

THE CATNIP GARDEN.

Once upon a time there lived in the beautiful city of Denver a certain gentleman of the name of Toll, and he was a judge. All over the state of Colorado, and elsewhere, too, this judge was famed for his goodness and his learning. In fact, he was so good and so learned that one Christmas Eve Santa Claus came and brought him a sweet little baby son. The judge was very proud.

"I will rear this little son to be a good and great jurist," said he, "and when I am old and feeble he will be the staff and comfort of my age."

One of the first things Judge Toll did was to hire a nurse to take care of the pretty little boy, for it so happened, sadly enough, that the baby's mother was not strong enough to carry the baby and amuse it all the time. The nurse was a kindly old lady, who had lived way down in the far East, where there were many, many little baby girls and some baby boys, so she knew all about babies and just how to take care of them.

This baby was very fond of his nurse, and he would lie in her lap and admire her antique style of architecture, or would pat her wrinkled cheeks and soothe the sweetest baby music imaginable. This made Judge Toll very happy.

"How handsome and contented the baby is," he would say to himself, "and what a good and great jurist he will become!"

But one day the old nurse came to the judge and said: "We must do something for the baby."

The judge was vastly astonished. "You surely do not mean to tell me that the baby is sick?" he exclaimed.

"No, not exactly sick," said the old nurse, "but he needs toning up. He is fat and strong and contented, but there is a kind of look in his eyes that tells me that he needs a tonic."

"Then we will call the doctor," said Judge Toll, excitedly.

"There is no need of that," protested the old nurse. "The doctor would simply laugh at you and say that the baby was all right. But I know, just as well as I know anything, that the child needs toning up!"

"Well, then, what shall it be?" asked Judge Toll. "Paregoric, squills, castor oil, live syrup, belladonna or what?"

"None of them," answered the old nurse, "for they are all drugs, and the baby doesn't need drugs. What he needs is toning up."

The judge said nothing; he did not know what to say. Of law, of politics, of mining, of literature, and of other worldly things he knew much, but of baby tonics he knew simply nothing.

"What the baby needs is catnip tea," said the old nurse. "Nothing will tone up a baby's system like catnip tea. Down in Vermont an Maine an Mass'chusetts they always bring up their babies on catnip tea, an' that's why their babies make such smart men an women."

"But I thought catnip was something cats ate," interposed the judge.

"Law me, an' so it is," said the old nurse, "but it's just as likely living for human folks. Why, there's nothin' in the world that'll tone up a weak system like a bowl of strong catnip tea. I hate to see this blessed child pinn' for what'd be the makin' of him."

"I know nothing about it at all," said Judge Toll, "but if you say that the baby needs catnip, I'll get some for him."

Judge Toll went all over town after catnip—into every drug store, every grocery and every doctor's office, but not a sprig of catnip could he find anywhere.

"You will have to send East for it," the druggists said; "it doesn't grow out here in Colorado, and the freight rates across the plains are so great that we can't afford to bring it here."

"Then send East for it I will!" cried Judge Toll. And so he did; that very night he wrote to an old college friend in Massachusetts, informing him of his dilemma and begging him to send forthwith a goodly lot of catnip, no matter how much it cost! You see he was bound to get the tonic which the old nurse said the baby needed.

Well, in about three weeks there came along a large express package from the East, and when Judge Toll opened it he found that it contained forty-nine bunches of green catnip. Oh, how fresh and fragrant they were, and how their green leaves and assertive odors took one back across the arid plains and muddy rivers to the ferny wild woods of old Yankeealand!

"The baby shall have catnip tea three times a day now!" cried the judge.

"Here's enough to last a year," said the old nurse.

"I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll plant some of these bunches in the yard, an' whenever we need a few leaves for a tea we can step out and pluck them. So we will have an ever-increasin' supply."

"That's a good plan," said the judge. "We will plant these healing herbs at once and they shall beautify and perfume our premises." That afternoon the judge planted the catnip bushes in pretty rows in the front yard, and every morning and evening thereafter he irrigated them carefully. Immediately they took root finely, and in less than a week were as hearty and as flourishing as if they were growing on the hills of Vermont instead of in the sandy soil of Colorado. Whenever the old nurse wanted to brew a tea, she stepped out into the yard and plucked a few catnip leaves, steeped them in hot water, and there it was, as natural a catnip tea as ever simmered on a stove or trickled down a baby's throat. The catnip bushes, meanwhile, thrived and shot out fresh sprigs and leaves, and their fragrance filled the air for a great distance.

