

PLUCKY PRAIRIE GIRLS.

Two Notable Examples of Genuine Feminine Heroism.

White women of the east are distinguishing themselves by entering professions and trades alongside their husbands and brothers, and winning both fame and financial reward, those of the prairie are not behind in the race for prominence. The opening of Oklahoma has developed many a heroine, and more than one deed of daring has been performed by the fair sex.

Most striking of all, perhaps, is that of Miss Minnie Duval, who has spent nearly all her life in the Cherokee strip, where her parents, by the good graces of the Indians, located in 1875, moving from Missouri. She is known as "the lady cowboy," and her fame has been spread far and wide by the influx of dwellers in the new lands.

When the Duval family first entered the territory, her father invested in twenty-five head of cattle, which have since increased to five hundred, and make a large herd to care for. She is the only child, and though but eighteen years old, she is her father's chief assistant. She does not simply take the cattle to the range and leave them, but remains with them all day, looking after them as well as could any cowboy. Her duties frequently take her a score or more miles away from home, as the cattle must be kept moving in order to feed well. Often some of the cattle become mired in the mud along the streams where they graze. Then comes the hardest part of her work.

With true cowboy skill she throws the lariat over the slender, branching horns, while the other end of the long but very strong rawhide rope is fastened to the saddle. Then a long, steady pull on the part of her pony draws the unfortunate animal to a place of safety on dry ground. She has a large herd for one person to look after, but with the assistance of two well-trained cattle dogs, she does it perfectly.

While on the range she dresses in cowboy fashion—wide brimmed white felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, a lariat coiled about her saddle horn and a revolver in her belt—and rides the wildest bronchos with thorough ease. When off duty she is a modest, unassuming young lady—the last one would suspect of such masculine accomplishments.

At the annual round-up she has during the past two seasons taken her place with the other cowboys and made a good record. In a lasso-throwing contest, when the wildness of the cattle were turned loose and goaded into fury by matador methods, she held her own and was given a handsome saddle by the cattlemen, who saw her skillful work. Her father's ranch is on the banks of the Sawlog, not far from Perry, and has gained considerable notoriety from the daughter's ability as a handler of cattle. But it has not spoiled her—she is as modest and unassuming as ever.

Another kind of heroism, not less striking, was that shown by Miss Zella Mason, a teacher in a district school of a western Kansas county, during the prevalence of the great blizzard that swept over the plains of the west early this year. The schoolhouse is not a splendid resort in which to spend zero weather, standing, as it does, in the midst of a great level plain, unsheltered by the winds. The cabins of the settlers are far away, and there is nothing nearer than a cattle ranch resembling human habitation.

The twenty pupils of the school are all young, the oldest being fifteen, and the twenty-year-old teacher had her hands full leading them along the way of education. When the storm came up there was no preparation for it. The first indication was a blinding cloud of snow that hid the prairie landscape from view and sent the flock-like frozen moisture through every crack and cranny, filling the room with intense cold.

School was dismissed and the little party huddled around the stove, endeavoring to keep warm. The larger boys were divided into details and set to bringing in coal from the shed a few feet outside the door. The whole supply, insufficient in quantity, was piled up near the stove; the food that the children had brought to school was portioned out to stand a two-days' siege, and the plucky schoolmistress prepared to keep her little charges from suffering, knowing that they could not be rescued until the storm abated.

All night she cared for the children, keeping the fire going with the coal and later chopping up table, desks and chairs. In the morning there was nothing to eat, and in a little while she tramped a quarter of a mile to the cattle ranch, only to find the herders gone. There were some cows and she milked a pail of milk, helped herself to the supplies in the ranch house, and hurried back to the school, nearly frozen and exhausted.

The storm continued, and it was not until the next morning that rescuers were able to get through the drifts and blinding clouds of snow to the schoolhouse. They found a haggard and pitifully nervous teacher and badly frightened, but unharmed pupils in the little building. There was no furniture left and even the blackboards were sacrificed to the necessity of the cruel cold.

As the parents broke in the door the teacher did what women usually do—fainted, but she had good care, and though it will be a long time before she recovers from the thrilling adventure she has made a fame that will cling to her name in that locality for years.

More than that she will wear a handsome gold watch which the thankful parents out of their slim purses have presented to her. It is that kind of heroism that western people appreciate, and no brighter example has in a long time come before public notice.

Quick Promotion.

A Dutchman whose son had been employed in an insurance company's office was met by an acquaintance, who inquired, "Well, Mr. Schneider; how is Hans getting along in his new place?"

