

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

The financial view of training the young idea in the way in which Mr. IRA CORNWALL would have it go, is illustrated by the fact that many engineer navy officers have recently resigned their positions to accept employment with large manufacturing concerns. As a man with the technical training of a navy engineer can earn far more outside of the navy than he can in it, one of the Blake officers who makes money when in port was heard this week to lament that he had used valuable time in learning technical points that are only of use in his work on the Blake.

The most exclusive people are beginning to realize that there is dignity in labor outside of that required of naval officers. Even the patrician city of Halifax is realizing this fact. And one reason thereof is the truth of the financial statement made above.

AERIAL MATERIAL.

In France are busy many schemes on the problem of flight. To the French, full of energy, and fanciful, would we naturally look for vehicles slight and airy, and so it is not until they can fly as a bird will they be content. But, is there any reasonable hope that they may yet accomplish this? The Celtic and Teutonic elements in America are rich in philosophers and wits who are ready to place such aspirants along with the perpetual motion crank, until the feathered man bids fair to become as standing a jest as the man who allowed the wind to blow through his whiskers.

Thoughtful heads, however, are not so diverted. The bird! That living, common example that travels with less apparent exertion than any other living creature; the very simplicity of its methods confounding invention and imitative men, has flown before their eyes for thousands of years.

Yet where is the trouble? Already we can see mistakes made by the earlier experimenter of the Darius Green type who would put wings on his arms and, casting himself from some prominence, expect to support himself for any appreciable time. The future flying machine is not to be with wings, but has its nucleus in the flying top or rotating fan.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, convinced of the feasibility of aerial navigation, has been trying to gain further popularity by accomplishing something in the flying line by means of rewards for best essays, discoveries, etc., on the subject. One of its latest offers is the following:

The experiments which have already been made have demonstrated that the solution of the problem of aerial navigation is only a question of engines sufficiently light in proportion to power. The oldest experimenters believe that it is possible to obtain a hundred horse power engine with boilers, fuel supply, etc., of a maximum weight of 50 lbs. If such machinery can be built, the application to aerial planes is comparatively simple.

With a view to aiding this result, the Cosmopolitan offers the sum of five hundred dollars for a working engine capable of developing this horse-power, of which the total weight including water and fuel for two hours, run, etc., shall fall below 50 lbs.

It is safe to say that when this engine is built the flying problem will be solved and man enabled to ascend heavenward like a sky-rocket.

This probably it will be! Man develops from the abundance of his means to the economy of them. He had to find out that with a shipload of coal he was able to steam across the Atlantic in twenty days before he saw machinery and improved combustion methods that represented the moving of a ton weight fifteen miles, from the heat developed from an ounce of coal. And in machines with cigar shaped gas floats and propelled by fans, failure has again been experienced, they being simply expensive fair weather machines, not filling any place in business economy.

Setting the subject of power machines aside, can a bird have such strength in comparison with a man that it can sustain itself for a whole day while the man is unable to lift himself off the ground?

A careful comparison of the power ex-

hibited by a well developed athlete and a bird shows rather in favor of the man.

The problem is then only a matter of the application of the power we now have, and those of us who are not old may expect to see a postal service go as direct as the "crow flies," the materials being ripe for the genius.

A BLASTED LIFE.

LIZZIE BORDEN, whose name, like that of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, was on everybody's lips a year ago, has lately been enshrouded in as complete oblivion to the people of the greater part of the world as the worthy CHRISTOPHER. But now her name has again got into the papers, this time in connection with the giving up by the Fall River Women's Christian Temperance Union of its rooms in the building in which Miss BORDEN lives. It seems that this lady had belonged to both the Union and the Young Woman's Branch, and at the time of her arrest on the charge of murder resolutions of sympathy were adopted by each. Since her acquittal, however, a large number of the members have not spoken to her when they met. Miss BORDEN did not like this treatment, and so requested that they should move from her building.

The blight of the shadow of a false accusation will never depart from LIZZIE BORDEN. The bungling fools and shameless liars who conducted the investigations after the BORDEN murders felt that the law demanded a victim. LIZZIE BORDEN was and is the victim. She was acquitted; it was proved beyond the faintest doubt that the "clews" which threatened her life had their foundation on a devilish desire on the part of police officers to gain a moment's glory, and on indecent panderings to vicious tastes by newspapers who make blatant pretensions of being the upholders of justice and right.

