

B'RRER SUNDOWN WHITE.

FUNERAL ORATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

A Plain Every-day Sort of a Man, but He Had a Lot of Horse Sense—Skilled in Woodpile Philosophy.

"In announcing the death of Brudder Sundown White, which took place last week," said Brother Gardner, as he arose at the last meeting of the Limekiln Club, "I wish to state that he was no hero. He was not known by right or name to fifty people in all his life. Probably the greatest thing he ever did to all his life was to stop a runaway mow. Nobody heard of him in connection with Congress, de Legislachur, de Common Council or any other public office. He nebbber published a book, wrote a song nor delivered a lecture. I doubt if he ever took laughin' gas, rode on a 'lectric street kyar or had a chimney on his house burn out. He was just a plain, every-day sort of man, an' strangers passed him by widout a second look. A few of us in this club, but only a few, knowed him fur what he was—a man of horse sense.

"Brudder White didn't know nuffin 'bout de pyramids of Egypt, but he was de pussen who diskivered dat salt would make cabbages head up a week airlier dan usual.

"He nebbber read no lines of poetry in all his bo'n days, an' yit in one brief yar he found three plugs of torbacker, two jackknives an' a \$5 bill on de sidewalk.

"He nebbber saw Niagara Falls nor heard de roarin' of de sea, an' yit de white man who loaded twenty different



"He made me believe," sticks of wood wid powder an' left 'em on his pile couldn't blow Brudder White up. He got his supply from de bottom of de woodpile.

"Dat man had nebbber taken a book on philosophy in his hand, an' yit he reasoned it out dat de man who paid cash down for his goods got no cheaper prices dan de deadbeat.

"Brudder White didn't know de meanin' of de word 'persuasive,' an' yit, when I found him fillin' a bag wid my councumbers one dark night, he made me believe dat he reckoned he was in a white man's tater patch two miles away.

"It has bin said dat he was neither a luv'n husband nor an affeckshunate fadder. Dat was a matter of philosophy wid him. He reasoned it out dat de mo' yo' luv yo'r wife de mo' non bonnets she wants, an' de mo' affeckshunate yo' am to yo'r chillen de faster deir shoes wear out. 'Pears to me he was perfectly kreet in dat. Should I go home to-night an' kiss my ole woman an' ax her how her lame back got long she'd stand up an' want a new pair of yaller shoes an' blue stockin' to match.

"Brudder White owned a fightin' dawg, an' dat dawg had foute almost every day of his life, but de owner nebbber made no mistake—dat is, he nebbber rushed in an' kicked de odder man's dawg an' got hisself sent to de hospital. He jist knowed dat human natur would fight quicker an' harder oder a \$2 dawg dan 'bout a question of State rights or a new tariff bill.

"In many occasions de late lamented was axed to decide disputes 'bout Jonah an' de whale an' Dan'l in de lions den. He nebbber cum to no decision. He knowed dat if he decided dat de whale swallered Jonah he'd sartainly lose one frienl, an' if he said dat Dan'l wasn't skeered when he found hisself among de lions den somebody would steal his white-wash pail an' brushies to git even. When de dispute got red hot, Brudder White would try an' turn de subject to dreams an' ghosts an' cool eberybody down.

"While he didn't say much, he observed an' reasoned. If, in walkin' around, he cum across a sign of 'No admittance,' he walked right in, an' asked de reason why an' all 'bout it. Dat saved him from gwine home an' wonderin' if it was a powder factory or de city hall. When he cum to a railroad an' de sign of 'Look out fur de engine,' he reasoned dat de sign was put up wid an object in view. He'd wait around dat an' look out if it took him all day.

"Brudder White didn't pay as much pew rent as some, but he paid it ebery day in advance. Ebery mawmin of de life fur yar past he walked ober to de cabin of de church treasurer an' laid down his nickel, an' if dey hev any financial panic in dat odder land de hardupness can't be laid to him. He was, as I may say right heah, de only pussen dat I ever knowed in all dis world who was willin' to advance de Lawd 25 cents a week an' nebbber ask for a receipt.

"He couldn't hev told yo' nuffin 'bout Shakespeare, but jist yo' lent him yer wheelbarrow it always cum home all right an' widout any fish scales or fadden fadders stickin' to de handles. I once axed him who diskivered America, an' he stuck to it dat it was a pussen named Jones, an' yit I lent him \$2 dat day, an' he paid it back de fo' Saturday night. If he had any perickler weakin' of character, it was perhaps his habit of gwine to de possibin an' axin' for mail. He went dar reglarly three times a day for twenty yar, an' nebbber got a letter. Dat shouldn't be laid up agin him, however, but accepted as proof of his perseverance. He was bound to git dat letter or perish, an' he finally perished. Few will notice his absence for mawmin his loss, an' yit he filled his mind de usual emblem of mourning will be displayed fur de usual length of time, an' in de mornin' his account wid de de secret'ry will write de words, 'A common man to sorter think in among odder folks in heaven.'"

