

FIGHT WHENEVER THEY MEET.

Feud Between two Northern Maine Families to be Investigated, by The Court

At the recent term of court at Fort Kent at the headwaters of the St. John river the authorities proposed to investigate, through the Grand Jury the outlaws that have recently agitated the Madawaska territory.

The history of this feud, as given by the Boston Herald, follows:

The principal feature of the trouble has been the family feud of the Dupres and Souciers. These families live in a lone some part of eagle Lake plantation, far from the single county road that stretches through the woods between Fort Kent and Ashland. Each family numbers about a score, and the hostility between the two factions is now so intense that whenever they meet at the settlements or in the woods a conflict is sure to ensue.

Recently both families attended service at the catholic church of the Eagle Lake parish, and even during the hour of devotion made hostile demonstrations. When the Souciers started across Eagle Lake on their return toward home, the Dupres faction pursued them, and a fight ensued in the centre of the lake. The congregation assembled on the shore and watched the conflict. The priest shouted commands to cease, but both sides had their blood up and fought desperately.

Neither was able to gain much advantage, the boats being too unsteady for any very damaging blows to be dealt. Several of the combatants were hurled into the water, and one or two came near drowning, but they either got out safely by their own exertions or were pulled out by their comrades. Thus fighting, they crossed the lake.

On the further shore they again fell upon each other, and though they were armed with nothing more dangerous than clubs they succeeded in using themselves up pretty thoroughly. At last the Souciers drove the Dupres off and returned home through the woods.

The Dupres wanted revenge, and a few days later stole upon the Souciers in the woods and dashed upon them. The Souciers, taken by surprise and seeing that they numbered less than their assailants, fled toward their settlement. Their swiftest sprinter was a youth about 15 years old. He managed to get into the house and secure a loaded gun just as the pursuers and the pursued came tearing into the clearing, yelling and swearing, when the attacking party saw him coming with the gun they fled, but the boy fired, wounding several though not seriously.

The next day the Dupre family started in a body for Fort Kent, in order to lay the shooting affair before the authorities. The Souciers learned of the trip, and they, too, set away for the fort. At a hearing attended by sympathizers from all up and down the river both sides presented their grievances.

The Souciers said that they were merely avenging a terrible wrong perpetrated by one of the Dupres on a woman of the Soucier family. The claim was that Dupre had overtaken the woman alone in the woods, and had criminally assaulted her in order to maliciously grieve the family of his foes. The Souciers also claimed that they were acting in self-defence when they fired on the others.

The Dupres told another story of persecution and repeated assaults. Both sides were ordered to go to Houlton and appear before the Grand Jury.

After this hearing at Fort Kent had been concluded the two factions retired with their adherents to a liquor shop in the village. Both sides soon became fired with 'morson,' the white rum common along the northern Maine border, and later in the day met in the street near the residence of the veteran Maine legislator, Major William Dickey. Here they formed in opposing lines and shouted defiance for half an hour, screaming and cursing until the whole village was terrified. Then they tore off their coats and threw them on the ground, finally leaping on the clothing and bounding up and down in pure excess of rage. Then they fell to like bulldogs and fought ferociously.

Fort Kent's police force consists of a constable and a deputy sheriff, and these officers felt that they could do nothing with the rioters. So the latter fought it out, to the great scandal of the peaceful and better Acadian element in Fort Kent. The companions escaped with cuts and bruises.

The people along the St. John feel that unless the law deals severely with these warring elements, there will be further bloodshed.

Doughnuts in Europe.

The English have odd ideas concerning certain American articles of food. One day a lady at a restaurant in London espied certain brown, oily looking cakes. She pointed them out with a curiosity large enough to embrace everything new.

'What are those?' she asked.

'Those, madam,' was the answer, 'are American doughnuts.'

It was a libel, and the visitor knew it, but she held her peace.

But the author of 'Hired Furnished' evidently found the real article in one of the

Channel Islands. One morning, Martin, the faithful woman who served the two travellers in their cottage, brought in a plateful of dainties never seen by them in England.

