

**BUSINESS NOTICE**

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line per week, for the first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of \$5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made with the publisher.

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# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No. 2. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 22, 1900. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, \$1.00.

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**A Happy Imprisonment.**  
Harry Grey was plowing away on the last "land" of a twenty-acre lot, and feeling very comfortable over the thought that his spring plowing was almost done, when he saw his neighbor, Mark Trowbridge, driving slowly past, in company with his wife, who was seldom to be seen away from home.

"Hang me, if I don't run over and see Lucy," said Harry, as he hit his horses a smart cut with the whip to hurry them. "They are going to town, and will be gone three hours, at least, by the way old Mark drives. I can stay two hours and a half with Lucy, and get back again before they come home."

And the young man hitched his team to the fence, over which he bounded and walked away to the house in a double-quick, as though every minute now was doubly precious.  
He was almost out of breath when he entered the house, which caused his mother to inquire rather anxiously what was the matter. Without heeding her question, he pulled off his brogans, leaving them lying in the middle of the room—a thing his wondering mother was sure she had never seen him do before. Then he hurried her still more by running, or rather leaping, upstairs, three steps at a time, to his own room. Here he pulled on a pair of calfskin boots, took off his blue frock and substituted therefor a white linen coat.

It was a raw day in April, and Farmer Trowbridge, when he started for town, had put on his overcoat. But Harry's blood was at fever heat, and he imagined the linen coat and straw hat would be just the thing. After filling his pockets with chestnuts wherewith to bribe Eddie Trowbridge to secrecy, he stole to his sister's room, and, emptying the contents of her eucalypt bottle into his hand, applied it without stint to his hair and handkerchief. Then, seeing a scarlet ribbon on the table, he appropriated it for a necktie, gave himself an approving glance in the mirror, dashed downstairs, slammed the front door after himself, and was gone.

"What in the world is Harry up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, in wonder, as she paused from her work to watch the fast receding figure of her son.  
"He is going to see Lucy Trowbridge, I guess," replied Harry's sister, a demure little damsel, who was busy ironing. "You know, mother, that her father and mother have gone away. Won't there be a scene, though, if they get home before Harry leaves?"

"Your brother is the biggest simpleton I know of," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, with spirit. "There's Clara Beamer, just as good looking and smart as Lucy, and she thinks the world of all Harry, and her folks are always inviting him over, while Lucy's father won't even let her look at him if he can help it!"

"Lucy is worth a dozen such rattle-brains as Clara," said her daughter, "and I do believe Mr. Trowbridge had rather see Lucy marry Harry than anyone else. But he thinks a girl should never think of a lover till she's a horrid old maid, and too ugly to get one. He keeps Lucy as close under his eye as though she were a baby instead of a grown-up woman. I declare if I were in her place now I'd elope the first dark night. But I believe Lucy would see Harry married to Clara Beamer, and play away to a shadow about it before she would do that."

Lucy Trowbridge had taken her seat by the window, where she sat quietly sewing, until the buggy containing her parents was out of sight; then she threw down her work and stood gazing for a few moments down the path that led along which they had disappeared.  
Then she brushed her hair till it shone like satin, and fastened a knot of blue ribbon among the braids, after doing which she resumed her seat and her work. Did she expect that Harry Grey would come? He had not been in her stern father's house for a year, she had not spoken with him for a month, though she could see him at his work in his fields beyond her father's meadow almost every day.  
Her father, she knew, would be very angry if he visited her and it should come to his knowledge, and yet she hoped he would come. Lucy was not long left in uncertainty, for Harry was soon coming up the lane, followed closely by Eddie, with his hat hands full of chestnuts.  
The young man's pants were tucked in his boots, and his coat about unmercifully, while the straw hat was only kept in its place by the owner's hands.  
Lucy wondered what freak had brought her lover out in summer apparel, when nature had not put on so much as a leaf of herbs.  
Harry tossed his hat onto the floor and sat down before the glowing fire, stretching out his hands over the blaze, appreciating, for truth to tell, he felt rather chilly than otherwise, while Lucy sat down by the window to watch the road lest some mishap should bring her parents home prematurely, and Eddie took possession of the rocking chair, where, with himself by watching the young people, and occasionally throwing a chestnut at Harry's nose, which happened to be a prominent feature. Harry, of course, wanted to talk love, but how could he with the urchin's eyes fixed upon him?  
But Eddie was all unconscious and ate the chestnuts with relish, saying to himself, "It's most all-fired stupid here, and I'd just like to go and fly my kite. There's a glorious wind, now it did toss his coat tail, though, but I won't budge an inch till he gives me the rest of them chestnuts. His pocket is bulging out with 'em." Had Harry had the benefit of these whispered words his pockets would, without doubt, have been emptied in a trice, but he was kept in ignorance of the youngster's wishes, and Eddie remained obstinately stationary, notwithstanding Harry made several remarks calculated to let the juvenile know that his chair might, with propriety, be vacated. At length the clock struck four, and Lucy went about preparing supper.  
She put the kettle over, made biscuits and then signified her intention of going to the smokehouse for a ham. Harry took his hat and followed, glad of the chance at last to escape Eddie's vigilance. Lucy unlocked the door of the smokehouse and Harry stepped in to get one of the hams. He took it down, and, holding it in his hand, was on the point of saying something sentimental which he had been rehearsing in his mind all the afternoon, when the old people drove up to the gate. Lucy snatched the ham from her lover and whispered in an agitated voice as she closed the door:  
"You can't come out now, Harry; stay where you are till you hear me singing 'Old Hundred,' and then run across the fields."

