

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

THE BANK'S NEW POSTS.

THEY WERE VERY USEFUL, BUT HAD TO BE DUG UP.

And the Moncton Officials Think it a Good Joke—They Were Hitting Posts for Restless Horses—Chatham Will Probably Appreciate Them.

There is rather a good joke being told in Moncton just now which the street commissioners and one member of the city council consider is at the expense of manager of the Bank of Montreal, but which the intelligent public consider is very much at the expense of the civic rulers who guide the destinies and curtail the freedom of the inhabitants of the Railway Hub.

The customers of the Bank of Montreal, especially those who come from out of town, have suffered from a very serious inconvenience in connection with that popular institution ever since it has been moved into its new and sumptuous quarters in the Y. M. C. A. building. And this was the utter absence of any place to tie their horses while they were transacting their business in the bank. If the horse was spirited he objected to standing, and if he was quiet he sagged, and left his owner to do likewise. Sometimes he did not walk lest peradventure his proprietor should overtake him. He ran, and then he frightened people and got frightened himself in turn, so that he smashed things up generally, endangered the public safety, and perhaps ended by climbing through a plate glass window and trying to sit down on the counter of some shop, to the great inconvenience of both clerks and customers who had not included gymnastics in the curriculum of their education, or if they had were too much out of practice to be able to profit by their lessons at such very short notice.

Still, nobody seemed to think that a hitching post or two would remedy the evil till the other day, when an irate client walked into the bank and remarked crisply, while he nearly ruined his sight by trying to keep one eye on his fiery charger out of doors and the other on his cheque book: "I don't see why the hiphens and stars, and double jointed asterisks, you don't have a few hitching posts scattered around this shop of yours? I should think—Where there do you want me to bring you in and hitch you to the teller's window you brute?" The latter remark was addressed to the horse and not the manager.

Now the manager of the B. of M., is not only one of the most courteous and obliging of men, but he is also one of those who are always anxious to be in the very van of civilization and to adopt the latest improvements. So he answered at once, "Hitching posts? Why certainly! I never thought of them! I wonder no one mentioned them before. I will send and have some made at once. I am glad you spoke of it. Very inconvenient indeed, I have no doubt! I'll attend to it at once!" And he was as good as his word. He had three of the very best posts, with the most modern improvements made at once, and he had horny handed sons of toil to dig extra deep holes in which to plant them, and when they were in position they were like the rock of Gibraltar for solidity. So the manager surveyed the result of his zeal with satisfaction, little recking of the storm that was even then brewing.

Now, the posts had no sooner been in place than one of the aldermen started out on a sort of tour of inspection, with Street Commissioner Scott and his myrmidons—myrmidons is the right term, I believe—and the very first thing that burst upon their startled vision was a most flagrant obstruction of traffic in the shape of the bran new hitching posts of the Bank of Montreal, which were encroaching upon the queen's highway in a manner not to be tolerated for a moment. So they waited upon the manager and demanded the instant removal of the offending posts, and after a heated argument they convinced him that they had the law—Moncton bye law—on their side with the result that the horny handed ones returned again next day and, like Penelope, undid all the work of the day before, only this time under the eye of the street commissioner who as soon as the posts were reported, inquired politely, what the manager intended to do with them. "Keep them," he was the sententious reply, "and send them to some civilized place where we have a branch."

So the dear young clerks filed solemnly out one after the other, adjusted their monocles, gazed thoughtfully down into the chasms that had formerly contained posts, and finding the language at their command utterly inadequate to the occasion, they simply ejaculated "py chove!" and went in again. One more enterprising than the rest was heard to remark: "It reminds one of 'Massa's in the cold, cold ground.' Grave subject don't yer know, haw! haw!" I have never heard that the posts have been shipped to Chatham, and the Chathamite who reads this o'er true tale will understand what a compliment has been paid to his town.

Another Girl's Sweetheart.

