

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

AN EARACHE REMEDY.

THE TAIL OF A FLYING SQUIRREL
AN INFALLIBLE CURE.

So Says an Old Woman who Unders and
Many of Humanity's Aches and Pains—
The Various Remedies Suggested by
Others for the Sufferer.

Did you ever have earache? I never did myself, until last week, and I most devoutly hope that I never shall have it again. I am taking the public into my confidence on this subject, not because I want to talk about my sufferings, and inflict my ailments on the community at large, though I confess I am fond of doing that, too—but chiefly from motives of pure philanthropy. I feel it my duty, in the interests of those who may be suffering from the same malady, to make public the numerous infallible cures for earache that were recommended to me most of which I have tried, and proved. I have heard a great deal about earache, and lots of people who have had it themselves have told me there was no pain to be compared with it. I always listened to them with cynical politeness, and felt in my own mind that if those people who talked so glibly about their aches and pains, could have one week tete-a-tete with an ulcerated tooth which was in too violent a state of inflammation to be extracted; or failing that, if they could have one of my special brand of headaches, they would never mention the subject of ear-ache again, but hide their diminished heads and keep silent about their trivial little pains. But that was previous to last week, and since then I have learned much.

I had gripped last week! I make a regular practice of catching it every year, whether it is prevalent or not, and sometimes I am the only case in the city, the one person within a radius of miles who falls a victim to the dreaded disorder; I believe if I had to import it by mail from China I would get it. I thought I had had every known variety of the disease, and however much I might suffer from grippé it could never surprise me again, as I had sounded its utmost depths of woe. But last week I "came down," as the saying is, with an entirely new variety of the same old ailment! Did I have earache? Well, rather! Of course I am satisfied that it was worse than any other earache previously known to science, because all the headaches and all the toothaches I had ever experienced were as nothing to it. I thought I was going to die every moment but somehow I didn't, I stayed alive and suffered, and all my friends expressed sympathy, said they had had earache themselves, and each one prescribed an infallible remedy for it.

The first, said that the best cure for earache was to drop warm sweet oil into the ear and then dip a piece of cotton wool into plain black pepper, and stop the orifice up with it; in ten minutes, I would never know I had had an earache.

I applied the remedy promptly, but with no result beyond the oil and pepper congealing into a sort of waterproof cement which had to be laboriously and painfully dug out of the suffering member next day, with a pin. The next sympathizer said that hot brandy dropped into the ear, was the only really reliable cure, and once I tried it, I would never use anything else. I tried it; but unfortunately the operator who was applying the remedy interpreted the word "not" to mean "boiling," and after I had recovered my senses and assured myself that the drum of my ear had not been cooked through, I spent the remainder of the evening applying cooling embrocations to the injured member.

After that I resolved to let nature take her course, which she did to such an extent that one whole side of my head was given over to a throbbing burning pain, such as I had never dreamed of before. Then a friend dropped in, and assured me that I was in imminent danger of becoming deaf for life. There was clearly an abscess forming in my ear, and if it broke through the drum, my hearing was gone forever; the only thing that would avert that catastrophe was a fly blister applied just in front of the ear. I was so frightened that I sent for the blister at once, and was in the act of applying it, when another friend who had suffered from earache all her life, called to inquire for mine; and after an examination, and a few questions, assured me that there was no danger of an abscess, as the trouble proceeded entirely from cold. I would

probably have it for a week or at least a fortnight, she said, and the only thing which had ever given her the least relief was a roasted onion. You roasted the onion and when it was thoroughly cooked took out the heart, and thrust it into the ear, with a little sweet oil to keep it moist. We hadn't an onion in the house and it was then too late to buy one, so I did not try that remedy but tied up my ear in a ginger poultice and went sadly to bed.

The next morning an old lady from the country who keeps our family supplied with butter and eggs, made one of her periodical calls and as she is accounted a wise woman in sickness and skilled in all simple country "doctoring" I carried my suffering ear to her and asked her if she knew of anything that would really cure earache. She was engaged in counting eggs and loth to be disturbed.

"Got the earache have ye?" she said absently, pausing with both hands full of eggs, "well now I've had it myself when I was young—that's two dozen and three—never had it before hey? Well I guess you could a managed to get along real comfortable for quite a spell longer without findin' out what it was like—and six more makes nine and three is twelve, and four I owed ye from last week, and the three cracked ones I'm countin' as two, makes just three an' a half, take 'em all, an' I'll let ye have 'em for fifteen cents a dozen!"

"Do I know a cure for the earache?" Well yes, I do know one sure cure but you can't get it, an' neither can I—just now, but its a sure cure all the same?"

"Just tell me what it is!" I answered, "and I'll undertake to get it." "I bet you wont," said the oracle, "but I'll let ye try it ye like. Its just the tail of a flyin' squirrel, you take a piece off fur and all, and put it in your ear, an' it'll cure you every time!" I did not apply that remedy either, but I am saving it up until such time as flying squirrels shall be in season, and accessible, when I shall surely make a trial of it, if my ear is still aching. Since then, I have been advised to use black pepper, white pepper, red pepper, laudanum and camphor, laudanum and brandy combined, and eau-de-cologne set on fire and burned down to half its bulk. Meanwhile the ear has stopped aching quite of its own accord, and left me stone deaf on that side; so I am awaiting further developments with what patience I can summon, and in the meantime baring my sorrows to the world, so that humanity may benefit if possible, by my experience and take its choice of the remedies proposed to me the next time it has earache.

