

ALL SORTS OF STORIES.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY, FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE.

Some of Them Are Probable, Others Sound as Though Munchausen Wrote Them, but All Are Worth Reading and Most Have a Moral.

Two young men of Buffalo, N. Y., who go out in society met with a singular experience Christmas day. In the course of a few friendly visits in the afternoon, they called upon a young lady of Delaware avenue, who kindly gave them some cake and to quench their thirst, brought in what she supposed was light wine. One of the young men partook of it lavishly. The conversation had not proceeded far when the second young man noticed a deathly pallor overspread his companion's countenance. He was growing weak and seemed oblivious of his surroundings. The situation was becoming precarious. Just then the young lady's mother rushed into the parlor and exclaimed in a breathless voice: "What have you done, Lavinia. Didn't I tell you that the baby mixed some horse medicine with that bottle of wine?" The mystery was solved. All hands were set to work at the paralyzed young man and in a short time his senses returned. All manner of apologies were showered upon him. His friend conducted him to the open air and gently led him home, where he is now laid up for repairs.

"Old Christy" Long is one of the richest men in the Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania. He owns enough stock to control the Cumberland Valley railroad and it never cost him a dollar. The stock on which the money was raised to pay for building the road was mainly taken by the farmers along the route, between Harrisburg and the Maryland line. For years after it was built the road did not pay. Many of the farmers who had put their money in it come to look upon their stock as so much waste paper. Christy Long was then a tramp clock vender and tinker. He travelled occasionally through the Cumberland Valley, seeking a livelihood among the farmers. They regarded him as a half-witted, harmless vagrant, and when he began to accept their almost forgotten and entirely despised certificates of stock in the Cumberland Valley railroad, in payment for odd jobs in clock mending and kettle tinkering, they came to look upon Christy Long as a downright lunatic. A well-known farmer still living in the Cumberland Valley has today a clock which Christy Long put a new hand on, a job worth in those days perhaps 25 cents, for which the farmer tossed him a stock certificate which is now worth \$2,000, and on which Christy Long has drawn double that in dividends. That was only one instance among scores in which the tramp clock mender took stock certificates for trifling jobs, while the farmers laughed at him for a fool. The "little jobs" today represent over \$300,000 as the price Christy Long received for doing them.

S. B. Thompson, of Lady Lake, Fla., was for four years a helpless cripple, and the doctors had told him that the spinal disease that prostrated him was incurable. On the Wednesday night before Thanksgiving he dreamed that the Lord spoke to him, telling him to go to church next day, go to the altar and pray, and get the congregation to pray for him and he would be cured. Without telling his dream, he had himself carried to the church, and at the close of the service was placed at the altar. Then the congregation, led by the pastor, prayed for him, and he also prayed for himself in a loud voice. He said that while the prayers were being offered he heard a voice within say, "Arise and walk." At the third command he arose to his feet, and, crying "It is done," tried to walk down the aisle. Several men started to aid him, but he waved them off and walked steadily out of the church and to his own home, shouting and praising God. Since then he seems perfectly well. The Leesburg *Leesburger* has investigated, and is satisfied that these particulars are true.

A Bangor correspondent of the New York *Sun* says that there is a man in Kennebec county, Maine, who knows enough to sell rum, but not much of anything else. He lives in a town not far from Augusta, and keeps a small "place." Recently he procured a United States license for the sale of cigars and tobacco, and also one for the retailing of liquor. He knew that the law required him to post up his license in a conspicuous place, but he didn't know how to read, and as the fates would have it, he stuck up the wrong paper. The constables caught on, and an indictment resulted. That citizen now wishes that he had at least attended the infants' school.

Miles Johnson, a wealthy widower of Princeton, La., who married Christmas day, banged himself two days after. He left a note saying that he had broken his promise not to marry again, given to his first wife on her death bed, and that he could not endure the reproaches of his conscience.

