

BUSINESS NOTICE.
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ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

REALLY HONEST.
"Yes," said the honest farmer, "I know there are people who always put the big apples at the top of the barrel, but I don't."
"That's right," exclaimed his honest friend, admiringly, "I have always tried to convince folks that that sort of thing doesn't pay in the long run."
"Ah," exclaimed the farmer, "if they'd go to the city once in a while they'd learn something. I always put my big apples at the bottom of the barrel."
"That's the way?"
"Yes, you see, people have got so suspicious that they almost always open the barrel at the bottom nowadays."

FAITH YET LIVETH.
They say that faith is dying out. And so we have been told. But yet consider the amount of fair-restorer sold!
Mother—"You don't look very happy." Married Daughter—"Love in a cottage, with bread and cheese and kisses, isn't what it's said to be." "Just as I told you. You are tired of bread and cheese already?" "No, not tired of bread and cheese—tired of the kisses."
"Are you in society?" "About half in." "What do you mean by that?" "I'm always invited to society entertainments given to raise money for charity—and that's about all."

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D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
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A Message of Millions...

The night was fine, even for San Francisco, the drinking saloon was bright, and everybody talked about the title to the great Washoe silver mine, then under trial in Virginia City, Nevada.

The case was a romance of speculation in an Indian, hunting in the Sierras, had fallen over a precipice and, uprooting a young tree, discovered a vein of silver. At one of the mining bars he offered a piece of the ore for a good-looking fellow with the lustre of a prospector, leading by, had made him drunk over a game of euchre, then cheated him out of the secret. Hard up and ignorant of its value, they parted. The latter, however, turned to a capitalist who floated a company and exploited the vein. The silver proved rich in gold, the shares rose high, and the mine was appraised at from \$50 to \$500,000,000.

The vendors, the ruling of their bargain, got an astute lawyer to pick a flaw in the deed of sale, and contested the title of the company. Shareholders, losing faith in their property, sold out. The shares had already sunk low, and their future value turned on the decision of the court.

"I had first news of the verdict," I could make a big fortune," said a stout man with a vulgar face, mustache and whiskers, and a huge diamond in his breast.
"I desecrated," replied his companion, a good-looking fellow with the lustre of a prospector, leading by, had made him drunk over a game of euchre, then cheated him out of the secret. Hard up and ignorant of its value, they parted. The latter, however, turned to a capitalist who floated a company and exploited the vein. The silver proved rich in gold, the shares rose high, and the mine was appraised at from \$50 to \$500,000,000.

"That's no use," replied Sharpey, snipping his mustache. "It doesn't give time to buy or sell before others know. But why is it my only chance?"
"Because the editor of the 'Mercury' has made arrangements to have the first messages in San Francisco. The verdict is to be signalled from the court-house to the telegraph office in Virginia City. You can't beat that."
A young man with a black moustache, a dissipated look, and seedy clothes approached the stockbroker.

"Hallo, boss!" he cried familiarly, and held out his hand. "Glad to see you."
Mr. Sharpey nodded coldly, and ignored the proffered hand. The newcomer, a little hunched, drew it back, and rolled a quid of tobacco in his mouth.
Mr. Ogilbee smiled and walked out. "A stroke of lightning—smart!" he commented the broker, with a patronizing air. "Have a drink?"
"O.K.," answered Mr. Jordan, sitting down on the vacant seat. "Waiting for the verdict, aren't you?"
"I know that chap Ogilbee's drawn out Jordan, with a sneer. 'Leastways I once met him, but he don't seem to recognize me now. Was a telegrapher like the money on't. Guess he thinks me beneath him since he's become a journalist. Or 'p'rhaps he's got wind of my disgrace. Everybody cuts me since I got the sack for giving you tips and scraps of news, boss."
"But what are you doing just now?"
"Don't know. Why, smokin' round after a job, an' can't get it. I've lost my character already, you see. Wouldn't even give me a spell of extra work on the wires at Virginia City during this Washoe trial. Operators rather scarce, too, at present. I'm stony-broke, that's what I am!"
"Pity you got the sack. You might have been useful to me at present."
"How?"
"By giving me news of the verdict in the Washoe trial before anybody else on 'Change gets it. 'Farn' you get a chum in the telegraph service to let me know in time, or send me a wire?"
Jordan gulped down his liquor and reflected a minute.
"I tell you they've all cut me. They're too honest," said he at last.
"If you can see a way, I'll make you a pile."
"You will? Why, that's friendly now."

