

## LO AND STRIPED STOCKINGS.

They Were "Mystified" and So Was the Unfortunate Child of the Forest.

The returned Lewistonian fell to talking over a revolver that he carried in the arrest of a desperado in New Mexico, and then he diverged and told this story:

"Once when we were going down in the Indian Territory, as we rode out of the village we passed the house where a New Brunswick girl had just come to live in the little prairie village. There had been considerable joking about a new arrival, and as we passed a young man came out to meet us on the line. I rode a little red pony—one that I had swapped a shotgun for—and when I saw the New Brunswick girl standing by a pair of the longest, biggest striped stockings I had ever seen, I rode right up to her and under the clothesline and seized those stockings and pulled 'em off the line and rode away.

"All that trip down across the hot plains and over the rutting buffalo grass the boys plagued me about those stockings. I had put them into my trunk and kept them. I don't know why I took them or kept them.

"Well, we got down into the Territory and among the Indians. They are great gamblers, you know, and we bet with them everything we had. We raced and won from them all the money and blankets they possessed.

"The blankets were United States army blankets, but we can use them by cutting out the 'U.S.' At last we came down to foot runners, and the Indians brought out their man. He was tall, broad chested, and long limbed. He could go like the wind and our best runner was nothing compared with him. Why, he was the best physical man I ever saw. He looked at our man and his thick lip curled in derision.

"He no good—get a man!"

"The savage was stripped to his skin. I looked at our man.

"'Jake,' I said, 'you wait a minute.' Then I went and got those stockings. When I brought them out they creased the biggest kind of a sensation, and the curiosity to touch them was something comical.

"They just wanted to put their hands on them to see what they were. I did not let them satisfy their curiosity, but carried them through the crowd as if they were holy relics.

"'Jake,' put those on and run with them," I said.

"'Why, I can't run with those on,' he said.

"'Yes you can. Don't you see that they are mystified?'

"He put them on, and though he was a big man they came clear to his hips. We pushed them up, and he started with the big Indian. It was plain by the faces of the greasers that they had lost all faith in their man as against the striped stockings. The Indian ran a little distance and then fell behind, with his eyes fixed in terror on those stockings. He was beaten. And, do you know, I sold those stockings to the Indian for five ponies and a rifle."

## Wit and Wisdom.

The difference between theory and fact is the difference between work you actually do and intend to do.

This is the season of the year when the loafer tells of how many cords of wood he split in the winter. In the winter he tells of how many tons of hay he raked in the summer.

Young men are like fish. The girls put all sorts of bait on their hooks and the young men nibble here and there. Finally one of them goes too far and suddenly finds himself landed.

When a sick man begins to get mean again it is a sign that he is better. When he is very, very good and wants to make up with everybody it is a sign that he is particularly bad.

It must have often occurred to the anti-in a discouraging sort of way, that universal admiration is paid to the sufferer. It is a little consolation at such times to reflect that an ant is never seen with a pin sticking through it in some enthusiast's glass case.—Atchison Globe.

## Sunflower Philosophy.

If a girl has once done wrong, it is proven in a court room that she never did right.

As soon as a man discovers that he cannot reform himself he begins on the world.

Too many men, when asked for an opinion, try to decide in favor of all parties concerned.

When a woman gets any money she has to give it to her children to let them do to things.

The swagger of a pretty girl is very often like the swagger of a fighter who thinks he can whip everybody.

We never knew a boy who couldn't digest green apples. There is too much good advice and not enough green apples.—Atchison Globe.

## She Was so Daring.

"Mrs. Winks can't say enough in praise of her new servant."

"Ah! Cooks delightfully?"

"No, miserably."

"Never breaks any china, eh?"

"Yes, continually."

"Well—"

"She eloped with Mr. Winks."

## She Didn't Approve of It.



Mr. Bike—Do you ride a bicycle, Miss Short?

Miss Short—No; I think some of the costumes horribly immodest.

## Had studied With the Cook.

Teacher—"How many seasons are there, John?"

John—"Four, ma'am."

Teacher—"Now, which of you boys can tell me the names of the seasons?"

Bill (foot of the class)—"Pepper, vinegar, mustard and salt, ma'am."—Providence Journal.

## FASTEST ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAIN.

Seventy Miles an Hour Said to be a Daily Occurrence.