Farmer Elzey of Bardwell, Ky., has on his place a cistern that gives a supply of sweet and pure cider all the year round. Mr. Elzey has the finest apple orchard in Crawford county. For years his fruit was allowed to rot in the ground, or was fed to hogs because it did not pay to ship it to market. At last, as an experiment, the farmer decided to turn his apples into cider. He dug a cistern eighteen feet deep and time in diameter in the center of his orchard; this he cemented carefully, making it practically airtight. He then arranged a trough from his cider mill to the cistern, continuing the manufacture of cider until the cistern, which holds over 100 barrels, was full of the juice. This keeps nice and sweet all the year and when the farmer has company, instead of "rushing the growler" to the nearest grog shop, he sends the bucket to the cistern and gets it full of the New Englander's nectar.

A few days ago a New Haven citizen discovered that he was the owner of five young kittens, which the mother had carefully secreted in an empty sugar barrel, says the New Haven *Palladium*. A few hours after making this discovery he found that he had money enough to buy a bushel of potatoes, and he accordingly ordered the grocer to deliver that quantity of Early Rose at his

house. The following morning the citizen visited the cellar to look at his kittens. He was shocked to find that the grocer's man had emptied the bushel of potatoes into the barrel where the kittens were. He turned out the potatoes for the purpose of removing the bodies, and found that the entire cat family had slept as comfortably under the 50 pounds of potatoes as they would under a roll of cotton batting. The little animals appeared somewhat anxious to take a lunch, but otherwise were not a bit worse by reason of their experience. Yesterday the citizen concluded that he would kill three of the kittens, and accordingly he secured a pail of water, and after putting the intended victims under the influence of chloroform placed them in the water for the purpose of making the execution certain. Judge of his surprise an hour later when he found those kittens quietly sleeping in a spot near the pail, where the warm sunlight had attracted them.

Nat Goodwin is telling a story in New York concerning the absentmindedness of Byron, the playwright. A new play was running through the dramatist's head, as he was walking through Pall Mall, when a friend stopped him and said: "I am in grief."

"What is it?" asked Byron mistily. "I lost my father last week," said the man.

"Too bad, too bad," said Byron with an air of absent sympathy; "very sorry." Then he walked on and continued to think about his play. Three weeks later he happened to be again in Pall Mall, when the same man came up to him and said:

"More misfortune."

"Eh?" said Byron absently.

"I have just lost my mother," said the man lugubriously.

"Dear me!" said the dramatist, petulantly; "you lost your father only a little while ago. What an exceedingly careless man you are."

Two other hirsute phenomena which rival the Sutherland sisters. Miss Jessie A. Willey, a telephone operator, has a head of hair which reaches below her knees. She wears it in two thick braids which do not taper to a thin point, but are there as thick as the end of the more ordinary braid. When unbraided her hair completely covers her back and lies in fluffy folds half a foot deep. Miss Willey's great pride is that her hair is about four inches longer than that of Miss Nellie Haskell of Laurel Hill. Miss Haskell's hair barely reaches her knee.

The other hirsute phenomenon that this town possesses is Henry S. Cook, tailor. His beard is capable of trailing three inches along the ground. Mr. Cook, however, keeps it coiled up within his vest. The beard is black, soft, and silky, and its possessor can assign no cause for its wonderful length. In 1884 he was offered a big salary to travel with Barnum, but this he declined to do, for he is very loath to exhibit his beard.

Mr. Cook is a wizened-looking man about 5 feet 7 inches high, and has a pale, drawn expression. His age is about 60. Miss Willey is about 25, with dancing blue eyes, peony cheeks and a happy and hearty disposition.

James Tray, of Allentown, went to Louisville the other day, says the Philadelphia *Times*, and sat by the open window of the car on account of the heat. He sneezed and his false teeth fell out of the snow. As he had just paid \$25 for them he got out at the next station, five miles from where the teeth had escaped from him and walked back to regain them. He found them. Then he started to walk the five miles back to get the next train. As he was crossing the railroad bridge over the Big Run a west-bound freight came along. He was walking on that track, and stepped over on the beams of the east-bound track. As he did so he glanced back and saw a freight train from the west just coming on the bridge toward him. There was no time for him to get across the bridge before the train would be upon him, and he did not dare to stand on the narrow space between the tracks until the two trains passed. Both locomotives sounded their danger signals. There was just one thing to do. Tray seized a bridge beam, or tie, with his hands, and dropping quickly down, hung by his fingers until the long train had passed over him. He then dragged himself back to the track.