The police and the papers are perhaps, most to blame for the fact that the rest of Miss BORDEN's life will be clouded more or less by social ostracism. She has been flippantly blackguarded by the paragraphs; people have learned to loathe the sound of the innocent name of LIZZIE BORDEN. It is expecting too much of human nature to think that even those who know her should not be somewhat affected by her odious notoriety. Her life was not taken; it was proven by process of the law that she was not guilty of a crime that common sense would have acquitted her of in far less time. But in the name of a just God, what did that woman do that her life should be blasted—that she should suffer worse than death? It were better for her that she were hanged in her innocence than that she live under the heavy nightmare of the consequences of an unwarranted charge.

Those members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union who will not speak to Miss BORDEN when they meet her on the street have nothing to be proud of in their conduct. It looks as though the resolutions of condolence passed by the society had their origin in that false trait of human nature which treats criminals, until they are hung or acquitted, with the homage that the world denies many of its heroes, rather than in a feeling of sympathy for a wronged woman.

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BANK NOTES AT A DISCOUNT.

The following story is going the rounds of the English press:

A few days ago a lady put the following question to me (says a correspondent):—"I have some Bank of England notes which are signed by Mr. MAY. Do you think the Bank will pay them?"

"To put it mildly I was very much surprised at the doubt expressed, although it came from a lady, and wishing to have a little fun at her expense, I said:—"Well I should not mind taking them from you at a discount of 5 per cent. Although he is not chief cashier now, I would take the chance of their being paid."

"I have a great mind to accept your offer," she replied; "but you think the Bank may pay them?" "My dear friend," I answered, "do you know what would happen if the Bank of England refused to pay one of its notes? It would be an act of bankruptcy, and Black Friday or the Baring failure would be utterly eclipsed if such a thing could happen; therefore you may make yourself quite easy about your notes. I would give £4 19s each in gold and silver for as many five-pound notes as I could get with Mr. MAY'S signature."

Nevertheless there was a time when English bank-notes were at a discount. It was in the year 1825, when coin was scarce and the great Bank of England sought and obtained permission to postpone the payment of part of its issue of notes. For some months the holders of banknotes were able to demand payment only for those which bore a date earlier than the time when the permit was in force.

It is only once in a great while that a newspaper is deceived by a regular correspondent. Seldom has the editor reason to suppose that the columns of his publication are used without his knowledge to injure the reputation of an honest man. Once before PROGRESS was deceived by a correspondent whose particular aim appeared rather to discredit this paper than to injure any persons. By using a name well known in the province he succeeded. We did not hesitate then to repudiate the correspondence and to explain the deception. We find it simple justice to a gentleman resident of the province and to ourselves to regret the publication of a sketch of a New Brunswick town last week contributed by C. OCHILTREE MACDONALD, whose agreeable and interesting descriptions of the mining industries published in PROGRESS

from time to time, gave us no reason to suppose that what he furnished us with, in another vein, would be a veiled and unjust attack upon an individual. We are assured by a gentleman residing in Dalhousie, who was in the city this week, that this is the case; that Dalhousie was the town referred to by Mr. MACDONALD and that an ex-M. P. residing there was the object of his attack. This was disagreeable news, for the natural conclusion had been reached by those who scanned the article before its appearance, and whose acquaintance with Dalhousie left them ignorant of any locality to which it might apply, that the sketch was largely imaginary. So it was imaginary but so mingled with venom and untruth that Mr. MACDONALD made PROGRESS his unwitting accomplice in an unwarranted attack.

Like the Count of MONTE CRISTO, LORD ROSEBERY can now raise his hand to heaven, and exultingly shout, "Three!" Many years ago, when the new premier was in Italy, he told a friend that he had three ambitions, in the attainment of which he would sacrifice all but honor, so determined was he that they should be gratified. A woman was the goal of his first ambition. "One!"—she was won, and they were one. A more difficult, but no less successful task was that he imposed upon himself when he set out to be premier of England. "Two!" And now his third wish is realized. His horse has won the Derby—and the government is safe. "Three!" The world is Lord ROSEBERY'S.