Uncle Seth Cooley, who lived up on Capitol Hill, hobbled down to the Toll place and leaned over the fence and gazed tenderly at the growing herbs.

"Just as nat'ral as ever," said Uncle Seth, slowly and sadly, as his nostrils dilated. "Just as nat'ral as when Mitty an' I used to go huckleberryin' in the meadow near the plum trees, out in Pelham. Say, Judge, ye wouldn't mind givin' me a booky on 'em, would ye? I'd kind o' like to smell 'em and take 'em home to Mitty."

And old Mrs. Baxter came over from Evans' addition and begged a booky, too. She cried softly over the coarse green leaves, as if the sight of them awakened memories of the time when old Uncle Dan' and she started out in life together in a little frame cottage "at Dummerston, on the West river, jest six miles frim Brattleboro."

Oh, yes, the Yankee folk came from all parts of Denver to see that wonderful front yard, to pluck the catnip leaves and to tell marvelous stories of the cures the herb had effected. And all this time the catnip bushes kept growing and growing and growing, and their fragrance went up and was wafted hither and thither by the breezes.

Away up on top of a very high mountain near Del Norte lived an old Maltese cat, the maternal ancestor of many generations of kittens. She had come across the plains in a prairie schooner in 1859 with a party of emigrants, and now she lived in the hospitable loft of a stable on the top of this imposing peak, near which Del Norte is located. One night this old Maltese cat was traversing the ridge-pole of the stable, when she was brought to a sudden standstill by the breeze that blew strong from the northeast.

"Wee-ow-ow!" exclaimed the old Maltese cat; and her eyes glittered strangely, her tail began to expand and her venerable fur rose on her back.

"Why, gran'-ma," inquired one of the younger cats, a demure maiden tabby of uncertain age, "why, gran'-ma, what ails you?"

"Wee-ow-ow!" replied the old Maltese cat. "Wee-ow-ow! I smell catnip!"

Now, the other cats had heard about catnip, but had never seen any. The stories which the old Maltese cat had told about her experiences with the beloved weed before she left her Kittenhood home in Maine had been handed around among the other cats of Colorado as quaint legends. All the other cats had heard tell of the subtle glories of catnip, but none had ever beheld or even whiffed the grateful herb.

"Where?" asked twenty young cats in chorus.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old Maltese cat, "but I can smell it, and I'm going to follow up the trail until I find it."

With these portentous words the old Maltese cat whisked her ancient tail, gave a gigantic "Wee-ow" and started on a brisk run for Denver, three hundred miles away.

"Wee-ow-ow!" cried the other cats—and the kittens, too—and off they started for Denver, giving the old Maltese a hot race over hill and valley, peak and plain, mead and wood.

The word was passed around, and the cry went up here and there like a wildfire—"Catnip, catnip! We're going to get some catnip!" The tidings reached Alamosa, and ran along the whole mountain range of Colorado. The excitement was intense; cats hurried from every house, cabin, barn, stable, shed and mine and joined the vast procession. Every city, town, hamlet and camp was instantly deserted by its cat population—such a yowling had never before been heard, such a seething army of cats had never been seen. The muner in his lonely hut, hearing the awful rush, sprang from his cot and cried: "The snowslide! the snowslide! Run for your lives!" But it was only the cats, galloping to Denver. Oh, it was a prodigious spectacle, and the old Maltese cat led the van.

Judge Toll was dreaming pleasant dreams that night, when he was awakened therefrom by a din which threw him into a cold sweat. He crawled out of bed, slipped quietly into his trousers, seized his faithful shot-gun and stole softly to the window. The strange noise seemed to come from the front yard—yes, from the catnip bushes in the front yard. The judge peered out of the window, and what think you he saw?

Myriads of cats—billows of cats! Cats of every size, weight, color, sex, condition and description; black cats, white cats, tabby cats, Maltese cats, brindle cats, tortoise-shell cats, spotted cats, striped cats, brown cats, yellow cats, mauve cats, gamboge cats, long cats, short cats, tall cats, fat cats, lean cats, stump-tailed cats, one-eared cats, wall-eyed cats, three-legged cats, mamma cats, papa cats and kittens—oh, yes, kittens of every kind and without number! And there they were in Judge Toll's front yard, among and on the catnip bushes, purring, sprawling and yowling like so many demons.

