

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY JULY 6.

A SON OF SCIENCE.

St. John has been favored with a visit from a world famous student and illustrator of science, as the term is understood by a large portion of the people of this and other lands. His coming was not unexpected. It had, indeed, being announced for some time in advance, and the public were ready to receive him and do him honor. Crowds waited for the train that was expected to bring him, and went away sorrowful because he came not. When he did arrive they were there again to bid him welcome by the scores and hundreds. As he stepped from the train a lusty British cheer saluted him, and cheers rent the air as he made his way to a carriage. Men whom he had never seen before pressed forward eagerly to grasp the hand which had made its mark in the world of his special science, while youthful cheeks were flushed with joy and old men felt that they were boys again.

The distinguished stranger was not EDISON, the wizard who has made the world leap forward into another age. EDISON would have had no such reception, nor with one exception would it have been accorded to any other stranger in an unofficial capacity. This exception is Mr. JAMES CORBETT, for the distinguished stranger was Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE SULLIVAN, author, actor and ex-champion of the world.

Mr. SULLIVAN was here once before when he was an even greater hero than he is to-day, for that prior to the time when Mr. CORBETT proved himself the better man. On the present occasion Mr. SULLIVAN appeared as an actor in the dramatic company bearing his name, in company with his friend Mr. PADDY RYAN, who was also a champion slugger prior to the morning when Mr. SULLIVAN knocked him out in nine rounds in eleven minutes, or as some historians assert, in ten and one-half minutes. It matters not as to the exact time, for Mr. RYAN was incontinently felled, and Mr. SULLIVAN relates as an instance of his good nature that he might have killed him, but after the fifth round refrained from hitting him in the stomach. In consequence of this struggle against temptation Mr. RYAN was merely so disabled that the best of physicians was required to bring him around again.

So, too, was his forbearance manifest when, at the earnest entreat of friends, he refrained from "knocking out forever" the imprudent JIMMY ELLIOTT, as well as when, at the urgent request of the police he consented not to kill Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL. He has, indeed, never killed one of the hundred or so men whom he met and knocked out in the days when he was in his glory.

Mr. SULLIVAN is an author, as well as actor and slugger, and has given many enlightening reminiscences in a treatise dedicated to the "patrons and exponents of the science and art of boxing." In it he also gives some valuable advice to those who may contemplate the further exploration of this field of science and art. As an actor his special effort seems to be to avoid making the people weary by prolonging his part of the play. He appears towards the close, exchanges a few passes with his friend RYAN, and then both disappear from the scene. Those of the audience who have paid their money to see some exhibition of sparring by the two great men think that this is the funniest joke of the evening. It should be remembered that both of the men are fatter than they used to be, and that, with the rest of the shows thrown in, it is a great privilege to see them at all. The audience can at least understand how the trick is done, which is a good deal more than can be said of the White Mahatma, or even of SOUSA's band.

Besides this, it will be recognized that the great man must be weary of the plaudits of the multitude. Last week, a crowd of seven thousand people were wrought to wild excitement when he had a benefit in New York, and appeared in a

friendly three rounds with his conqueror CORBETT. It is gratifying to learn, also, that by his prudence in selling the show in advance, a rapacious lithograph company which sought to get \$2,400 out of the box receipts, on a claim against him, was compelled to retire in baffled confusion. Thus it will be seen that he is sometimes more than a match for his foes in more than one way of fighting.

Mr. SULLIVAN is not only fatter than he used to be, but his hair is gray, and the moustache that used to lend such a charm to his features is no longer seen. He is in some respects a shattered idol, but a popular idol still. His days for being a champion are past, but he lives as the exemplar of the great truth that while men with no other gift than intellect may live unrecognized by the world, the really good slugger can never fail to win the hearts of the people. In his early days, Mr. SULLIVAN had the choice of gaining wealth without fame by becoming a plumber, or fame without wealth by becoming a slugger. He chose the latter, and hundreds of thousands have lauded his mighty fists, where otherwise only hundreds might have been dismayed by his enormous bills. He will be remembered when many who have sought fame in other lines of art and science will be forgotten. The world may have its votaries of ordinary art, literature and science by the score, but it can only have our champion slugger, at a time, and that one will thenceforth have a hold on the masses which no mere thinker can hope to gain. NAPOLEON was a great man even when conquered and a captive, and even thus long after his death has begun a revival of interest on his life and deeds. Both NAPOLEON and SULLIVAN owe their fame to the fact that they were fighters, and perhaps the man who fights without killing is as much to be respected as a man who wantonly gets others to fight for the sake of killing. SULLIVAN, it is true, may know more about champagne than campaigns, but on the other hand, if Napoleon were alive today, he would not dare to face the Boston boy in a sixteen-foot ring.