'I thought you might like to taste the Jersey wonders,' said she, setting down her plate.

The instant those American teeth touched the disks of golden-brown, there issued thence a gush of grateful melody.

'Dough—' piped the lady.

'Nuts!' cried her husband.

'We call them wonders,' said Martin, smiling slightly. 'I don't in the least mind what you call them, for I am sure you like them.'

Honest Martin! 'Dough' seemed to her a slight aspersion upon the exquisite brownness of her 'wonders.'

'We have never before seen them in Europe,' they told her. 'They are not made in England, nor on the continent. Perhaps America owes them to the Channel Islanders who went early to the colonies; although to be sure, the Dutch vrows of New York made famous ones.'

TOBACCO DUST.

A Fit of Sneezing Seized Everyone Present and all was Confusion.

A very unusual court scene in St. Louis is described by the Globe-Democrat. The reporter who wrote it up is undoubtedly a bright man, and must have found the subject peculiarly inspiring.

The case of John H. Vette against John C. Obert was on trial in Judge Houghton's court. During the process of the suit the lawyers had a tilt over the admission of certain evidence, and the following dialogue ensued:

'Your honor, the assertion that was just made by the—ec cachoo—on my—ec cachoo—is absolutely—ec-cachoo!'

'Your honor, I—ec-cachoo—sir, to the statement made by my—ec-cachoo!'

Judge Houghton admitted the testimony, and the witness proceeded:

'Well, it was just this—ec-cachoo! I said to Mr.—ec-cachoo-cachoo—and he said to me—ec-cachoo-cachoo-cachoo!'

At this point nearly every one in court was sneezing. Lawyers, clients, jurors and witnesses joined in a chorus in which sneezes of various quality and a wild range of tone and discord were mingled.

The pompous, ponderous sneezes of Constable Hand was a most effective basso, that gave strength to the chorus, while the beautiful treble of Count Frederick von Gereke rose clear and shrill above the minor notes.

The jurors formed a perfect scale of notes extending over an octave and a half, forming a melodious accompaniment to the general burden of the grand, sweet song.

Naturally, during the outburst of Wagnerian solemnity court was interrupted. Judge Houghton rapped for order, but the reply was from a big German butcher, one of the jury, who, with his magnificent tenor, sent his voice upward in a series of thrills, runs and codenzas in what was probably one of the most beautiful collection of sneezes ever heard. Then dropping, with a series of grace-notes, to the lower register, he ended with a movement in two-four time, in a five-flat final that would that would have done credit to Sousa Band.

At this moment Judge Houghton looked through the open door into the back room, where MacAleavy was carelessly rolling and breaking, in front of an open window the supply of tobacco which he intends to take on his fishing trip. The fine dust from the dry leaf—and Tom is said to smoke the strongest tobacco in town—was being wafted into the court-room on the breeze.

The door was shut, all the window opened and the court proceeded. But despite the comedy which had been enacted, there was scarcely a dry eye in the room.

SURE ENOUGH BEAR STORY.

Four Black Ones Tackle a Hunter, But He Wins the Fight.

Wilbur Jarrett of Campbell's Creek was attacked by four bears lately within eighteen miles of Charleston, and narrowly escaped with his life. With a party of Campbell's Creek men he was camping out in the Pond Fork of Blue Creek, near to the headwaters of Bell Creek. Mr. Jarrett was out with his double-barrelled shotgun looking for squirrels not far from the camp when the bears attacked him. He had killed a squirrel which lodged in the limbs of a hickory tree, and was looking for it when suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear. It was an old she-bear, with a couple of cubs, and not far behind them was the old male.

Mr. Jarrett gasped for breath, and his hair stood up on end as the bear rose up before him and struck his head with her right forepaw. He dodged the blow the best he could, but the big black paw struck him in the head, scratched his forehead slightly, and tore a long hole in the felt hat he was wearing. With the other paw she struck him in the chest. Mr. Jarrett put out his hand and shoved the bear back a few feet, far enough to raise his gun, which grazed her nose as it went off, and the woods echoed with the howl of rage and pain which she sent up.

