

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.

Visitors at Mr. Edison's New Jersey home are—if we may believe the Boston Sunday Times—sometimes treated to surprises not wholly amusing. That the photographer is destined to be responsible for many practical jokes, when it shall have become as common as the telephone, cannot be doubted after reading of the following actual occurrence:

A young man recently spent the night at Mr. Edison's, and slept in a large room, in one corner of which was a very harmless-looking old-fashioned eight-day clock. In the darkness it loomed up like a sentinel standing guard over the visitor's slumbers. After having been fast asleep for some time, the visitor, hair on end, almost bounded out of bed upon hearing these words, in deep, sepulchral tones, emanate from the corner of the room:

"It is—the hour—of twelve.—Prepare—to meet—your God."

It was some minutes before he could collect his startled senses sufficiently to understand that it was only the eight-day clock in the corner making a little midnight speech.

Parsons, the Northampton slave-driver who was fined \$500, the other day, for chaining a half-clad Polish emigrant to his wagon and leaving him outdoors in freezing weather, was once a church deacon, but he backslid. That he did backslide was a very good thing for the church. Some of the stories told of him don't harmonize with scriptural injunctions worth a cent. It is asserted by the local undertaker and assistant, who were present, that when Parsons' wife died and the ice was removed from around the body, just before burial, he forbade its being "washed," saying it would do for the Poles to "drink in their water," down in the field.

In Norwich, Conn., which has a good share of the Miss Nancys who drape piano legs and object to babies because they are born naked, an art museum was recently dedicated. William Slater, its founder, had ordered from Europe faithful reproductions of some of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, valuable of course and not at all objectionable to anybody but prigs and pruders. Unhappily, though, the prigs and pruders heard of the statues before they were half way through the custom house and fastened themselves on the backs of the directors, and as a result the statues were promptly quarantined on arrival. When they emerged they were one and all reduced to the Miss Nancy standard by means of chisels and plaster of paris. Twenty-five works of art were tinkered thus and the moral purity of Norwich was preserved.

An Ohio newspaper tells how an ox-driver named Samuel Poorman, who lives northwest of Delphos, became enraged because his team could not pull the load he had piled on his wagon, and beat the oxen in a cruel manner. Finally he tied a large knot in the end of his whip and declared he would knock the animals' eyes out. Poorman swung the lash high in the air, and brought it down with all his power, but his aim was poor. He missed the animals, but struck his own head, and the knot knocked out his own right eye.

A new industry has just come to the front in Queens county, New York. It appears that whenever cattle have been found to be infected with pleuro-pneumonia they have been killed, and the owners have been compensated out of the United States treasury. The appraised value has averaged \$35 a head. It is alleged that swindlers have procured small farms near Newton and Jamaica, stocked them with cattle purchased at from \$20 to \$25 a head, and exposed among them the carcasses of cattle that had died of pleuro-pneumonia. The inspectors visiting these farms would find the herds infected. Appraisal and slaughter would follow, and the honest farmer would get his honest profit of \$10.

The Boston Globe says that a few evenings ago a student at the Institute of Technology in that city, who was ill with delirious fever, fell asleep in his room at a house on Tremont street. Suddenly he was awakened by something striking him on the head, and, greatly to his surprise, he discovered that he was in a strange house, groping about the hallway in his night robe. He heard voices, which he recognized as those of friends, and, rapping at a door, he was admitted to the room of two fellow-students. They were much surprised, for they supposed that the visitor was lying sick in a room six houses away in the same block. He said that he remembered going to sleep, but knew nothing more. They clothed him, and escorted him home. They then found a solution of the mystery. The window of his room was open. In his sleep he had arisen, and through the window made his escape to the roof, a mansard, edged by a tin gutter, six stories from the sidewalk. Thence along the edge of the roof, balancing himself skilfully, he made his way past the dormer windows of five houses, and paused at the sixth. Here he found a window open at the top. He lowered the sash still further and climbed in. At the time the room was vacant, and the delirious sleeper made his way through it to the hall, where he struck his head against a door and awoke.

