

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
HARCOURT.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]

May 26.—Mr. S. M. Dana left this morning on a business trip to Bathurst and other points north. Mr. James P. Case of St. John was here yesterday.

Mr. H. T. Colpitts spent a few days with his family at Richibucto and returned here today. Rev. Mr. Logan of Nova Scotia, is the guest of Rev. J. K. and Mrs. McCure.

Mr. Rautenberg, the converted Jew, entertained a large audience in the Wesleyan church here on Sunday evening giving an account of his life. Mr. Rautenberg and his son, Bernie, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey while in Harcourt.

Mr. James W. Morton and family of Kent Junction have taken up their residence in Harcourt in the premises recently vacated by Mr. B. McLeod who has moved into Mrs. M. J. Wilson's house.

A temperance meeting held last evening in the town hall, addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Patterson, Logan, McCure and Johnston, and by Mr. John F. Dorothy, councillor L. J. Wathen and the chairman, Mr. Andrew Dunn.

Mrs. M. J. Wilson has moved into the old manse building.

MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN PALATABLE.

How a Man Made 88 Carry Him Through a Long Siege.

An artist, in a recent description of life in the students' quarter in Paris, gave an amusing account of an odd American who has lived there for many years, and has been the companion and friend of many of his young countrymen and others who have been his neighbors while following the difficult road that leads to artistic success.

This oddity, who, from his wide knowledge, has been nicknamed by the students 'Dictionary Synder,' was a resident of Paris during the siege. He was very poor; indeed, he possessed not quite eight dollars in the world when the investment of the city began; but he determined that, with the exercise of proper forethought, he could make this sum carry him through the siege.

Of course he knew that the price of food would soon rise, as indeed it did, to almost fabulous figures; but he laid in before people had thought of such an article of diet, or of its inevitable rise in value, three bottles of olive oil.

Then he bought bread from day to day, as he required it; and soaking it in oil, and adding and stirring in water until the mess was as nearly combined into soup as oil and water could be made to combine, he lived upon this nutritious but unattractive fare until the siege was nearly ended.

His health did not suffer, but he became at last so desperately sick of bread and oil that he could endure it no longer, and resolved upon a single handed sortie in search of a 'square meal.' He left the city secretly and walked boldly up to a German picket, who of course challenged and halted him, but was persuaded, when finally convinced that he was no French spy, but only a half-starved American to become his accomplice in a harmless ruse. Snyder ran past him and made a dash for camp; the sentry, whose orders were to allow no one to pass, fired his gun after him—but in the air; and Snyder arrived safely among a much-astonished group of amiable Teutonic soldiers, who gave him a hearty welcome.

They feasted him upon cheese, beer and fresh bread, and indeed entertained him so well that he forgot the flight of time, and failed to return within an hour, as he had promised the obliging picket to do. As a consequence, there was a new man on guard, and Snyder was again halted and detained.

But his plausible tongue convinced the second picket as it had the first, and the ruse was repeated, with the difference that the ingenious Snyder was this time running for the gate from which he had originally emerged. The Frenchman who received him, panting and pursued apparently by rifle-shots, regarded him as the hero of a marvellous escape, and were so moved by admiration of his feat that they, from their own slender resources, provided him with another good meal—the second in one day, and in many weeks.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

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THROUGH THE QUICKSANDS.

An Interesting Episode of Travel in Far New Mexico.

'You'd better see whether last night's rain has loosened the sands up much before you venture into the river,' said old man Hickey at the American corral as Johnson, my driver, picked the reins up to drive out. The scene was Mesilla, New Mexico. Johnson and I had stopped here two days to rest our horses after their hard trip across the Jornada del Muerto, and now we were resuming our journey to Silver city, a hundred miles to the westward.

'If the water's high or the sands are quick you'll do better to come back and wait another day,' continued the old man. 'There's many a team gone down at the crossing and no eye ever saw it afterward. If you get over the river all right keep a good look out for Sam Kirkbrek. He's at large again. The Sheriff's posse was at Los Cruces last night hunting him. Good luck.'

