Board Works Jan 1 01

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
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BAFFLE THE POLICE.

Clever Swindlers Who Operate in Organized Bands.

That a man can deliberately break the law and yet be almost as safe from arrest as his most law-abiding neighbor seems at first sight absurd. Yet any detective can point out dozens of thieves, forgers, and swindlers of every degree whose cunning is so great that the police find it well nigh impossible to arrest them, or, when they have laid hands on them, to find good cause for keeping them out of mischief for a time.

The worst enemies of law and order are those organized gangs of criminals who operate largely on the Continent, and are now extending their scope to Great Britain. They have regular telegraphic and other codes, they possess among their numbers really first-class craftsmen, and above all have large sums of money at their command, which they use not only to further their schemes, but to employ the best legal talent to extricate them from from trouble.

These are no vulgar coiners or forgers. To show how wide are their operations it may be mentioned that they recently forged the cheques of a leading London bank so perfectly that the officials at Somerset House were deceived into believing the Government stamp in the corner was genuine. It was only after analysis by a Government chemist that the fraud was proved. His opinion was that at least $5,000 must have been spent upon the plant which these swindlers used.

Another form of swindle which has recently given London police endless trouble is a fraud on a large scale on fire insurance companies. This, again, is a case of

WELL-ORGANIZED CRIME.

Two men rented a shop, bought up an immense quantity of cheap second-hand furniture, and proceeded to char all the pieces, so as to make them look as if they had been through a fire. They then employed agents to go round and let the injured furniture to various unscrupulous people, who thereupon claimed damages from the fire insurance companies.

In each case the tale was told of an upset lamp, and of having put out the flames without the aid of firemen. The amounts were so small as a rule, a fact which has made the companies unwilling to prosecute. What is more, the perpetrators of the fraud knew very well that they cannot be charged with arson, for there has been no fire. They can only be indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses, the penalty for which is comparatively light.

Another special object of detestation to the authorities is a gang of clever swindlers who lay themselves out to trap emigrants. This gang has agents all over Russia, Poland, and Germany. These agents get hold of poor peasants and tell them that in happy England no one gets less than $1.50 a day, and that for $30 he—the agent—will provide a passage.

The wretched victim sells all he possesses and raises the $30. The agent gives him a cheap ticket, which costs $15 only, pockets the balance and sends him on. Arrived in London, the unfortunate, unable to speak a word of English, starves a while, and then is provided with a pass back home by his Consul. But again the agent is at work.

About the ....House

QUINCES AND TEA LEAVES.

While visiting a friend I first became acquainted with the Japanese quince as an article of food, writes a correspondent. I am not sure that the sensation of delight which my stomach experienced at the sight of quince jelly, of which I am especially fond, did not shine forth from my eyes and give rise to my hostess's rather pertinent remark:

"You are fond of quince jelly, are you not?"

"Very," I replied; at the same time raising my spoon containing a generous portion, to my lips. "Yes, I am extremely fond of quince jelly," I continued, "but I never tasted any that could compare with this; it is delicious."

"I am glad you like it," said my friend. "My experiments do not always prove satisfactory; but I must acknowledge that this is one of the exceptions. Let me explain. I had some quinces given me—a dozen or more—but hardly enough, I thought, to be of much account. As I stood looking out of the window, my Japanese quince bush caught my eye. Why not eke out with a few of these? If the jelly is good, I'll confess; if not, I'll say nothing about it.

"I ran out and picked three of them, and then went to work. I smiled while peeling and cutting the flinty things, at the surprise, pleasant or otherwise, I was preparing for the family; they never are quite sure of me." And she gave a smiling glance around the table.

"Harry brought a friend home to tea one night; and as this was all I had on hand in the shape of preserve I was forced to use it; remembering that if anything was amiss, I could throw all the blame upon the quality of my neighbor's quinces. I was obliged to explain, but not in the way I had anticipated. Now I always use a few Japanese quinces whenever I make jelly. Not only do they improve the flavor, but they also have a tendency to make the jelly firmer and clearer. I am careful not to use too many as they are very tart. It is this acid quality that brings out the rich quince flavor; just as currants do when combined with raspberries. I also have found by experimenting, that Japanese quinces alone, make a very nice jelly to eat with meat."