"Purr-r-r," said the old, way-back Maltese cat from Del Norte; "purr-r-r! Oh, isn't this lovely? It's the first catnip I've had in going on 25 years—purr-r-r! I thank Heaven that I have lived to see this grateful fruit introduced into the Rocky Mountain region!"

And then all the other cats—there must have been millions of them—purred in chorus so loud that it sounded like an awful, lingering peal of thunder.

But this was not all. Oh, no! By the bright moonlight Judge Toll could see myriads and myriads of other cats surging down from the mountain ranges, and through the fertile valleys and over the plains—from Georgetown, Salida, Idaho, Golden, Boulder, Crested Butte, Tincup, San Juan, Pueblo, Cucharas, Buena Vista, Conejos, Durango, Huerfano, Leadville, Kokoma, Manitou, Monument, Ouray, Rosita, Saguache and Trinidad—the foothills were alive with cats, the mountain peaks swarmed with cats, and cats, cats, cats swept along like a swirling torrent toward one focal point—Judge Toll's catnip bed!

And lo! the cats were coming from other directions, too—from the arid plains of Kansas, and from Deer Trail, from Monotony water tank, and from the dreary confines of Nebraska; the breeze blowing from the water brought the noise of vast armies of cats on their way from Laramie and Cheyenne!

The cats already in the garden—how they purred and writhed and yowled, and how the sparks of electricity shot from their furry backs as they rubbed affectionately up against the catnip bushes! It was, in fact, a carnival, a saturnalia of cats.

The judge said to himself: "I will shoot in among all these trespassers and drive them away. What right have they to devastate my beautiful exotics?"

But then came the second better thought. Would it not be cruel to deprive these creatures of the long-denied pleasure they were now enjoying in the catnip bed? None of them—save the old Maltese—had ever before seen or tasted the precious herb; they knew of it only from the legendary lore with which the old way-back Maltese had regaled them, their mothers, their fathers, their grandmothers, their grandfathers, and so on ad infinitum.

But the more Judge Toll thought it over, the more he became satisfied that he ought, in all humanity, to let the cats stay and enjoy the catnip. So at last he went back to bed and renewed his slumber as best he could.

When the judge got up next morning and looked out into his yard, not a cat was to be seen, nor yet a vestige of the catnip bushes, either. The turf was widely rent and torn up and every leaf, twig, sprig and root of catnip had disappeared. It was conjectured that the cats took it all away with them. They must have had a terrible battle over the remnants of the feast, for here and there on the furrowed and despoiled turf lay eyes and ears and bits of tails and tufts of fur—silent but eloquent evidences of the last tragic scene of all.—Eugene Field in *Pittsburg Bulletin*.

OUR BETTER-HALVES.

The latest novelty in weddings, where the groom is over 30, is to have all the ushers married men and intimate friends, instead of trying to find youthful unmarried friends to grace the occasion.

The following is a correct list of wedding anniversaries, as now recognized and celebrated: 1 year, cotton; 2 years, paper; 3 years, leather; 5 years, wooden; 7 years, woolen; 10 years, tin; 12 years, silk and linen; 15 years, crystal; 20 years, china; 25 years, silver; 30 years, pearl; 40 years, ruby; 50 years, golden; 75 years, diamond.

One of the newest society games for indoor recreation during the present season is parlor tennis. It is played with a net in the shape of a sort of minnow snare which is hung between two chairs in the center of the room, the regular tennis bats, and 24 light rubber balls of various colors. The rule of the game is to land as many of these batted balls in the net as possible. Each color counts so many tallies and the game goes to the person or persons making the greatest number of tallies in a given number of innings. The balls are so light there is no danger to the bric-a-brac in their use.

In music, as in everything else, novelty is what all seem to seek. But if American girls mean to keep up with the foreign fads every musically-inclined girl will become an orchestra in herself. First came the violin for ladies, and last winter and summer the banjo was all the go. The mandolin continues popular among the exclusives and will continue to rank high for refined performances, but the latest instrument for ladies is the zither. In London, however, two ladies of position have given performances at musicales in beating on the drum.