The engineer of the train was bringing it to a stop, evidently to see what had become of Tray, but when he reappeared, and the conductor saw that he was all right, the signal was given to go ahead, and the train went on without taking Tray aboard. A mile farther on another east-bound freight came along. Tray thought it was running slow enough for him to get on the caboose. When the rear of the train was passing him he threw his overcoat on the platform of the caboose and grabbed the rail to swing himself on. The train was going faster than it looked, and Tray could not get a footing. He had to let loose of the rail, and was thrown twenty feet down the bank. The skin was scraped off his hands and legs, and one ankle was dislocated. The train went on, taking Tray's overcoat—a brand new \$30 coat—along with it.

In spite of his injured ankle and mutilated face, hands, and legs Tray managed to get over the remaining two miles of his journey, reaching the station just as his train came in. Without waiting to have his injuries attended to he boarded the train. When the conductor came around Tray remembered that the conductor of the first train had taken up his ticket for the entire journey. He could not induce the second conductor to pass him, either on the strength of that fact or of the story of his many mishaps, and Tray had to pay his fare over again. He is now in bed, wondering whether it isn't more than likely that the ceiling will fall on him.

Anthony Ward, an engineer in Samuel Crump's label works at Montclair, N. J., has engaged counsel and will sue his employer for damages for cutting off half of his mustache, a few days ago, while he was asleep in the engine-room, of which he has charge. Mr. Crump says he found the engineer asleep and the water so low in the boiler that an explosion was imminent, and that to teach him a lesson he cut off his mustache.

Robert Watts, a young farmer from Chatham, came to town Wednesday, says a Springfield, Ill., despatch, to attend a

faith-cure meeting. Anna Delaney of Taylorville, a young woman about 20 years old, also attended the meeting. She went into a trance, and in walking about the room approached young Watts, seized his hand with a firm grip, and started off. Watts struggled to get loose, but couldn't. Several men tried to stop the girl, but she kept on walking and Watts followed her. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Anna took Watts by the hand and it was seven and a half hours before she let go her grip. Watts walked and wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead, while the faith-cure band prayed, shouted and sang themselves hoarse. Shortly before midnight Miss Delaney fell to the floor. She was placed upon a stretcher, and in about five minutes let go her hold of Watts, greatly to Watts' relief. The young farmer lost no time in getting out of the hall. His hand is badly swollen. Miss Delaney came out of the trance Thursday, but had no recollection of what transpired.

A remarkable case of the growth of hair after burial came to light last week, says the Newark *News*, at the disinterment of the body of Amzi Coeyman, who died in Belleville over four years ago and was buried in the old private cemetery of the Coeyman family on the River road. When Mr. Coeyman died his beard was two inches long, and the hair upon his head was the length worn during life. When the coffin was taken up last week for reburial in Mount Pleasant cemetery it was discovered that the beard had grown to the length of two feet, and that the hair upon the head had also grown out from the sides and front of the face, completely obscuring the latter from view. When brushed back it was found that not only the face but also the body were in a remarkable state of preservation.

THE STICKER.

One Kind of Girls Society Young Men Don't Like to Meet.

The sticker is, I believe, the appellation by which a girl without a chaperon is known in the mystic circle of the boys about town. The sticker, in her highest forms, is something which freezes the young blood of youth and makes the neatly parted hair of middle age stand on end. She is, of course, not charming. She is apt to be old and gushing, and, like the wicked, when she flees, no man pursueth. It is just the opposite way. If she has firm hold of a partner he may as well give up all hope and cease forever to yearn for liberty. When he has danced with her six consecutive times, and is arriving at the stage when one foams at the mouth and dies, he says with icy quietness:

"Miss Jones, can I take you to your chaperon?"

"I haven't got any," says the sprightly creature.

They promenade round the room in heavy silence. The men whom the victim knows avoid his wretched, beseeching eyes, and when they see his melancholy approach they disperse hurriedly. He wonders if he couldn't suddenly throw her down and rush madly out, or wouldn't it be feasible to fall in a dead faint, overcome by the heat when the thermometer is far below freezing. Unable to bear it any longer he stops short, and says desperately:

"Then where can I leave you?"

She sees that she has reached the end of his patience and surrenders.