Relic-hunting patriots ought to have been better represented at an auction sale that took place in New York last week. The articles offered were the household goods of Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, and they came straight from her father's historic mansion, Ironsides. They were of old-fashioned pattern, however, and few admirers of either the Parnells or the Stewarts were present, so prices ruled low. A folding bed, for example, brought \$1 and a marble-topped washstand went for 25 cents.

Ex-Attorney General Palmer of Pennsylvania is neat in his attire, as a rule, and never likes to attract attention, but the last time he bought a scarf-pin he went back on precedent. The new purchase was in the form of an exaggerated potato-bug. It was pretty conspicuous, of course, so much so

indeed that it became the talk of the town. One day a prominent German saloon keeper passed Mr. Palmer as the latter stood at his office door, looked out the corner of his eye at the scarf-pin and smiled. Instantly the attorney, in a quick, sharp way, said:

"Well, Dutchy, what's the matter with you? What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nodings, Mr. Balmer."

"Yes, you were. You were laughing at this scarf-pin. What's the matter with it?"

"I guess it's all right, Mr. Balmer."

"Well, look at it and see. Is there anything the matter with it? Examine it."

The German drew high, carefully scanned the pin, looked it over gravely, and was about to turn away when Mr. Palmer said:

"Well, what's the matter with that bug scarf-pin? What do you think?"

"Vell, Mr. Balmer," said the German. "I don't know but vat I think I never before saw so big a bug on so schnall a potato."

Neither the average printer nor the average Boniface is an adept linguist, so there is some excuse for the latest development in trusts. This is an organization of New York hotel men who, inspired by the difficulty of getting the French in their bills of fare properly printed, have combined to have it done under competent supervision.

There is an element of reform in the scheme, too, for the promoters say that they will in time endeavor to do away altogether with French names, except for meat sauce. It is a noble purpose.

Yankee ingenuity, proudly observes the New York Sun, has devised machinery for giving men exercise without their going to the trouble of taking long walks, riding horseback, boxing, fencing, or sitting down on the floor to pull weights up and down, or to make believe row. One of the features of a so-called sanitarium within a mile of the city hall is such an invention. The patients, who are mostly business men, get their exercise by putting first one foot and then the other in a sort of shoe that is vibrated at the rate of what seems a million times a minute. A few minutes of that beats a 20-mile run for exercise. To get exercise for the upper part of the body, they must hold an arm that moves up and down incessantly rapidly. Five minutes of that is better than engaging in a boxing match or a fencing bout for an hour or more.

Twenty-seven years ago an acorn lodged somehow in the mortar or between the stones of an Ohio court house spire, took root and sent out an oak shoot. Today a miniature oak grows on the spire, 90 feet from the ground. It draws life from the cement, the "skin of the rock," and the air, but principally from the air, as there is very little cement in the spire.

"This bein' married doesn't suit me, no-how. It's too confin'g. Give me a divorce and say no more about it," said Stephen Phifer, as he walked into the office of Justice R. M. Wright, at Medford, N. J. Phifer is a well-known resident of the "Hill," says the Philadelphia Record, and the Squire had been called upon only two weeks before to marry him. He looked disconsolate when he presented himself to the Justice, and all over his face was a week's growth of sandy beard. As he sank heavily into the nearest chair he had the appearance of being thoroughly used up.

"Well," said the Squire, "what's the matter?"

Mr. Phifer heaved a sigh and looked more disconsolate than ever. "Squire," said he, "can't you take my name off that paper?"

"You don't mean the marriage certificate, do you, Stephen?" asked the Squire quickly.

"That's it, exactly," said the visitor, with a dubious shake of his head. "I want it taken off or rubbed out."

The Squire, with a shake of his head, said: "I'm sorry, but I can't do that; I haven't the power."

"Don't say that, Squire," said Phifer. "You kin do it easy if you want to, and it would take a good deal off my mind. I'm will'n to give bail that I won't get married no more."

But the Justice was unable to assist him, and he left, determined to have the nuptial knot severed at all hazards.

A middle-aged woman went to a prominent physician of San Diego, Cal., not long ago and asked him to amputate her two great toes. He examined them, assured her that there was nothing wrong with them, and said he wouldn't cut them off. She begged him to, saying that if they were off she could wear No. 2 shoes instead of 4s, as then. Her toes were her own, she said, to do what she pleased with, and she would give \$300 to have them off. The doctor refused, and the woman went in quest of some one with less conscience. A San Diego newspaper says that she found some one to do the job successfully, for two weeks later she went to San Francisco wearing the best pair of No. 2s that could be bought in San Diego.