My friend's culinary ideas always are unique, and this one I thought no exception. I resolved to profit by it, at some future day, if she will supply me with the Japanese quinces which she has promised to do.

"What are you going to do with these tea leaves?" I asked a friend, one day. A heaping bowlful of tea leaves stood upon the table, and my friend was equipped for sweeping.

"I am going to put them on my carpet," she answered.

"For the fun of sweeping them up again?" I asked with a laugh.

"Is it possible you never have heard of our grandmothers' method of sweeping a carpet, without raising the dust?" she asked.

While she talked she industriously scattered the fragrant leaves over her carpet. I watched her with much interest, as she seized her broom and went to work. I noticed that the dust which otherwise would have been whirling around the room, remained wrapped up in the wet leaves which at last were gathered into a dust-pan. I also noticed that scarcely any dust had settled upon the furniture; and that her carpet looked as bright as if it had been washed.

That night I began to save tea leaves, and have saved them ever since. It is very little trouble. I keep a large bowl into which I put the leaves, having first thoroughly drained them through a strainer. I never sweep a carpet without using them, with the exception of my parlor carpet, which is very light. Besides keeping down the dust, the wet leaves brighten the carpet wonderfully, and are much easier to sweep up than salt, which also is used for the same purpose.

DINNER GIVING.

To share another's salt was once considered a recognition of affinity, of common interest, of camaraderie. Now, unfortunately, the spiritual meaning is too often forgotten, and dinner-giving is perfunctory and burdensome. Decidedly the reason why it is considered a disagreeable duty rather than an intimate pleasure is that dinner-giving has become largely an opportunity for display. Just to outshine her neighbors, if only by a hair-breadth, is the ambition of many a hostess. How often after the menu is written is an extra course added because one guest, who is to be present, had as many at her dinner last month or last year? Some women lie awake of nights to devise a new dish which will awaken wonder and envy in the other women who are to dine with them. This is especially true in small towns where the same friends meet often at one another's homes; there is frequently a rivalry between neighbors which consumes time, money and energy, and turns the rites of hospitality into an epicurean cult.

One noted woman was taken unawares by a party of distinguished visitors whose letter announcing their coming had somehow failed of delivery. They appeared just at dinner time, tired and hungry. It chanced, in the perverse way that fate plans these things, that the servants had been given a holiday, and the family were about to sit down to a picnic meal of bread and milk and raspberries. There was no fire in the kitchen, and no time to cook anything had there been; so the unruffled hostess put more bowls of milk on the table and another dish of raspberries, and the guests sat down to what was undoubtedly the simplest meal of their lives. There was a laughing explanation of the circumstances, but no apologies and no embarrassment. It is needless to say that the strangers rated that woman's tact above the roast beef and salad, and journeyed on to speak of her savoir-faire in a way to make other women envious.

CHICKEN IN JELLY.

Draw and clean a chicken and cut it up with the exception of the breast, which should be left whole. Put the pieces in a stew-pan with the liver, heart and gizzard; add two bay leaves a small bunch of parsley and thyme and half of a small lemon; pour in water to cover, season to taste with salt and pepper and boil the chicken very gently until tender. When cooked take it out of the liquor, cut the meat off the breast in four long strips and cut the remainder of the meat into small pieces. Put the bones back in the saucepan with half an ounce of gelatine that has been dissolved in a small quantity of water and boil gently for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag and pour sufficient into a deep pie dish to cover the bottom. When the jelly has set, arrange on top of it a device in hard boiled eggs, put the largest slice of chicken in the centre of the dish, arrange some of the other slices around it, pour in another layer of the jelly, and leave it until set. Then put in the remainder of the pieces of meat, arrange them tastefully, pour the remainder of the jelly carefully over, and put it in a cold place. When the jelly is firm dip the dish in warm water, wipe it and turn the contents over on a dish upon which is a folded napkin, garnish with a few sprigs of parsley and serve.