You may be prettier than the girl he loves; don't try to make him conscious of that; you may be brighter and wittier and able to make him feel more at ease, but never for an instant let him dream of this. Don't let his meeting with you be one that he will not care to tell her about, but rather act so that when you let the white curtains down over your big, bright eyes it will be with an easy conscience, for you will know that he has gone back to the girl he loves, and that he has told her of your kindness, of your courtesy, and that he has ended by saying: "Yet with it all, my dearest, you were ever before me and I never forget you." Then you will have one other woman who is your friend, for she will know what you could have done, and she will respect you for your honor and good will.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

MONCTON'S BURNING QUESTION.

The Tumult Stirred up by the Recent Scheme for Taxation.

Moncton folks, some of them, find this a far from weary world—a good deal of the time, because they find plenty of things to make life exciting, by stirring their souls to virtuous indignation. The proposed assessment scheme is still a live topic. Gentlemen of leisure occupy the arm chairs in the hotels and discuss the measure (no pun meant) in all its bearings. Others of less leisure snatch stray half hours from their avocations to perch on barrels in the groceries and argue. Others still have time only to pause in their journeys along Main street, exchange greetings with neighbors and give their sentiments as to the rateable importance of real estate and income. The great and absorbing theme is taxation. Before it, even the topic of the remarkable weather and the great amount of sickness becomes a weak and measly staple of conversation. Even dear old "Veritas" has begun to write to the papers about it, while such other time honored writers as "Civis," "Constant Reader," "Old Subscriber," "Truth" and "Justice," are understood to be steeping their pens in gall preparatory to fulminating letters of a column each upon the subject.

The assessment committee is still at work, but has executed a retrograde movement by pulling in its horns, so that only half of their original length is visible. The proposition to multiply income by ten to get its assessable value has been reconsidered and it is now proposed to multiply it by five only. It happened this way:

Capt. and Ald. Ned Masters is a son-in-law of Assessor Ezekiel Taylor, and the latter gentleman is the adviser-general of the assessment committee. Mr. Taylor has been posting himself on the subject, and he recently told the committee that by the Halifax law income was capitalized at six per cent.—that a man with a salary of \$1,000 would have \$400 exempt and the balance of \$600 would be assessed at \$10,000. The committee did not figure the matter out, and accepted Mr. Taylor's statement.

One evening three young men of Moncton went into a store to talk taxation. They found Mayor Sumner there. One of the young men remarked that if the bill passed he would leave the city. The mayor inquired what they were talking about. If they lived in Halifax they would have to pay sixteen times. One of the party questioned the statement and was informed by his Worship (with a big W) that, "We have studied this matter. You simply don't know what you are talking about." The "doubting Thomas" of the party wrote to a relative in Halifax and asked what rate income paid, and this relative wrote the city collector and enclosed the following reply:

There is no such thing as income tax here. The present rate is \$1.45 per \$100, and all persons not having \$200 worth of either real or personal property shall pay a poll tax of \$2.00. You will see the assessment act in the Nova Scotia laws of 1883, chap. 28.

The mayor says that he does not know whether the Halifax collector is an authority on the subject.

This was rather a knock down blow, and appeared to convert Ald. Ayer instantly and in the *Times* he asked the assessor to give an explanation. A letter signed "Veritas" was the answer. In this he evades the question nicely, and produces as authority a statute so old that *pounds* are used to express the valuation, and he quotes such a small part of it that it might refer to assessment, to qualification of voters or anything else. While he gives page and section he does not give the year.

All of which says a good deal for the wise men of Moncton.

A correspondent has some plain remarks on the situation. He says: "Assessor Taylor has a lot of old ramshackle houses at the lower end of the town. He used to get good rents for them but now they are in such a condition that he rent has to be made up to suit the house and so his dutiful son-in-law is trying to help him out."

"It seems strange to me that a law like this can go to the legislature, to be passed without the citizens having a chance to see it. They have exempted the Y. M. C. A. for ten years and the sugar refinery from all but school tax for ten years and not ratepayer outside of the committee has had a chance to say yea or nay."

