

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 38 St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Discontinuance.—Except in those localities where it is easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy. All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each. Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

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WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE? The city corporation has been called upon to pay about \$6,000 for damages to citizens within the past few weeks. The case of SILVER settled in the courts so recently, is fresh in the minds of the people; and now we are informed that another citizen has received \$800 and costs in settlement of his claim for damages sustained on the ferry boats. We have nothing to say against the claims of these people. They were, no doubt, good and proper ones. In one case a jury recognized the justice of Mr. SILVER's claim and awarded him heavy damages; in the case of Mr. BEATTY the city council thought his claim so good as not to permit it to come into court. It was settled by the payment of \$800 and costs.

The question is not, are the claims just, but who is responsible for the negligence that resulted in the injuries in the first place? Who was responsible for the trap door in the public building being open into which Mr. SILVER fell? Was it a proper place for a trap door, in front of the entrance to the office of the building inspector? Surely it was a curious coincidence that such an accident should happen at this place, which was directly under the eye of building inspector MAHER. It seems to us that an explanation is in order from that gentleman. If a business man placed a trap door directly in front of the entrance to his establishment and it was left open by an employe, he would surely be held responsible in case of an accident. He, in turn, would demand an explanation from his employe and if it was not satisfactory the result might be disagreeable to the employe. We understand that there are many facts surrounding the presence of this trap door that might be brought out by a diligent inquiry. They should be ascertained beyond a doubt and it is the duty of the mayor and council to bring them to light.

Why the ferry accident occurred will doubtless transpire. There is a superintendent of ferries and he should be held accountable for any negligence that resulted in such an expense to the city. Let us have all the facts at any rate and try and guard against such expensive accidents in the future.

NEWSPAPERS AND LIBEL SUITS. The experience of PROGRESS and the news agents in Halifax, while somewhat unusual, is not so extraordinary that it might not happen to any fearlessly conducted journal and those who handle it. Libel suits appear to be a necessary part of every widely circulated, enterprising and independent newspaper. For the most part they are set in motion by persons who, smarting under the lash of criticism, endeavor to justify their course by beginning a process at law. Such a proceeding in this country is comparatively inexpensive. Any one who comes under the notice of a newspaper and is handled without gloves can create an impression that he has been too severely criticized by issuing a writ for libel. The publisher of the newspaper replies, and in many cases that ends the matter. The anxiety of the plaintiff to parade the published facts in the courts fades when he sees that the newspaper is prepared to back up its case.

But this is not always so. Newspapers are liable to err and liable to make misstatements and when they persist in those misstatements and refuse to retract them, then they are fairly liable. No well conducted journal will, however, knowingly place itself in this position. Facts are what it is after in the first place and once they are presented in a readable form and without malice the publisher is bound to stand by them. More than that, he should emphasize and add to them and strengthen his case in the eyes of the people. For the people look to the press to protect them more than anything else—even more than the police whose duties lie in another direction. It is the duty of newspapers to expose fraud, to speak of men as they are,

not as they seem, to condemn rascality wherever it is found, and to warn the people when a man is not worthy of confidence. Men of business depend to a great degree upon the newspaper for such information as this. If interested they take the hint and inquire for themselves; they leave no stone unturned to prove or disprove the statements made by the newspaper. Thus it is that the fearless outspoken press is the terror of evil doers. Let us, for example, take the case of Mr. SPIKE in Halifax who is so aggrieved at what has appeared in PROGRESS about him that he has begun libel suits in all directions. Does Mr. SPIKE imagine for one moment that the publisher of PROGRESS has any malice against him? Does he not know, on the contrary, that no one in this office has had the doubtful honor of his personal acquaintance. Certain statements came under the notice of the editor and a careful inquiry was instituted with the result that an article was written that Mr. SPIKE thinks reflected upon him. Perhaps it did, but that was the fault of the facts and not of PROGRESS. It is the duty of this newspaper to present matters as its editor finds them, and to reflect the truth. If the truth is obnoxious the fault does not lie with PROGRESS but with the people who made such truth possible.

