HIVE "C'S" HIS CAPITAL.

The Story of the Beginning of Business by a Pennsylvania Man.

There recently died in Bristol, Pa., one of the test known residents of that town and one of the most unique and original characters in the bosiery manufacturing husiness in that section of the country. He was Samuel Appleten, who has for the rast forty years been known and admired by the manufacturers of Philadelphia in general, and theresidents of Bristol in par-

ticular. Mr. Appleton's death will make a gap in the world which will never be filled. He will be missed not only by his business associates, his employes especially-but by a'l who saw him. The history of Mr. Appleton is known to almost everybody with whom he had any dealings and is as interesting as it is unique. He was born in Leicester, England, about sixty six years ago and immigrated to this country in 1853 Being thoroughly pested in the various branches of hosiery manufacturing Mr. Appleton was not long becoming acquainted with the few men who were then engaged in tlat business. After a short time he legan to manufacture goods himself, but although extremely original in his idess he was not successful in his first venture. That did not seem to discourage him a bit, so after his initial failure he embarked again on the sea of business uncertainty. Things went along smoothly for some years, but bad luck came again and it was "a case of quit."

Still undismayed, Mr. Appleton went to work again and achieved a measure of success which lasted for several years, but it was the same old story over again and he failed. These throwings down and gettings up again continued periodically until 1883. It was then that he became discouraged, but Mr. Appleton's originalty manifested itself. B fore "busting" this time he had new business cards printed bearing the following trade-mark: "No C, No C, No C, No C." None of his friends or associaties could solve the enigma of the four Cz, but Mr. Appleton had a reason for everything and always a good one.

So, after quitting business, or business quitting him. in 1883, he sought the advice of his friends. Going into John Field's effice one day he told of his troub- Walker's Building, les and struggles against tate. Mr. Field was a personal friend, and admired Mr. Appleton's pluck and energy. He uroed bim not to be downcast and prognosticated that all things would come out right. Finally, after Mr. Appleton had given a plain, unvarnished version of his tale of woe, Mr. Field asked. "What is your capital now, Sam?" Mr. Appleton gazed with a mixture of curiosity and amazement at Mr. Field and finally answered: "My capital consists of five 'Cs." It was then Mr. Field displayed currosity. He asked an

explanation and got it. Mr. Appleton said: The five Cs mean this: First C means Clara, my wite, who has just inherited a little money from h parents; second 'C' means cash, of which I bave none; third 'C' means credit, of which I have none; fourth 'C' means courage, of which I have none, and the fitth 'C' means character, of which I have none."

Atter a little further conversation it was agreed between Mr. Field and the man of five "Cs" that they should enter into business. An agreement, written in ten lines, was drawn up by Mr. Field and signed by both. Mr. Appleton was more than pleased at Mr. Field's magnanimity. A small tactory was established in Bristol and work was begun. After a few weeks Mr. Appleton started to turn out fast-color hosiery, the first work of its kind that was ever successfully done in this country. His dychouse the first winter consisted of two buckets and an umbrella to keep the rain cff. Business prospered and the mills which have been added to considerably, have never since been shut down except for repairs. When Mr. Appleton and Mr. Field would be computing their profits at the end of the year the former would always insist upon setting aside a certain percentage for a contingency account. At length when he became wealthy Mr. Appleton built a handsome cottage and had a photograph of it sent to Mr. Field who wrote under it: "Contingency Cottage No. C, No. C, No. C, No. C.

The picture adorns the mantlepiece o Mr. Field's office to this day. Mr. Applef ton's wife died some years ago and he waworth about \$150,000 when he died. During their long business connection Mr. Field never had the slightest difference with Mr. Appleton, and his employes thought he was the most kind-hearted and generous of men.-Philadelphia Press

New Halibut Bank Disocvered

An announcement of great interest, not to only the Gloucester fishermen themselves, but to those who love halibut steaks, we's made a few days ago. It is that a rew halibut bank has been discovered northeast of Newfoundland, said to be teeming with fish, vessels having no trouble in loading to the gunwales in two days' fishing. This industry was nearly ruined last winter, and the new find is a source of great encouragment to the men who have been fighting against hard luck for a long time. The bank is apparently extensive, and so tar there have been no choice of spots devoloped' one part being as good as another. It costs about 31/2 cents a pound to ship Pacific halibut East and 71/2 cents is as low as it can be profitably sold for. The Atlantic halibut readily brings 2 cents a pound more on account of its superior quality, and Gloucester people are looking torward to a barvest from the new bank. -New York Tribune.

Wet feet, cold in the head, cold in the chest, are all seasonable complaints. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head. Hawker's baisam cures cold in the chest.