"We are going to hold a meeting of the income men and if necessary will send some one to Fredericton to oppose it."

All of which implies that the average citizen proposes to wake up snakes and fight to a finish.

Talent and Genius.

A reader wishes to know the difference between talent and genius, if there is any. There is a great deal of difference, and its manifestations are in a very marked contrast.

Talent is a development of the natural understanding. It may be inherited or it may be an original gift. At any rate, it is special natural inclination in any certain direction, as for language, for music, painting or what not else. Cultivation perfects it mechanically and develops it to its fullest extent.

Genius is the action of reason and the imagination. It is thoughtful and creative where talent is merely mechanical and imitative. Talent treats of what it sees. Genius creates something to treat about. Talent reflects ideas and objects. Genius produces ideas and subjects in order to inspire them with life.

In the way of familiar illustrations, it may be said that Charles Dickens was a genius, and Charles Reade a man of talent. Anthony Trollope was a talented man, and Thackeray a genius. With this hint the reader can go ahead and make up a contrasted list of what he considers the geniuses and the talents of the universe for himself.—*Farm and Fireside.*

A TALK ABOUT NAMES.

THINGS TO BE THOUGHT OF IN NAMING THE BABY.

Daisies and Pansies that Grew—Names that are Fatal, Such as Hedley Vickers and Wilberforce—The Mournful Fate of Moses, Solomon, and David.

That which we name a name, my friends, by any other name would name as much.

Some of us, my friends, are born with names; others have names that cannot be borne.

In the game of life, my friends, some of us are blessed with a pat hand; the rest of us go skinning for a straight and never fill.

There is reason in all things, it is said, but what is the reason in a name? If you happen to know, just whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

Can you tell me why we see so many big men in the world clothed in a mere duster of a name, while so many small men go strutting about with a name a million sizes too big for them? If you happen to know, please whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

Would you, for instance, be good enough to state what Jim Blaine has ever done that his shadow should overcast a continent of clever men? Would you be so agreeable as to mention what Miss M. E. Braden has ever written that she should be read? Would I be intruding if I asked to be told what J. C. Abbott has said or done that he should guide the destinies of Canada? Also, would you mind informing me in strictest confidence of a line that any of our magazine poets has penned within the past ten years that has vitality enough to live? If so, please whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

But you could speak, I think, all of you, of noble deeds that have been done by nameless men and women; of noble thoughts that have been penned, and gracious songs that have been sung, by those to you and to the world alike unknown.

I suppose that about half of the children of the present age are named after flowers and virtues and great men. Nothing will satisfy some mothers but to bestow upon their helpless infant some name of this description. But did you ever contemplate the despair with which a poor little boy first wakes from the sleep of babyhood to find himself called Plato or Darius? I have, for I came with an ace of being named Ulysses. What did I ever do that I should be stigmatized as Ulysses? If you happen to know, whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

Now, I don't say that Daisy or Pansy isn't a sweet name for a baby—but I have seen such pansies grow, and grow, and grow till they were six feet high and three feet wide—a regular sunflower so to speak. Lily or Rose is all right, my friends; but I have seen a Lily develop into a fragile thing of 160 pounds, with a freckled face and a number 7 shoe. I have known, too, a Faith that was faithless; a Hope that was hopeless, and a Charity that failed to cover a multitude of sins.

I believe myself that there is a fatality in names. I have never known a boy with the name of Hedley Vickers who fully recovered, and Wilberforce is usually fatal. I think a Ruby Francis or a Penelope would exude with the hired man quicker than would plain Maud or Mary. I would be willing to bet, if my circumstances were flush instead of strait, that Kate or Clara would darn her brother's socks with less acrimony than would Stella, Pearl or Lillian. I admit that the only girl that ever threatened to elope with me was named Methebe. She whispered it tenderly and spoke to me low.