"Anywhere will do," she says resignedly, knowing that the happiness of the evening is past.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

The Bull Fight in Texas.

The latest sensation in sporting circles was caused by a bull fight, which occurred on the public square in Longview, Texas, between Samson, weighing 1,700 pounds, and a 1,200-weight Brush bull. When Samson was led out to the ring he seemed reluctant to enter, while the Brush bull pawed the mud and seemed anxious for the fray. According to their peculiar tactics, they greeted one another with low, guttural bellows, and, when only a few yards apart, they suddenly leaped to the attack with great noise and began to gore each other with frightful energy. Above the fierce and noisy trampling could be heard the grinding of their interlocked horns and the violent snorting of brutal rage. The sight was cruel; it was grand. The magnificent animals swayed to and fro, they were covered with mud and foam, while their distended nostrils emitted reddish foam. With a fearful lunge Samson struck the Brush bull in the flank, downed him and gored him frightfully. Samson was the victor, and the Brush bull will either die or remain a cripple for life and never be seen in the ring again.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Too Soon For a Test.

Miss Dusky—Am dem de black stockin's you tote me 'bout buyin'?

Miss Saffron—Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely, an' dey only cos' seventy-five cents.

Miss Dusky—Am dey silk?

Miss Saffron—Not 'zactly, but dey're just as good.

Miss Dusky—An' will dey wash?

Miss Saffron—Dat I don't know. Ise only had 'em fo' weeks.—*Epoch*.

An Important Distinction.

Mr. Dumpsey—Well, Johnny, how do you like the study of physiology?

Johnny Dumpsey—First rate, pa.

Mr. Dumpsey—Can you tell me how many bones there are in the human body?

Johnny—Before or after Friday, pa?—*Burlington Free Press*.

Creeds on Trial.

Little Dot—Our minister prays ever so much louder than yours does.

Little Bub—I don't care if he does. Our minister jumps the highest when he preaches, so there now.—*Philadelphia Record*.

AVICE.

How she had longed for it! "It seemed a great way off," she said, "though even then the maple burned with autumn's gold and red."

And when the later, browner tints in wood and marsh were seen, We smiled to watch how she began To count the days between.

But ere the first light snow-fake fell Our little bird had flown And left us, bowed and bruised, to face Our Christmas-tide alone.

O little, busy mind and heart! We know so little and yet! In what far country do you keep Your happy Christmas day?

—Robertson Tronebridge.

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PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor; Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing, What tender ruth shall we have gained, Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits o'er, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defect discover. Then hard as that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I, Ere love is past forgiving, Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living. Today's repressed rebuke may save Our blinding tears tomorrow; Then patience—'till when keenest edge May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor, And easy to discern the best Through memory's mystic glamour; But wise it were for thee and me, Ere love is past forgiving, To take the tender lesson home— Be patient with the living.

—Christian Advocate.

TRAVELING IN COMFORT.

The Old Man Visits His Son in the City and Takes a Sleeper.

The old man had just arrived at his son's house from the country.

"Well, father," said the boy, "I hope you came through in the sleeping car, as I told you to, and had a good night's sleep."

The old man smiled a sickly, sarcastic smile. "O, yes," he said, "I had a good sleep, first rate sleep; went to bed early."

"Did you wake up during the night?"

"Only twice; only went to sleep twice."

"Say, father," said the young man, "you've got two great bumps on top of your forehead. What have you been doing?"

"Them's the two times I woke up; passed another train both times, an' when I heard the big engine whizzin' by an' the bell ringin' I thought 'twas a fire, an' I jumped up slam agin the ceiling. It's lucky I was awake one time, though."

"Why, how so?"

"The high an' mighty importer that laughed when I ast to go to my room early in the evenin' was sneakin' off with my boots."

"Why, he was only going to shine them for you!"

"Oh, go 'way," said the old man. "I never ast him to shine 'em. Anyway, I took 'em to bed with me after that, an' never slept another wink. Say, Henry, you ain't got an old pair of suspenders, have ye?"

"I guess I can find a pair for you, Yes."

"Busted mine tryin' to put my pants-loons on layin' down. Done it, though. Got all dressed layin' flat—boots, pants-loons, coat, collar, necktie—hull business."

"Why didn't you get out of the berth to put on your collar and coat?"