Mr. SPIKE did not relish the statements and he created a sensation by suing a lot of people. As a matter of fact he had faith in his case he could have sued the publisher, though in another city, but such a course as that would have made it necessary for him to give security for cost. Therefore it was more convenient to adopt the unusual policy of bringing newsdealers into the case. Any one who thinks for a moment can readily see that it is part of the business of newsdealers to sell papers and that it would be a matter of impossibility for them to carry on a successful business and, at the same time, verify the truth of every paragraph that appeared in the newspapers they handled.

News dealers should not be called upon to bear the brunt of these cases and this is why the publisher of PROGRESS has retained counsel to defend them.

The most common excuse for lynching, a practice which newspaper readers were recently greatly surprised at seeing a clear-headed and sensible New Brunswick journalist advocate, is the tardiness of the court in dealing with culprits. That the law's delay is not always responsible for the decisions of Judge LYNCH, and that some communities have become demoralized by permitting lynching to go unpunished, is evident from an outbreak of this species of lawlessness which occurred in Jasper county, Georgia, last week. A negro who assaulted a woman less than a month ago had been sentenced in the supreme court to be hanged on the 20th of November. Surely no sensible person could complain of lack of promptness in this respect, especially as Georgia differs from many of the states in generally hanging her murderers on schedule time. But the neighbors of the injured woman overpowered the officers of the law, hanged the negro, and riddled his body with bullets.

Now that "RILEY's got a new-book-out," containing the poem "Leonapic," which Mr. RILEY wrote in imitation of POE, and signed "E. A. P.," interest in the verses of RILEY that fooled the critics is revived. It has been widely published that EDMUND CLARENCE STEEDMAN "unhesitatingly pronounced the poem to be the work of EDGAR ALLEN POE." If Mr. STEEDMAN pronounced the poem to be one of POE's, he must certainly have done so unhesitatingly. He could not have hesitated even long enough to read the poem through. The chief thing that would show a critic that that the poem was not POE's is the part where the writer, in order to get a rhyme for "gloomy" and "to me," makes LEONANIE's eyes of "bloomy moonshine." "Bloomy moonshine" is blooming nonsense. POE would certainly have never made use of suchally and unpoetical expression.

The Indian editors of the Indian Helper, a paper printed at the Indian industrial school at Carlisle, Pa., gives this sensible advice concerning writing, viz., "It is the little, easy words, correctly used, that are the most forcible and show the best mind." The Indians of New Brunswick did not put this theory into practise when they were naming the country's rivers and lakes.

One of the latest triumphs of labor is that in connection with the new free employment bureau in New York, where the people connected with the bureau examine not only the character of workmen seeking employers, but also those of employers seeking workmen.

Governor LEWELLING's voice is said to have failed him. He does nothing at his meetings now but shake hands. He probably puts a great deal of expression into this method of canvassing, however.

The Modern Purchaser. The prospective purchaser of a city house built to sell was consulting with a real estate agent. "I think I have one to suit you," said the agent. "It is a good neighborhood and has all the modern conveniences." "I'd expect that," replied the purchaser. "What I didn't want was one with all the modern inconveniences."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In November. The rain falls where the red leaves lie Together so rudely blown; When dark eyed winds march down the sky, And walk in the woods and moan— The dead lie in their weary sleep, All waiting the coming day; And o'er my heart the slight storms sweep That never will pass away Along the wild and dreary sea, Sandward the wild surges cry; And faces lifted up to me, Despairing for the pass me by. For every on the longing shore; November now poofs her rain; For those who to the old home door, Will never return again. November leads her rain gusts wild, Where flowers in beauty grew; When last they turned to me and smiled, In language so fond and true; Their green leaves now no longer wave, N or whisper when I appear; But like one sleeping in her grave, They seem to my soul still near. The bare boughs reach the gable old, And a lonely leaf remains. Twirling round in the bleak breath cold, And it rains, and rains, and rains. Slow footsteps on the gateway wind, My life has a vacant place; But ever more in my heart I find, A picture of one sweet face. Orchard Way, Nov. 1894. CYRUS GOLDE

The Spruce at my Door. The scented spruce at my door, Sings to me—"Lorelie, Star of your love heart of yore, Has no more love for thee." And when the red morn comes through The wild vines over my door, A cricket chirps in the dew—"She loves you no more." And the autumn winds in the corn Tell me the same. Midday, evening and morn, They whisper her name. The scented spruce at my door Sings to me—"sings to me. The grapes are now of yore, Hanging red wine for me. \* \* \* \* \* The scaly spruce at my door, Sings over, calls to me; "Master, her love is no more— False Mistress Lorelie." But I laugh to my friend. "Sir Spruce—thou art one Whose love with the sun doth not end Yea—and thou art but one." X. Y. Z.