It used to be thought unhealthy for a child in this world and the next unless he was favored with the Jews. Unless a boy was named Ezekiel, Absalom, Zachariah, Adonijah, Jacob or Joshua, his chance for wearing wings was slim. The next farm to ours was occupied by a man who had three sons. Moses was continually getting drunk; Solomon was a fool on both sides of the family, and David was tried and convicted of bigamy, just as the original David would have been, I suppose, had he lived in these degenerate days. Rather rough on the aforesaid, don't you think? If it isn't so, just whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

I can call to mind, too, among my early associations, a Wellington who would run from the smallest boy in town; a Warren Hastings whose highest ambition when he came of age was to be made a hog-receiver; a Nelson who couldn't be coaxed into a row-boat, and a Morley Punsbown who did not believe in any personal devil—except himself. As for my girl friends, it has pained me in after years to see a Lily logging coal; a Violet wielding a rolling pin; a Patience nailing down a carpet, and a Pansy endeavoring to induce a seven-inch boy in all its locus of points. Whenever they saw that I saw, they whispered it tenderly and spoke to me low.

And I think, my friends, if there is anything more dangerous than naming a child after a dead man it is naming him after a live one. I wouldn't name a child after a minister for the latter might disgrace his cloth; after a politician for his name might yet be linked with scandal or with boodles; after a judge for he might express regret when he came of age; or after any man of brains, whether living or dead, for the boy, unlike his father, might never know beans. But if what I know don't strike you so, just whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

BILDAD.

(Written on a fly-leaf of a book.)

Sweetest faith in all things human
Sprouts up from the heart of Women.
Where the roses bloom they're best
Where the soil's most moist and best.
—*Joe Whitcomb Riley.*

OLD TIME PLAYERS.

St. John Boys as Minstrels in Days Gone by—A Criticism From the "Freeman."

I send you the following programme of a former very popular St. John organization, which had a great deal of talent in it, and was always greeted with crowded houses.

The jokes, "gags," etc., were given us by Mr. Joseph Knowles, the present publisher of *Gipsack*, and whose happy faculty of being able to hit off the funny side of local matters is beyond dispute.

We were originally organized in the fall of 1868, and averaged about two entertainments a month through the winter, and on the second year, 1869, there was so much call for our performances from the outside towns that a tour of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was decided on, and it is the programme played on that occasion that follows:

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR OF SCRIBNER BROTHERS' MINSTREL TROUPE! AND BRASS BAND!

S. & J. R. Scribner, Proprietors
H. Price Webber, Stage Manager
J. Leitch, Musical Director
W. H. Whitcomb, Business Agent

The above Popular Company, having Re-organized for the Spring and Summer of 1869, beg to announce that they will give ONE GRAND CONCERT!

At Court House, Dorchester, On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 7th and 8th.

More Real Solid Amusement than has ever been given in this town before.

A Splendid Display!

To Please, our Aim! Talent, our Maxim! Success, our Reward!

This Company has been patronized for the past two seasons in St. John, by thousands of the citizens, many of whom could not be induced to enter the Halls of Minstrelsy before, but all have expressed themselves highly pleased with the strictly moral character of their performances. They have aimed to elevate this profession, and have removed all the objectionable features, so that their delineations are characterized by anything that can offend the most fastidious; and they have received the unanimous approbation of the highest classes of St. John.

—A Collection of New and Original Puns, Jokes, Couplet, Burlesques, Danes, &c., &c.

Sill. Scribner in his favorite impersonation of the Prima Donna!

The Young Minstrels, King & Moore, in their wonderful clog exercises!

And the whole Company in a variety of Sentimental and Comic Songs, Funny Sketches, &c., &c.

Laughable Burlesques, &c., &c.

PROGRAMME!

Part First.

Overture—*"Stars of Night,"* Company

What Josie Said, H. Campbell

Tommy Dodd, J. Donnelly

Little Maggie May, Little Jerry

Champagne Charlie, Sill. Scribner

Beside the Grave of Jenny, Price Webber

Finale—*"The Grave of Jenny,"* Company

Part Second.