So Harry was left in utter darkness.  
"I've a good mind to go right out and 'beard the lion in his den,'" he muttered, as he leaned against the smoke-begrimed wall of the prison. Presently he heard the key turn in the lock and realized that he was fastened in. The farmer, in passing from the barn to the house, saw that the smokehouse was unlocked, and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.  
When her parents and Eddie were seated at the table, Lucy took a pall and went out to the well, singing loudly and clearly that sweet old tune, "Old Hundred." Then, without glancing at the smokehouse, she came in and took her place at the table.  
"I wonder where Harry Grey is?" said Mr. Trowbridge. "His horses are tied to the fence, and I know by the looks he hasn't turned a furrow this afternoon."

Eddie looked very wise, but his sister trod on his toes to make him keep still.  
"He's up to the house, no doubt," said his wife.  
"Clara Beamer is there, with her hair all in ringlets. There'll be a match, shouldn't wonder."

"Well, I should, then," replied Lucy's father. "What does any sensible man want with such a gadabout as she is? Why, sooner than see that happen I'd give Harry leave to court our Lucy three or four years from now."

Nothing further was said until the farmer grumbled:  
"These hams weren't half smoked. I must take them in hand," and true to his word, as soon as he rose from the table he procured an old kettle and made a smudge, which he carried to the smokehouse. He removed a plank which covered a small square hole, left there for the sake of convenience, through which he thrust his kettle of smoking corn-cobs and sawdust. Then he replaced the plank and left the hams, and, alas! Harry, too, to be thoroughly smoked. Lucy watched these proceedings with interest, thankful that her signal had given Harry time to escape. But her feelings underwent a change when Eddie, with a comical look, told her that "her beau" was locked in the smokehouse. Without waiting to see whether she was observed or not, she hastened to the smokehouse and removed the smoking kettle.  
"Harry, Harry!" she called in a hoarse whisper.  
"Is that you, Lucy? I'm in purgatory. Have you taken the corn-cob and thing out? I'm blind as a bat and my throat is full of soot and ashes."  
Harry's voice came from near the ground. He was lying prone on the ashes, soot and lime, which composed the floor of the smokehouse.  
"I cannot liberate you at present, Harry; father has the key. But I'll bring you some supper, and when he goes to bed I'll get the key and release you." In a few minutes a plate of omelette was shoved through the aperture and the board restored to its place. But, as ill-luck would have it, the farmer discovered by the absence of the smoke about the crevices that his smoke had gone out, so the board was again removed and the farmer's arm thrust in to get the kettle; but, instead of that, Harry's untouched supper was brought to light.  
"Well, this puts the cap-sheaf on everything I ever heard tell of."

Just then a ham fell to the ground with a dull thud, sending a cloud of ashes into the farmer's face, for he was still kneeling before the hole.  
"There, what on earth can that be? Well, I've got to search into the matter or I shall always think the smokehouse was haunted."

So saying he opened the door, when the form of Harry, unrecognized in his coat of ashes and soot, rose up before him.  
The farmer stepped back and yelled, as he involuntarily grasped his jack-knife:  
"Murder! Murder!" Don't call them all out," said Harry, as he glanced ruefully at his dirty coat.  
"A thief! a thief!" again roared Mr. Trowbridge, and by this time all with the exception of Lucy were on the spot.  
"It is only I, neighbor; don't you know me?"  
Harry felt rather sheepish and could not help speaking so.  
"Who?"  
"Harry Grey."