The crusade which Mrs. Cleveland began against the bustles ended in smoke. The fact is that Mrs. Cleveland has herself deserted the standard of the anti-bustle era, and has resumed her tournure. This fact was ascertained by a Washington reporter, who was curious to know whether the President's wife had permanently abandoned the bustle. He had among his acquaintances a young woman who works in a dressmaking establishment patronized by Mrs. Cleveland. After screwing up his courage to the sticking point the reporter asked the young woman bluntly a few days ago: "Does Mrs. Cleveland wear a bustle?" "Yes," was the answer.

Children's Prize Stories.

A Western paper recently took its turn in the fashion of the day, at stimulating school children to write stories for a prize, and afterward printed about a column of gems from the rejected manuscripts. Here are a few:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"But they knew they had something in their hearts better than a Christmas tree. They had Jesus in their hearts and they had only a few potatoes and some salt."

"The Jews celebrate Christmas in the summer."

"She forgot the Lord and all his blessings and after that she went and got married."

"I will remark to satisfy the reader that these years were spent among the cloudy sorrows and sunny joys by which everybody's childhood is interspersed."

"My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of nought save the gaming-table."

"In the year 1779, Mrs. R. was given a very fine sewing machine."

"Va! I dell you, vat I dell you?" shouted the Irishman.

"As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

"Do you think, little reader, that Jesus hung up his stocking Christmas eve to be filled by Santa Claus? If you do, you are much mistaken. And why did he not? One reason was that he had none. And why had he none? Because he was born in the torrid zone, where stockings are never used, nor are they to this day."

"Lelia, without a moment's hesitation or cowardly contemplation, proceeded to turn a graceful somersault on the long-suffering lounge." [Age of Lelia 19 years.]

How He Gets the "News."

The greatest philosopher living is the governor of the Danish colony of Greenland. He is not numbered among those nervous, restless news devourers who cannot breakfast without their morning paper, or cannot sleep comfortably unless they have seen the latest "extra." He receives by the ship which brings him his annual supplies copies of the daily papers of Copenhagen for the year preceding. He arranges these papers in the order of their dates, and then quietly and calmly reads a paper each day, as though it were fresh from the press. He is sometimes strongly tempted to peer into futurity by reading some papers ahead when he comes across interesting news, but he resists the temptation, no matter how anxious he is to know the fate of some measure. One day's paper for each day is his rule, and so at the end of the year he is thoroughly familiar with the news of the preceding year. He says he is just as happy as though he pulled each day's paper off the press.

Checked.

John Cahill and his 5-year old boy hardly speak as they pass by. It came to pass a few days ago that the youngster got into some mischief that called for a severe reprimand and slight punishment. Mr. Cahill administered both, but as he was about the room he heard the boy say to his mother, "Mamma, I think it's about time you got me a stepfather."—Bridgport News.

They All Do It.

There was a sign upon a fence— "The sign was 'Paint.'" And everybody that went by, Sinner and saint, Put out a finger, touched the fence, And onward sped, And as they wiped their finger tips, "It is," they said.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A. D. 1720. Cash Assets, - - - Over Sixteen Million Dollars. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, General Agent for New Brunswick. E. L. PHILPS, SUB-AGENT.

"VIRGINIUS" IN STORE-CLOTHES

Frederick Warde and His Noble Romans Cut Loose from Their Costumes.

Frederick Warde attempted, at Pittsburgh, recently, what Edwin Booth has done—play a tragedy with all the characters attired in citizens' clothes. Mr. Warde was not particularly anxious to do it, but Manager Wilt argued that, no matter if the baggage didn't come, and that the costumes were lacking, the proper thing, nevertheless, would be to give *Virginus* at any rate, the noble Romans to be attired in street costumes. For an hour Mr. Warde considered the question, and then stepped to the footlights and explained that, through a chapter of accidents, the baggage of the company had been delayed. He would call the attention of the audience to the fact that, years ago, it was quite the proper thing to "do" tragedy with the actors in their every-day dress, and that while the practice had fallen into "innocuous desuetude" he would revive it for one night for the especial benefit of Pittsburghers. The audience applauded Mr. Warde as he bowed himself out of sight, and a thrill of expectancy coursed through the house. Then the play went on.