ASTRA.

A GIRL'S LUCK AT POKER.

What Happened When She Disarded Four Aces with \$2,000 in the Pot.

"There have been many interesting stories told about the game of poker," said the man who travelled for his health, as he cleared his throat and joined the drummers in the smoking compartment, "but I have never yet heard an anecdote of the national game that equals the one I am about to tell you. Most poker stories have from one to three professional card sharpers in them, six or seven marked decks of pasteboards, a rich cotton planter or countryman for a sucker, and always revolvers and bowie-knives concealed in belts or pockets and ready to take their part at any moment in opening a jack-pot, if the occasion demands their assistance. In this story of mine all these elements are lacking. There were only two players in the game and they were both gentlemen. The amount of money at stake was something like \$2,000, and as one of the players had only his share of that sum between him and starvation, it goes without saying that he was mightily interested in the deciding hand.

"It was a rather long voyage from New York to Rio Janeiro on the old Brazilian line, and there were only nine passengers in the first cabin on the boat when the game came off. I was one of them. Among the others were a pale, delicate and very nervous young man, who was accompanied by his sister, and a solid, phlegmatic individual of about 50 years of age. About five days before we reached Rio they got to playing freeze-out in the smoking cabin. Of course, the game started with dollar stacks, just to pass

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away the time, but as the nervous young man lost steadily he wanted a chance to get even, and they decided on a \$10 limit. Now, as you all know, a lot of coin can go across the table in a \$10 limit game if the cards keep running the wrong way; and if ever a man played in hard luck at cards it was the younger of those two travellers. No matter what he held the solid man beat him by a spot or two, and the worst of it was that his hands were too good to lay down. He had a queen full beaten by four fours and a king high flush of spades by an ace high flush of diamonds. It didn't seem to be natural that cards could run that way in a straight game, but they did. The last night out from Rio the nervous young man was \$4,000 in the hole and still the game was as honest as if played by two Sunday school children.

"A crisis is sure to come sooner or later in a session of this kind at poker, and it came that night about 12 o'clock. Jack-pots are usually responsible for trouble in this sort of thing, and nobody was surprised to see one started at \$5, and creep up and up deal after deal, until all the checks were in the middle of the table, and still neither the nervous young man nor his stolid companion could get a pair of Johns or anything better. The smoking cabin was up on the hurricane deck, and about the pleasantest place in the whole ship on those delightful tropical nights. Every one of the cabin passengers was inside watching the game, but not one knew just what a state of anxiety that nervous young man was in except his sister, and she was just about as wrought up as he was. She would have been more so, probably, if she had known that the roll of bills which he now pulled from his pocket contained all the money he had in the world. The stolid individual also produced a wallet filled with bank notes, and laid it in front of him on the table. "I can't open it," "Nor I," "I can't," "I pass," "I pass," kept coming from the lips of the players at regular intervals, until the checks and money almost hid the little table from view, and still nobody could open that pot.

"I suppose they must have been at it for fifteen minutes or perhaps a little longer, but it seemed like an age, and everybody was breathing hard and staring at the cards as though life and death for the entire passenger list hung in the balance, everybody except the stolid man, and he was as cool as the conventional cucumber and seemed to be perfectly indifferent as to whether or not all the money in sight should be swallowed up in that Jack. Finally the young man rose from the table at his opponent's deal.

"There's luck in a new player, I've heard," he said. "If you've no objection, deal this hand to my sister."

"Certainly," replied the stolid individual, and the young girl, her face flushed with excitement, took her brother's seat.

"I shall never to my dying day forget that moment. One by one, in the manner of a school girl in the parlor at home, the young lady picked up her cards and held them so that her brother, who stood directly behind her chair, and everybody near by could distinctly see them. The first card was an ace, the second was an ace, the third was a queen, the fourth an ace, and the fifth an ace. Four aces and a queen, and a thousand dollars in the pot. "Open it," whispered the nervous man, "and play it for all the money." She opened the pot for ten dollars, and the stolid individual promptly raised her ten. He was raised in return, and the nervous man suggested that the limit be taken off. The proposition was accepted and in less time than it takes to tell it all of the nervous man's money,

amounting to something like a thousand dollars, was in the centre of the table, altogether with an equal amount of his opponent's cash.

"Cards if any?" politely asked the dealer; and at the same instant the young lady, throwing her aces exposed on the table, answered "Four." Quicker than a flash of lightning four cards off the top of the pack lay in front of her.