Ballad—*"Has Father been Here?"* Little Jerry

Double Clog—*"King & Moore"*

Prima Donna—*"Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer,"* Sill. Scribner

Song & Dance—*"Johnny Donnelly"*

The New and Original Burlesque entitled the KOW-BELLOW-NIANS!

John Leitch, Joe Quigley and Webber.

One More Grace!

Sill. Scribner, H. King, G. Moore, J. Donnelly, Joe Quigley.

Duet—*"Larboard Watch,"* Scribner & Webber

The whole to conclude with the DIFFICULTIES OF THE NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

By the Entire Company.

Tickets 25 cents. Children accompanied by their parents, 15 cents.

Door open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

—Piano-forte Tuning done by Professor Leitch. All orders left with the Agent will be attended to on the arrival of the Company.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

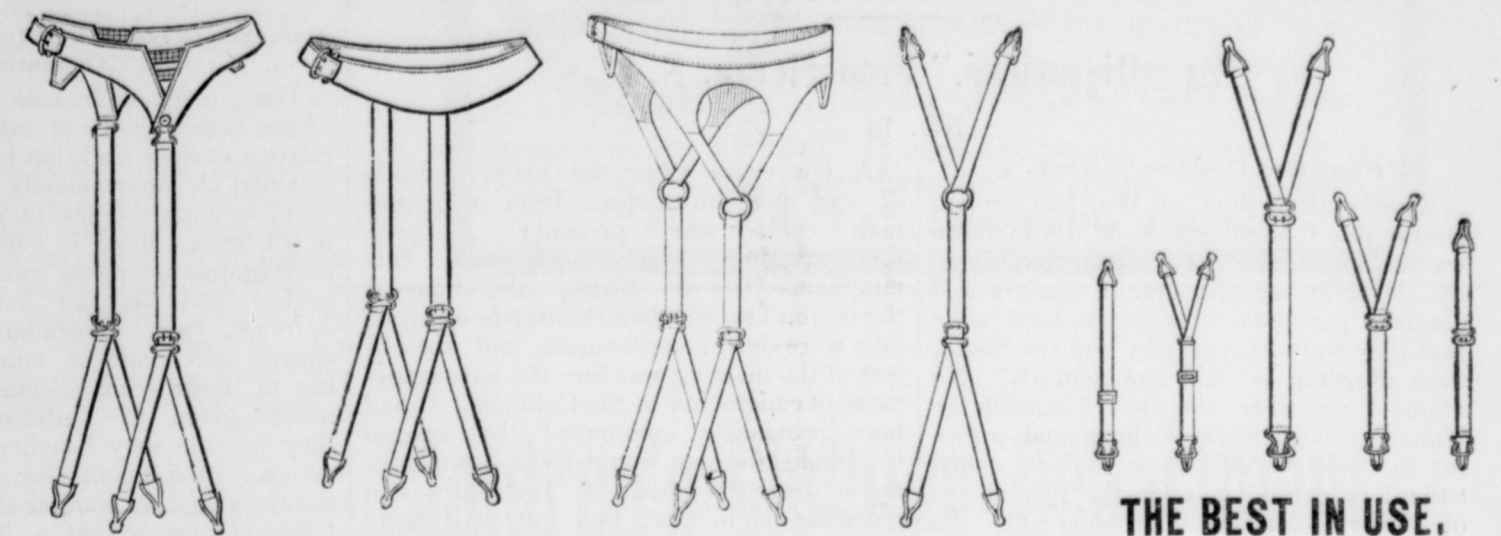
Geo. W. Day, Printer, 4 Market Street, St. John, N.B.