PLANET MARS' VISIT

NEAREST THE EARTH ON THE 13TH OF OCTOBER.

Studying His Queer Surface—The Strange Conduct of the "Canals" Closely Watched, But No Startling Discoveries Are Looked For.

During October we shall pass our neighbor, Mars, nearly at the least possible distance, and with the planet so well elevated in the northern sky as to offer a very favorable opportunity for the study of his surface, writes C. A. Young, in The Cosmopolitan. The "op position," i.e., the moment when the planet is just opposite to the sun and rises at sunset—occurs on the 20th, and if the orbits of the earth and Mars were just on the same level, and were perfect circles around the sun, this would be also the moment of nearest approach. In fact, however, Mars will be nearest on the 13th, when its distance will be almost exactly 40,000,000 of miles, or about 175 times the distance of the moon. Between October 1 and 22 the distance will hardly vary a single million of miles, but by the end of the month it will have become 43,000,000, and will swiftly increase. With the largest telescopes it is sometimes (not very often) possible to use with advantage a magnifying power of 1000 in scrutinizing the planet's surface, enabling us to see it about as we do the moon when we look at her with a powerful opera glass. Of course, no very minute details can be noted—nothing much less than 40 or 50 miles across—but the white-capped disc is a very beautiful object with its delicate vegetation of many-colored markings gradually shifting in place and form, as the planet turns itself under the observer's eye, and its swift little moons dodge in and out from one side to the other.

The special points of interest this year relate mainly to the still unsettled questions first raised some years ago by the observations of the Italian observer, Schiaparelli, upon certain curious markings called "canals" by him, and their unaccountable behavior in doubling and again undoubling from time to time. The phenomena are by no means easy to see, and his observations have been hitherto only partially confirmed; sufficiently, however, to make it certain that while his descriptions and explanations probably need correction, yet they involve real facts unparalleled upon the earth, and present a very perplexing problem. There are other questions also, respecting the constitution and topography of the planet—its land and water system, its lakes and mountains, the changes that accompany the progress of its seasons, and the still more important alterations of some of the larger features of the planet's surface, which, according to some observers, have gradually taken place during the past 20 or 30 years. It is clear that in our present areography, fact and imagination are almost inextricably combined, and it will be a slow and difficult task to separate the real from the fanciful, and what is permanent and belongs to the ball of the planet itself, from that which is temporary and merely atmospheric.

It may be worth while to add that there is not the slightest reason to expect this year any very startling discoveries and that the current talk about the possibility of soon demonstrating the presence of intelligent inhabitants upon the planet, and perhaps actually establishing communication with them, is mere sensational nonsense.

Since the introduction of typewriting machines and their universal acceptance by the business world, it has been the aim of inventors everywhere to produce a typewriter capable of use on books of record and on insurance policies and other large documents of varying sizes. In all the attempts that have been made to bring about a practical machine of this character two obstacles have seemed insuperable, viz., intricacy and great expense. Both of these barriers have now been overcome, says The New York Sun, by J. M. Cray, an inventor of this city. For upward of six years Mr. Cray has expended all of his inventive and mechanical energy and many thousands of dollars in perfecting the typewriter, which is now being manufactured and will soon be placed on the market. His first patent on this machine was issued on June 21, 1892, and a second patent, securing complete protection, was granted but a few weeks ago.

Only three of these typewriters have thus far been exhibited, and one of these was seen by the reporter yesterday. It bears but slight resemblance to any of the standard typewriters in use, weighing but 10 pounds and being built on simple and compact lines. The keyboard is disk-shaped and contains 80 celluloid keys, the arrangement of which brings those keys of striking vowels and other much-used letters and characters immediately under the hands of the operator. A noticeable feature, also, is the ribbon attachment for writing with ink of any desired color. The removal of a black ribbon, for instance, and the substitution of a red, purple or green ribbon, is accomplished with both ease and celerity. The machine will receive a book of any required width or thickness, will write a line long or short, and also devised that the distance between lines may be scaled to suit the amount of space at hand or the fancy of the operator.