Dame Europa—"Now, boys, don't all speak for the wishbone."

MARRIAGES MADE BY ANTS.

How the Insects Select Husbands for the Sulu Maidens.

W. L. Baize, a merchant of Manila, has recently been travelling in the island of Sulu for a month, and tells of some curious marriage customs there. Said he last night:

"A most curious custom is to be found in that island. It obtains only among some of the more savage tribes of the far interior, called the Kakkohattchochka (I won't swear to the spelling) tribe. These savages are very primitive people indeed, and very savage in all their manners of life. There are not above 10,000 of this tribe, and they live in the mountains of the interior. The way their young women are given in marriage is worth going miles to see. I saw the ceremony last month, and I shall not soon forget it.

"When a young woman comes to the age of 14 she is deemed marriageable. A notice is given out by the town crier that on a certain day the young woman will be given in marriage. This day is within a month of the fourteenth birthday of the lady concerned, and is chosen by her, according to ancient custom. And the choosing of the day, by the way, is all that the bride has to say about the marriage. The crier also, a few days later, calls out the dowry of the bride, and proclaims her charms aloud in the market place. So all the population is notified, and a goodly crowd of admirers gather to take their chance for the fair lady. The near relatives of the bride and the contestants—who have previously given their names in to the father of the girl—and a crowd of perhaps 100 persons, if the young woman is the daughter of a man of importance,

GATHER TO SEE THE SHOW.

"On the morning of the marriage the bride is taken out by her maids and crowned with lilies, and clad in white. Then, with much drum-beating, she is led forth and passes among the suitors, and kisses each in turn. Then she is wreathed with more flowers, and is seated to watch the fun.

"Now, on that island of Sulu they have a kind of ant that puzzles the scientists, for it has a double set of mandibles, one above and one below the head, and both entirely independent in action. These ants play a leading part in the marriage ceremony. The night before the ceremony the village priest goes out by the light of the moon and opens an ant hill with secret rites, and carefully selects some ants, equal in number to the number of suitors. These are kept with care.

"After the bride has kissed all the suitors in turn they go out to the hut where the ants are kept. The priest is there, and he takes an ant by the body and allows it to fasten the lower mandible to the forefinger of the right hand of a young man. These ants are about an inch and a half long and have the most ferocious bite you can imagine. Then each suitor with an ant hanging to his forefinger, the young men go back to the presence of the bride. Then there are long and elaborate rites, while the young men go round and dance before the bride, each with a monstrous ant hanging to his finger. Then she is blindfolded and the young men are lined up for the selection.

"The drums are beaten with renewed vigor, and the bride goes along the line of suitors and inserts her forefinger in the upper mandible of the ants that hang to the fingers of the suitors, each in turn. The first ant that closes his pincer on the digit of the fair lady wins her for the man to whose finger it is hanging. Then the chosen bridegroom strikes the ant to the ground and crushes it with his heel, and in comes the priest and marries the couple. Afterward the ants that have been used in the ceremony are taken out and cooked, and a portion is given to each guest to be eaten like the wedding cake in civilized lands."

GOVERNMENT SUPPORT.

Each inhabitant of France pays annually $4.37 for the support of the Government, while each Italian contributes $3.12. In Germany and Belgium the cost is $3.12 per head of the population, in Austria $2.91, and in England $2.08.

ON AN EMPEROR'S YACHT.

THE KAISER WILHELM'S OWN DESIGN.

Its Cost and Furnishings and How It Was Built and Its Guns.

Kaiser Wilhelm II., like King Edward and the King of Sweden, is a first-class yachtsman and handles sheet and tiller with experience and smartness. When on board he likes to be at the helm, nor does he allow any one else to steer even the gig when he is in it.

The Emperor owns many pleasure boats. Besides his racing cutter Meteor and the Hohenzollern he has a couple of first-rate steam yachts and innumerable electric launches and row boats. The Meteor's racing record is a long one. Under the title Thistle it competed for the America cup in 1887; in 1892 it won the County Down cup, Royal Ulster Regatta; and in 1893 the Queen's cup at the Royal Yacht squadron regatta at Cowes, to mention only a few of its earliest performances.