We had heard of the gentleman to whom he referred, and the exploits in the way of holding up stages and robbing of individuals which for some years had made him notorious and much sought after by sheriffs in southern New Mexico. But the Rio Grande to be forded was a subject of more immediate concern to us than 'Hold-up Sam.' We drove through the old town, with its great willows drooping above the acquaia, and came to the river. It had been swollen by the heavy rain of the past night, and at first sight seemed one unbroken sheet of brown water, moving swiftly along and which might be of great depth. But looking more closely swirls could be seen when the current passed over shallows, and here and there little shifting islands of sand appeared at the surface travelling to left or right, up or down stream, according to the caprice of the waters. There evidently was a streak of shallow water extending across the river, with a deeper channel below it.

On the western shore a Mexican wagon train, bringing copper east from the Santa Rita mines, had halted at the brink, while the wagon master, a handsome young Mexican, rode into the water to try the bottom. His costume was adapted to the occasion, consisting of shirt, sombrero, and a pair of spurs. A Mexican guide, one of the dwellers by the river, clad as primitively, ran before him carrying a long staff with which he tried the depth of water and braced himself against the current. They came on across, sinking in the sands at every step, but keeping from going quite down by constant motion. The wagon master told me that we could get across with our team and buckboard, so, engaging the guide to lead the way, we started in.

Once in the water there was no turning back. Our wheels went at once down to the bub to the fine sand of the bottom, and our horses sank in it to their knees. Our only salvation was to keep going. The water was anywhere from one to three feet deep—the loose sands beneath it could have engulfed a cathedral and left no sign of where it had stood. Punging into holes where the horses went under almost out of sight, and the water rose above our knees as we sat in the buckboard, again rising to shallows, where the water ran only a few inches deep above the sands—we managed to keep our course, directed by the Mexican guide running to and fro the skirt of his one garment puffed balloon like by the waters, as he turned from sounding the bottom, to gestulate to us and to call out instructions in a language that neither Johnston nor I understood. A dozen times the horses came to a standstill, unable for the moment to keep the buckboard in motion, and we could feel how fast we were sinking. Then by a great effort they pulled the buckboard along, and we were saved again. The breaking of a trace—a delay of ten seconds from any cause—and team and buckboard would have been hopelessly lost, and it would have been a close call for Johnston and me to save ourselves.

I want never such an experience again—but we pulled through, and glad enough we were to draw up on the opposite bank, the horses trembling from exhaustion. We were thoroughly drenched, and, as we halted to rest, the fine sand fell in showers from our clothes and the horses and the buckboard as the water dried from them. Johnson was examining the harness to see that it was all right before starting on, when I saw him stop to gaze across the river.

'Well, what's coming now,' he exclaimed. 'There's a man that quicksands don't scare. See him go.'

I looked across the ford just in time to see the mounted man leap his horse from the bank far out into the stream. He had come from Mesilla Plaza, his horse on the dead run, and now he was floundering through the quicksands as if he were in an uncommon hurry to get across. After him rode three men at a pace as reckless, and as they came to the river bank they put their horses at the water with as little hesitation as he had shown. He was almost half way across the river when the first man of the three behind him went into the water, but it was evident that they knew the ford better than he did, and they overhauled him fast. It was a struggle for life against the quicksands, as well as a chase, with all of the four men; but with their horses struggling, swimming, leaping forward to keep from sinking, they opened up a duel with pistols as soon as they were near enough together the foremost man turning round in his saddle to fire back on his pursuers. If any one was hit he gave no sign of it. The man rode out of the water fifty yards ahead of his pursuers and, passing between our buckboard and the wagon train, put his horse up the trail leading through the sand hills to the high plain beyond. The three men in pursuit made no pause at the bank and said nothing to us, but took straight up the trail after him, and all of them were lost to view.