Chiquita. [The following forcible poem was written by Capt. Jack Crawford, "the poet scout," who won fame by his description of a Western editor:] Yes, sir, I married an Injun wife— What is it to you? If you cast a slur Towards Chiquita you can bet your life I'll be back in your neck and in your hair! Her skin is brown, but heart's as white As the snow up there on the mountain peaks, And I'm not ready to let her slip from me. When anybody aginst her speaks, She ain't no beauty, as beauty goes, An' she don't sing style like an eastern daine, An' she wears red leggings an' Injun clothes, But she squan' an' really bears my name— An' I've told here that I'm married man. Be he prince or pauper, this side the line Of the New Jerusalem, does or can, Think more of his wife than I do o' mine. 'Twas risin' of seven years ago, When one of the Navaj' hostile bands Crossed over the Gila a mile below This spot whar my little cabin stands, They struck a camp 'n' pitched an' said, "An' didn't leave one to tell the tale Exceptin' a gal whar ran up 'yar, With the yelin' deers claw on her tail. Did I perfect her? I woul'nt see Advantage took of a senseless dog— I tol' her to stay right 'yar with me. An' punchin' a clink from under a log That rille of mine began to be in use, An' I tol' her to get in the cabin crack, An' every ball round a red-kim mark, Till they jumped the game an' skeddaddled back. I'm tough as they make 'em, but I don't care To witness grief such as that gal felt. For she knowed her father an' mother's hair 'War dauntin' then in a Navaj's belt. Injuns has feelin' just as fine As them whar we call 'em ruler skin, An' the cries she uttered jst brought the brin' To these of 'peepers ag'in an' ag'in. Time passed along, an' one day I saw, Just crossin' the top o' the rise up there, A runnin' towards me an Injun squaw, The gal with a squaw 'n' her little hair, "Go quick!" she cried, as she caught her breath, "Geronimo's less than a mile away, With his red men headin' your death. In a minute they'll sight you! Go quick, I say!" I didn't wait to hear no more From Chiquita, but takin' her tremblin' hand, We tried to make you quick, but afore We'd hardly reached the downswept wood, An arrow pointed sharp as a V In my bosom sure 't' found a nest, But the gal threw herself in front o' me, An' caught the shaft in her own brown breast. Did you ever see a tornado when It's laid the trees an' bushes low? That's just how Lawton brought down his men. A no-in' the trail of Geronimo. The gal wrapped her arms round my neck, Spurrin' his loss to its fastest lick— So, help me Christe I never see A band of Injuns gone up so quick.

Of course you've guessed that the wounded squaw 'War the gal we saved from the Navajes. I made her mine by the white man's law, An' that she stands in her Injun clothes. She totes the seat of an arrow point, That her hair 'n' 'n' snuff my life, An' it knocks my temper clear out of joint For a star to be cast at my Injun wife. Some Time. Last night, my darling, as you slept, I thought I heard you sigh, And to your little crib I crept, And reached a sweet and blissful sleep; Another I stooped and kissed your brow, For oh! I love you so— That but for her I'd snuff my life, But some time you shall know, But some time you shall know. Some time when, in a darkened place Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall look upon a face Calm in eternal sleep. The voiceless lips, the unkind brow The patient smile shall show— You are too young to know it now, But some time you may know.

Look backward, then, into the years, And see me here tonight— See, O my darling! how my tears Are falling as I write; And I reached a sweet and blissful sleep; The kiss of long ago— You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know, But some time you shall know. His Song. Within the freighth's gentle glow He made, of rhymes that lovers know, A little song to please his bride. A little, tender, foolish song— (Love's folly is so heaven-wise) That sang for bliss, as all day long A lark will trill in summer skies. "Ah, sweet!" Upon his breast her shy, Bright eyes shone in a sweet smile; "Yet, sweet or nay, what need have I Of songs," she said, "who have thy lips?" O false, kind fate! that left untold The secret of the lasting years. Long, I ago, his lips were cold, Yet still the te-drops on his cheeks!