Once a year some local newspaper censor starts a crusade against the word "bi-weekly" as applied to papers issued twice a week. This year no less a critic than Commodore STEWART is the leader in denouncing the semi-weeklies that do not know enough to call themselves so. But why not be consistent, as well as original, and attack the "tri-weeklies" for a similar perversion of a word's natural meaning? By the way, the word "journal" sometimes occurs in the chaste columns of the Chatam World, even in speaking of a semi-weekly. And yet the logical meaning of "journal" should prevent all purists from using it in speaking or writing of any paper but a daily one.

The publishers of Montreal's chief liberal paper are to have an Evening Herald as well as a Morning Herald. The proprietors of the London, England, Morning Telegraph, issue an Evening Telegraph, but its circulation is limited, and limited by the publishers. Only one copy a day is printed, but the ends of the publishers are served, for they have the monopoly of the title "Evening Telegram" for the city of London, which in other hands might lead to confusion with the name of the great morning paper. But the Montreal Evening Herald wishes not only for existence but also for circulation.

The great floods in British Columbia and the Pacific States are instructive to our people, inasmuch as they show that while the western states and provinces may, in some respects, have superior attractions to this quiet portion of the world, the people of the maritime provinces have abundant compensation in their complete exemption from great floods, and tornadoes, and blizzards, and other excessive eccentricities of the elements such as are common to the west.

Not only have newspaper editors to be timely in this age of timeliness, but today's novelists, to be successful, have to be up to date as well. The latest number of the Old Cap. Collier Library is entitled "On to Washington; or Old Cap. Collier with the Cockey Army." Under the illustration on the front page is the thrilling quotation: "A man watched the Cockey army pass by. That man was Old Cap. Collier."

It is apt to be more auspicious for a grand concert if the people under whose auspices it is held do not forget to go to the entertainment. The success of a musicale in this city a few days ago is said to have been marred by the distinguished guests' forgetting that their patronage was promised. The concert was postponed for three-quarters of an hour, but the honored guests came not.

Ten thousand rose-bushes of the hybrid perpetual class were exhibited in the Boston Public Garden this week. If there is much more of this wasteful and ridiculous excess Bostonians will soon, like Hood's flower-girl, "hate the smell of roses."

The personal secrets of a public man are not so thoroughly the property of the masses as is generally supposed. It took a very important episode in the life of C. BRUCE McDONALD to bring to light that his front name was CORNELIUS.

There is no entertainment that a city can get up for the Blake sailors that is more satisfactory to them than a good fire. If they are as good at fighting Britain's enemies as at fighting flames, the Blake bluejackets are bully boys.

One hundred per cent. on rice. The Chinese must go.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

June's Book Buyer opens with an article by Hamilton W. Mabie on Maarten Maartens, the only Dutch novelist generally known to American readers. Mr. Mabie shows that the satiric tendency of the author of "God's Fool" is sometimes misunderstood, and quotes a parable from that book in illustration. "There was a man once—a satirist. He died, and the people came and stood about his corpse. 'He treated the whole round world as his football,' they said, 'and he kicked it.' The dead man opened one eye. 'But always towards the goal,' he said." "George Du Maurier: Writer and Illustrator," is the subject of a Book Buyer article illustrated by some of Du Maurier's drawings from "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby." Articles on Du Maurier's pictures frequently appear in the magazines, and the Harpers manage to keep the world pretty well informed concerning the novels he writes to them, but no reviewer has yet written a magazine article in praise of Mr. Du Maurier's weird poems that are in thorough sympathy with the doctrines of Mrs. Besant.

A different tendency of monthly periodicals, for which there seems no particular reason, is their treating, in the same month, of subjects outside of particularly timely political or news matter. Richard Harding Davis is talked of by The Rambler in the June Book Buyer, and Richard Harding Davis is sketched in the "Human Documents" of the June number of McClure's magazine. The Book Buyer has one portrait of Mr. Davis; McClure's represents him in all of his varied phases. Albert E. Sterner, who is to American society what Du Maurier is to English, was photographed and written up for the June Book Buyer, and also for this month's Ladies' Home Journal.