"I shall never forget the way that nervous young man said 'Oh!' as, pale and trembling, he staggered toward the door for air. The word, or groan or gasp, whichever it may be called, seemed to express an agony that few men would wish to live through more than once. I know it to be a fact that he has never touched a card from that day to this. No! and what is more, I am confident that he never will. But wait a minute, you haven't heard the end of the story. Of course, the young lady had to take the four cards she had called for. She said that in her excitement she had got the game mixed up with old maid, and as the aces matched of course she had to discard them. This left her with the queen, and she seemed to feel dreadfully for a moment for fear she would be an old maid. When she had finished explaining and quit playing girl games, and realized what she had done, she picked up the four cards that had been dealt to her and turned them over. There were three more queens among them!

"The stolid individual held a small full and politely passed the money to her. Then she went out on deck to find her brother. I could hardly believe it until she handed him the money, and I suppose you are having the same difficulty."

And then the porter was called and the oldest drummer told him to take the orders.

A WOMAN CONSTABLE.

She Does her Work as a Man Does—The pet of the Force.

The new woman has broken out in a new spot. This time it is the constabulary of the city of Allegheny, Pa., which she has invaded. Miss Florence Klotz can scarcely be called even a woman constable, though, for she is only 18 years old. But she's a constable all right. She serves warrants, summonses, and subpoenas with all the authority and determination of a male minion of the law. Miss Klotz's father is an alderman, whose regular constable was an old man who had an inconvenient way of being sick or invisible when he was wanted for duty. On one of these occasions, about two months ago, the despairing Alderman pressed his daughter into service. That settled the matter. The girl constable proved to be the pluckiest, quickest and most reliable one in town. Her very first mission was to serve a subpoena on a farmer living four miles out of town. Miss Florence put on her bloomers, mounted her wheel, and went after her man. When she came back, tired muddy, but triumphant, she found a crowd in front of her father's office to welcome her.

"I served them, papa," she exclaimed, and then, womanlike, she cried, even though she was a constable.

She says she would rather deal with one hundred men than ten women. The women think it is a joke, but the men think the law must be obeyed even if it is embodied in an 18 year-old girl. Before she went into the constabulary, she wheeled through Allegheny county getting trade for her father's candy factory. Next summer she and her sister will ride a tandem—geared to 68—on the same errand. She is described by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat as slight and handsome, with raven black hair and snapping black eyes.

In one case Miss Klotz acted as counsellor as well as constable. A butcher has kicked in the door when he found his hallway looked up the baker, who with

his family occupied the rest of the house. The locking was by order of the landlord who demanded that it be done at 10 P. M. The butcher was sued for malicious mischief. Miss Klotz brought her man to court, also served a score of subpoenas for witnesses, arranging the details of the hearing, cross-examined the witnesses, and finally had the case dismissed on her recommendation that each of the parties be furnished with keys. The costs were divided, and the young lawyer-constable smiled with delight as she counted over her share.

The only unruly case she has run across was a youngster of 14 who refused to go with her. She took the dilemma by the horns and the boy by the collar, tripped him up and, with a handy copy of "Pillgrim's Progress," administered a series of business-like blows where they would do the most good, and led him weeping to court. A little jeweled revolver is her only weapon. It was presented to her by a big constable who was filled with admiration of her pluck. She says she doesn't know what she would do if she ran against an ugly customer, but she declares, with a snip of her black eyes, that she would get him. She is the pet of the municipal force and if ever she sent word for help the entire retinue of clerks, heads of departments, and underlings would turn out to the rescue of Constable Florence.

ABOUT RICHARD THE THIRD.

He Never Injured the Masses and Was Not Unpopular With Them.

If Richard be tried by the only proper standard, that of his own time, he will be found to be not more but less cruel and bloody than either his predecessors or those who came after him. The act which has especially blackened his memory is the mysterious removal or murder of the princes. Yet Clifford, backed by Margaret of Anjou, had killed in cold blood Richard's brother, the Earl of Rutland, a boy of 16, while Henry VII imprisoned and executed the feeble minded Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence. In mere numbers of executions, excluding, of course, on both sides those who were taken in open rebellion, Richard has much less to answer for than Queen Margaret or Henry VII and far less than Henry VIII, who put to death anybody who happened to be distasteful to him on political, personal or religious grounds. There was no public opinion in that day against putting to death any one who had played and lost in the great struggle of politics. Executions were a recognized part of the business. When the game went against a statesman in those days, as Mr. Speaker Reed once said, he did not cross the aisle and take his place as the leader of his majesty's opposition; he was sent to the tower and had his head cut off. Autres temps, autres moeurs.

At every turn of the wheel in the long struggle between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists the victorious party always executed every leader of the other side upon whom they could lay hands. Such were the rules of the society and such the politics in which Richard was brought up, and he played according to those rules and without excess paying the final forfeit himself with undaunted courage.

Nothing is further from the truth than the notion that Richard was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death.—Hon. Henry Carbot Lodge in Scribner's.

In Trade

Mrs. A. Quitt—So you cleared that poor Mr. Littem from the charge of stealing that turkey? Well, I'm glad of it, but he's such a worthless character that I don't believe you will ever get a cent for your pay.

A. Quitt (the famous criminal lawyer)—I may not, but I've got a blamed good turkey out in the woodshed.