"Shoost splendid; he has von off dem directors already."

"A director? I never heard of such rapid advancement—the young man must be a genius."

"He was; he shoost write a splendid hand!"

"Oh, yes, plenty of people write good hands; but you said Hans was a director?"

"So he was" (indignantly), "the direct dem circulars ten hours every day already!"

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THE ONLY
Absolute Cure for Piles, and all
itching Skin Diseases. The first
application relieves, and short
treatment cures. The only
remedy for Tetter, Itch, Pimples
and all scaly eruptions of the skin.

CURES PILES **CURES ALL**
ITCHING SKIN

For sale, April 6, '94.
I have suffered from piles for a long time
and tried several articles recommended for
the complaint, but none of them benefited me
until I tried Chase's Ointment, which has com-
pletely cured me. MRS. JOHN GERRIE
R. Phillips, jun., Druggist, witness.

W. Goulding, commercial traveller, 136
Essex St., Toronto, suffered from itching
piles for 15 years, one box Chase's cured him.
Geo. W. Morris of Morris Machine Co.,
Brantford, Ont., twenty years with blind
itching piles, used 20 different remedies with-
out relief. Chase's cured. SOLD BY DEALERS OR
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EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 LOMBARD ST.,
TORONTO. PRICE 60 CENTS PER BOX.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers
for their children while teaching them over
Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the
gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and
is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



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BALSAM
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PURE
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CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH
COUGHS AND COLDS,
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT.

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Cure without the knife,
which is per-
manent where we have had a reasonable opportu-
nity for treatment. Send for references.

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

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the beautiful King Square. Large rooms. Good
Table. Efficient service.

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JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor.

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and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL,
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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern im-
provements. Heated with hot water and lighted
by electricity. Baggage to and from the station
free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIME, Prop.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class
Livery Stable. Coaches to trains and boats.

THE CZAR'S ECCENTRIC DOCTOR.

A Bigger Autocrat than the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Dr. Zacharin, who has been treating the
czar, is known as one of the most impolite
men—to use no stronger expression—in
his profession. He is a fierce democrat and
has respect for no one. Like Professor
Schweninger, the physician of Bismarck,
he insists upon the literal execution of his
orders, it matters not who the patient may
be, and will brook no interference. He is
a man of middle age and began life as a
butcher-boy. He has become one of the
richest men in Russia by his practice.

When the malady of the czar began to
look serious a few weeks ago, the emperor
at once asked that Zacharin be sent for.
A telegram was dispatched to the governor
of Moscow, says one of the imperial attend-
ants in the Copenhagen Politiken, ordering
him to send Zacharin to St. Petersburg.
The adjutant of the governor found the
professor in his clinic, and asked him to
make as rapid preparations as possible, as
the fast train would leave the city for the
capital in a few hours.

"The last train? What?" was the pro-
fessor's answer. "The Emperor of
Russia sick, and you talk of the last train?
Will you kindly order me an 'extra' which
must be ready in half an hour."

At the time appointed he started for St.
Petersburg, and, arriving there, hurried
with an adjutant to the castle.

"His Majesty awaits you, Professor,"
said a chamberlain who received him at the
entrance. "Your rooms are at the head of
the stairway, and you will find everything
in readiness to make your toilet after the
journey."

"Toilet!" answered the physician.
"His Majesty is sick and wants my advice,
not see me in 'toilet.' Take me to him
at once."

The emperor was lying in bed in a dark
room. All the windows were closed and
the curtains were down. The empress sat
in a rocking chair next to the bed. Three
body-physicians stood about the room.
Zacharin entered the room, made his
obeisance to the imperial pair, but almost
totally disregarded the presence of his
colleagues.

"What an atmosphere! It is disease-
breeding. And in this atmosphere you al-
low Russia's sick Emperor to lie? Quick!
Put back the curtains and raise the win-
dows." Such was his first order.

He then became silent, and began a
thorough examination of his patient. Then,
taking a chair, he rested his arm on his
knee and began to think. Almost ten min-
utes passed without his uttering more than
a half dozen words. As the other physi-
cians, who apparently did not like his
action, began to talk softly to one another,
he rapped with his pencil and told them to
"be still."

A year ago, when the Emperor was suf-
fering from influenza, Professor Zacharin
was called also to the palace of the czar.
Upon his arrival, with his assistant, the
doctor was asked to take a suite of rooms
on the third story. Zacharin refused to be
housed there. He had the habit, he said,
of sleeping on the ground floor, and did
not wish to change his habits. It was bad
for the health. He had his way and was
led to chambers on the first floor.