As a matter of fact the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern is really no yacht at all, but a cruiser, a good-sized man-of-war. It was built at the Vulcan works, Stettin, and is larger than even that gigantic ironclad Konig Wilhelm, the pride of the fatherland's fleet. It carries eight quick-firing Krupp guns. It is a double screw craft, with eight boilers and is faster than almost any other vessel in the German navy. Though primarily intended as a pleasure boat, its warlike attributes are due to the fact that the Reichstag, on being asked to pay for it—the construction was to cost 4,500,000 marks, a pretty stiff figure for a pleasure boat—only agreed to the outlay on the understanding that it should be capable in time of war of flying the Imperial eagle in the line of battleships.

KAISER DESIGNED IT.

The Hohenzollern was designed by the Emperor himself, and in this connection rather a funny story is told. It is said, with how much truth it is not possible to say, that the yacht as originally planned contained only saloons and offices. Sleeping accommodation there was none! The oversight was discovered and rectified, but by that time the vessel's fittings were in so forward a condition that it was impossible to make some of the cabins as convenient as they might have been otherwise.

The Bulwarks of the Hohenzollern are white. The Kaiser is fond of white. At Queen Victoria's funeral he rode a milk-white charger, and in the Imperial stables in Berlin all the horses reserved for his use are of this color. The crew of the vessel consists of 330 officers and men, and it is one of the stateliest crafts afloat. The Imperial apartments are furnished with lavish magnificence. The Emperor's rooms on the middle deck amidships are on the port side, the Empress being to the starboard. The dining-room is lofty and spacious and will seat eighty guests, although by a clever arrangement of portieres it can be reduced in size. The ceiling is in a charming scheme of pale fawn and gold and the upholstery is gray and white.

The main fittings and furniture of the yacht, including wainscoting, doors and staircases, are of the finest bird's eye maple, so light as to be almost white. The famous blue saloon is upholstered in blue and silver brocade, the walls being covered with tapestry in the same colors. The furniture is of maplewood and the beautiful fireplace is composed of marble and nickel.

ITS PRIVATE ROOMS.

The Emperor's bedroom is remarkable for its magnificent aluminum bedstead, hung with dove-colored satin. The Empress' apartment is also a fine apartment and contains a nickel bedstead with hangings of grey satin.

The Emperor's private rooms, including the conference chamber, are also on this deck, and their walls are hung with water color sketches and photographs of Queen Victoria, the Empress and the royal children. On the upper deck is yet another of the Emperor's workrooms, which is supplied with a telescope, nautical books and the ship's log. Adjoining the Emperor's apartments on the middle deck are the cabins and messroom of the Imperial suite. Those of the ship's officers, with their messroom, are situated forward, and the kitchens on the deck below are most convenient and handsome.

Immediately over the dining saloon is the promenade deck, with, at one end, the Emperor's bridge approached by a mahogany stairway and railings; and the smoking saloon at the other. The smoking saloon is lined with porcelain plaques depicting, with considerable spirit famous German battles both on sea and land.

The Hohenzollern has three masts and two funnels, and it possesses two wheels, one worked by steam, the other by hand, both of which have nickel spokes and are painted white and gold. The gilded Imperial crown on the prow, and the Hohenzollern coat of arms in black and silver disposed within a laurel wreath, on the stern, are the emblems of the yacht's ownership.

Dooley on Athletics.

We're gettin' to be th' gr-reatest spoortin' nation in th' wurruld," said Mr. Hennessy, who had been laboring through pages of athletic intelligence which he could not understand.

"Oh, so we ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "An' I wondher does it do us anny good. 'Tis impoorted fr'm th' English. They have a sayin' over there that th' Jook iv Wellington, said first, or somebody said f'r him, an' that's been said a number iv times since, that th' battle of Waterloo was won on th' playin' fields iv Eton, that bein' a school where th' youth iv England an' Pittsburg is sint f'r iddycation.