The people, after all, might have done worse than to hurrah for Mr. SULLIVAN. They might have hurrahed for one of his company, who has just distinguished himself by beating his wife until she could scarcely crawl. So far as is known Mr. SULLIVAN has not beaten any woman very recently, whatever may have happened in the past.

THE STORY OF A FIDDLE.

There are romances in everyday life in these times, which come to the front in the police courts as often as any place else, and one of these pertains to a fiddle which is now the subject of a claim in New York. It is a fiddle with a history and a value, for it is not only a genuine Stradivarius violin, but one of the very best in existence. More than a year ago it disappeared, and with its loss the old man who had owned and loved it, drooped and died of a broken heart. The other day it— or its twin brother—came to light, and now one of the leading violin experts of America is charged with having stolen it. If he did so, the act was grand larceny in the full sense of the term, for the instrument was not only one of the grandest of its kind, but had a money value which would be a fortune to the average musician in this or any other land.

One of the pupils of that famous German composer, LUDWIG SPHIE, was a certain JEAN JOSEPH BOTT, a violinist of more than ordinary note. When BOTT was living in Hanover he saw there a famous "Strad," made in 1725, which had once been the property of one of the Dukes of Cambridge. Seeing, he became possessed with an ambition to own it, but the price was twelve thousand dollars, or nearly five thousand dollars. He waited and toiled early and late to earn enough to buy the object of his desire, and in time, when the owner died, he was enabled to do so, at what seemed to him the bargain price of four thousand dollars. This sum represented the savings of his lifetime up to that date, but he secured the famous fiddle and was happy. Later he came to America, bringing his fiddle and his family with him, settled in New York and prospered.

Everybody interested in music knew of Prof. BOTT and his rare Stradivarius. Many envied him this possession but nobody believed he could be induced to part with it at any price, nor did he believe so himself. Years passed by, but age, which only adds to the value of old violins, began to tell adversely on the health and fortunes of the owner. More than a year ago, after a long illness, he began to think that he and the treasure to which he had clung so long must part. When this was learned, it did not take long to find a man who was willing to purchase. This was NICOLINI, the husband of PATTI, who was then in New York on the eve of departure for Europe. A well-known violin expert, VICTOR FLECHTER, undertook to negotiate the sale in March, a year ago, when PATTI was giving her farewell concerts in America. The old musician was willing to sell, but so jealous was he of the violin that he would trust it with no one, and so NICOLINI had to go to his house to inspect the treasure. A bargain was struck at \$4,500, subject to PATTI's approval, and the next day BOTT took his fiddle to the hotel. Doubtless he shed tears over it before he started, for it was very dear to him,

and the parting with it was to take something out of his life which could never be replaced.

Reaching the hotel, a singular difficulty arose. The world-famous PATTI wrote her cheque for \$1,500, but BOTT would not accept it, even with the best of endorsement. He had paid for the violin in cash, and would part with it for nothing but the money itself. No banks were open at that hour and the cash could not be obtained, so BOTT went home with his precious fiddle, doubtless rejoiced to be able to keep it a little while longer.

PATTI had to leave for Europe the next morning, but she left orders with FLECHTER to buy the violin and have it forwarded to her. This was not done at once, however, and the Strad. was securely locked in a drawer in BOTT's house.

A few days later, BOTT and his wife went out for a walk, leaving the house in charge of a girl. During their absence a well dressed man called, and on learning that nobody was at home asked permission to write a note. He was left alone in a room and left without being seen. When BOTT returned, they found that the drawer had been broken open and that the famous fiddle was gone. Six months later, the old man died, and everybody said that the loss of his treasure was the cause of his death.