In the June Review of Reviews William H. Hotchkiss has a plea for the establishment of permanent charter commissions in cities. He suggests that every city in New York shall have a body of fifteen or more representative citizens, chosen on a general ticket by minority representation and serving without pay, whose sole duty would be to publicly consider and submit to the people all proposed changes in the charter, no proposal to be considered unless supported by a resolution of the city or by a petition signed and verified by at least 5 per cent. of the qualified voters of the corporation. With adequate provision for the publication, submission and ratification of the charter or amendments, Mr. Hotchkiss believes that his system would be one of constitutional home rule of the purest, simplest sort. In the "Progress of the World" department the commercial necessity for the proposed ship canal across New Jersey, and also one connecting the Chesapeake Bay with the Delaware river, is shown to be much more crying than the defensive needs. An account is given of the recent trip of the United States torpedo boat Cushing from Washington to New York without going to sea at all. There is a programme of the historical pilgrimage through New York and New England, to begin at Philadelphia on July 28. The work of women in preserving the historical shrines of Virginia is commended. The election of an American artist, John S. Sargent, as associate of the Royal Academy, causes Frank Fowler to assert that Mr. Sargent may be said to represent the American school of art, if America has any school of art to be represented. Luke Fildes, who began his career by illustrating "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and painted "The Doctor," the most popular picture of recent years, and Alma-Tadema are the most important of the "Six Popular Painters of the Royal Academy." Herkomer, the famous painter-etcher-teacher-lecturer-composer-musician-actor, is shown to be as versatile a genius as Michael Angelo.

A friend of PROGRESS in Cork, Ireland, who is always finding interesting things in old books that no one else reads, has sent the following excerpt, which will be appreciated as being something not usually known concerning the war of 1812. The extract is from "The Monthly Museum or Dublin Literary Repository for December 1813":

Indian Warriors.—The Prince Regent has agreed to allow the following claims for the Indian warriors, in regard to head-money, for prisoners of war brought in by them with a view to restrain the Indians from murdering such Americans as may be taken by them in the war in Canada. The terms were proposed to Government by a Board of whom Major-General Vincent was president, which assembled at Kingston on the 29th of August:

"To a Chief for the loss of a limb, 100 dollars a year in money or presents. To a Warrior for ditto, 70 dollars a year. To the widow of a Chief, 200 dollars. To the widow of a Warrior, 140 dollars. The Board have also agreed to allow the Indians a share in the prize money for the capture of De-troit."

Not So Daft After All.

A short time ago a man who was considered to be insane, was sent to a lunatic asylum. Some time after his brother visited him, and was surprised to find him in a ward with a number of other men, pushing his wheelbarrows. His brother, he noticed, wheeled his barrow the wrong side up. "Nay, Bill, what does that want wheeling this barrow that way?" asked the visitor. "That wants to wheel it like this," taking hold of the barrow and showing him how to do it.

"Hold on," cried the supposed madman, "tho' I cannot put it like that! Aw! he had it that way before, and they filled it full of bricks."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

SUN Song.
Over the brown reeds dripping hair,
In mats on their foreheads wide,
The surf rolls in with a lonely cry,
On the shore with the ebbing tide,
Swelling the solemn monotone,
Comes the sob of the surging deep;
The surf beats counting for ever more
The dead in the sea who sleep.
But not from the wild sea's sadness
Alone do the voices rise;
There too is a mighty anthem,
Borne from the lofty skies,
From the jewelled walls of glory,
Is the sounding music given;
T is high eternal anthem
Of white-robed souls in heaven.
The splendor of heaven's oriflame,
On its banner of blue we see;
And through it the alleluia come
Of the heavenly harmony.
And hidden faces in beauty there
Have features full well we know;
And on the banner their forms inside
Are hovering to and fro.
And over the surf unceasingly,
And sands when the day goes down,
I see on the shores of a crystal flood,
The gleam of a golden crown,
From Jasper rifts in the stormless skies,
Come the absent the Lord loved best;
And tell to my waiting soul why still
Is the ocean's sad unrest.
Safe in the radiant light within,
Their waving wings are seen;
Casting their moving shadows down,
On this blue haze hung between.
A glorious star on a forehead named,
Shines brightly out for me;
And my spirit soars for a purple sail,
The gleam of that starry sea.
A sail and a saint in a royal robe
As a white hand shades his sight;
Watching across the world rims far,
For a lover lost at night.
Where ever the tree of endless life
In the land of immortal bloom,
Has leaves of balm for a weary heart
And never a mortal tomb.
O summer surfs with strings of pearls,
On your spreading ruff is thrown;
From organ flutes in the Lord's own hand,
Your accompaniment is blown.
For love has gone from this cloud and mist,
To the clime of the tried and true;
And sorrow that cannot enter there,
Walks here on the sands with you.
Sing ever on in your jewelled spray,
And bear on your snow winged foam
The heart of a vanished hour of love,
That found not here a home.
And when you stop, in the silent night,
With your white feet on the sand;
O bring me the deathless soul of a voice,
A song of the beautiful land.
CYPRUS GOLDBE.