In this new machine perfectly flat plates, separate from the feed rollers, have been introduced and where several copies of any manuscript are required a plain made of brass is used. This gives a hard, unyielding surface for the type to strike against, and the last copy of a dozen or 15 is as plain as the first. If but one copy is to be made, the turn of a hand screw substitutes a hard rubber plate suitable for the purpose. Thus, while this is essentially a book-writing machine, its scope of utility includes the work done by all other typewriters in general, and a single sheet of newspaper seems quite as much at home between its rollers as a double entry ledger.

She—Don't be discouraged, Reginald, dear! Father gives you all the money you want.

Yes, I know; but he has to work for it.

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BITS OF MERRIMENT.



HE DIDN'T WAIT.

Dude Sportsman—Anything to shoot here? Countryman—Hain't ben nut hin' till you arrived. I'll git me gun.

Foggydust—I have no money to spend in advertisements. Fencer—Of course you haven't, and that's just the reason.

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.

Uncle—Tell me frankly, Fred, what is the amount of your debts? Fred—Oh, my dear uncle, just as much as you please.

Don't talk to me about compulsory vaccination! exclaimed the man who had his arm in a sling. I'm sore on that subject.

First Burglar—Sh! There's a cop on the other side of the street! Second Burglar—Lay low, then! There ain't enough in this job to divide.

My, said the bald-headed man, looking over the hairy heads of the football team, "how secure I would feel with a few Yale locks."

Clara—Dear me! Those toilet things I ordered haven't come. Maude—Then I don't suppose you'll have the face to go to the ball to-night.

Japan says she proposes to demolish China," said Mr. Byrking. "She ought to have our servant girl," replied his wife wearily.

There's a bonnet," said the editor's wife, "that is a perfect poem." "Yes," he replied, absent mindedly, "but we never pay for poetry."

Ethel—I wonder if he loves me as he says? He has known me only a week. Clarissa—He may if that's all the time he has known you.

Spillat is an awful mean man," "What did he do?" "His wife's a political candidate and he gave his vote to her for a birthday present."

Mrs. Smith (who is reading a humorous paper)—I don't see any fun in these jokes about big bills for ladies hats. Dr. Smith—I don't either.

I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back," "Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."

Coroner—You swear positively you were not to blame for the man's death! Dr. Tyro (haughtily)—Certainly, sir; they did not call me soon enough.

Mr. Bacon—When is the cook to be married? Mrs. Bacon—Oh, she's not to be married. She's broken her engagement.

Young Mrs. Suppy is said to be completely wrapped up in her husband," observed Sculdigg. "Lives in a flat, eh?" replied McSwilligen.

She—Before we were married you said it would give you the greatest pleasure to gratify my every wish. He—My dear, I said your lightest wish; and I'll do it, too.

Stuffer—You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner. Dashaway—What are you going to do? Stuffer—Swallow the insult.

Willie—Maw, we're going to have a little masquerade party over at Tom Stapleford's. How'd I better fix up so they won't know me? His mother—Wash your face, dear.

I wish you would give me a receipt for this lovely cake, Mrs. Bouncer. "Certainly, Mr. Bouncer; but don't you think a receipt for your last quarter's board would do instead?"

Doctor (shaking his head)—Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you. Patient—What? Good gracious, doctor. Doctor—No, really, my friend, you are in perfect health.

Do you think Skinner can make a living out there? "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Mrs. Pancake (suspiciously)—Why are you hanging around my back window so long? Tramp—Maw, those apple pies are as purty as pictures, an' I'd like to be the frame o' one o' them.

Yager—Now that Snallpay has fixed him up an' elegant home he may be supposed to have some definite plan for the future. Snallpay—Um, yes; installment plan. That's the way he bought his furniture.

Ab, said the casual caller, seeing the poet at work in the adjoining room, "the fire of genius is burning, eh?" "No," said the poet's practical wife, "I guess it is his cigarette that smells so."

The Gray Head by the Hearth.

A private letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol, says: "The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in this house? I asked my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said, "We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday."

The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

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Hotel Stanley, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. M. FOWLER, PROPRIETOR.

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The undersigned non-residents of District No. 1 in the Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, are hereby requested to pay to the undersigned Collector the amounts of County and Road Tax, as set opposite their names, together with the cost of this advertisement, (\$1.00 each) within sixty days from date, 2nd October, 1895, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Name, County, Road Tax, McLeod, Geo. K., \$21.15, \$1.25, Bell, John T. (Estate), 2.23, 50, Black, Geo., 5.64, 50, Gester, John, 2.21.

ROBERT COCHRANE, Collector, Richibucto, Kent Co., 2nd Oct. 1895.

For full particulars as to terms, prices, etc., apply to Geo. K. McLeod, Richibucto.

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GEO. A. IRVING, Proprietor.

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