"The luck's been against me, too, of late, and I want a shove up, or there might be a smash."
"How much will you give?"
"Oh, ten thousand dollars."
"Tain't enough, boss—not for the trouble and the risk—make it twenty thou."
The figure did not startle the cunning broker. He was prepared for more.
"Hem!" he murmured, affecting a hesitation. "Mind, I want the very first news of the verdict. I want it fifteen or twenty minutes before anybody else in 'Frisco."
"I understand."
"I must tell you that Ogilbee's paper, the 'Mercury,' has made special arrangements to get the first wire announcing the verdict."
"Boss, I think I can do it."
"Then it's settled. Twenty thousand if you do it."
"I'll give Sharpey till one o'clock, and he'll get the wire through the 'Mercury.' Hallo! another message about the verdict."
He snatched his pencil and scrawled the message in his note-book. Others followed, and the pen over his back, and destroyed other traces of his presence.
"I guess I'll just catch that train," he muttered, as he left the cave.

Through one of the lonely paradises of the mountains ran the telegraph and railroad from Virginia City to San Francisco. A train from the east was rattling along the line. When it was past a man stole out of a thicket of redwoods and, looking furtively around him, went up to a telegraph pole. It was Jordan, disguised in the slouch of a red shirt, and high boots of a gold prospector. A pair of climbing irons, or "creeps," used by linemen in repairing the telegraph were fastened on his feet, and after making sure that nobody was on the railroad he scaled the pole as far as the cross-arms. On the lowest arm one of the wires was held not by a single insulator like the rest, but by a pair of cross-arms. The length of wire between them had been cut through, and a piece of similar wire twisted about the ends of the gap so as to convey the electric current. Jordan, stooping now and then to cover a bare place with earth, followed these wires among the redwoods to a sort of cave dug out of the hillside, under a ledge of rock, probably by some wandering trapper or gold-seeker. Pushing aside a blanket hung over the entrance, he stepped in. A telegraph "sounder" was clicking in the darkness. He struck a match and lit a candle sticking in a block of wood set on a rude bench. Near it stood a pigmy or pocket-sounder and various telegraph appliances, including a switch and a sending-key. A tier of shelves across a corner of the hole carried a row of dry batteries and some cans of preserved meat.
"Ordinary business message," muttered the operator, with his ear on the sounder and his eye on the connections of his apparatus. The sounder, it appeared, was in circuit with the cut wire on the double insulators by the loop of small wires from the sides of the gap, so that messages from Virginia City would pass through it and "speak" their contents on the way to San Francisco.
"Hallo!" he suddenly exclaimed, pricking up his ears. "The trial at last. Guess that'll take some time." Jordan laid a note-book and pencil on the bench, and lighting a cheap cigar began to smoke.
"How long message," he muttered at length. "I see how it is: the 'Mercury' has got the wire and means to hold it until the verdict, so's to keep anybody else getting it. Pretty smart, I reckon. Wal, I've just to let the thing run through, and watch for the verdict. Hope it won't be long, that's all. Want to see Sharpey to-night if I can. Must clear out of 'Frisco soon's possible."
He began to walk up and down the

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His eye sparkled and his face flushed with excitement.
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He glanced at his watch.
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"I've come from the 'Mercury,'" said Ogilbee to the manager of the telegraph office in San Francisco. "We arranged to get first news of the Washoe verdict from Virginia City, and we got a telegram sent at 1 p.m. but the verdict was given at 12.30 p.m."
"Perhaps other messages got in front," replied the manager.
"Can't see how. Our man was to hold the wire till the verdict was sent."
"Is that so? Leland," said the manager to an operator sitting at his instruments, "get me the file of Virg. City news, making sure that nobody was on the railroad he scaled the pole as far as the cross-arms. On the lowest arm one of the wires was held not by a single insulator like the rest, but by a pair of cross-arms. The length of wire between them had been cut through, and a piece of similar wire twisted about the ends of the gap so as to convey the electric current. Jordan, stooping now and then to cover a bare place with earth, followed these wires among the redwoods to a sort of cave dug out of the hillside, under a ledge of rock, probably by some wandering trapper or gold-seeker. Pushing aside a blanket hung over the entrance, he stepped in. A telegraph "sounder" was clicking in the darkness. He struck a match and lit a candle sticking in a block of wood set on a rude bench. Near it stood a pigmy or pocket-sounder and various telegraph appliances, including a switch and a sending-key. A tier of shelves across a corner of the hole carried a row of dry batteries and some cans of preserved meat.
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"Struck 'em at last!" he cried, in a tone of triumph. "Wal, I reckon I'll have a high old time of it now."
He glanced at his watch.
"I'll give Sharpey till one o'clock, and he'll get the wire through the 'Mercury.' Hallo! another message about the verdict."
He snatched his pencil and scrawled the message in his note-book. Others followed, and the pen over his back, and destroyed other traces of his presence.
"I guess I'll just catch that train," he muttered, as he left the cave.