"Ah, my daughter," said *Virginus*, in his deepest tones, as he strode into view dressed in pepper and salt pants, a cut-away coat, with a gold watch chain across the front of the vest, and a white-wings collar sawing his ears. Then the Roman father's daughter swept to the front in an elegant brown dress of the latest modern style, with ruching at the sleeves, and her hair done up in a Langry knot. Old *Dentatus* was the picture of a 5th avenue masher. It was very bewildering, and the audience was delighted. Some didn't know what to make of it. Others thought it awfully funny, and waited for something humorous to set them off in a paroxysm of laughter. But the play proceeded, and every one on the stage was dreadfully in earnest. *Ililius* was the duke of the party. He was strong and impassioned in a flowing Prince Albert coat, flapping English trousers, and collars and cuffs of spotless white. *Appius Claudius*, however, carried off the honors of the show. He had a tremendous voice and yellow pants, and his frequent references to the Roman populace, which was wisely kept out of sight, brought down the house. If that rattle had made its appearance in all its virginal Diamond alley glory, unconcealed by friendly spears and shields, the chances are that the undertaker might have experienced an unexpected boom in trade.

*Caius Claudius*, *Dentatus*, *Numitorius*, *Lucius*, *Marcus*, *Servius*, *Titus* and all the rest of the boys were right on deck and doing business in the old way, but there seemed to be something wrong. Some hadn't their Sunday clothes on. Others had forgotten to get shaved. They looked travel-stained, footsore and tired. What if their pants did bang at the knees! Romans weren't in the habit of wearing store-clothes, anyhow. But, on the whole, the members of the cast acquitted themselves as well as could reasonably be expected. When the 9 o'clock train from Baltimore arrived the trunks were rushed to the theatre, and the last three acts were played in costume.—*New York Mirror*.

Not Lambs, But Kids.

It was children's day yesterday, and the Sunday schools were out in full force. Dr. Henderson told children's stories—how little boys and girls are not all Jesus' lambs. Of course not.

"How could they be lambs?" he asked—"for lambs grow up to be, what?"

"Sheep," answered a dozen childish voices.

"If you are not lambs, then what are you?" inquired the doctor.

"Kids," piped out a young *Huckleberry Finn*.

"Right, my boy," said the preacher whereupon, seeing that the answer had been taken good-naturedly, all the good people and the little children laughed.—*Chicago Tribune*.

English as She's Spoken.

Irishwoman (to Chinaman in street car)—Shove yerself ferinst the corner with yer blue shirt, an' give a leddy a chance to sit down, bad cess to yez.

Chinaman—Wow.

Irishwoman—Can't yez talk English, ye yaller haythin'?

Chinaman—If I couldn't talkee English muchee better old Irish woman, yep, I shootee my glandmoethe!

THE IRISH VOTE.

I hold myself as much a man as any in the land. I know I have a heart to feel, a brain to understand; And so I ask you, gentlemen, as Irishmen of note: What means the phrase the papers raise, What is the Irish vote?

The name implies some mass compact, by outer force controlled. That can be shifted right and left, perhaps be bought and sold. Is that what freedom means to us—a lesson learned by rote?

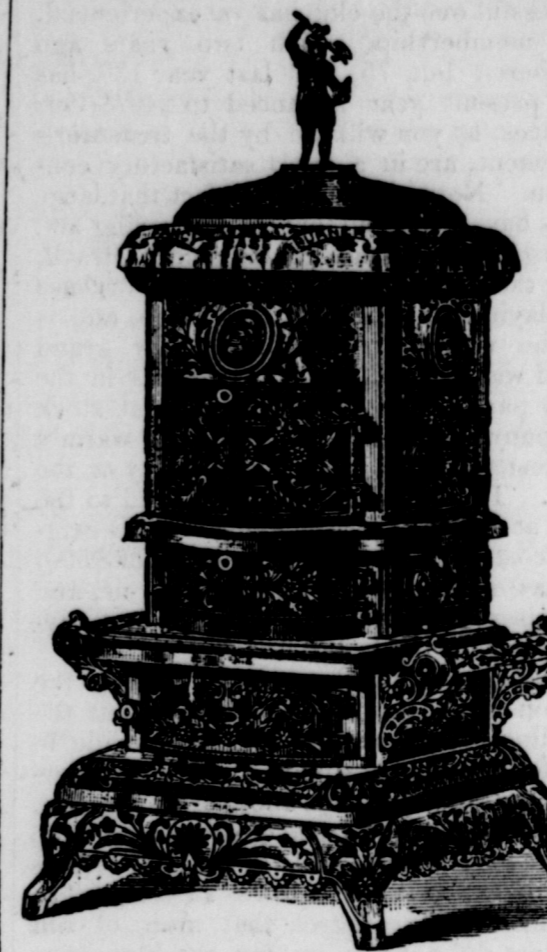
Or are we all so very wise none can deceive our sight? Or all so very foolish grown we never vote aright? Are we but cargo stored aboard some politician's boat? To be conveyed, all charges paid? Is that the Irish vote?