'He the Sheriff,' said our Mexican guide, struggling with his English. 'He try to catch that fellow. That fellow he Sam—Sam he rob the stages. Muy mal hombre.'

It is a trip of three hours up through the sand hills from the river. As we toiled up the trail we could see the hoof marks of the four horses, and that their riders had forced them along for all they were worth. The sands were hot enough to blister the bare skin, and the heat among the hills was like an oven, but that had seemed to make little difference in the chase. We heard the sound of shooting ahead and when we were almost out of the sand hills our horses shied and balked, and it was with much difficulty that we could force them along. A little further and we saw the cause of their alarm. By the side of the trail one of the men who had been in pursuit was lying on his back dead with a bullet wound in his breast. We could of course do nothing for him, and we kept on our way. Upon the plain, a half mile beyond the sand hills, we saw the end of the tragedy. The outlaw—for the fugitive was Sam Kirkbrek—lay desperately wounded on the ground, with the Sheriff and his surviving deputy beside him, discussing ways to get back to Mesilla alive. It was no solicitude for the welfare of the outlaw that moved them, but the fact that there was a considerable reward dependent upon his being captured alive. The matter was settled by our taking the Sheriff into our buckboard and carrying him to the next stage station, where he procured a team and wagon with which to take his dead deputy and the wounded outlaw back to Mesilla. What became of Sam Kirkbrek and whether he lived or died, I never learned positively. There was a report that he was killed six months later trying to break jail.

LANGUAGE OF CRIME.

Thieves Have Special Words to Express Stealing of Every Kind.

The language of criminals—the argot of Paris, the 'patter' of London—has been carefully investigated by numerous writers with varied results.

Its origin is difficult to explain. Criminals, say many authors, have found it necessary to adopt a technical language for their own protection, that they may be able to converse in public without being understood. 'They have been forced to do this and have made a language as sinister and as vile as themselves. This theory cannot be admitted. Certainly the argot is sinister and vile and thoroughly represented of the class that uses it, but futher than this we cannot go.

The theory that the use of this dialect is of any assistance to the criminal is inadmissible. Most policemen and all prison officers know this slang, sometimes better than the thieves. To speak it in the hearing of a detective is to invite arrest; to speak it in the presence of the general public would arouse suspicion and attract attention—two things which are especially to be avoided. Why, then, does it exist? Dr. Laurent of the Sante prison in Paris has given an explanation which has at least nothing to contradict it: The persons engaged in every trade form a species of dialect or technical phraseology which is spoken and understood by only themselves. Criminals, who practice a trade as old as any have gradually acquired a language more adapted to their wants, more in keeping with their ideas and thoughts. Miserable, heartless, engaged in a perpetual struggle against morality, law and decency, they have acquired a



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language of debate and words and cynical expressions and obscene synonyms.

This dialect has mutilated the mothers tongue. It has also borrowed liberally from other languages, but without method or etymology. Criminals are not grammarians. Neither are they linguists, and at first sight it would seem strange that they should import words from other countries. We will find, however, that in any prison the percentage of inmates of foreign birth will be large. In America it is about 15 per cent. A foreign expression which seems apt or an improvement on the one in present use is rapidly diffused through the prison. In cases where it is especially descriptive it may become permanent, but its life is usually short. The argot of the crime class changes materially every two or three years. It is ephemeral, as shifting as it users. Victor Hugo exaggerates only slightly when he says, 'The argot changes more in ten years than the language does in ten centuries.' Thus in the last three years there have been three different terms for watch—"super," "thimble" and "yellow and white"—each of which was in its turn the only one used.

Every writer on the subject has noticed that the argot is rich in expressions to denote certain common actions. This is a peculiarity shared by all primitive languages, the only difference being in the selection of the common acts. Thus in Sanskrit there are nearly 100 roots which express the idea of killing or wounding, without counting secondary derivations. Some of these roots are embodied in our language to-day. In the dialect of the thieves there are nearly 100 expressions to signify theft. It was necessary for the pickpocket to describe the various pockets in a man's clothing and in a woman's dress. The average man does not often need to specify a particular pocket. When he does he lays his hand on it to assist the poverty of his language. The thief has a separate name for each separate pocket.

