

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY AUGUST 31.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

The flower show this week was a great success, both as regards the quantity and quality of the exhibits. Contrasted with any attempt which could have been made to have such an exhibition a few decades ago, it was simply marvellous. As it was, a good many people who are so situated that they can neither raise flowers, nor live near those who do raise them to any extent, were not a little astonished at the wonderful variety thus brought together as the growth and product of this part of the world.

The effect of such an exhibition must be to still further stimulate the raising of flowers and the bringing of them to the highest perfection. Amateurs who have made indifferent progress are encouraged by the example of others who have attained success, and are thus led to take a fresh and deeper interest in the work which so nearly resembles a pastime, but is far more than a mere pastime can ever be. The exhibition was thus a great object lesson, by which not only a narrow circle will profit, but which will show the effect of its wholesome teachings far in the future.

The horticultural society has done and is doing a grand work in fostering and encouraging the art of flower culture among all classes. The love of flowers is a natural one to most natures, and even the most hardened are not destitute of it. The culture of flowers does much to make men and women better and purer of heart. Flowers are a part of God's message of love to man, and they appeal to the highest instincts of our fallen nature. The sight of them is good, but the culture of them is better, and the ambition to bring them to their highest perfection is a worthy one in the rich and poor, the great and the humble alike. For flowers know no privileged class for whom they bloom and give their fragrance. They may adorn the millionaire's garden, but they may also bring their joy to the heart of the dweller in the humblest tenement. Wherever they are found they refine the nature and raise the mind from the grovel of daily care and toil. Wherever they are found, they make the world brighter and better, and whoever aids in teaching the love of them to others in a greater degree than it before existed, does humanity a service. The horticultural society is building a great moral edifice in which all may be workers. May it go on from year to year, and may each year see as marked an advance as has been witnessed in its short history to the present time.

ISAAC WOODWARD'S GRAVE.

Thirty years ago, ISAAC WOODWARD was mayor of St. John and was as well known to all classes of citizens as he was respected by them. Mr. WOODWARD was a man of high character, and old-style gentleman, who owed his position as mayor to his own worth. Never a man of great great means, he died poor, at an advanced age, some sixteen years ago, and his grave is beside that of his wife, in the rural cemetery. He left no family nor near relatives, and there are now none of his kindred living here, so far as can be learned.

Some years after Mr. WOODWARD'S death a plain white marble tombstone was erected in memory of him and his wife, probably by relations of the latter. In the course of time this monument has fallen apart, and one portion of it is lying on the ground of the neglected lot. No stranger would imagine that this was the resting place of one who, less than a generation ago, was the honored chief magistrate of this city. There are many living who knew him, but all seem to have forgotten his grave.

The mayor was appealed to, some weeks ago, to bring the matter before the council. He did so, and suggested that the aldermen would doubtless be happy to subscribe the small amount necessary to ensure perpetual

care of the lot. Nobody dissented from the proposition, but none of the aldermen have yet been asked to subscribe, though doubtless all of them are willing to give their contributions to such a fund. The mayor appears to feel that he has done his duty in mentioning the matter, and nobody else seems disposed to take the initiative in raising the money. It is understood that the board of trade is willing to give half of the amount needed, so the individual contributions in any event will not need to be large. The main thing is to get somebody to make a start, and that somebody appears to be MAYOR ROBERTSON.

It is a shame that the grave of ISAAC WOODWARD should be in the condition that it presents today, and not another week should be allowed to pass before something is done to ensure its better appearance. If the mayor and council will not act, some other course should be taken among the citizens at large. Something should be done without delay.

IN INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.

It would appear that the governor of Texas is not one of the boys. He has decided that Messrs. CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS shall not be allowed to delight, the multitude by mauling each other within the confines of the Lone Star State. If force is necessary to prevent the fight, force will be used, he intimates, and thus there may be a bigger contest than even the most sanguine and sanguinary have anticipated.