Our grandsires in green Erin's isle we reckoned proper men, And yet I've heard in Ninety-eight they differed now and then. They called a man a slave who bowed, 'neath any foot, his throat; What shall we say of him today?

When war clouds from the southern sky came rolling far and wide, Were all the Irish exiles then massed on a single side? Some brave hearts beat beneath the blue, some wore the South's grey coat; Free heart! free hand! free speech! free land! 'Tis that the Irish vote.

When some great man his party leads to triumph, who will dare To say, "Mid Yankee, German, Gaul, there was no Irish there?" The other side had bought him in?" No! as the wise man wrote— "Each for himself and God for all," So let the Irish vote.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.



STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS.

We have just received another shipment of our famous Self-Feeding Stoves,

"Art Countess," which for beauty and heating qualities cannot be excelled.

Persons wanting a first-class Stove would do well to call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

COLES & PARSONS, - - 90 Charlotte Street.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON,

Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS. Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets.

St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISES FACTS.

When we import 16 Bales of Tobacco we do not advertise "68 Bales." When we make a 5 CENT CIGAR we do not advertise it as "clear Havana"—but neither do we fill it with sweepings.

A few weeks ago, we issued an invitation to the public to visit our factory and obtain proof of every statement we have ever made in print. Do our competitors dare to do the same?

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces. THE FINE HAVANA GOODS sent out by this factory are sold—and appreciated—in every part of the Dominion, from Cape Breton to British Columbia.

BELL & HIGGINS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,

LOCATED AT

Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

HAS THE

Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most

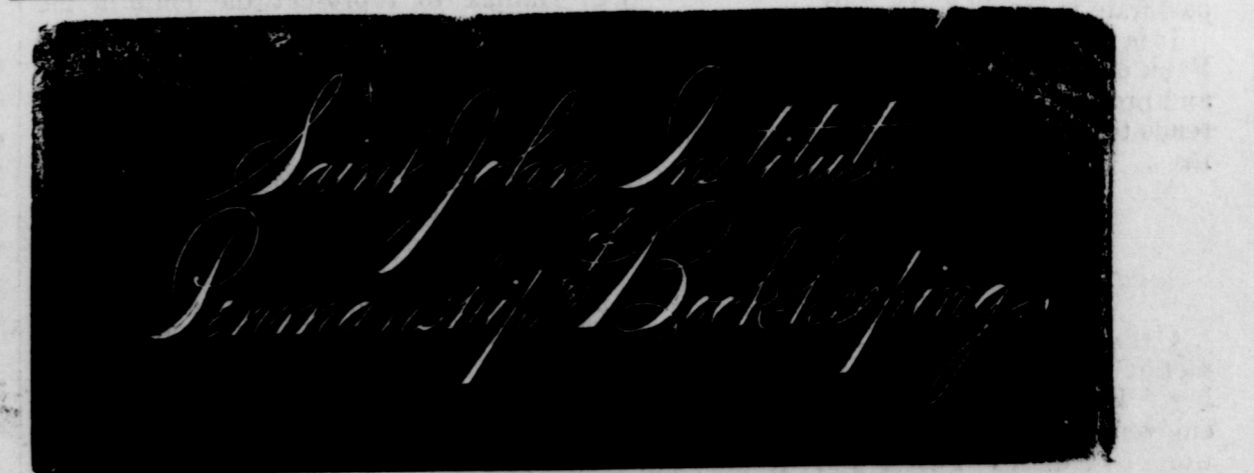
Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,

DOES THE BEST WORK.

Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - - Proprietors.



CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.

EVENING CLASSES in Seamanship and Book keeping.

Send for Circular. Address:

J. R. CURRIE,

Accountant and Penman, St. John, N. B.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS.

July 28th--Opening Today:

4 Cases Single and Double Guns,

Flobert Rifles, Revolvers,

Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

Family Washing Done Rough Dry

25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street.

P. S.—By this we mean Washing and Drying only.