But in spite of this richness in synonyms is in itself a marked sign of degeneracy, for the tendency of a language is to eliminate its synonyms, giving to each a different shade of meaning, the argot is a poor language. It has not a single expression for abstract emotion. To attempt to render a philosophic thought, a moral emotion, a synthetic or aesthetic idea into the dialect of the thief would be like attempting to translate "electricity" or "steam engine" into Latin. It is impossible because the words do not exist. They are not needed. The criminal has no more conception of abstract emotion than a blind man has of color.

A fact which does not seem to ally the argot to a primitive language is its ability to form additional words from its own resources, a power of self development which we find in the old Anglo-Saxon, and especially in the German of today. This trait is the more striking as it seems in direct contradiction to the impotence of the English language in this respect. The English has little formative power. It relies on the Greek and Latin languages for the extension of its vocabulary.—A. T. B. Crofton in Popular Science Monthly.

A SEA ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Extraordinary Superstition Once Prevalent in England.

The curious superstition that there is an ocean above the clouds is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: 'One Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out of church on a thick, cloudy day, when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the tombstones—the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one labored to pull up the anchor. The anchor, how, still held fast by that stone, and a great noise was heard in the air, like the shouting of sailors. Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfixing the anchor. When he had loosened it, the villagers seized hold of him and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned.

'About an hour after the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event the people of the

village made the hinges of church door out of the iron of the anchor.' It is further stated that these hinges are still to be seen there, a bit of evidence much like Munchausen's rope, wherewith he once climbed to the moon. If you doubted the story, you were confronted with the rope.

There is another queer tale about this aerial ocean. 'A merchant of Bristol,' it is said, 'set sail with his cargo for Ireland. Some time after, while his family were at supper, a knife suddenly fell in through a window on the table. When the merchant returned and saw the knife, he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day at such an hour, while sailing in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the time when it fell through the window.' All of which was once implicitly believed by many and regarded as incontrovertible proof of the existence of a sea above the sky. One is at loss to conjecture how that 'unknown part of the sea' connected with the rest of it. A physical geography showing this would be no small curiosity.—Boston Post.

THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.

Employed to Get Down Balls that had Lodged in the Roof Garden.

'Good natured?' said the old circus man. 'Why! The best in the world. When the old man's boy used to get a baseball lodged in a gutter at the eaves of the house—this was when we were off the road in winter quarters—he never used to get out at the scuttle and climb down the roof and take the risk of falling off and breaking his neck to get it. He used to go to the barn and get out the giraffe. The old eighteen footer would trot along after the boy—he knew what was wanted—till they came to the house and then walk along the side looking down into the gutter as he went along until he came to the ball, and then he would pick it up and bend his head down and give it to the boy.

'One day when the youngster had thrown a ball up on the roof and had seen it roll down into the gutter, he went as usual after the giraffe. When the giraffe looked along the gutter that day there was no ball there. He took his nose out of the gutter and looked down at the boy in the yard with a large interrogation mark in each eye as much as to say:

'Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?' 'And the boy said "sure," and then the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't there, and the giraffe so reported with a solemn shake of the head, and was driven back to the barn.

'They wondered about this, for it was the first time the giraffe had ever failed to get the ball, and they knew it must be there, but it was soon explained. A day or two later there came a big rain storm. Instead of running a big noisy stream as usual, the till water pipe from the roof ran just a little bit of a stream, and the water that should have run off in that way overflowed the gutters and dripped in a thin sheet against the side of the house. Then they knew why the giraffe couldn't find the ball. It had rolled down the water pipe.'

A famous Scotch dean used to a ghost story, the clew to which is in the question, 'Weel, maister ghaist, is this a general rising or are ye just taking a daunter frae yer grave yb yersel?'—Argonaut.

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