The Decline of Journalism.

Suggested by editorials in the New York Journalist.
For the last fifteen years," says The Journalist
wrote,
"Our noble profession has been 'on the rise,'
Already it's 'rid' with a speed that's surprising,
And this is the journal that started its rising."
Now as to the fourth estate's soaring so high,
I have very grave doubts, and I'll soon tell you
why.
True, since Duffy went from The World towards
the moon,
Reporters have risen high—in a balloon.
But editors now are not "well up" in criticism,
For they thoughtfully send back my wittiest
witticisms.
And many an article I think is saleable,
Is returned with the Small Pica line.
Not available.
And the piece whose return made me feel the in-
terestless,
Was an article that I had sent to The Journalist!
I wrote something sound on the great silver question,
But no silver received for my timely suggestion.

MILITOWN, N. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Milltown at the Post Office.]
JUNE 6.—Mr. Percy E. Butler is at home from Mt. Allison college, Sackville, for the holidays.
Miss Maude Blake has been spending a few days with friends in Princeton.
Miss Grace Adams, of Manchester, N. H., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Plummer.
Miss Alice Todd visited Mrs. C. F. Eaton at her home in Princeton last week.
Messrs. Albion Gregory and Olaf Olson left on Monday for Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Mungall, with Master Norman and Miss Mollie, started on Monday for Scotland where they will spend the summer months at Mrs. Mungall's old home. Mr. Mungall accompanied them as far as New York.
The Misses Millie and Lina Tarr have gone to Lewiston, where they will spend the summer with friends.
Messrs. John and Walter Healey are spending a few days at St. George, this week.
Col. Bangs who has been the guest of Dr. J. R. N. Smith, left for Boston on Monday.
Mr. Alex. Dunham, who has been in New Hampshire for several weeks, arrived home on Friday.
Mrs. Henry McAllister, the organist of the congregational church, is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. On last Sunday Miss Louise Taylor very acceptably presided at the organ.
Miss Fannie Ryan has been spending a few days here, the guest of Miss Kate Conzhang.
Miss Marion Smith has gone to Boston where she will make a short visit.
Rev. E. A. Cranston and wife of Turner, Me., are the guests of Mrs. Hiram Minter.
Mr. Harry Todd has returned home from Acadia college.

The Misses Ina Ward and Ada White are visiting friends in Machias.

Miss Maggie Gothrow left on Monday night for Brunswick, Me. She was accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. E. Entwistle.

The literary club was entertained by Mrs. Annie Pines at her pleasant home on Wednesday evening. It was the last meeting of the season and was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Wm. MacDonald, an old and most respected citizen of Milltown, Me., died at his home on High street on Sunday morning. He was a most prominent business man and leaves a large circle of friends with a wife, five daughters and two sons to mourn their loss. The funeral took place on Monday at 2:30 and was very largely attended.

Miss Helen M. Sweet, of Portland, is at home to spend June with her parents.

CHECK.

A well-known writer of humorous prose and verse was talking with a bibliomaniac a day or two ago, when the latter said—

"By the way, I am collecting first editions of English authors. I want to add your first book to my collection. Have you any copies of the first edition?"

"Yes," answered the author, "I have nearly all of them."

'TIS THE SAME IDEA.

Though Worked Upon a Different Plan—What Experience Costs.
Some time ago a rather distinguished rector in the Midlands, very open to flattery, was waited upon by a faultlessly attired individual, who represented himself as the agent of an important firm of London publishers about to issue a large book of biographies, in which a telescopic autograph of each celebrity who was chronicled would appear. The rector's name and ability were such that it was thought he should have a prominent place. Would he very kindly consent to give his autograph and a few dates in his life about which they were somewhat doubtful?