Ever since that time a quiet investigation has been carried on, and the result is the arrest of FLECHTER as the thief. A violin in his possession has been sworn to by Mrs. BOTT as the lost Strad. FLECHTER asserts that the Strad he has is another violin, differing from the lost one in several respects. There the case rests until the courts sift the matter.

There is little doubt, if the violin is proved to be the missing Strad, that PATTI will be more than ever anxious to secure it. Good Strads are rare enough, at the best, but a fiddle which has broken the heart of one man, and may bring about the downfall of another, is one which can claim to have made more than even the usual amount of noise in the world.

RATS, INDEED.

The following extraordinary statement is made in an editorial in the Boston Standard: The majority of Bostonians remember June 20, eighteen years ago, when St. John, N. B. was laid in ashes and a call came here for assistance. Sailors relate that rats desert a ship about to become a wreck. Beyond cavil, as this wonderful fact is, our St. John neighbors can see the mariners no better. Fully forty-eight hours previous to the conflagration, presumably every rat and mouse deserted the doomed city and fled to the suburbs. The highway leading to Rothesay and the fields on either side were completely over-run with vermin, so much so that every passing carriage wheel left crushed bodies behind it, and the dismayed farmers turned out in force with sticks and stones. A few hours later the fire started. Sixteen human beings lost their lives, but so far as is known, not a single rat or mouse gave up the ghost. Why?

This the Standard cites as an instance of the "wonderful prophetic power" of certain animals, and it gravely asks the question, "Have some so-called types of animal life a psychical development superior to that evolved in man?" There might be some reason for asking such a question if the rat story were not a yarn with which the gullible editor has been badly hoaxed. Nobody in St. John ever heard of it before, and certainly nobody is in a position to say whether any rats or mice perished in the fire. The citizens had other matters to engage their attention that day. Had the rats been possessed of such prophetic gifts they would not have gone as far as the marsh road, but would have overrun the sewers and the buildings north of King street, instead of running the risk of getting clubbed to death by the farmers whom the ingenious liar depicts as turning out in force to repel the invasion. Or still better, the rats might have gone to Rothesay by a more direct route along the railway, where they might have held up a train and secured a passage. The whole story is utter nonsense.

A daily paper in a city like Boston ought to be an educator rather than a sharer in the superstitions born of ignorance. When rats leave a ship that is unseaworthy it is not because God has revealed to them the things of the future, but because the rats know more about the ship's bottom than do the owners or port-wardens. This may only happen sometimes, for of the thousands of ships which have been lost how often is there any record that the rats knew enough to get out before the day of departure? Indeed the belief that rats ever wholly quit a ship seems to have no better foundation than sailor's yarns, and sailors, with all their virtues, are at times prodigious liars.

The vigilant Boston editor also finds a wonderful psychical development in birds which acted strangely before an earthquake in Europe. Of course they did, just as birds and beasts will act strangely before a thunder storm. It is simply the effect of unusual meteorological conditions, and is no more wonderful as a "premonition" than is the coming inshore of the gulls before a heavy storm in the bay. The Standard should read up a little on the science of common things.

In the Toronto police court, the other day, a man was charged with vagrancy, but was allowed to go on the assertion that he was able to make a living. He had formerly had an easy and remunerative position as the living skeleton in a dime museum, but had lost his situation by gaining so much

flesh that he ceased to attract the public. Thus it is that prosperity never does agree with some people and this man is a living illustration of the fact that it is actually possible to eat oneself out of house and home.

In these days when, according to one of the supreme court judges, clergymen are rushing into print to call each other liars, Boston furnishes an example of devoted missionary work by a cultured Oxford graduate. He is Rev. Mr. FIELD, of the protestant episcopal church, and of the high church branch of that body. He seems to think that he is doing the Master's work better by laboring among the negroes in the slums than by fring mud at his brother clergymen through the medium of the press. Next Wednesday he will celebrate his birthday anniversary by giving a big picnic to the colored children of the city. Some of our St. John ministers might do worse than to take advantage of cheap excursion rates to Boston, and borrow a leaf or two out of Mr. FIELD's book.