The czarina, wishing to show her friend-
ly interest in the physician, invited him to
take his meals with the family at the Im-
perial table. To this the Zacharin re-
plied:—

"I never eat with women, Your Majesty."
He insisted on being served in his rooms,
and the good-natured empress allowed him
to have his way.

One day the czarina, believing that the
evil from which the czar suffered was in-
creasing, descended to the room of the
doctor and begged him to examine the
temperature of the patient and see if it
were not higher.

"My assistant," replied the autocratic
physician, "will go examine him."

A little later the assistant returned to
the rooms with the announcement that there
had been no change in the temperature of
the sick ruler.

"You see, Your Majesty, that it is not
worth while to disturb him."

The doctor was accustomed to go about
the palace in the early mornings wearing a
gown and the felt slippers of a peasant.
But no one ever dared to call him to ac-
count.

The doctor gives away large sums of
money yearly to the poor. Poor students
he always treats free of charge. But when
he finds a rich patient, he makes him pay
for all that he has lost.

Too Simple for a Great Mind.

A business man who is keen in financial
affairs made an engagement while spending
his vacation to meet a man at another
country place fifteen or twenty miles away.
There was only one train a day, and he
missed that one by only a few seconds. It
was an important engagement, but that
would have made no difference to the busi-
ness man, for he prides himself on keeping
his engagements. When he found that he
had missed his train he set to work to
get a special engine. This involved a good
deal of telegraphing, and the cost, he
learned, would be \$60. He determined to
keep that engagement, however, whatever
the expense, and finally, after the delay of
the telegraphing and waiting for the engine
to run up to his station, he got aboard
and was taken on his way. He reached the
other man three hours after he had missed
the train, but he was feeling rather trium-
phant over his victory, and he proceeded to
exclaim what he had done.

"You see, I was bound to get here," he
added, "and here I am."

"That's so," answered the other, "but
look here, why didn't you get a train and
drive over here? It's a lovely drive. It
would have cost you about \$4 instead of \$60,
and as for time, you could have arrived
here earlier."

"Great Scott!" said the Napoleon of
traveling, "I never thought of that."

Some Satisfied With Standing-Room.

A Canadian female missionary in New
York, who has been making considerable
evangelic noise, declared that she had se-
cured "a reserved seat in heaven." Her
cry to the unregenerate is, "Sinners, se-
cure your reserved seats while there is yet
time!" Theatrical methods of stirring up
sinners have their place among certain ele-
ments of the community. But there are
doubtless not a few modest people who
would be tolerably well satisfied were they
sure of even standing room in the other
world.

For 20 Years

the formula for making Scott's
Emulsion has been endorsed by
physicians of the whole world. No
secret about it. This is one of its
strongest endorsements. But the
strongest endorsement possible is
in the *vital strength* it gives.

Scott's Emulsion

nourishes. It does more for weak
Babies and Growing Children than
any other kind of nourishment. It
strengthens Weak Mothers and re-
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Emaciation and General Debility.
For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bro-
chitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood
Diseases and Loss of Flesh.
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists 50c. & \$1.

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For Biliousness

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only 25c. For sale all over Canada.
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43 and 45 William St. N. B.

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S. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indian-
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Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef.
Kings Co., N. B., Lamb, Mutton and Veal.
Ontario Fresh Pork.

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Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard.
Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

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his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indiffer-
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Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds,
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Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit On
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Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEAT SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK.

"HELPING PAPA."

How an Artist Got an Inspiration for a Celebrated Painting.

There is a picture by Hatfield hanging in
the Jordan gallery which has a very pretty
story. Mr. Hatfield was one day putting
the finishing touches to a magnificent can-
vas, a study of birches. Being called away
for a few moments, he returned to be
greeted by a sight that would have para-
lyzed an ordinary man. His little daughter
during his absence had slipped in, and find-
ing no doubt that the introduction of a
figure or two would add interest to the
landscape proceeded to supply one.
Sprawled across the freshly painted canvas
in brown ochre was one of those weird,
misshapen, nondescript figures that chil-
dren draw and call "a man," and little miss
mischief, so intent upon her work as to fail
to notice the entrance of her father and
with satisfaction beaming from every fea-
ture, was rapidly ruining the result of the
patient labor of many weeks.