Spring. How beautiful, O spring, thou art, When as the ice and snow depart, Thou comest on, When winter with its frost and cold Is over, then the girls unfold The heart to warm. Thou givest now the length'ning days, And stronger grow the sun's bright rays, When thou art here, The seaman ventures o'er the main, Without a fear. The flowers will be blooming soon, An', breaking from its wintry tomb Beneath the snow The blade shoots forth, the fields grow green, And the old May flower is seen, Along the row. The trees unfold their leaves of green, The chirp of birds is heard again, In songs of joy. The flocks and herds are loud too, From winter barn to pastures new, Spring to enjoy. To God, who gives these blessings dear We lift our hearts in thankful prayer, For His great love, And ask that we may dwell with Him In the Everlasting Spring O' Heaven above. WALTER C. FAIRWEATHER.

FILOSOFY AND FOLLY. Some Remarks on Various Current Topics by "Jay Bee." "By their works ye shall know them" was not written of the "Waterbury" yet the application is most applicable, as the unfortunate possessor who may have become entangled in the main-spring thereof can testify. "Out of sight"—The writing on a slate after a bath. Canine dogs enter the Pug-illistic arena? Mirandy—Say, Joshua how do you suppose they ever made that ere "cottole" of Joshua—Well! I never saw such igerence. Why they "caught a lean" pig and rendered the lard in the same manner we do ours. Hold an inferior person up as an example for people to follow and they will object. Hold a superior one up and the exactions are too great to be generally adopted. As two is to one so is quadruplets to twins. He came home singing "Heaven is my home" when a night-capped voice met him at the head of the stairs with "I wish it was. I could then lock the front door earlier." Solitude is often good company. Solitude is not necessarily a state of loneliness, it depends chiefly upon circumstances. That is not magnanimity which enlarges the heart through the mouth, and does not extend to the pocket. Hold thy face before the mirror of thy conscience, and the less distortions thou there behold, the more numerous will they appear in the faces of thy neighbors. Fault finding is not one of the lost arts, and if it was, 'twould not take a Columbus to re-discover it. Two men cannot be at enmity with each other and exhibit the exact equal proportion or ratio of hatred. Women can display their hatred for each other with more flattery than can men. Tom—Hello! old fellow how are you? Old fellow—Oh! half dead. Tom—Well, cheer up, old boy, you're not half as sick as Bilkins. I hear he is dead. An observer may, by noting the different styles of hand-shaking, become quite an expert in animated thermometers. Because one is possessed of a "cool head" is no excuse for a "cold nod of recognition." A warm heart dispels the cold atmosphere of unkindness. Crape may not cover a multitude of sins, but it sometimes forms a garb of hypocrisy. JAY BEE.

TALE OF A COCKSCREW. How One was Concealed About the Person of a St. John Man. It was a bevy of jovial spirits that were waiting for the train at Amherst station last Monday. These jovial spirits felt that the one thing necessary to complete their happiness was a corkscrew. Such an instrument would be the key to the situation, so to speak. "Do you see that happy-looking man sitting over there?" said one of the party. The rest of the hampered disciples of Bacchus admitted that they saw the happy-looking man. "He travels for a hardware house," said the first speaker. "What of that?" interrupted others. "Do you suppose he'll go clear out to the baggage room and unpack his trunk, just in order to get us, who never saw him before, a corkscrew?" "It is not the fact that he travels for a hardware house that I wish to impress upon you," said the first speaker. "That hardware house is in St. John." "Say no more," said the others. "Is it not written in the Talmud concerning the St. John men—let alone the St. John drummers—that by their corkscrews ye shall know them?" "Rather is it that by themselves ye shall know them to be possessed of such," remarked a rather dense philosopher. "But why tarry? We are dry. Let us reinterview him of St. John." Over to the St. John man went the party. "I beg your pardon," said the spokesman