School children are not a ways wise. They expose the meelves, and presently you hear a nasty cough. Then you need Hawker's Balsam.

Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bron chial sore throat. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect. The worst case of hoarseness will yield at once to Be effect of Hawker's balsam.

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Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to Progress. We will give you a handsome, well written adv't., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the

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45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Outs.

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MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

"DARLING NELLIE GRAY." How Ben Hanby Chanced to Write a Song

that Was Widely Popular. Ben Hanby, the author of "Nellie Gray," is buried in Otterbein Cemetery, Westerville, and much sentimental interest naturally attaches to the town from this fact. The story of Hanby's tender, passionate little song often has been told, although seldom perhaps, truthfully. Like many brilliant and famous compositions of words and music, it was the creation of an hour, and its sudden and astonishing success was altogether unexpectedd by the author. The inspirations came to young Hanby while he was passenger on a railroad train between Cincinnati and Hamilton. He was hatlessly reading a newspaper, when he found an account of the manner in which a beautiful quadroon girl had been torn from the arms of her lover and taken to the Southern slave market to be sold on the auction block. The quadroon's name was given as Nellie Gray. The story filled Hanby with horror, for he was naturally gentle and kind and, being of Northern birth, the iniquities of such features of slaveholding were ar palling. So impressed was he that with pencil and paper, used as best he could upon the jolting and swaying car seat, he jotted down the words of a song in which the incidents of the story were utilized. This was done simply tor the relief of his own mind and his overburdened heart, and at that time there was not the remotest design of ever bringing the verse to the light of day.

By the time Hanby had reached his destination he had practically completed the few verses of the song. It was thrown carelessely with his baggage, and soon after his return to his home in Westerville it was tossed among some other papers in his desk and there forgotten for six months or more. One day he came across the man uscript, and sent it to a well-known firm of music publishers in Chicago, with a note saying that if they saw anything in the song they might publish it. The song sprang at once into popularity, and Hanby like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous. But this awakening did not come for many months after the pathetic melody of his song had poured from thousands of tuneful throats throughout the land. His publishers never even acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript. They made a Money orders sold to points in tortune from its sale, but of all the thousands of dollars that poured into their bank account Hanby never received a cent. When he wrote to them they sent him six printed copies of the song, without the formality of thanks for the manuscript.

While his song was gaining its popularity and daily growing dearer to hundreds of thousands of tender hearts, Hanby was living undisturbed his calm and peaceful rural life. He was yet to learn his fame. Several months after the music of his song had become familiar as household words, Hanby visited a young lady of this city, and requested her to sing for him. She began, and greatly to his surprise, Hanby recognized the words at I music of his "Nellie Gray." It was the first intimation he had that the song had been published.

Hanby came of a musical, as well as highly descended and cultured family His father was a bishop in the United Brethern Church, and was the compiler of a bymn book which is still in use. Yourg Hanby composed a number of songs, several of which were published, none, however, receiving the remarkable reception which was given to "Nellie Gray." A few years after the war Hanby died as he had lived, in obscurity and poverty, and the fact that he was the author of the famous song was known to few save the family and intimate friends.-Columbus Dispatch.

Queen Victoria's Taste in Plays. I suspect that the Queen would be much more frequent patron of the drama were it not that so few plays produced in recent years have been suitable for presentation at court. To obtain an entree a play has to have as clean a record as a debutante, and it must be admitted that plays have very rarely come up to that description of late. Of plays with a purpose the Queen has a wholesome horror. Her Majesty has almost as great an objection to make the acquaintance of women with a cast on the stage as in real lite. The kind of play most to her Majesty's liking is a road comedy, with a good dab of sentiment in it. All the Guelphs have a big yein of sentiment in their composition, and.

M Olivette, leave St. John every day, (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fred ericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. Commencing June 15tn, steamer OLIVETTE will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hampton and intermediate landings and will leave Hampton and intermediate landings and will leave Fred ericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. Commencing June 15tn, steamer OLIVETTE will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hampton and intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. Commencing June 15tn, steamer OLIVETTE will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hampton and intermediate landings and will leave Hampton and intermediate landings. play has to have as clean a record as a devein of sentiment in their composition, and, if anything, Queen Victoria has more than her proper share .- London Figaro.

Quite Secure.

"I want to consult you on a certain point," said Miss Cash to her lawyer. "I am at your service, Miss Cash."

"You know Mr. Squildig?"
"Very well, indeed." "He has done me the hon or of propos-

"What I wish to ask is if you think my money would be safe in his hands it I were to marry him." "It would be so secure you could not even get it yeurself.

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I WAS CURED of a bad case of earache by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. KAULBACK.