hut to pass the time. By-and-by he stopped to listen.
"Time to get ready," said he, turning the switch so as to break the loop or "through" connection of the wire and put one terminal of the sounder to earth. Messages from Virginia City now went through the sounder but no further on.
"Yep!" he ejaculated in the style of a cowboy as he grasped the sending key, now in circuit with the battery and the San Francisco portion of line. "Here it comes."
"12.35 p.m. San Francisco 'Mercury.' Verdict for defendants," rapped out the sounder.
"12.35 p.m. Sharpey, Stock Exchange, San Francisco. Deal," signalled the operator.
His eye sparkled and his face flushed with excitement.
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Sharpey took out his pocket-book and paid the waiter; then offered his cigar-case to Jordan.
"Put your hand under the table," he whispered, as Jordan chose a cigar.
Jordan stuck the cigar in his teeth, lit it, and blew a great cloud.
"Ah!" he ejaculated, with an air of satisfaction, "I begin to feel better now." Then, carelessly, as though by chance, he let his arm drop on his knees and reached under the table. A bundle of notes touched his fingers. He grasped and thrust it into the pocket of his trousers.
"Guess I'll get now-first train case," whispered Jordan.
Sharpey nodded.
"If anything had happened," he said, in an undertone, "mind you don't split on me. I don't know what you've done, you understand. It's another ten thou for you when you get out of the scrape."
"O.K. I understand, boss. I'll keep my mouth shut if I'm caught. I'll get you off, but I do. Wal, you're a boss, boss," he added, in a familiar tone.
The operator turned to leave, but the military man started up, and confronted him.
"One moment, sir," he said, civilly; "your name is Jordan, isn't it?"
"Wal, an' if it is, what's that got to do with you?"
"What's a warrant for your arrest?"
"Tapping the wire."
"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed Jordan, fairly astounded, then, recollecting himself, he burst out: "It's a warrant for the arrest of Jordan."
"Oh, no it ain't," replied the detective. "It's a hold proof."
"What proof?"
"Well, it's rather a long story, but you forgot some details of the details. You forgot that a timed copy of messages is kept at the sending station; you forgot that a fellow-opponent could recognize your hand of signalling; you forgot that several of the messages were sent to me and seen with Mr. Sharpey here; you forgot to remove the double insulator from the wire; you also forgot that Pinkerton's detectives are round. Now just answer me quietly with me and don't make a fuss."
"All right, Cap. I guess it's no use," ejaculated Jordan, bowing to his fate.

The accomplices were tried. The broker (with the connivance of his wife) was able to show that he did not know how the news was got, and acquitted, but the operator was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. On his release he claimed his \$10,000 and got it.

IRISH CONSTABULARY.
Claimed to be the Finest Force in the World.
The Irish police came into existence in 1814, and in 1867, in recognition of its services in the Fenian rising, it was reorganized as the "royal" constabulary. Its present organization dates from 1835. The officers (constables and district inspectors) are mostly recruited from the same class as the ordinary constables, and are recruited from the ranks of the constabulary. The constabulary is a very similar to that of the rifle regiments. Under every district inspector are a certain number of head constables, of superior education, all of whom have risen from the ranks of the constabulary. The constabulary is a very similar to that of the rifle regiments. Under every district inspector are a certain number of head constables, of superior education, all of whom have risen from the ranks of the constabulary. The constabulary is a very similar to that of the rifle regiments. Under every district inspector are a certain number of head constables, of superior education, all of whom have risen from the ranks of the constabulary.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
Bedroom windows should never be entirely closed, if the owner is strong, and even in winter should be left open at least two inches at the top. When the weather is very cold, put a plate over the top of the pan to keep in the steam. This makes the onions cook quickly and keeps all the flavor in.
If you are hoarse, lemon-juice squeezed on to soft sugar till it is like a syrup, and a few drops of glycerine added, relieves the hoarseness at once.
If a feather is boiled with water downward, well covered with heat, it will come out much whiter than if exposed to the air while cooking.
To prevent sticking and burning when frying fish, etc., when the fat comes to a boiling point sprinkle the bottom of the pan with salt. This also prevents the fat from splashing.
Remember to sweep the carpets after when you sweep the floor, to brush the way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left they will soak into the carpet and be very difficult to remove.
When soap falls upon the carpet or rug, never attempt to sweep it up at once, for the result is sure to be a disfiguring mark. Cover it thickly with finely dried salt, which will enable you to sweep it up cleanly, so that not the slightest stain or smear will be left.
To cleanse feathers for a pillow. First place the feathers in a bag of newspapers, not too tightly packed, and bake in a cool oven for several nights. Then pick over the feathers, cutting off any sharp ends, and beating off the down from the larger feathers. Reject any feather that is stained, put into clean paper bags and bake again till thoroughly dry before putting into waxed ticking pillows.
The secret of success in whipping cream lies mainly in the coldness of everything employed in the process. Chill the cream on ice, and if you have a syllabus churn the best of newspapers, not too tightly packed, and bake in a cool oven for several nights. Then pick over the feathers, cutting off any sharp ends, and beating off the down from the larger feathers. Reject any feather that is stained, put into clean paper bags and bake again till thoroughly dry before putting into waxed ticking pillows.