Alexander James and Edith Smyth of Alpharetta, Ga., went to Squire Ludridge's office to get married. While they waited for the Squire to hunt up the book containing the formula, Alexander asked to be excused a moment, and hurrying out, mounted a horse and rode furiously away. As he was leaving the room he whispered to the groomsmen that he was ashamed to get married before so many persons. The groomsmen told the bride, who promptly said: "You helped to bring me here, and now you must take his place." The young man said he was willing, and the ceremony was performed. At its conclusion the bride said: "When I make up my mind to do anything I never let anything stand in the way."

S. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago, and went to Breckenridge, Col., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Keweenaw," and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by an old miner, who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one, and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and

silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked in that State. The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous year's work had been within eighteen inches of the vein. The Rogers brothers have been offered \$100,000 for the two mines.

An Indianapolis dispatch to the New York Sun says that Gen. Harrison opened his door, Friday, to admit a little girl whom he had observed coming up the path in front of the house with a bundle of papers under her arm. Taking the general's extended hand she inquired: "Is this President Harrison?"

"Not exactly President Harrison, little girl, but I am Mr. Harrison, if it is he you wish to see."

"Yes, I came to see General or President Harrison, and I know you are the gentleman. I want you to help me win this prize."

With this the little girl handed the general the package of papers.

"You want me to help you win a prize? What kind of a prize is it?" asked the general, as he adjusted his glasses and examined the papers. He didn't have to wait for an answer, for his eyes fell at once upon the words "Secretary of State," "Secretary of the Treasury," "Secretary of War," etc.

It was one of the numerous blanks circulated by several papers throughout the country offering a prize of \$100 to the person who names the new cabinet by a given date. After glancing over the paper the general returned it to the girl, stating that the prize offered was a competitive prize, and it would be unfair to the others for him to fill out a blank, adding: "Besides, my little friend, I could not help you to win the prize now. I do not know nearly so much about this matter as the newspaper gentlemen do."

The little girl was very much disappointed, and it took some effort to make her understand that Gen. Harrison's refusal to fill out the blank arose from no unfriendliness toward her.

In a Cincinnati probate court, the other day, the examination of Emma C. Donovan, aged 21 years, alleged to be insane, elicited a singular story. She is the wife of Dennis Donovan, a railroad brakeman. He courted her for years, and against her will, for she loved another man. Finally, last September, he declared that he would kill himself if she didn't marry him. The threat frightened her. She agreed to become his "wife in name only," and to this the love-crazed Donovan agreed. On Oct. 3 last they went to St. Michael's church to be married. When they had ascended the steps she repented of her decision, and turning about fled from her lover back to her father's house. He followed, and repeating his threats to take his life, again persuaded her to go with him to the church. This time the ceremony was performed, and Donovan furnished a nice little home for his wife, but she refused to go to it, and continued to refuse, remaining at her father's. Still devoted to the woman he loved, Dennis visited her frequently. This annoyed her, and finally his visits became so distasteful to her that whenever he came she would go into hysterics. Hence the reason of her being the subject of an inquest of lunacy.

The Atlanta Constitution makes a gambling man responsible for a very suggestive anecdote about two gentlemen who were once famous in their way. "Several years ago," he said, "the great gambler Canada Bill was in Washington and the celebrated Beau Hickman. Together they planned one of the greatest schemes ever perpetrated in this country. Hickman would go to a certain Senator or Congressman and tell him that a certain man would call on him to borrow \$5. Hickman would advise his victim to pay the money, as the man was a crazy millionaire and would return it. Then Canada Bill, in the disguise of a wealthy looking citizen, would borrow the money and would say to his victim, 'I will see you at my room tomorrow.' The victim on calling would receive \$15 or \$20. This soon got noised about and everybody was on the lookout for the crazy millionaire, each anxious to double his money. Some gave Bill \$20 and even as high as \$200. Bill collected in this way about \$5,000. Of course after he got a big sum the paying back ceased. Then Hickman got in his work. He would go to the rural Senator and tell him he had been played for a sucker, and that he, Beau, must have about fifty to keep the thing quiet. Of course the victim would pony up rather than be exposed. In this way they gathered several thousands.