Of the officers of the troupe, I am the only one living. James R. Scribner died in Yarmouth, N. S., where he kept the American hotel; his brother Sillick, died in your city a few years ago; John B. Leitch, musical director, died in Savannah, Ga., while leader of the Savannah theatre orchestra, some years ago, and W. H. Whitcomb, the business agent, dropped dead in the Auburn hotel, Auburn, N. Y., while he was agent for one of Mr. John Stetson's Boston attractions.

Of the members of the troupe, Mr. Hugh Campbell still lives in your city; John Donnelly died many years ago; Little Jerry is J. Sullivan, recently employed in Progress office; Henry King still resides in St. John; George Moore is dead; Mr. Maddigan, the clarinet player, died a short time ago; Wm. Quigley, the basso, is dead, as is also his brother Joseph, the cornet player of the orchestra.

It was on this trip, returning from Halifax, during an unprecedented severe winter and spring, being blocked by snow, and having to face hardships to which we were unaccustomed, among which was crossing

No. 0, No. 1, No. 10, No. 21, 4, 5, 20, 30, 60
35c. Pair 25 cents. 40 cents. 30 cts. 10c., 15c., 20c., 15c., 10c.



THE BEST IN USE.

Warren's Patent Hose Supporters

Ask for them at the Stores, and be sure you get "Warren."

See Adv. on Page Six.

the Cobequid Mountain between Truro and Amherst, in one of the worst storms, accompanied by bitter cold weather, that laid the foundation of disease that hurried a number of the troupe to an early grave. The remembrance of it is something terrible to me even now.

H. PRICE WEBBER.

Old St. John Dramatic Club.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your issue of 30th January, you published a programme of St. John Dramatic club, played in Feb., 1866, at the Mechanics' Institute. I remember the performance, and among the prominent people present were T. W. Anglin, his wife, and Miss McTavish, now deceased. Mr. Anglin, it will be remembered, was a good dramatic critic and authority on all matters pertaining to the drama, and a great friend and admirer of the late J. W. Lanergan. The morning after the performance Mr. Anglin published in his paper, the *Freeman*, the following criticism of the performance.

THOS. MCGOVERN.

Boston, Feb. 12.

The audience at the Institute on Tuesday evening was large, and the acting of the Dramatic Club was on the whole remarkably good. It required no small share of moral courage to produce the last act of Richard III., but the effort was as successful as could have been reasonably anticipated, and take it for all in all few amateur companies could have done better. In the after-piece, the "Spectre Bridegroom," the acting was such as would do no discredit to any stage.

Audwin (W. J. McGovern) was precisely the foppish, supercilious old gentleman he ought to be; Stodden (Wm. Saxner) grave and solemn as a ghost, Paul (J. McWilliams) most ludicrous when his sorrow was most demonstrative, and Digory (F. J. McDuffery) a strange sort of compound character. They understood the characters thoroughly, and sustained them well, and to the entire satisfaction of the audience, who appeared to be very much amused.

Mr. Oswald's band played some fine selections from the Operas, etc. The club give another entertainment this evening.

RATS IN THE COAL MINES.

How They Helped the Operators in Ending a Strike.

The mine rat is an institution in the coal regions, and there is nothing the miner respect more than everything is running right. As long as work is going on in a mine on any kind of decent time the rats have no quarrel with any one and every thing is lovely. They insist upon certain rights which the miners recognize and submit to without a murmur. It is only when a mine becomes idle and remains so for any length of time that the rats and the outside world antagonize one another. Even the miner's respect for the mine rat will permit him to take measures against it only so far as it is necessary to preserve himself, his family, and his property.

Miners' strikes have been brought to a settlement more than once through the persistent efforts of mine rats. I remember one strike in particular that the rats forced to an end. This strike was a particularly stubborn one. Both miners and operators refused to budge one particle from the stand each had taken. The bosses declared that grass should grow about the entrance to the mine before they would consent to the demands of the men, and the men swore they would cut and eat that grass if they had nothing else to eat.