Mr. W. C. H. Church, of Northampton, writes: The distance from New York to Chicago, as traversed by the Pennsylvania Limited, is not 970 miles, but 913 only. This reduces the average speed from 44 to 41½ miles an hour. The best long-distance train in this country is the 3 p.m. from Boston, covering 540 miles to Aberdeen in 11 h. 50 m. This is an average of 45½, including stops, or 48 without them, and the second half of the journey is over much hilly ground. For short distances one of the best is King's Cross to Sheffield, 162 miles, in 3 h. 10 m., which gives over 51 miles an hour with stops and 52½ without. If speed, weight, gradients, and distance be all taken into consideration there is nothing to beat the West Coast Express, leaving London for Edinburgh at 10.15 it reaches Wilsden Junction in 8 h. 15 m., 394½ miles, thus averaging 47½ miles an hour with stops, and over 50 without.

As regards maximum speeds, seventy miles an hour is of daily occurrence. For instance, there is scarcely an express leaving St. Pancras which does not attain seventy or over every day in the week between the thirty-fifth and forty-ninth miles from London. The Leeds expresses, in particular, generally attain a maximum of about seventy-five during the last four or five miles of this decline, and occasionally the chronograph will register speeds of seventy-eight, eighty, and even eighty-two miles. The latter I have registered on more than one occasion, not merely here, but down Southampton on the Northwestern, without experiencing the least extra degree of oscillation.

## Popular Proverbs.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

A bird is known by its note, and a man by his talk.

A blithe heart maketh a blooming visage.

A bow long bent at last waxeth weak.

A broken friendship may be soldered, but will never be sound.

A close mouth catcheth no flies.

A colt you may break, but an old horse never.

A creaking door hangs long on its hinges.

A deceitful peace is more dangerous than open war.

A deluge of words and a drop of sense.

A fair promise makes a fool merry.

Bachelor's wives and maid's children are well taught.

Be always as merry as you can, for no one delights in a sorrowful man.

Better late thrive than not do well.

Better suffer a great deal than do a little one.

Better the foot slip than the tongue.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

Bribes will enter without knocking.

Great designs need great consideration.

Great birth is a very poor dish at table.

Great braggers, little doers.

Half-witted folks speak much and say little.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

Have a care of a silent dog and a still water.

He bears misery best, that hides it most.

He giveth twice, that gives in a trice.

He is so full of himself that he is quite empty.

Honor and ease are seldom bed-fellows.

Hours of pleasure are short.

I am not the first and shall not be the last.

I can't be your friend and your flatterer too.

I love you well, but touch not my pocket.

Idle brains are the devils work houses.

Idleness is the key of beggary.

If the brain plant not corn, it plants thistles.

If the eye do not admire, the heart will not desire.

If you run after two horses, you will catch neither.

It is a poor heart that never rejoices.

Necessity dispenses with decorum.

Never ask pardon before you are accused.

Never fall out with your bread and butter.

Next to love, quietness.

No fool like an old fool.

No man is worse for knowing the worst of himself.

No man's religion survives his morals.

No receiver, no thief.

Nothing to be got without pains, but poverty.

One may fall when reeds brave the storm.

Of evil grain no good seed can come.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

One barking dog sets the whole street a-barking.

Old reckonings breed new disputes.

One eye-witness is better than ten hearsays.

Of saving, cometh having.

It is easy to find excuses for everything except somebody else's fault.

## Do English Ladies Smoke?

Do English ladies smoke cigarettes? It would seem that they do from the evidence that was brought out in a London police court, the other day, where two waiters in a fashionable restaurant were charged with stealing a diamond-studded cigarette case belonging to the young Countess of Rosslyn, and which had been presented to her by no less a personage than the Princess of Wales. It was a very dainty affair in silver, with the monogram and the Countess's coronet in gold and diamonds, and during the course of the proceeding it came out that this fair and dainty young peeress had been smoking without a conscience in this ultrafashionable and very public restaurant. It appeared, too, that beautifully jeweled cases are frequently presented to brides in England nowadays, though no mention is made of them in prepared list of wedding gifts, of course.—Boston Herald.

## Logic.

Johnnie—I don't believe George Washington ever had much fun.

Teacher—Why?

Johnnie—"Cause he never went fishing."