The governor of Texas does not seem to understand the great benefits such contests bestow on science or their effect on the future of the human race. He is probably not aware that, in the estimation of many in this and other christian countries, the highest type of manhood is that which most nearly approaches the animal, and that, on a popular vote, a man who can fight will always be held to be a greater hero than the best of the saints of former ages or scientists of the present day. It is no small thing in race evolution to have thus put man where nature put the dog, the bull and the rooster, but it has been accomplished, and whole continents grow wild with excitement because two men propose to pound each other in the presence of thousands of their fellow men.

The evolution is still going on, and there is a dream that in the golden age of the world men will be developed who will be specially constructed for slugging each other. As it is now, nature has made such distinctions in the anatomy of man that he has to undergo long and severe training to bring himself to the fighting level of the brute. He has delicate cords and bones not made to withstand sledge-hammer pounding, and these must be improved by building up the muscles at certain points until the natural outline disappears. The neck, for instance must show almost a straight line from the ear to the shoulder, instead of curving inward as nature made it. Some day the neck will be trained to really bulge out at this point, after the fashion of the neck of the whiskey bottle. This will be a great scientific triumph and an important acquisition for the New Man of future ages.

Fighter FITZSIMMONS is quoted as having written an essay on the fighter of the future. He pictures the great man with legs as thin as those of a thoroughbred horse, bulging forehead, a jaw like iron and arms that reach to the knees. He has a belief that the toes may be trained out of existence and be supplanted by a solid mass of muscle and bone, while the many small bones in the back of the hand will be welded into one large bone, which could stand a strain just as a hammer does. With such results attained a new era would dawn upon the human race, and even such men as CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS now are would be looked upon as the type of a weak and degenerate age of the world.

It is evident that the governor of Texas does not take this view of the scientific value of prize fights, or it he does, that he considers the observance of a local salute of more importance than the good the development and training of human brutes does the world. The fight will probably take place somewhere, however, and it reports are to be credited it will be as much in earnest as it the men were real bulls or bull dogs, instead of imitators. Mr. CORBETT is credited with having recently insulted Mr. FITZSIMMONS in a bar-room, in an order that the latter would do something to make CORBETT hate him. He always wants to hate the man with whom he fights. This fact makes a contest more interesting both to the fighters and the public. On the other hand, FITZSIMMONS remarks, that he will use his best efforts to thump the pompadour head off his antagonist. It is to be feared, however, that neither of these gentlemen will succeed in killing the other yet awhile.

The latest serious attack on the bloomer costume does not come from the press or the pulpit, but from otherwise well disposed domestic animals. A young lady with blue bloomers, rode into a flock of geese which attacked her and plucked so viciously at her strange costume that they upset her. Help had to be summoned before the enraged creatures could be driven off. They probably thought the woman was making a goose of herself, and took

this way of protesting against the caricature.

In the minds of a good many people unfamiliar with secret societies, there has long been a confusion as to whether the Knight Templars and the Good Templars were both temperance bodies. It is, possibly, with a view to emphasizing the distinction that the California delegation to Boston this week, consisting of sixty-six Knight Templars, brought with it more than eighteen thousand bottles of wine. There was no danger that the triennial convulse would be in any respect a dry affair.

The statement is made that, in proportion to their number, churches suffered more than any other class of buildings from the effects of lightning, last year. This is not an argument for the unbeliever, but the moral is that if people will build high spires to attract the electric fluid, they should provide them with lightning rods or be prepared to take the consequences. Bar-rooms do not take any such chances, and therefore do not figure in the lightning statistics.

Portland, Maine, has no licensed taverns but it has more drug stores for its size than any place in the world, unless that place may be some other Maine town. There are now between fifty and sixty of these dispensaries there, or one to about every 150 of the total population. In the same proportion, St. John would have over sixty where it has a little more than half that number. The difference is more than made up by regular bar-rooms here, however.

St. John cannot have everything its own way, and those of its citizens who have been enjoying the Knights Templar pageant in Boston should, in the midst of their pleasant recollections, feel a sympathy for other citizens to whom Boston has brought sorrow this week. DICK O'BRIEN was knocked out in one round, in his fight with WALKOTT. This is a sad fate for anybody, and especially for a St. John boy.