As said before, this sight would have para-
lyzed an ordinary man, but Mr. Hatfield is
not an ordinary man; he is an artist. He
was not seized with convulsions, nor did he
express his grief in ordinary and conven-
tional ways. No, he silently and stealthily
seized sketching materials and began to
work as if life itself depended upon speed.
The old picture was entirely forgotten and
disregarded, except as an accessory to the
new. Not a detail of the pretty scene es-
caped as practiced eye and hand seized upon
and made them immortal. The dainty
poise of the head surmounted by the quaint
little knot, "just like mamma's," the sweet
smiling face, the dimpled baby fingers
that welded the destroying brush so effec-
tively, all these were noted with rapid and
vigorous strokes. He was in the act of
rapidly indicating the outline of the jar of
brushes, to be painted in at leisure, when
the little culprit became, for the first time,
of her father's presence. "Helping papa,"
she said, with a bright smile, in full con-
fidence that her work would meet instant
approval, and it did. Mr. Hatfield is a
successful painter and has produced many
bits of child life, but never has he painted
anything that carries with it a sweeter story
of childish innocence and mischief. Men
halt before the picture and chuckle as they
realize the devastation wrought, but the
women never give this phase of the matter
thought, but just stand and shriek with
delight.

AN ANTIQUARIAN STORY

Which is Even Better Than That in "Pick-
wick Papers."

A German antiquary made the delightful
discovery that a stone placed over a stable
door bore the inscription "1081."
"I must have this stone in my collection,
cost what it may," thought the savant.

Calling a tenant farmer, who was the pro-
prietor, the professor said to him with great
earnestness—

"Did you not obtain that stone from the
castle ruin on the hill yonder?"

"It may be that my grandfather fetched it
from there when he built the stable," was
the reply.

The antiquary then asked what he would
take for the stone.

"Since you appear to have a fancy for it,"
said the farmer, "give me a hundred
marks, and I will bring it to your house."

"Rather a large sum," said the professor,
"but bring it to my residence and you shall
have the money."

When, in due course, the farmer brought
the stone upon a truck, the zealous anti-
quary turned it over to refresh his eyes with
a sight of its venerable chronological
inscription, not without anxiety that it
might have been damaged in its removal.

"Why, what's this?" he exclaimed. "This
is not the right stone. On the stone I
bought from you was the date 1081, while
this bears the very modern date of 1801,
which proves that the other was exactly
seven hundred and twenty years older."

"Do not trouble about that," said the
farmer. "The masons, you see, sir, turned
the stone upside down when they set it in the
doorway, because it fitted better that way.
You can turn it whichever way you like,
but of course, I must have the money
agreed upon."

The professor, it is said, at once paid the
whole sum, and gave the man a present be-
sides to take the stone away and say no
more about the matter.

Tarascon in Canada.

Naturally the French-Canadians, pre-
serving in Quebec the France of Louis
XIV., interested Max O'Rell greatly.
They also amused him somewhat, to judge
from this story he tells of a Frenchman:
The day I left Montreal I met him in the
hall of the Windsor Hotel, muffled up in a
white woolen-hooded tunic, with a red sash
around the waist, and on his head a woolen
cap, with its tassel jauntily hanging on his
shoulder. The costume was completed by
immense thick stockings and knickerbock-
ers, and in his hand he carried snowshoes
and an alpenstock—the regular snowshoe-
ing get-up.

"Aha!" said I: "you are off on an ex-
pedition over the snow?" "Not I," he re-
plied; and his good, open face beamed
with fun; "I am going to get photograph-
ed." Not all the Tarasconais come from
Tarascon.

The Count furnished the dinner.

There is a good story told at the expense
of Count Kanitz, one of the chief leaders of
the German agriculturists in their oppo-
sition to the government and the emperor.
When the Kaiser recently visited Konigs-
berg, Count Kanitz, who reckoned on be-
ing invited to the Imperial banquet, asked
to be allowed to provide the trout. The
request was gladly accepted, and Count
Kanitz sent 420 trout from Konigsberg.
Then he received a despatch stating that
his name had been struck off the list of
those to be invited. The count, there-
upon, immediately wired to Konigsberg to
stop the fish being forwarded. The fish
had, however, already been sent off, and
all the guests at the banquet greatly en-
joyed them. The emperor was afterwards
informed of the incident, and not un-
naturally, laughed very heartily about it.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh.

Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often fol-
lowed by consumption.

Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh,
cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles.

Cause and effect: constipation is the cause of a
host of diseases. Hawker's liver pills cure consti-
pation, thereby preventing its consequent ills