UNIQUE VOTIVE OFFERINGS.
In many churches of Provence and Italy, especially those near the sea, paintings placed on the walls in acknowledgment of votive offerings, are in moments of danger are often remarkable for their frames. Among the curiosities may be enumerated laths formed of splinters from ships that have been wrecked, also frames of the same material, and often occasionally painted bright blue, but sometimes left in their primitive grey color splashed with tar. Nailed to the walls surrounding a plating representing sailors fighting with savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts or swords made of hardwood, evidently mementos of terrible struggles. Sailors or landmen who have made vows during times of peril at sea and who have no trophies to display will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood heavily encrusted with shells and seaweed not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds.
Frate Parent—"Tell that young Sofflette that he must cease his visits to his home in the house."
Daughter—"But, papa, he doesn't want the house. It's me that he's after."
Doctor—"You must give up both drinking and smoking." Patient—"Now, now, doctor, you're talking just like my wife."

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.
A beautiful plait of golden hair, measuring 2 metres and 50 centimetres, is now owned by a society lady of Paris. This wonderful hair belonged to a young Normandy girl who, to pay a family debt and save her father's good name, sold it to a hairdresser for \$60. He in turn sold it to a Parisian coiffeur for \$200, and now it is the property of a lady who desires the strictest secrecy to keep it. The hair was cut by a coiffeur who kept, and who paid \$600 for it.

OLD BOARDER.
"What's for breakfast?"
"Hope not ham and eggs again." "Water, sir?" "No, sir, not ham and eggs this morning." "Thank the stars. What is it?" "Only ham."

THE INVALID'S STANDBY.
Egg Gruel—Beat the yolk of 1 egg well, add 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir in 1 cup scalding milk and grate nutmeg over it. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Then add the white of the egg beaten very stiff.
Cracker Gruel—Four teaspoons fine cracker crumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup hot water, salt to taste. Put the water and milk on the stove, and when hot, then add cracker crumbs.
Corn Meal Gruel—Two teaspoons corn meal, 1 teaspoon flour to 1 qt. boiling water or half milk, and half water. Add the flour and water, and cook an hour. Salt.
Barley Gruel—Salt 2 tablespoons barley into 2 qts. freshly boiling water. Boil for 10 to 15 hours. Milk may be added if desired. Strain through a sieve and sweeten to suit the taste.
Oatmeal Gruel—Put 2 tablespoons oatmeal into 1 pt. boiling water; add 1 teaspoon salt, and boil without stirring for 30 minutes. Strain in a sieve, rubbing through as much oatmeal as possible. Have ready 1 egg well beaten, add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Rub the oatmeal through a sieve over the egg. Mix carefully and serve. Whipped cream may be a substitute for the egg, and makes an exceedingly nice gruel.
Macaroni with Cheese—Throw into boiling water some macaroni, salt according to the quantity used; let it boil one-fourth of an hour; when it will be a little more than half cooked; drain of the water; place the macaroni in a saucepan with milk to cover; boil till done. Butter a pudding dish, sprinkle the bottom with plenty of grated cheese, put in some macaroni, a little white pepper, plenty of butter, sprinkle on more cheese, then the rest of the macaroni, cover that with bread crumbs, set in quick oven to brown; serve hot.
Dolly Garden Cake—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, flavor with lemon. Bake one-half hour in two pans. The remainder add one teaspoonful molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of currants, piece of citron chopped fine, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. Bake one hour in two pans, and put in sheets alternately with a little jelly or white of an egg beaten to a froth.
To Fry Apples and Pork Chops.—Season the chops with salt and pepper, and a little powdered sage; dip them into beaten egg, and then into beaten bread crumbs. Fry about twenty minutes, or until they are