Judging from the telegrams, there would seem to be a keen rivalry between several cities as to which should have the privilege of convicting Holmes of murder. As a matter of fact, no city or county wants the job if it can so escape it. The trial means a great expense which no community is anxious to have saddled upon it.

The Westmorland election appears to have had the unusual result of satisfying both parties. The liberals are happy in a moral victory while the conservatives are equally happy in having elected their candidate. For all that the millennium in party politics is not supposed to be near at hand.

If the Defender or Vigilant and Valkyrie take as long to sail a race, in proportion to their size, as the St. John yachts, Gracie and Sunol, have taken, the contest for the America's cup ought to last well into next year.

More bibles were sent to China last year than in any year of its history, but the recent massacres seem to show that the Heathen Chinese does not read the scriptures, whatever else he may do.

More Successful Than Ever.

Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, principal of the Rothesay College for boys, told PROGRESS a few days ago, that he had been forced reluctantly to decline any more boys for this year. There are eight boys more in residence this year than there were last year and that means sixty of them. This is all that the school will accommodate and with the twelve boys who go out and in from St. John and attend from Rothesay, the school is by far the largest of its kind in the Maritime provinces. When it is considered that the school has only been in operation four years this is a wonderful showing. The boys come from all parts of the provinces and some of them even from Ontario.

During the vacation the carpenters and painters have thoroughly repaired and repainted the buildings. The paper has been taken from the walls and there is sheathing and paint in its place. Then more room has been made so that accommodation has been found for eight more boys. Mr. Lloyd anticipates a very successful year. The college for girls has already a good start, the applications up to date ensuring it a satisfactory and gratifying attendance. Rev. Mr. Daniel and Mrs. Daniel are already in residence at Kinghurst the home of the girls' college, and this beautiful place will soon be fully occupied.

Only Seventy-Five Cents.

You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of a trip to Digby and back for only seventy-five cents, by the palatial steamer, City of Monticello, the "reliable" of the bay service. If you desire to see Annapolis you can do so for twenty-five cents more, that is \$1.00 from this city to Annapolis and return. Think of it, and then a full band of forty pieces will go along. This is the programme arranged for labor day.

A Big Demand for It.

The sale of Peerless Hair Dye the splendid preparation of Mr. J. W. Ramsdell has begun in good earnest. He shipped 125 dozen of this preparation and his dandruff cure to Nova Scotia yesterday.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Cede Deo.

I leave thee in God's keeping love, His blessing be thy own; When darkness hides the blue above And dearest hearts have flown. Thy life beloved has His care, Along earth's weary way; When comes the pain the parting tear, The night cloud o'er the day.

I leave thee in God's keeping when, The knife of anguish keen; Thy heart may find O May He then, By inward sight be seen. And when the sharpened sword of loss, Shall cleave from thee thy all; His arm so faint thy crushing cross None in thy trusting fall.

God shelter thee my love and send, When nought seems for the best; And trials pierce thee to the end, His angel of sweet rest. Though sorrows flinty path may show, Where tender feet must bleed; His love bind up thy heart of woe, And consecrate thy need.

I leave thee in God's keeping now, So should the furnace fire; It's red glare cast across thy brow, Thy soul have something higher. A shield whereon thy soul may lean, And find a refuge nigh; And know what chastening doth mean, Where heaviest burdens lie.

They did not know that my eyes were bright Because of pain and not of pleasure; They did not know that the music to me Seem'd a playing in funeral measure.

They did not know that I laughed and talked To keep down the dreadful heart burning; They little thought I a lesson in life, A bitter lesson, was learning.

They did not know of the hours I spent In anguish, and they were all sleeping; They did not know how I suffered and prayed, All the time bitterly weeping.

Alas, I am not the only one Who laughs with a brain that is aching, Nor the only one whom the world thinks gay, Whose heart is crushed and breaking. —The Old Homestead.

Dreaming and Waking. Carelessly, listlessly, dreaming and waking, I lie in the sun on the sand by the sea, Hearing the bill waves incessantly breaking. Making sad music for nature and me.