Two servants who were hauled up before a Chicago police justice, the other day, charged with creating a rumpus, indignantly denied having been drunk. They said that they had been under the influence of tea, which was somewhat responsible for their eccentric behavior.

"But," remarked the judge, "I never knew that any one could become really intoxicated from drinking tea."

"No more they can, yer honor," was the reply. "We ate it."

It is becoming quite a popular vice, this tea eating. Its victims are mostly found among the "help," who, having the household tea caddy always accessible, get accustomed to helping themselves from it, a pinch at a time, of the dry leaves. These they chew, extracting the alkaloid, which is a toxic agent of a most powerful description. Its first effect is an agreeable exhilaration. Ultimately, it induces sleeplessness and an abnormal condition of mind, with strange wishes and delirium.

London Truth to show the absurdities of the English bankruptcy law, quotes the following figures from a recent case, which certainly form a remarkable modern illustration of the old fable about the lawyer, his two clients and the oyster: "Debtor's estimate of assets, £1788 6s. 5d.; amount actually received by trustees, £88 3s. 6d.; costs of realization, £42 11s. 10d.; allowance to debtor, £18; paid to preferential creditor, £13 10s.; balance, £14 1s. 8d." There were, moreover, lawyers' claims against the £14 1s. 8d.

A pretty little fairy story is printed in the Chicago Tribune, on the authority of Mr. Jake Kilrain, the long-winded gentleman who is under agreement to fight Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan. "You see," said Kilrain, "I used to work in a rolling mill,

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and it was then while fooling around with the boys that I found out I could spar and fight. We had many a set-to after hours, and finally I landed 'cock of the walk.' One night several of us went down to a benefit where Sullivan was to appear to see the 'Boston strong boy,' as they called him then. I paid my admission and sat down in the pit.

"When the wind-up was called out sprang John L., rigged up in fighting costume, but the manager came on and apologized to the crowd, saying that no one had showed up to go against Sullivan. 'Mr. Sullivan,' said he, 'will willingly face any man who will volunteer.'

"Then the friends of mine coaxed me 'Go him, Jake.' 'Give us a chance for our money; we want to see him spar.' 'You can stand him off,' etc., and finally I took off my coat and put on the gloves.

"At the end of three rounds neither man was hurt. On a second occasion I had on the gloves with him, and with a like result."

Something entirely new in the confidence line was successfully worked, the other day, upon a particularly verdant Hoosier. John Kern of Broad Ripple, Ind., with a new overcoat and a new pair of gloves, was on his way to the railroad station about the time the express train was due, when he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger, who offered him \$10, displaying a crisp new bill, if he would reach the depot in time to get aboard the train and immediately step off again before it left the station. Mr. Kern, suspecting nothing, quickly divested himself of his overcoat and dropping his gloves made haste for the station, which he reached, completely exhausted, just in time. He then returned for his money, but found that the overcoat, money, gloves and man had disappeared.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, but them's my horders. Cawn't admit nobody without a card."

The speaker was a smooth-shaven, short-haired young man, who wore a red braided roundabout of blue flannel and trousers of the same material. It was the flunkie at the Kansas City club. A fire was raging within the building, and a half-dozen firemen and as many policemen were trying to gain an entrance through its marble front.

"But we are officers, and must get in," clamored the angry blue coats.

"I can't 'elp that, you know," said the imperturbable Cerberus. "This is a private club and the gentlemen his very exclusive. If you 'ave'n't a card you will 'ave to go round to the back door."

And they did.

An elopement was suddenly checked near Greenville, S. C., one night last week. The youthful pair boarded the fast train at Greenville, and were coming toward Columbia in search of a preacher. They were enjoying themselves on the train and were affording entertainment to the other passengers, wholly unconscious of the fact that the mother of the girl was waiting at a way station. Without pausing to count the revolutions of the car wheels, she made a flying leap and landed in the coach which contained the young couple. It took her but a second to grab the girl by the back of the neck, administer a cuff on the young man's cheek, and jump from the cars into a ditch with the girl. They rolled over two or three times, and then the old lady jumped up and shook her fist at the flying train, while the girl buried her head in the sand. The young man has not yet recovered from the shock.