as he sat by him, "but have you such a thing about you as a corkscrew?" "No, I haven't," said the man. "I'm sorry." "What!" exclaimed the spokesman. "What!" echoed the others. Then the spokesman said, in an apologetic tone, "I see I was mistaken. I thought you were from St. John." "I am from St. John!" said the stranger, proudly. "You are from St. John!" repeated the spokesman, in a tone in which wonder and incredulity commingled. "From St. John, and haven't a corkscrew! Oh, that I have lived to see this day! But it is impossible, sir, wildly impossible! You cannot be from St. John. You are joking, my dear sir, joking. Such a thing is never heard of in history or fiction as a St. John man without a corkscrew!" "I am sorry," said the "traveller," "to rob your mind of a delusion that you have cherished since childhood's happy hour. But I am surely from St. John; and I am just as surely minus a corkscrew. I have pained you, I see, by this solemn affirmation, but by your insinuations you have also inflicted pain upon a stranger. Not only do I never carry a corkscrew myself, but I know several St. John men besides me who never carry corkscrews."

The saddened thirsters slowly and silently went back to their seats, and the St. John man commenced taking his boots off, in order to dry his socks by the station stove. There was considerable of a downpour in Amherst last Monday, and the St. John man's feet were wet. As he was taking off the second boot a corkscrew dropped out. There was a loud laugh from the thirsty men, and the St. John man's face wore an expression of great surprise. He said never a word while the Bacchanalian host approached and secured the corkscrew. Now, we might as well make a "Lady, or the Tiger?" story out of this as not. Did that St. John man put the corkscrew in his boot, patterning after the wild and woolly westerner's treatment of his Smith & Wesson, or did he not?

To begin with, he was a drummer, and drummers rarely depart from the strait paths of truth; furthermore, he was a St. John man, and St. John never lie. But then, who put the corkscrew in his boot? One of that party of thirsty men might have put the corkscrew there whilst listening to his denial, but it is probable that that thirsty crowd would have kept that corkscrew from disse for as long a time as they would have to in order to play a very indifferent joke? There are a good many other points on both sides which shall be left to the reader to bring up in martial array before the eyes of his mind, and to the reader shall be left the momentous question of solving the mystery of the boot and the corkscrew.

"PROGRESS" AND POETRY. The "World" Tells how Mr. W. C. Milner Discouraged Poetry. Under the head of "Progress and Poetry," the Chatham World philosopher philosophises thus: PROGRESS refers to our principal poet as "the Swan of Kenous River," and "one of the most sublime singers of any age." Thus far we agree with it, but when it thinks we ought not, because we possess him, to "criticise the poetry of less favored journals," we beg to differ with the society weekly. It has some very good poetry of its own, and we commend it for encouraging native industry in rhythm. Some newspapers have no soul for poetry, no patience with home grown bards.

For they know not the wealth of the poet's thought, Though sweet to win, is bitter to keep, as our Robert's sings, and refuse to give space for the poetic bosom to "lighten itself in song of what it has gathered in silence." They try to snuff out immortal genius that expresses itself in metre. There is Milner, for instance, now Collector of Customs at Sackville, who once edited a paper at that seat of science and the liberal arts. Poetry ought to rise and spread its wings at Mr. Allison like mist from a rose garden at sunrise, and once it did; but it does not now. And why? Because Milner, the wretch, used to give the manuscript to the youngest apprentices to set up and then not read the proof! Could the muses stand that? No; the poets perished by shock or suicide, or the spirit of poetry fled from them, and Sackville is prosaic even to this day. We commend PROGRESS for its kindness towards the bards, and it may in time be rewarded by discovering a poet equal to our own. Milner has the soul of a revenue collector, and he has gone to his own place. He will, in the fullness of time, go down To the villa dust from whence he sprang, Unwept, unhonored, and unsung, while growing tributes from poet hearts and poet pens will be laid on the caskets that enclose the mortal remains of the editors of PROGRESS and the World.

Hearing Who His Legs. The novelty of a telegraph operator who can scarcely hear a locomotive whistle working day after day at his instrument is one of the marvels presented to a telegraph station in this city. The man is about 28 years old. He has been deaf since he was about 3 years of age, as the result of an attack of scarlet fever about that time. Being so extremely hard of hearing, the child's sense of touch was developed to the degree usually possessed by blind persons. The slightest tap upon a table or a wall, the rolling of a wagon wheel along the street, and all similar sounds were conveyed to him by the subsequent vibrations. When about 12 years of age he undertook the study of telegraphy. Being a favorite with the operator at his home he was given the run of the office. All the mystic signs, dots and dashes of the profession were explained to him. Day after day he could be seen sitting at the table with his knees pressed against it, or resting his elbow upon it. He was literally feeling the messages as they were ticked off over the wire. Being naturally quick, it was but a short time until he was able to correctly read any message coming into the office. Sending came just as easy, and to-day, after sixteen years' service at the key and sounder he is just as fine an operator as there is in the country. Of late years his hearing has improved to such an extent that he can easily hear the sounds, but the old habit of listening with his knee or elbows still clings to him, and that is the way all messages are read.