Two weeks ago, on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of CHARLES DICKENS the London Church Times marked the occasion by the discovery that this novelist's powers of construction were very faulty. Such a discovery may well be termed "important, if true" even though made more than a quarter of a century after the world began to mourn that DICKENS was no more. The Church Times should be content to enjoy the position it holds as the quasi-infallible authority on such weighty subjects as ecclesiastical millinery without making itself ridiculous in the domain of literature.

"We are pained to observe" that the usually accurate Montreal Witness has got very much astray in regard to this part of Canada. JOSEF HEINE, the blind violinist, did not die in Fredericton, as it asserts but in St. John, nor was he buried at Fredericton. The appreciative notice which the Witness quotes did not appear in the "Halifax, N. S., Progress," but in the musical column of PROGRESS, issued weekly in St. John, N. B.

Since Dr. BUCHANAN was charged with murder, three years ago, many a less guilty slayer than he has gone to his death, while he fought the law with all the power that money could bring. The end had to come, however, and the case is at last beyond hope of appeal. As there seems no possible doubt of his guilt, there can be but one opinion as to his fate, and that is that it was richly merited.

Professor HUNLEY is dead, but his labor for science will cause his name to be remembered long after the world has discarded his so-called philosophy of negation.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

Contentment sometimes comes a little late, but its efficacy is just as apparent. A pin in the hand, is worth two in the chair, especially if they are "pointed." Scriptural quotations are like misplaced confidences, when one is laying a carpet or putting up a stove pipe. "The end of the matter" is what printers like best when "setting them up;" "queer, ain't it?" Many a thing we have done, if we had it to do again, would not be did in more correct than grammatical. Prolonged suspense, hope deferred, or continued anxiety are neither of them conducive to the well being of the physical structure of man, and would probably be as efficacious to the fat man as the average anti-fat nostrum.

'Tis pleasant at all times to be able to look back to kindnesses extended by friends, but superlatively so when said kindnesses were extended when most acceptable.

When "man wants but little here below" and get less, the poetical beauty of the sentiment is lost in practical adaptation of the same.

"The way of the transgressor" is sometimes harder on those connected with him, than on the rascal himself.

There are favors that money considerations cannot purchase, yet appear the more valuable on that account.

When a man's down, sometimes it's all "up" with him. The same way with a dinner on board a sea-tossed vessel, with a sensitive passenger list, and an appealing cloud of hungry fisher.

A dry-dock (k), a thirsty M. D.

The modern rendition of "lend me your ears" is to ring up central and sing out the number you wish to bore, of course this is only telephonically speaking.

Did you ever? Well, if you didn't, don't!

Distance is no obstacle to the sympathetically inclined, the brotherhood of man encircle the globe, and there is no end to a circle.

Because a man's "down" is no reason why you should tar and "feather" him. JAY BER.

SALMON CREEK.

JULY 2.—The people of Chipman enjoyed a very fine Sabbath school concert Sabbath evening. Miss Brown, of Moncton, gave several pieces on the piano which were very nice. Miss Issa Darrah gave a very nice selection on the Phonograph.

Mrs. McDonald died this morning; the lady was in the 98th year of her age.

Rev. Mr. Clark and his wife and H. P. Baird, rode to Boston Monday as delegates to the C. E. convention.

Miss Lizzie Harper has gone to St. John.

Miss Nellie Porter is going to Boston.

Mr. Fred Fowler, of New Hampshire and Mr. Higgins, of the same place, have come here to spend a few months.

There was a dedicatory service held in the new hall at Red Bank on the 30th, they were conducted by Rev. Ross and Clarke.

Miss Maggie Baird, of Waterford, has reached home to spend her holidays, also Miss Rebecca Baird from Hillsboro.