"It was not. Th' battle of Waterloo was won on th' potato fields iv Wexford an' th' bog patches iv Connock, that's where 'twas won. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re a good fightin' people an' a Fr-rinchman cudden't hit a goluf ball with a scoop shovel. Th' Germans is a hardy race an' they thrain on Wesphalyan ham an' Boodweiser, an' th' on'y exercise they have is howlin' at a sangerfest.

"Th' Roshyans is a tur-rble crowd an' they get their strength by standin' on th' corner askin' if ye have anny clothes ye'd like to sell, or be matchin' kopecks f'r th' vookies. Arre we anny betther, tell me, f'r bein' th' high tinnis experts, th' intherprisin' rowsmen, th' champeen yachters iv th' wurruld thin we were whin we were on'y th' champeen puddlers, milkers, ploughers, an' sewin' machine agents?

"Why is England losin' her supreemacy, Hinnissy? Because Englishmen get down to their jobs at iliven o'clock figurin' a goluf scoor on their cuffs, an' lave at a quarther to twelve on a bicycle. We bate them because 'twas th' habit iv our jpynts iv cammerce f'r to be up with th' cock an' down to th' damper befure th' cashier come; an' in his office all day long in his shirt sleeves, an' settin' on th' safe till th' las' man had gone.

"Now, if ye call up wan iv these captains iv industhree at wan o'clock iv a Saturdhay afthernoon, th' office boy answers th' tillyphone. Th' Titan iv Commerce is out in a set iv green an' blue knee breeches, batin' a hole in a sand-pile an' cur-rsin' th' evil fate that made him a millyionaire whin nature intinded him f'r a goluf champeen. Ye can't keep ye-er eye on th' ball an' on th' money at th' same time. Ye've got to be wan thing or another in this wur-ruld.

"I niver knew a good card player or a great spoortsman that cud do so much iv annything else. They used to tell me that Naypoleon Bonyparte, the Impror iv th' Frinch, was a champeen chess player, but Hogan says he was on'y good because annybody that bate him might as well go down an' be measured f'r his ball an' chain.

"A rale high class chess player, without room f'r annything else in his head, cud close his eyes an' put th' dhrinks on Naypoleon Bonyparte in three moves. Did ye iver hear iv Grant wearin' anny medals f'r a hundhred yard dash? Did annywan iver tell ye iv th' number iv' base hits made by Abraham Lincoln? Is there anny record iv George Washin'ton doin' a turn on a trapeze, or Thomas Jifferson gettin' th' money f'r throwin' th' hammer?

"In me younger days 'twas not considhered rayspictable f'r to be an athlete. An athlete was always a man that was not sthrong enough f'r wurruk. Fractions dhruv him fr'm school an' the vagrancy laws dhruv him to baseball. We used to go out to th' ball game to see him sweat an' to throw pap bottles at th' empire, but none iv his family was iver proud iv him except his younger brother.

"A good seat in th' bleachers, a bottle handy f'r a neefaryous decision at first base, an' a bag iv cracker-jack, was as far as iver I got tow'rd bein' a sportin' character, an' look at me now! Ye can't have ye'er strenth an' use it too, Hinnissy. I gredge th' power I waste in walkin' upstairs or puttin' on me specs."

"But 'tis good f'r th' women," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Is it faith?" saidc Mr. Dooley. "Well, it may be, but it's no good f'r th' women f'r th' men. I don't know annything that cud be more demoralizin' thin to be married to a woman that cud give me a sthroke a sthick at goluf. 'Tis goin' to be' th' roon iv fam'ly life. 'Twill break up th' happy home.

"I'm a man, we'll say, that's down-town fr'm th' arly mornin' bendin' over a ledger an' thryin' to thrap a dollar or two to keep th' landlord fr'm th' dure. I despise athleets. I see that all th' men that have a metallic rattle whin they get on a moovin' sthreet car are pounds overweight an' wud blow up if they jogged around th' corner.

"Well, I come home at night, an' no matther how I've been, 'Here-you'd' all day, I feel in me heart that I'm th' big thing there. What makes me feel that way, says ye? 'Tis th' sinse iv physical supeeryority. Me wife is smarter thin I am. She's had nawthin' to do all day but th' housewurrk an' puttin' in th' coal an' studyin' how she can make me to do something I don't want to do that I wud want to do if she didn't want me to do it.