Telling the story of those that are sleeping Down in the sea where the storms never blow, Far from the world, with his worry and weeping, Forgetting, forgotten, long ages ago.

The breeze that swell the white sails of ocean, So-a waft me in slumber to dreamland again, While thoughts of a morrow never stirred an emotion. Let me linger on like a long summer day.

And now, high above, where the cloud cometh never, My soul flies untraced on tireless wing, Where the star-studded void reaches outward forever. Where space lives eternal and silence is king.

Then back to the earth, to the sand by the sea, To the sound of the surf as it breaks on the shore; And I dream and I wake, there cometh to me The wish that the waking would come nevermore. —Dr. J. M. Stewart.

Longing for Rest. Oh, for a thousand years of rest, a thousand quiet years, Away from the noise and cares of life, From the sun, and the sky, and the sea; A thousand years in a silence dim and sweet as a summer sea. With a sound of a human voice to whisper a word to me.

A thousand years in a peaceful calm where never a wave is rolled, From the edge of the life to the shores of death; And the soul as free in primeval space past even the time to die.

I am weary of life, I am weary of death; I am weary of all things known, And I long with a feeling as strong as death to rest In the dark above, For living is hard, and life is long, and its trials must all be met. But oh, for the power to close one's eyes, give up the struggle—forget. —Ethel Maude Colson.

Effects Of The Bicycle Boom.

One of the most notable results of the phenomenal popularity of cycling is the marked effect of the bicycle industry on allied trades—and even upon trades that would seem, at first glance, to be wholly outside of any such influence. The nucleus of one of the large bicycle works in this country was a sewing machine factory, where wheels were made in one corner of the shop on a very small scale.

The shoe-making industry was financially abandoned altogether for the more profitable bicycle business. This was only the beginning. Since the use of the wheel has become almost universal, many radical changes have been wrought. For instance a large watch factory has gone extensively into the manufacture of cyclometers, and is having difficulty to keep up with the orders.

Another manufactory devoted to the making of knitting needles is now working night and day turning out nothing but bicycle spokes. The manufacture of pneumatic tires has become a separate branch of the rubber business and several former hose factories have devoted their energies to it exclusively. Tire-making in turn has led to the production of a naphtha free from paraffin or other oily matter for use in rubber cement.

The careful workmanship required for bicycle making has had a marked effect upon the standard of the average artisan, and even upon machine shop practice at large. A case in point is that of a factory where all lathes and other running machinery, including the shafts, have been fitted with the most approved style of ball bearings. The expense was, of course, great, but the owner finds that the efficiency of his works has increased 25 per cent.—Scientific American.

American Women's Voices.

The voice of the average woman about us is not pleasant; it is not round and flute-like. A harsh, strident quality is taking the place of the low, soft, rich quality which belongs to them, and which all might have if they sought it. One reason is the lack of proper training as girls grow up, and another is the odd habit many have of talking each other down, not waiting for the completion of sentences, but piling up unfinished sentences, and unconsciously raising the voice in the effort to do so.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore.]

Aug. 25.—Invitations are out for yet another wedding to take place this day week, in which two of Moncton's best known and most popular young people will be the principals.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Daniel and sons left town on Thursday last for a three week's outing. They intend visiting St. John, Fredericton and various points of interest along the St. John river during their trip.

Mrs. H. W. Hewson and children returned last week from Dorchester, where they have been visiting Mrs. Hewson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Chandler of Maplehurst.

Dr. C. T. and Mrs. Murray returned on Thursday from a visit to friends at St. Stephen.

The latest of our elite to win honors abroad is Miss Ida Northrup, eldest daughter of Mr. C. E. Northrup, who led the graduating class of the school for nurses, connected with Newton cottage hospital this year. Miss Northrup won such golden opinions from the medical staff of the hospital, that she has been offered the position of head nurse in the surgical ward of one of Boston's largest hospitals. This young lady is spending a few weeks at her home in Moncton, before entering upon new duties and is being very warmly congratulated upon her success.