Mrs. Gail Young's cove is visiting her home. Miss Mary Low, and Miss Alice Stevens have gone to St. John for a few days.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

He knoweth, What sweet comfort there is in this thought to me, He knoweth all, That nothing in all my earthly life Can me befall, But the loving Father who lives above Knows all about it, For He says: His word that He speaks for me And can I doubt it, When not even the sparrow that He hath made Can fall by the way, But His love marks its fall, and so Day by day, Can I not trust His wisdom, and love so true And believe it is best Whatever He sends me, and trusting Him so Find perfect rest? The way that He leads me may not always be What I would choose, But if He sent nothing but sunshine His smile I might lose, So though storms may come, and days may be dark, He knows the way, And I seem to feel His loving touch And near Him say; Fear not I am with thee, be not afraid, But keep close to me, For thy Father's hand through storm and cloud Is leading thee, And so I go on, not knowing the way, But trusting His love, And I know that He'll bring me safe at last, To the home above. G. M. T. St. John, N. B.

Maugdrene.

A TRADITION OF GRAND PIRE. A brave chief by his wigwam stood, True Maugdrene Nigone; He saw the stars on Minas flood, Along the red waves blown. He saw the deep bay creeping flow, Launched there his swift canoe; And by the willows bending low, Full well his course he knew.

He landed in a deepened shade, Beneath the wild woods dim; Where dwelt Celeste an Indian maid, Long moons beloved by him. Wrapped in a braided martial cloak, His pale face rival came; "From seeing her," he softly spoke, "Nor breathed the soldier's name."

The cloak concealed the neck and face, Maugdrene drew his bow; The flint sharp arrow pierced its place, And laid the warrior low. With scalping knife then quickly found, He rushes to his side; There dead she lay upon the ground, Who was to be his bride.

He knelt beside her where she fell, No voice or look was there; His bitter cry her inernal knell. No parting word no tear. He drew the arrow forth and closed, The wound but all in vain; In death she silently reposed, His now was all the pain.

A sudden surge of wild despair, Swept darkly o'er his soul; He shuddered at her dead cold stare, Remote defies control. At Minas basin on the shore, His own canoe was fast; He bore her there forevermore, His first love and his last.

On boughs of hemlock trees and pine, His frail bark held her weight; Reposing where the bright stars shine, As white queens lie in state, With lighted torch far out to sea, So brightly be the breeze saw wave; The day of Fanny flowing free, To be their guarded grave.

He took her cold heart to his own, He clasped her in his arms; And where the surging billows moan, And cry their night alarms, The bark that once they overturned, And far beneath the tide, Maugdrene in some cave incurred Forever has his bride.

From Bloadon in nights of June, The mountain folk still say; When rises high the silver moon, Across the sleeping bay, They see an Indian canoe, On through the sea mist sped; A lighted torch, the silent two, Like spectres of the dead.

LYRICAL GOLDIE.

Land of Evangeline, June 1895.

A Woman's Way.

Upon my wrist still clings the subtle trilling— The velvet prints of lips that dared too much; Ah, had I guessed with what fervor they were filling, This wayward heart, I had repelled their touch.

I only know that eyes of melting splendor With soft entreaty every wish compelled; I only know that throats more ceaselessly tender Some unacquainted never yet espelled.

I love—love not; am drawn, yet shrink, half-hating; I would forget, yet linger to recall; Ah, if I could you would you heed the telling; It was the rarest prize beneath the sun.

I love you—came you now, I dare not heed you, But stay, what if, forgotten you have told In other ears your love? Sweetheart, I need you Come, clinging lips, so tender, yet so bold. Anon

Bereaved.

Do you know that my smiles are sadder far Than a rain of heart broken tears? Do you know that my gay, bright greeting bears The pent up sorrow of years?

You have laid on my heart the heavy stone That close youth's sepulchre, Yet press your hand, and we lightly talk Of the beautiful days that were.

You have stabbed my soul, and yet I meet you; With eyes that are meek and still, How I long to caress and—to enfold you, dear, With the self-same passionate thrill!

Oh, changed and lost! If I wept beside Your grave, with deep grasses grown, You could not be further away from me, And—I could not be more alone. M. A. De Vere.

The Silver Line.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, There stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine. It cannot be seen, yet many I ween, Have known both its pleasure and pain, Oh, the true heart may repine, but the frail silver line Can never be mended again. [From Stephens & Sullivan's Opera, Lord Bate man.]

FAIRVILLE FIRE LADDIES.

They Get an Old Engine and Have a Big Old Time for a While.