Teacher—How do you know that?

Johnnie—"Cause he never told us lie."

## STILL SIGHING.

Linda's Papa Was Obdurate and Linda's Still Sighing.

The colored people had come to town for the usual Saturday afternoon holiday, and a hundred or more were sitting on the grass in the public park.

I was talking with an old white-headed man about cotton, when a young man came up and addressed him with:

"Uncle Davis, kin I spoke wid yo' a minute?"

"Kin yo' spoke wid me? What yo' want to spoke wid me 'bout, sah?"

"'Bout yo' darter Linda."

"'Bout Linda, eh? Wear am Linda?"

"'Bout yo' kin co'tin wid Linda?"

"Oder dar, sah."

"Linda's powerful nice girl, she am. Dat gal can chop out mo' cotton dan any man I ever did see."

"Yes, sah."

"Hain't no gal 'round yere dat kin fry bacon an make de pone eikal to Linda."

"No, sah."

"Has yo' dun fell in lub wid Linda, young man?"

"Yes, sah, I has."

"Bin doidin hands?"

"Yes, sah."

"Linda bin sighin an lookin foolish?"

"Yes-s, sah. She dun tole me to ax' yo'."

"Yes, dat's Linda; she wants de ole man to know all 'bout it. Nice gal, yo'."



## "HAS YO' GOT TWO BITS."

Linda am. Powerful gal to chop out cotton and split wood. Young man, has yo' got f' bit in yo' pocket?"

"No, sah."

"'Lan yo' got two bits?"

"No, sah."

"Has yo' got 10 cents to put in my hand?"

"No, sah."

"Den yo' kin took a walk! I hain't sayin' dat I'ze so powerful sot on riches dat Linda has got to marry a fo' bit or a two-bit man, but I do declar' dat de percolation of de situation won't low no young man dat hain't got 10 cents to his name to cum decoratin around yere to patronize my consent to a marriage. Yes, sah, yo' took a walk an' leave dat sighn gal to sigh on!"—M. Quad.

## The Conductor's Joke.

On board a Baltimore train pulling into Parkersburg was a book agent whose demeanor conveyed the impression that he was matter-of-fact all the way through. No foolishness, no trifling with one in the every-day affairs of this busy old life.

"Mr. Conductor, what time do we get into Parkersburg?"

"Ten-twenty," replied the official, politely.

"Yes. Well, what time can I get a train on west?"

"Nine twenty."

"To-morrow?"

"To-night."

"Conductor, don't take me for a fool because my beard grows too wrong way and my clothes suggest the whip-poor-will and penny-royal. I'm serious."

"So am I, good friend. You can make it all right."

"Well, how now?"

"Just keep your eat."

"And leave town an hour before I get into it?"

"That's the idea, my good friend—"

"Look h'yer. You may be a good conductor, an' know all the stations, and the spotters, an' how to knock down 40 per cent. of the receipts, but when you claim to have a reversin' lever on the sun, you're off, decidedly off."

"But the time changes an hour at the river."

"Then, at that rate, if I go on to San Francisco, I'll get there some time last week. I guess I'll get off and wait until I catch up with myself."—Agent's Herald.

## On the Safe Side.

"Waiter," said the cautious guest, "I see you have canvasback duck on the bill of fare. Can you warrant it to be a canvasback duck?"

"I can, sir," replied the waiter.

"I don't believe it. I see you also claim to serve tenderloin steaks. Are they really tenderloin steaks?"

"They are."

"It is simply impossible. There is only one real, genuine tenderloin steak in a beef, and you can't kill a cow for every man who calls for a steak of that kind. Hum—let me see. Broiled red snapper. Sure it's red snapper?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't it. You can easily make Mississippi River buffalo look like red snapper. Um—spring lamb, mint sauce. Old motto, without a doubt. Waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me some fried liver."—Chicago Tribune.

## How to Keep the Boy on the Farm.



This is the way they do it in Florida with excellent results, according to a subscriber of Farm and Home, the mother doing the work and the son idling in the hammock.

## As to Advertising.

Merchant—Do you think advertising pays?

Book Agent—No. I don't.

Merchant—Why not?

Book Agent—Why not? Because it takes all the people o' your store to buy goods, and I can't find anybody at home to sell a book to; that's why not.

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