"She's thrained to th' minyit in havin' her own way. Her mind's clearer, mine bein' full iv bills iv ladin'; she can talk betther an' more frequent; she can throw me fam'ly in me face an' whin har-rd put to it, her starry eyes can gleam with tears that I think ar-re grief, but she knows different. An' I give in. But I've won, just th' same.

"F'r down in me heart I'm sayin'; 'Susette, if I were not a gintleman that wud scorn to smash a lady, they'd be but wan endin to this fracas. Th' right to th' p'int iv the jaw, Susette.' I may niver use it, d've mind. We may go on livin' together an' me losin' a battle ivry day f'r fifty year.

"But I always knows 'tis there, an' th' knowledge makes me a proud and haughty man. I feel me arm as I go out to lock th' woodshed again, an' I say to mesilf: 'Oh, woman, if I iver cut loose that awful right.'

"An' she knows it, too. If she didn't she wudden't waste her tears. Th' sinse iv her physical infeeryority makes her weep. She must weep or she must fight. Most anny woman wud rather do battle thin cry, but they knows it's no use.

"But now, how is it? I go home at night an' I'm met at th' dure be a female joynt. Me wife's th' champeen lady golufess in th' Ivy Leaf Goluf Club; th' finest oarslady on th' canal; a tinnis player that none can raysist without injury.

"She can ride a horse an' I cudden't stay on a merry-go-round with' clothes-pins. She can box a good welterweight an' she's got medals f'r th' broad jump. Th' on'y spoorts she isn't good at is cookin' an' washin'.

"This large lady, a little peevish because she's off her dhrive, meets me at th' dure, an' begins isuin' ordhurs befure I have me shoes off. 'Tis just th' same as if I was back on th' hoist. She doesn't argy, she doesn't weep.

"She just says, 'Say, you,' an' I'm off on th' bound. I look her over an' say I to mesilf: 'What's th' good? I cudden't cross that guard,' an' me reign is ended. I'm back to th ranks iv the prolitory.

"It won't do, Hinnissy. It's a blow at good governmint. 'Twill disrupt th' home. Our fathers was r-right. They didn't risk their lives an' limbs be marryin' these female Sharkeys.

"What they wanted was a lady that they'd find settin' at home whin they arrived tired fr'm th' chase, that played th' harp to thim an' got their wampum away fr'm thim more like a church fair thin like a safe-blower.

"In th' nex' eighty or ninety years if I make up my mind to lave this boistherous life an' settle down, th' lady that I'll rayquist to double me rent an' divide me borrowin' capacity will wear no medals f'r athleetic spoorts. F'r Hinnissy, I'm afraid I cud not love a woman I might lose a fight to."

"I see by th' paper," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' athletic girl is goin' out, whativer that means."

"She had to," said Mr. Dooley, "or we wud."

A SEAT FOR THE EMPEROR.

In the chief room of every Japanese house there is a slightly raised dais, which is arranged so that it can be shut off from the rest of the room. This is a place for the Emperor to sit should he ever visit that home.

NO DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

Is your daughter learning to play by note?

Certainly not, answered Mrs. Cumrox, a little indignantly. We pay cash for every lesson. The idea!

Whistler, the artist, likes pretty table appointments, and his meals are served on dishes of splendid silver. His table-napkins are of the finest damask, marked in one corner with his crest, the famous butterfly. One of his odd table decorations is an ivory cage containing birds hopping about on gold perches. The artist is fond of old-time dishes, such as peacocks served with tails full spread and swan soup.

Physician (lunatic asylum)—Mrs. Sharptongue was here to-day, and wanted her husband sent home and placed under her care. Superintendent—Did you let him go? Physician—No. He said he would rather stay here. Superintendent—Hum! The man must be sane.

HARD LUCK.

Sideshow Manager—The ossified man fell and broke his leg.

Circus Manager—That's hard luck.

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