A year or two ago, Fairville became aroused to the pressing necessity of having a fire department, after the town had been half wiped out two or three times for the want of even such simple appliances as hydrants. So they got one of the old Carleton hand engines, organized a company and were happy.

The firewards were supposed to have the direction of the company, and there was no lack of volunteers. The boys wanted a club house and they got it. The engine house suited admirably for the engine was not the least in the way and gave no trouble. It was not even kept in order, and never had a chance to make a record. When it did go to a fire its chiefly remarkable feature was that the proportion of water it took in was immensely greater than that which it could force through the hose. It needed packing in some of the valves and it was terribly in want of cleaning, inside and outside.

The company had two classes of members. Some of them wanted to be fireman for the sake of the work, and some for the fun of the thing. The latter were in the majority, and when they undertook to run things the other members and the fire workers were nowhere. The engine room was made a place of recreation and rest, and was one of the dirtiest apartments in Fairville, if not in the province.

The steady good men, who had joined to work, got so disgusted with the condition of affairs that they kept away from the place altogether, whereupon their non-convivial brethren expelled them for non-attendance. This led to an inquiry by the firewards, and as a result the company has just been disbanded and a new one formed.

The new crowd has plenty of work ahead of it. The first thing in order is to clean up the engine and engine house, and then the company will be in some sort of shape to fight fire. It hasn't been so far.

Will Try The Experiment.

For the first time in the history of the council, ferry matters were discussed at the board last Thursday without a fight, or even a suggestion of sectional feeling. It used to be the correct thing for the North End aldermen to treat the West End aldermen as Algerines who were always in search of something they no right to get. The proposition before the board this time was to make the commented ferry tickets good until used, instead of the tickets of one month being useless for any other month. The chief problem to face is as to whether this system will make too much of a falling off in receipts, and the council has decided just to try it on, as a man does a new boot, to see whether it will hurt.

Coming in Full Force.

Sell's big circus with its attractions of all kinds, including a fine menagerie is billed to be shown in St. John on the 22nd and 23rd of this month. It will come on its special trains, and when it arrives at the small boys, and a good many of the old boys won't be happy till they see it.

ON THE UTILITY OF BONES.

A Verbatim Reproduction of a Ten-year-old Boy's Essay.

Bones are the framework of the human body. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much shape as I have now. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much motion as I have now and grandma would be glad, but I like to have motion. Bones give me motion, because they are something hard for motion to cling to.

If I had no bones, my brains, lungs, head, and larger blood vessels would be lying around in me sort of loose-like, and might get hurt, but not the bones get hurt, but not much less it is a hard bit. If my bones were burned I should be all brittle, and you could crumble me up because all the animal would be out of me. If I was soaked in a kind of acid, I would be limber. Teacher showed us some bones that had been soaked. I could tie a knot in one. I had rather be soaked than burned. Some of my bones don't grow snug to my other bones like the branches of a tree do, and I'm glad they don't, for if they did I couldn't play leap-frog and other good games I know. The reason they don't grow that way is because they have joints.

Joints is good things to have in bones. There are three kinds. The ball and socket joint. Teacher showed it to us, only it was the thigh of a cow. One end was round and smooth and whitish, that is the ball end. The other end is the socket. It is a saucer-like and oils itself. Another joint is the hinge joint, like my elbow. It swings back and forth, oiling itself, and never cracks like the school-room door does. The other joint ain't much of a joint. It's in the skull and don't have no motion.

All of my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave out some or put some in their wrong places it ain't no skeleton. Crippled and deformed people don't have no skeletons. Some animals have their skeleton on the outside. I am glad I ain't them animals, for my skeleton like it is on the chart wouldn't look well on the outside.

Ample Amends.

"Madam," said the druggist, humbly, "I have come to make a confession to you. You believe that your husband, who died last week, committed suicide, but such is not the case. I cannot conceal the truth any longer—the clerk made a mistake and gave him morphine in place of the quinine he ordered."

"Oh, heavens!" sobbed the widow, "If you had only discovered the mistake before it was too late!"

"Yes, madam; I know it is too late now to rectify the mistake, but I am ready to make all the amends within my power."

"What do you, what can you do?"

"Place yourself and the children on the free soda-water list."—Puck.