Early yesterday morning, says the Globe-Democrat, Miss Myrtle Watson, a 16-year-old belle of East St. Louis, attempted to celebrate Christmas by performing a contortion act in her boudoir, and met with an amusing but extremely serious accident. She aspired to rival the contortion prima donna of Barnum's circus by placing her feet over her shoulders and locking them behind her head. The consummation so devoutly wished for was reached successfully, but when Miss Myrtle attempted to remove her feet to their normal attitude she found herself far from being equal to the emergency. After a vain attempt to extricate her feet from their perilous position she became frightened, and with one superhuman effort she made a strong pull and extricated the left foot, but unfortunately when it slipped off the shoulder the whole physical force of the pull was thrown against the other limb, and the right hip was dislocated. The screams of the poor girl immediately brought all members of the family to her room. A physician was summoned, and the limb was set with considerable difficulty. The young lady is suffering excruciating pain, and is kept constantly under the influence of opiates.

Mimi (to the new parrot)—"Does Polly want a cracker?"

Polly (Christmas present from the Hub)—"Oh, rats! Got any cold beans?"—New York Sun.

WHAT AN EDITOR SHOULD BE.

A man who runs a paper should know every human caper, and hold up the torch of knowledge like a gleaming midnight taper;

He should be profound as Plato, pliant as a boiled potato and as humble to his patrons as a street and crossing scraper;

He should honor in his journal every captain, crank and colonel, and dish up their proud achievements in a lodge-podge cooked diurnal;

He should puff—the hardened liar—clubs, and con certs, church and choir, with long adjective sonorous—sweet, seraphic and imperial;

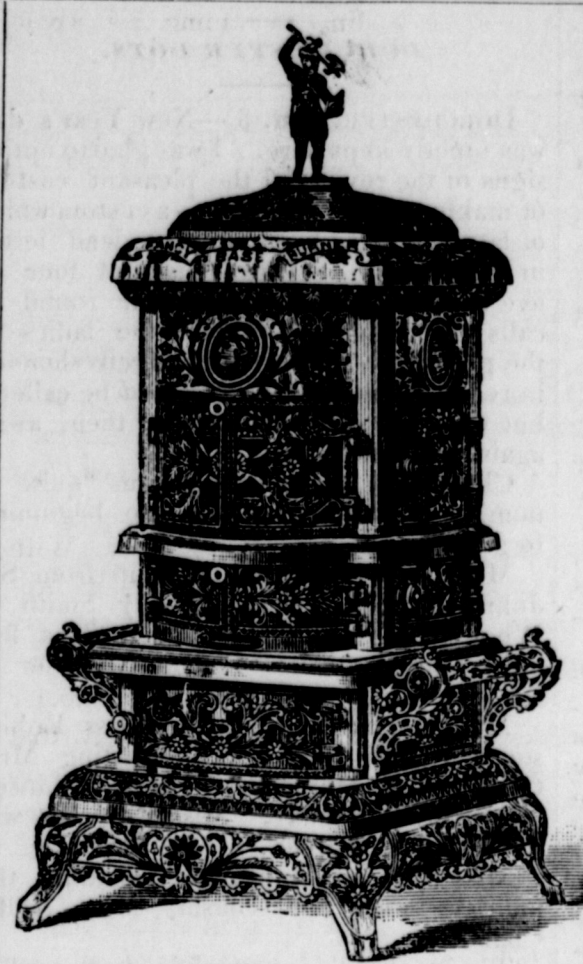
He must write the funny column, one for all his readers solemn, with the fashions, frills and flounces, furbelows and—what-dye-call-en?

Quell the copy fiend's wild revel, squelch and massacre the devil, and put on a brood of thunder that shall petrify and appal 'em!

He must be a news reflector of lycium and lectur', and rain down his taffy torrents on the veteran milk inspector;

He must be a prompt adviser to each foreign king and kaiser, and keep out his keyhole telescope to dodge the bill collector.

—Lynn (Mass.) Union.



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