Both barrels were now empty, and Mr.

Jarrett sought safety in a small bush near at hand. He quickly loaded up both barrels again with shot, but had only time to get the cap on one of them when the bear made another attack upon him. This time he aimed right in front of the shoulder and fired. The bear dropped to the ground dead, and a cub jumped at him. He knocked it down with the butt of his gun, crippling it, and ran. The old male started in pursuit, and for a time there was a most exciting race through the woods than was ever seen at any driving park. Mr. Jarrett jumped a big log and sped on, but when the old bear reached the log he stopped.

Running like a frightened deer, with his hat all torn, and bleeding slightly about the head, Mr. Jarrett finally came upon the other members of the party, who went back with him and despatched the cripple cub. The old male and the other cub had disappeared. The next day the men broke camp and returned to civilization. They don't care to hunt bear with shotguns any more, and will look for squirrels nearer home. The old bear when dressed weighed 165 pounds and the cub 50.—Virginia Gazette.

CATARRH

Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

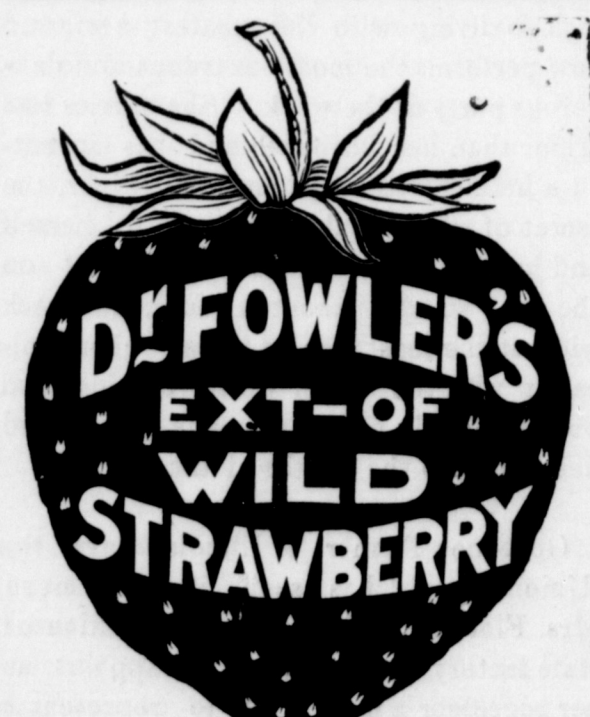
Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says It is a Great Remedy

'Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell,' said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, 'and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh. The blower included is a great help to sufferers.'

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MADE A REALISTIC PICTURE.

Photographing a Tiger in the Very act of Springing.

'Speaking of realistic pictures of animals,' said a New York dealer in wild beasts to a writer for the Washington Star. 'I recall seeing in India about two years ago a tiger photographed under very exciting circumstances. A party of natives were going about in Ragpootana with a full grown Bengal tiger, which they had tamed, as they called it. What they really did, however, was to keep it tightly roped by all four legs and by the neck, and each man held on by main force to a stout rope. In this way they led the tiger, or the tiger led them, as you please, from place to place on exhibition.'

'Well, in the course of their wanderings,' continued the dealer, 'they came to a village near Bombay, where a photographer happened to be passing through, and he, hearing of the strange company, sent for them. Now, about the only performance that the tiger (a particularly savage beast) had in his repertoire was killing animals, and it occurred to the artist that an instantaneous photograph of the great brute in the very act of striking down its victim would make an interesting picture. So arrangements were made. A full-grown buffalo was procured and taken out to the edge of the jungle, where it was tethered with twenty-five feet of rope to a stake.'

'The photographer took up his station on foot outside of the radius of the animal's tether and the tiger was then brought up on the opposite side and shown its victim. At once it fixed its dreadful, glaring eyes on the doomed creature. Its lips curled back in a hideous snarl, and it began to move steadily towards the buffalo. The ropes were then one by one slipped off, and there, twenty yards apart, stood the two beasts. But the buffalo gave no sign of fright or even consciousness of any danger.'