Mrs. Thomas Hobb returned on Thursday from West Id, where he has been spending some weeks visiting friends.

Mr. and Miss Allen of Yarmouth, N. S., are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marr of Bedford street.

Mrs. H. C. Hamilton returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been spending the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bruce and family who have spent the summer in camp at Shediac cape, "struck their tents" finally on Monday and returned to town for the autumn.

Mrs. George C. Allen and daughter returned on Friday from a three months' visit to Fredericton, St. John and West Id.

Mrs. Grand Hall returned last week from Shediac where she has been spending a week.

Dr. A. R. Harris left town on Friday for Kingston, Ontario, to attend the meeting of the Dominion Medical association being held there this week.

Mr. Beverly Robinson of Sackville is spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith.

Miss A. H. Stenhouse leaves town this week for Halifax, where she has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the Halifax school.

Mrs. H. C. Hamilton returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been spending the summer months.

Miss Georgia Cole returned on Thursday from a three weeks' holiday spent with a party of friends camping on the St. John river.

Mrs. Peters, of Winnipeg is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hamilton of Bedford street.

Mrs. J. H. Trem and Mrs. Hamilton Ward of Alma street.

Miss Archibald, who has been spending a week with friends in Amherst, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Ward left town on Saturday, to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Ward's parents at Worcester, Mass.

The many friends of Mrs. W. H. Price wife of the traveling passenger agent of the I. C. R., will hear with deep regret of her death, which took place on an early hour this morning. Mrs. Price had been ill for the past nine months, never having recovered from an attack of typhoid fever which prostrated her last year, so her death was not unexpected.

Moncton people will remember her as Miss Minnie Webb, an especially bright and popular young lady, and will sympathize deeply with her bereaved husband and mother.

Mrs. Price left town two little children from Nova Scotia here, returned last week from a two weeks' vacation, spent at his home in Fredericton.

Dr. and Mrs. M. W. Erick of New York are spending a few days in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Somers of Main street.

Mr. F. H. Blair spent last Friday in town visiting friends, and bidding them farewell ere departing for a year's trip to Europe. Mr. Blair sailed on Sunday from Rimouski, and intends prosecuting his musical studies in London during his absence.

Mr. Alozo Melig of the I. C. R. engineering department spent Sunday at his home in Moncton, returning yesterday to Halifax, where he is engaged on the construction of the Dartmouth branch.

Mr. W. H. Watts left town yesterday to join Mrs. Watts, who is visiting friends at Windsor, N. S.

Mrs. George C. Allen went to Sackville, Monday, to spend a week or two with her friend, Mrs. L. W. White.

Miss Sadie Borden returned yesterday from Dorchester, where she has been visiting friends.

Mr. F. H. Ross, late of the mechanical department, I. C. R., in Moncton, but now of Halifax, was glad to see him in town again last week. Mr. Ross spent Saturday in the city visiting friends.

MAUGERVILLE.

Aug. 25.—Rev. B. H. Thomas is spending a few days here, where his wife and family have been spending the summer.

Rev. A. Freeman has been to Prince Edward Island for the past few weeks and returned home today.

Miss Kathleen McIntyre is visiting Mrs. Fred Harrison.

Miss Jennie Cadwallader and little sister visited friends here last week.

Miss Annie Taylor is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Stocker of Ormococt spent Saturday last with Mr. and Mrs. Diblee at the rectory.

Miss Ida LaForest is visiting Miss Ella McClusky at Little Leary.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

Mrs. Frank Curran returned to her home in Moncton last week.

Mr. Pierce Quilly, a former resident, and his wife were in town last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. O'Leary are visiting friends in Campbellton.

Miss Hamilton who has been visiting her sister Mrs. M. Flanagan, returned to Moncton on Friday.

Miss de Oloqui of Kingston was in Harcourt Monday and yesterday.

Miss Mildred Miller entertained several of her young friends on Monday evening.

The Harcourt Dramatic Club purpose giving an entertainment on Monday evening next and in the town on Monday night.

Mr. O. Her Black of Richibucto is in town today. Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto is visiting Harcourt today.