The cleric's egotism was touched, and he became almost wild with delight at the thought of such recognition. It was autumn time, and nothing would suffice but that the visitor should see the splendid rector's garden. Some of the best of the fruit was gathered, and over the grapes and peaches the required dates were given, and a few necessary and not well-known events were narrated. Then, retiring to the study, the rector, while the visitor rejoiced in some fine old port, wrote his autograph on a sheet of the best hand-made paper. Subsequently, with mutual regrets at the shortness of the visit, they parted.

A few months passed, and the rector marvelled that there should be such inexplicable delay in the publication of the long-expected book; but one day, as he investigated his banking account, he discovered an apparently strange cheque for eighty-five pounds, though the signature attached to it was indisputably his own. He was one of those who still write their cheques on pieces of note-paper, and here was an order, of whose existence he had never dreamt, requesting his bank to pay Mr. Dash, or bearer, the sum of eighty-five pounds, the cheque being signed by himself. He then recollected the insinuating publishers' agent, and it flashed across his mind that, after all, the man was a cheat and a humbug. His language was not complimentary either to himself or the cheat, and he went at once and procured a cheque book.

Personal Nicknames in the Army.

"Nearly everybody in the army has a nickname," remarked a recruiting sergeant. "A Murphy is called 'Spud'—'Spud' Murphy. Walker is 'Jiggy,' and Jones 'Whacky,' and then it is invariably 'Nobby' Clark and 'Tupper' Brown. If a fellow came in ours called Julius Caesar Brown, he'd never get anything but 'Tupper' Brown."

"There's another general habit. Suppose a popular man is called 'Foxy' Edwards when he leaves the service and another Edwards joins his old regiment, it's a thousand to one the new-comer is called 'Young Foxy.'"

"Many by-names among the troops owe their origin to something a man does. At a foreign station a corporal was greatly smitten with a young woman named Fanny. The regiment was ordered home, and the love-sick swain was much upset at the thought of having to part from this fair charmer."

"When the troops were embarking, he threw himself on his knees and exclaimed:—"Oh Fanny, my beloved!"

"He was nicknamed 'Fanny, on the spot and was never afterwards called anything else."

"Officers are nicknamed after the same fashion as the troops. In one regiment there used to be three officers with the same surname. One was called 'Bulldog,' after his dog; another 'Laggy,' because his legs were long; and the other—he was a dark man—'Blacking Box.'"

THE YOST WRITING MACHINE.

Scientifically and Thoroughly Tested, and not Found Wanting in any Respect.

The manufacturers of the old style ribbon machine becoming alarmed at the rapidity with which the "Yost" is gaining the ascendancy have invented many canvasses against this machine.

The old story that "you find the most sticks round the best apple tree," is well illustrated in the case of the "Yost" as it is the best abused machine in the market today.

One of the weaknesses of the "Yost" (as claimed by its competitors) is that the type-bars are not durable. The following test will convince the most skeptical as to this point.

In order to test to the last degree the enduring power of the type-bars in the Yost Writing Machine as now constructed, the framework of a machine was set up, one type-bar and key complete placed therein, and an apparatus applied to operate said key and type-bar by means of a cord and pulley continuously during all the working hours of the factory. This apparatus was started on March 16th, 1888, and was run continuously during factory hours (two hours each week) for a period of forty-nine weeks, without repair and without replacing any portion of it. The apparatus was arranged to produce upon the key a blow precisely similar to a hard finger blow. The average number of strokes during this time was about 310 per minute. At the end of the period above referred to, while the joints of the type-bar were somewhat worn the type-bar itself was in every respect as serviceable for actual usage in a machine as upon the day it was put in.

This is a marvellous test. Reduced to figures, it shows that this type-bar, which was taken at random from those going into machines, and corresponding with them in every respect, made 18,000 strokes per hour, 182,000 strokes per day, or 1,007,400 strokes per week, making the total number of strokes during the forty-nine weeks 40,090,800, at the end of which period a new and heavier bar, which had been adopted, was substituted. Average the number of 's for instance, to the hundred words (fifty); calculate the average work of a machine at 8,000 words per day, and you will find this type-bar made more strokes than the most used letter on any machine would make in 11,525 days. And this means that all the type-bars of the Yost Machine are constructed upon a model tested and proven capable of more than thirty-six (36) years hard service.

The result of this remarkable test is fully borne out by the experience of those who have used the machine. The manufacturers are receiving daily evidences of the appreciation by the public of the great advantages of the Yost machine over other typewriters.—Advt.