A CANADIAN GIRL. What a Gifted Canadian Writer Says of His Countrywomen. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley closes a long article concerning the Canadian girl with the following: To her honor be it said, that the ultra-fashionable, frivolous, good-for-nothing-but pleasure-seeking class is in a very small minority. However fond of amusement she may seem to be, the average young woman of Canada is in reality a shrewd, sound-hearted, matter-of-fact person, thoroughly qualified to undertake the duties of a wife and the responsibilities of a mother. As a proper consequence, happy homes abound through the land, scandals are rare, and divorces rare still. The social situations which furnish the up-to-date novelists with the bulk of their material are not at all scant. Family life is sedulously cultivated, and large families are the rule rather than the exception. The cares of motherhood are not evaded as they are elsewhere, and unremitting attention is devoted to the physical and intellectual development of the boys and girls, so that the future prospects of the race leave small chance for the pessimist. On the other hand for the girl whose fate does not lead her toward the hymeneal altar, there is no need of predicting a decline into useless, unamiable, old-maidhood, because of the propriety of independence on the part of the girls as well as the boys being more and more recognized. It is quite a common thing now for the daughters of well-to-do men to fit themselves for the earning of their own living if necessary. Indeed many of them are already paying their own millinery bills by acting as governesses, or by giving lessons in music and painting. In fact the unmistakable tendency is toward the emancipation of women from the traditional state of protection and dependence, and the placing of her feet upon the same ground as the men occupy. Nor need the men fear any evil consequences therefrom. No matter how many women may achieve independence, there will never be a lack of good wives and mothers, who will be all the better because of latent or developed possibilities for padding their own canoes on the stream of life.

Made the Dog Thankful. When the family came home from service on Thanksgiving morning, they heard Ponto howling dismally from the attic. "However could the dog have got up there?" asked grandma as she looked up and saw his piteous black face at the window. "I didn't know the attic door had been opened this morning." "Oh, yes," said little Annie, innocently. "I opened it. I put him up there on purpose." "You did, child? What for?" "Well, you see," replied Annie, with all the gravity given by nine years of wisdom. "I tried to think of some way to make Thanksgiving day different to him from other days. So I thought I'd shut him up in the dark where he hates to be, and when he was let out he'd be thankful enough for Thanksgiving day." Her plan was absolutely successful. Once down stairs, having again the run of the house Ponto frisked and yelped as if he had very special cause for thanksgiving and needed no governor's proclamation to teach him the uses of the day. The town could boast at least one dog with a thankful heart.

From the "Electrical Review." On election night the New York Herald had a big canvas stretched on the front of its up-town building, on which trequelets bulletins were thrown by a stereopticon located in a wagon across the street. An electric light was used in the stereopticon and wires running from the roof of the building to the wagon furnished the current from the Herald's isolated plant. A man was overheard explaining to a friend how the thing worked. "You see those wires?" he said. "Well, that's a telegraph line. When they get the returns in the building they just telegraph 'em over to the teller in the wagon and he puts 'em on the sheet. Great, ain't it?" A Stilted Expression. The particulars of the celebrated Madras case have been made public. It seems that Mr. Clegg and his charming wife were visiting Dr. Smith, the surgeon general of Tanjore. The doctor and Mrs. Clegg were out driving one day when the doctor said gallantly: "Will you allow me to kiss you and also encircle you with my arms?" She replied with some pardonable vehemence that she would not. She was also ungenerous enough to repeat the conversation, with the result that the government retired the anatomy doctor. And it is the general opinion that when a man is fool enough to address a business proposition to a lady in such stilted phrase he ought to be retired. Cripples are seldom seen in China. When a deformed child is born, it is at once put to death.