"Wimmin in the car. Got a handy place where I kin wash up, Henry? There was a well o' water in the car, an' I pumped some, but the train was goin' so fast I couldn't stand up at the sink. Say, Henry, what time's dinner ready?"

"I bin eatin' my whiskers."

"Didn't you get breakfast in the dining car, as I told you to?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "Oh, yes, but I didn't want to go to too expensive, so I told the feller I'd just take a cup of coffee an' some buckwheat pancakes."

"Pretty light breakfast, that's so," said Henry.

"Yes," said the old man, "light breakfast; two pancakes."

"Well, come down stairs and we'll fix up something to eat right away. You mustn't wait for dinner."

"Charged me a dollar," continued the old man. "Feller set next to me eatin' grapes an' oranges an' oysters an' stewed chicken an' billed eggs, an' I don't know what all. When we got back in the bedroom car I told him I cal'lated that breakfast he et cost \$13. An' then he told me breakfast was \$1 anyway, wether you et much or little. You'd oughter wrote me about that, Henry."

"Well, father, a man can ride pretty comfortably nowadays after he gets used to it," said Henry, as he started to lead the old gentleman to the bathroom for a wash.

"Oyes, oyes, a man can ride all right now," replied the old man, and the smile lasted until he started to wash his face from the faucets over the bathtub.—*Detroit Free Press*.

His Death Was Sincerely Mourned.

A big life insurance fell in the other day, through the death of Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The doctor carried \$360,000 life insurance in New York and Philadelphia companies, of which the New York Life and the Equitable held \$100,000 each and the Mutual Life \$50,000. The doctor wanted to insure up to \$500,000, but the companies declined.—*Toronto Budget*.

A NEW LOVER.

A frozen lover comes to woo— Canada, my Canada! His toes are cold, his heart is true— Canada, my Canada!

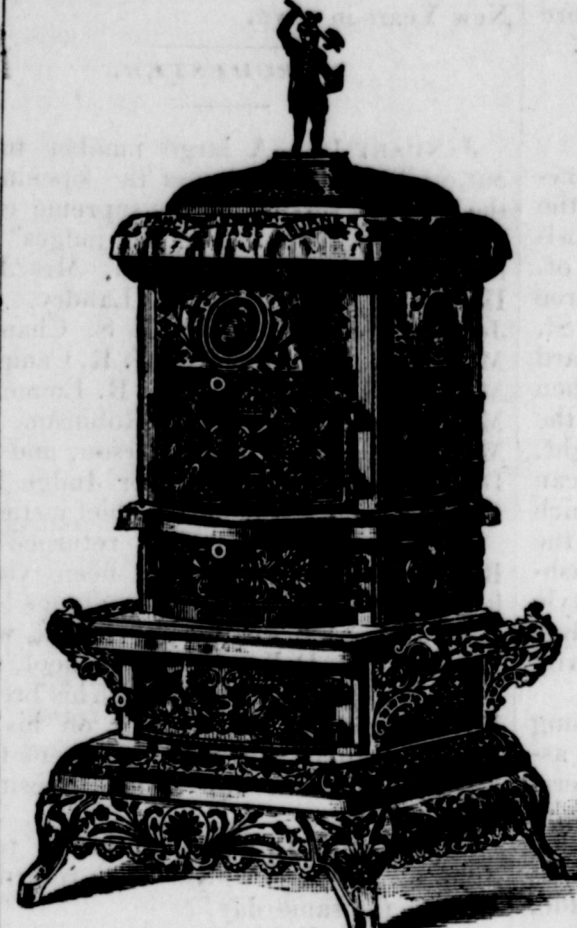
I care not if your nose be blue— O come and join the Federal U. I'll freeze to you if you'll freeze too— Canada, my Canada!

—Puck.

McGEE'S SIDEWALK.

A stingy old fellow was Peter McGee. "Why should I pay for a sidewalk?" said he. "For Tom, Dick or Harry or some other man? Oh, no! I've another quite different plan— A circular sidewalk is what I will get. It will be quite the thing when the roads become wet; I'll go round like a wheel when I'm walking inside. And the roads—I don't care if they never are dried!"

—L. J. Bridgman in *January Wide Awake*.



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