in this country is applied to the purpose of blunting incurable pain. Thus 90 per cent of the opiates used are, strictly speaking, unnecessary. In the innumerable cases that have come under my observation 75 per cent of the habitual users became such without reasonable excuse. Beginning with small occasional doses, they realized within a few weeks that they had lost self control and could not discontinue the use of the drug.—Charles B. Towns in Century.

SMOKE FOR A LIVING.

French Tobacco Testers and Their Peculiar Line of Work.

In the French ministry of finance there is a class of officials whose activity is little known to the outer world. These men are the official tobacco testers, and they pass judgment on every kind of tobacco manufactured in France.

They consist of a chairman and five assistants, and from morning to evening they have nothing to do but smoke cigars, cigarettes and pipes, in order to arrive at an estimate of the different kinds of tobacco submitted to them.

It is not only the products of home industry that come before them for judgment, but the cigars and cigarettes that are sold in France have also to make their appeal to the decision of their palate, and the pleasantest part of the day's work comes when it falls to their lot to test the high price Havana cigars sold by the state.

The officials who undertake this difficult and responsible duty are ex-inspectors of tobacco manufactories who have passed a certain number of years in the state's service and have given proof of their capability for this peculiar kind of work. Their by no means light duty consists in smoking from 9 in the morning to 5 in the evening, and very often it is by no means the best kinds of tobacco with which they have to deal. The injurious influence of this tobacco debauch, which produces great dryness of the mouth and throat and might easily lead to nicotine poisoning, they endeavor to combat by drinking great quantities of black coffee, which acts as an antidote to the effects of the nicotine imbibed. And it is only black coffee that ren-

ders it possible for them to distinguish between and estimate the value of the various kinds of strong tobacco.

The danger run by these valiant officials can best be gauged by remembering the highly poisonous character of nicotine as brought out especially by the experience of a Croatian in the Crimean war, who, on finding a snake in a wall, knocked the bowl off his chibouk and plunged the end into its mouth, with the result that it fell dead at his feet as stiff as a piece of iron.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

DIDN'T NEED A TRUNK.

He Was a Master of the Art of Traveling Without Baggage.

Sir Charles Napier was once delightfully pictured in Punch as setting out for Scinde with "his soap" and very little besides. De Latocnaye, a Breton emigre of 1790, who traveled in Ireland, chiefly on foot and invariably turned up at the houses of his friends with almost no visible baggage, carried nearly as simple an outfit. Yet in some mysterious way he was always able to appear at dinner in full dress. In his book "Promenade en Irlande" De Latocnaye tells how he accomplished the feat:

"I had my hair powder in a bag made of a lady's glove. My razor, needles, thread, scissors and a comb all went into a pair of dancing pumps. In addition, I carried two pairs of silk stockings, breeches of such fine stuff that they would fold up as small as my fist, three cravats, two very fine shirts, three pocket handkerchiefs and a dress coat with six pockets.

"Three of these pockets I kept for letters, portfolio, and so forth; in the others, whenever I was going to call at a decent house, I stowed away my belongings, which were packed some in the pumps, the rest in one of the pairs of stockings.

"At other times," he concludes, with more than French vivacity, "I tied the three parcels in a handkerchief and carried them at the end of my walking stick, on which I had managed to fix an umbrella."

Thus equipped he stayed at Lord Kenmare's for a week, at Hazelwood and at Florence Court for the same length of time, at Lord Altamont's and Ballynabinn for longer still, no doubt to the astonishment of housemaids as well as of hosts. But he was never disturbed by his lack of luggage and steadily refused all proffered loans of clothing.

By the time De Latocnaye got to Sligo the weather had broken, and he was obliged to add a spencer to his wardrobe.

A Wideawake Prisoner.

"The jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar," said the judge dryly, "but for some reason unknown to me they have recommended you to the mercy of the court. In view of your crime you must be hanged, but in view of that recommendation to mercy you may choose the method of hanging."

"All right, you're honor," replied the prisoner. "If that's the case I guess I'll be hanged in effigy."—Harper's.

Allayed His Fever.

Old Bachelor—Whatcher looking so blue about, old man? De Chapple—Reason enough. Last night I dramatically told Doc De Rocks that I was consumed with love for his daughter, and the old chump prescribed quinine for a fever and said he'd send the bill later.—Boston Record.

Fills the Bill.

"A sentence with the word exposure," the teacher demanded, and a sturdy boy put up his hand.

"If you fellows don't quit your grafting I'll exposure," he quoted grandiloquently from the noted reform lecturer he had heard.—New York Times.

The Poet's Roost.

William Watson says of the poet: "He sits above the clang and dust of time."

This might indicate that he takes to the roof when his wife begins her spring housecleaning.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Curiosity.

Where necessity ends curiosity begins, and no sooner are we supplied with everything the nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Johnson.

The man who tolls for a principle ennobles himself by the act.—Theodore Parker.

Origin of "Chauffeur."

There were chauffeurs long before automobiles. History tells us that about the year 1795 men strangely accoutered, their faces covered with soot and their eyes carefully disguised, entered by night farms and lonely habitations and committed all sorts of depredations. They garroted their victims, dragged them before a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet and demanded information as to the whereabouts of their money and jewels; hence they were called "chauffeurs," a name which frightened so much our good grandmothers.—Paris Journal.