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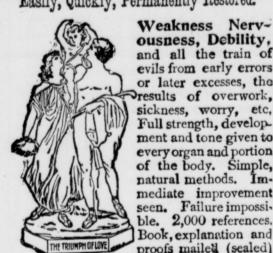
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THOUSANDS OF PIES.

How They Are Turned Out of Big New York Bakeries Every Day.

Pie-baking day has always been a great household institution in New England, and the "punkin" pie turned out by the thrifty dame in the genuine Yankee home has a halo of romance around its golden personality that drives dyspepsia out of the ques-

But what is the pie-baking day of the home to that of a regular pie toundry i The good mother who made half a dezen good-sized pies, fair, brown and sweet, with the lard glistening through the upper crust in almost imperceptible beads, and the rich fruit within peeping out here and there, thought she was doing a pretty good day's work. She was. But there is a place on Sullivan street, New York, where they will toss you off 20,000 pies every day and twice that number on Thanksgiving day, every pie a poem of sweetness, ready to expose its treasure of apple, pumkin, peach, buckleberry or what not, to the gaze of the hurgry man lucky enough to

To make 20,000 pies a day, 40 barrels of apples are used daily, says the Journal of that city, and each apple must be cored and sliced separately. During the pumpkin pie season, from September to Thanksgiving day, 6500 pounds of pumpkins are consumed. Seventy-five bushels of huckleberries and 80 bushels of green peaches are used daily during the season. About 1000 eggs are used every day with milk enough for a swimming bath-for custards, and every 26 days 100 barrels of cocoanuts are consumed. Comparatively little flour is used in pie-making, and the 20,000 pies call for only 600 barrels every 26 days.

Only pure western lard is used, and 3600 pounds of it are worked into pie crust in this establishment every day. A large amount of goodies are kept constantly on hand in the storerooms, such as raisins, spices, citron and lemons. To make everything sweet and tasty 300 barrels of sugar are thrown into the pies every 26 days.

The company makes a pretty wooden rack for the use of restaurant keepers, and the pies are kept in them behind glass doors, like precious articles of bric a-brac.

The company has a proper appreciation of its pies, and will not suffer them to stand about and get dusty when it can be prevented.

The company sometimes makes big pies for church fairs, to be raffled for, and then there is a great deal of care bestowed on the work. It is no trifling thing to make a pie a foot and a half across and to produce CLOCKS AND BRONZES. it in a perfectly baked condition, neither too brown nor too yellow, and with enough body to hold itself together. Such a pie is always a mince pie. The working day of the pie-maker is

to be a gastronomic fact that people do WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, is in the morning hours, when the world and under.... 15 looks bright and dyspepia is only a shadow so dim as to be imperceptible.

There are other pie shops beside that on Sullivan street, including a large con cern in Brooklyn, so it my be estimated that, counting in the work of private piemakers, mothers of families and others, at least 1,000,000 pies are swallowed by human beings in Greater New York every

Had to Wait His Tura.

In the days of Gen. Sam Houston, duel-

ling was much more common than now. After removing to Texas, Gen. Houston happened to give offence to a political opponent, who felt his honor disfigured to such an exteut that he sent a challenge to Houston. The bearer of the challenge was received with courtly civility. He handed the written challangs to Gen. Houston, who read it, and taking up his pen wrote something across the back of the folded paper and placed it in the pigeonhole of his desk. He then went on to entertain the bearer of the challenge with the pleasant conversation for which he was noted. After a time the man began to grow impatient, and reminding the General of the challenge, asked him if he was going

"Oh, yes," said Houston, "I am going

"Well, are you going to accept the challenge of my friend?"

"Certainly I will accept it." "Will you fix the date for tomorrow?"

"No, not tomorrow."

"Next day ?" "No, not the next day either."

"Well, will you fix a date?" "No, I am not able to fix a date. You

saw me number your friend's note; it is No. 49. There are forty-eight other blanked scoundrels ahead of your friend and I must take them in turn. As soon as I have killed them off I will attend to your friend; but he will have to wait until his turn comes."

The bearer of the challenge bowed himself out; but of course his friend's turn never came and it is not probable that he was anxious for it to come.-Knoxville Journal.

How Churches Grow.

Clerical Tourist.—I see you have two churches in your little town. When I was here four years ago there was only one. Villiger.—Yes; they had a big fight summar before last, and half the congregation mer before last, and half the congregation got out and started another church. Division of the Earth.

Teacher-Can any one explain how the earth is divided? Willie (with very important air)-Between them that's got it and them that



CURED BY TAKING

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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ting the right article. PILEPS' Fits, Nervous Debility.

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