Mrs. W. G. Miller is visiting at Chatham. Rev. Mr. Thorp has returned from Nova Scotia. Mr. John Hutcheson went to St. John this morning on a holiday trip.

GRAND MANAN.

Aug. 25.—Mr. Frank Covert, who has spent the last few weeks at the rectory, returned to New York on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone of Boston are guests of Mrs. Holmes.

Miss Eunice Bancroft of Boston is visiting Mrs. H. H. Bancroft.

Mr. W. H. Covert of Halifax and Mr. G. B. Covert of New York are guests of Rev. W. P. and Mrs. Covert.

Mr. R. W. Wooster spent the latter part of the week in town, the guest of Mr. Stephen.

Mrs. S. R. Watt and little daughter Miss Helen, have gone to Appleton, Wisconsin and will be absent about two months.

Miss Anna Gordon and Miss Grace Newton spent the last week in Lubec. NEWBRED.

BILLIARDS AND JUSTICE.

The Two Men A Little Mixed But The Result of The Case Was All Right.

"I once had a case in the justice's court in a little village up the coast," remarked an attorney yesterday. "The justice of the peace kept a saloon, and at his hour for holding court I dropped in at his place of business with opposing counsel and found him playing billiards with the constable."

"Where do you hold court, Judge? I asked.

"Right here. I can't afford to hire no courtroom."

"Well, when will you hear this case?" "Right now."

"I looked at the other attorney in a surprised way, but he evidently appeared in that court before."

"Well, your Honor, to expedite matters, we will waive a jury," I said.

"All right. Go ahead with your case. Is it my shot?"

"We proceeded with the trial and the justice went on with his billiards. I objected to the introduction of some evidence, and, without stopping his play, the Judge ruled:

"Objections sustained. Them balls are frozen. Spot 'em up."

"Half a dozen teamsters dropped in, and disturbed the trial. They were clamorous for liquor. The justice laid his cue on the table and remarked:

"Court'll take a recess for ten minutes. What'll you have, gents?"

The judge slashed the empty glasses around in a bucket of water awhile, wiped his hands, picked up his cue and ordered:

"Proceed with the case, gents. Whose shot is it?"

"I was in the middle of my argument when the constable attempted a masse shot. He tripped a hole in the cloth."

"You are adjudged guilty of contempt of court," declared the judge, "and the judgement of the court is that you pay a fine of \$5 or in default thereof serve five days in the county jail. You want to get some stickin' plaster an' fix that hole, too."

"We concluded our argument and submitted the case."

"Hold on, you made only six. Judgment for the defendant. And you took seven," was the decision.—San Francisco Evening Post.

He Spared the Snake's Life.

When fishing and camping in the wilds of Cameron county a short time ago W. G. McCain, of Brookville, ran across a thrilling snake story. The incident happened to a man named Barber, of Keating, whom Mr. McCain employed to haul his camping outfit from the railro d station to the camp in the woods. As they were driving along they stopped at a little spring by the roadside to get a drink.

They were in a "snaky" country, and before he stepped down to the spring, which was thickly surrounded with weeds and bushes, Mr. McCain noticed that Barber eyed the surroundings pretty closely.

"I had a close call at that spring," said the old fellow after the two had drunk. "I came along one time and stopped as usual to get a drink. As I had no cup, I lay down on my face, and while drinking felt something wet strike my forehead. I thought it was a wet twig sticking out of the bank from which the water trickled. As I raised up, however, my gaze encountered the head of an enormous rattlesnake protruding from the weeds, and the sensation I felt was the reptile's tongue. In other words he was licking my forehead."

"With a single bound I was out of that, but I made no effort to kill that snake. It had spared my life when it had me in its power, and I let it go. The recollection of that experience makes me sick and faint to this day."—Panxstunawny Spirit.

Their Debut.

Mary Anderson made her first appearance before the public when she was 15.

Agnes Booth went on the stage at 11, and she is 62 now.

Charlotte Cushman went on at 15, and Rose Coghlan at 16.

Lotta went on at 8, and she is now 48.

Mrs