The strike lasted so long that the mules were taken from the mine and turned out to pasture, and when that is done during a coal mine strike it is a certain indication that there is to be a long cessation of operations in that mine. That was the signal for the rats to take a hand in the difficulty. Miners and their families may starve for a principle if they choose, but the mine rat proposes to live, just the same, and if the miners abandon him and cut off his supplies of mule feed, his chances of purloining or sharing in the miners' lunches or eating a mule itself now and then, he will have to come to the surface to look about him. That is what the rats in this particular mine did when they got tired of waiting for operations to resume. The mine was a big one, and its rat population immense. The rats left the mine and literally took possession of its contiguous village. They quartered themselves in and about the miners' shanties, drove away the cats and dogs, and even made it unsafe for the goats. They lived on the one too plentiful supplies the miners possessed and became a swarming terror.

The strike continued and the supplies of the strikers gradually became exhausted. Miners of neighbouring collieries, who were not affected by the strike, came to the relief of their impoverished brethren. They sent a two-horse wagon load of provisions to them. A committee took the supplies in charge and stored them in a building, from which they were to be distributed according to the necessities of the strikers.

The very first night of their arrival the storehouse was raided by mine rats and everything devoured or carried away.

Another wagon load was forwarded by sympathizing fellow miners, and a guard set upon the goods. Hundreds of the big, fierce, hungry mine rats charged the guard at night, drove him away, and the second supply of provisions disappeared before them. Four times were the striking miners revictualled in this way, and four times the mine rats captured the stores. This combination of the mine rats with the operators was more than the strikers could hold out against, and they finally went to work on the best terms they could obtain, absolutely beaten by the determined horde of mine rats.

The mine rat is ordinarily as big as two of the common house rat, and is possessed of amazing intelligence. To be called as smart as a mine rat is to receive the highest compliment in the mining regions. It is no infrequent thing for a miner and some particular rat to form a strong attachment for each other, and I have often seen a miner and a big, bright-eyed mine rat lurching together like two old cronies, a quarter of a mile down in the black depths of the earth.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE USE OF PILLOWS.

They are Very Necessary to Sleep—Their Use Through the Ages.

The use of a pillow is not a matter of mere blind usage. It has physiological basis. We sleep, for the most part, on the side, and without a pillow the head would be uncomfortably and harmfully lower than the body. It will be remembered that Jacob, when fleeing from Esau, took a stone for a pillow. He needed something for the purpose, and nothing better than a stone presented itself. Such practices are common in Africa at the present day. Some people rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary headgear make this practice necessary, and many a civilized woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture. A consideration of the physiological reason for pillows will suggest their proper thickness. They should merely bring the head to the natural level. Some pillows are much too thick. By bending the neck unduly, they interfere with the outflow of the venous blood from the head. The pillow that just fills up the space above the shoulder best suits its end. Again, pillows of feathers are objectionable. While they furnish the needed support for the head, they are too heating, as they have a remarkable capacity for holding and accumulating heat. It should be remembered that more blood, and hence more heat, goes to the head than to any other part of the body. Head-heating pillows are against the wholesome maxim, "Keep the feet warm, but the head cool." There is nothing better than the hair pillow. Further, the pillow is for the head, not for the shoulders. To rest the shoulder on the pillow defeats the very end for which it is used. Finally, special care should be taken of infants in this matter. We have seen their heads sunken deep in the softest and thickest of pillows, and their faces, as a natural consequence, covered with great beads of perspiration. It is no wonder that children so treated die.

Uncomfortable Wedding Ring.

The Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Brass rods are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well to do, weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried by the poor creatures as long as they live. Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is galled by the heavy weight and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck. After a short time the skin becomes calloused and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. The weight is a perpetual tax upon the energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time are relieving their weary shoulders of the burden. A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no files, and, although they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have occurred. The women, however, regard the curious ornament with pride, imagine it enhances their importance and beauty and wear their burdens with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country and in putting it around their wives' necks the men are certain will not be stolen or foolishly expended.—*Boston Courier.*