"Well, you're in a nice pickle. I doubt if Clara Beamer would know you, or would you if she did. What are you doing here?"  
All at once Harry felt bold as a lion.  
"I want your daughter, Mr. Trowbridge. Will you give her to me?"  
"Were you lying in ambush watching your chance to steal her?"  
"No; but if you don't give her to me you may repent it. I shall never ask again."  
"That means he will marry Clara Beamer, and I should repent it then," thought the farmer as he scratched his head meditatively. Presently he said:  
"Eddie, go and call Lucy." She came out shortly, hanging her head and blushing deeply.  
"Lucy, do you want to marry this chimney sweep?"  
"If you please, father."  
"How long will you wait?"  
"As long as you say if—"  
"If what?"  
"If you will let him come over once in a while."  
"And Harry, how long will you wait?"  
"One year."  
The farmer scratched his head again.  
"Well, you can have her, and I suppose I'll have to let you come over as often as you please. But see that you keep out of the smokehouse," and with that, spoken gruffly enough, the farmer walked off.  
Harry was soon on his way home, whistling merrily, despite his forlorn appearance.  
He nearly frightened his mother and sister out of their wits when he bolted into their presence. They listened to his story, and at its conclusion agreed with him that, although a ludicrous occurrence, it was a very fortunate one.

**HOUSEHOLD.**  
CARE OF BROOMS.  
In buying a broom choose one with greenish brush. See that the broom head does not shake on the handle; if it does reject it; for the handle having been green when the broom was made, in sweeping the brush will get falling out. Next, open the broom below the sewing, and see if there are any stalks. It should be clear brush; for as the stalk of broom corn is brittle, if there are any below the twine they will be continually breaking off.  
Take a large ring, such as one used in the back of a picture frame, costing about one cent, and screw it to the end of the broom handle; then drive a lath or shingle nail, or wire is better, a small hook, where you wish to hang your broom. If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer and always sweep like a new broom. Do not keep a broom before the fire, the brush is liable to break, being so dry. The dampening lengthens out its days of usefulness. Do not store brooms where there are rats and mice; they like the corn. A broom that is all out of shape may be restored by soaking, then pressing into shape.

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a pound will be sufficient, add an equal weight of powdered sugar, two spoonfuls of boiling water, and mix over the fire in a small earthenware or porcelain-lined saucepan until quite smooth, but do not allow it to boil. Just before removing the saucepan from the fire have ready another panful of boiling water, and into this set the small saucepan just to keep the chocolate fluid until the dates are filled. Take up with a spoon a little of the chocolate mixture, press open the date and pour in the chocolate; then press the sides of the date together, allowing the chocolate to show just a brown ridge in the middle of the date; when all are finished, place the dates on a plate to harden. They should not be packed until the following day.

**BRILLIANT INVENTIONS.**  
The examination of a host of patents proves that while the inventors' premises are correct and their methods extremely ingenious, they have often overlooked the disadvantages incident to the use of the device which are overwhelmingly against its employment.

As an example could be cited the expedient patented to prevent horses from running away. This consisted of a strong chain passed about the forelegs of the animal and kept supported against his breast by a line secured to the dashboard. Should the animal take fright and run the line is simply loosened, when the chain falls to the horse's knees, throwing him and breaking his legs. Another genus, after citing the danger from runaway, not only to the passenger but to the steed itself, calls attention to the absolute waste of energy exerted by the horse in descending hills. He also mentions the exposure the animal is subjected to from storms and rays of the sun in summer. With one bold stroke he leaves all conventional methods behind. The horse is placed under the wagon instead of in front of it, the vehicle being arched above him. Thus he is perfectly protected from the weather and leaves an unobstructed view. A strong canvas and leather band encircles the animal's body, the ends of which pass upward through the bottom of the wagon and are attached by chains to a windlass above the flooring. Should the horse be descending a hill or undertake to bolt, the driver calmly winds on a crank and lifts him off his feet.

This latter scheme is certainly more reasonable than the one for improved canal-boat propulsion, which, although not patented, is related by some writer. The object to be attained was to continue the use of the mule, but while protecting him from the weather, flies, etc., to do away with the loss of time necessitated in having to stop the boat and run out a gangplank to the towpath in changing animals. The mule is kept in the boat at all times. The bottom of the canal is leveled off and the towpath disposed of. Four holes are made in the bottom of the boat through which the legs of the mule protrude. He really walks on the bed of the canal, although thoroughly protected by the surrounding boat structure, and the driver may recline at his ease beside him. In his report of the first experiment to the directors and stockholders of the company which he had formed, the inventor stated that there was a failure owing to one reason, viz., that he could not find a single canal-boat that was not leaky, and strange to say (in spite of the assurances of the owners of the boats to the contrary) that they invariably made its appearance as soon as he had prepared the bottom of the boat for his mule and launched it.

**CHOCOLATE DATES.**  
Chocolate dates are one of the best of the home-made sweets when made of first-class materials, and in making candy, even more than in other cookery, this water should on no account be allowed to become cold or very hot, otherwise the leather will be either hard or slimy. After four or five hours' soaking shake them about in the water till they are clean; repeat this last operation in a fresh soap lather, with very little soda; rinse them in plain lukewarm water, wring them very lightly, and spread them between coarse clean kitchen cloths. Beat or shake out all the moisture by holding the leathers at one end.