'It simply stood staring in a helpless sort of fascination at the advancing brute. At first the tiger had crouched, but now it stood erect, and with the restless tail, and teeth all flashing out of the red gums, stepped slowly forward across the intervening space. Foot by foot the interval between buffalo and death—cruel, relentless, inevitable—was diminished. Yet the great horned beast never stirred. Its eyes were fixed on the tiger's. Its breath came quick and hot from its nostrils. Once and again and once more, the beast of prey paced on—and then stopped. It was within striking distance.'

'The buffalo's sides were now heaving rapidly, and its terror was audible in its panting, and then, quick as a flash of lightning the great striped body was launched through the air. There was a dull sound as it struck the buffalo, and, as if smitten by a thunderbolt, the huge animal, its neck broken by the blow of the tiger's forearm fell. At this moment, this indefinable point of time, the artist touched the trigger of the spring shutter, and in the fraction of a second the picture was on his plate—the tiger in the act of striking. And none too soon, for before the hand could slip in another slide the buffalo's knees bent beneath it, and the dead bulk fell. The tragedy was complete.'

'And the photographer?'

'He had some trying moments. Indeed, there were times when it looked as if the tiger preferred the artist to the beef; and, had the victim retreated to the end of the tether, the beast of prey would have been as near the one as the other. But it was a tame tiger, you know, and so the photographer got the sun picture.'

'Neither alive nor dead was the huge victim seen at the exact moment of time when it was sinking under the weight of its dreadful murderer. Swifter than death itself, the sensitive plate seized the reflection of the collapsing buffalo before it had time to die, and though the end was, humanly speaking, instantaneous, the one beat of the heart that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and its victim's actual surrender of existence sufficed for the artist to catch and fix with unerring fidelity the attitudes of the slayer and the slain.'

Catarrh Cured for 25 Cents.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasal catarrh and you will as surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, etc. Stop it by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box cures. A perfect blower enclosed with each box.

AN EARLY TALKER.

The Baby's Chatter was Intelligible to the ears of Love Only.

'Love is blind,' according to the proverb; but the proverb cannot be true of maternal love, for the average mother easily sees in her baby a world of things which nobody else can discover.

'Does your baby talk any yet?' one woman was heard to ask of another.

'Talk? Well, I should say he did talk!' replied the mother, almost indignantly. 'He says just anything! His little tongue runs steadily from morning till night. He can ask for anything he wants at the table or

any place else. I never had a child that talked so early, or said so many things at his age.

'My sister-in-law has a little boy eight months and four days older than this child, who don't begin to talk as much nor as well although, of course, I wouldn't say so about her. She thinks the child is a wonder, but he don't compare with his little cousin here. Johnnie, say bread and butter for the lady.'

'Bed an' buttum,' said Johnnie.

'There! You see how perfectly he says it; and the best my sister-in-law's baby can do is to say 'bell an' bullaw,' and he calls sugar 'coogah.' Johnnie, say sugar and I'll give you a lump when we get home.'

'Soogum!'

'There! You see the difference! It's just so with everything, but I never brag about it to my sister-in-law, for she's real sensitive about it.'

'But I guess you wouldn't ask if this child could talk if you could hear him once! Of course he's in a strange place now, and he's quiet, but I guess he can talk; and I don't see who he gets it from, either! There are no great talkers in my family nor in his father's.'

Loyalty in England.

A British journal tells a queer story connected with the Queen's Jubilee.

A Londoner was reproaching the owner of a house on the route of the great procession with having let it for the day to a citizen of the United States.

'It is disgraceful!' he said, indignantly.

'The queen graciously offers to show herself to a certain number of her London subjects, and they promptly let their windows and go to another part of the town. It is disloyal!'

'Disloyal!' replied the house-letter. 'Just the contrary. We do it for the purpose of having as many portraits of our sovereign as possible—and all in gold.'

Of the Same Order.

Midnight Burglar—Fork out every farthing you've got or I'll—

Jones (half awake)—Look here, Maria, this is coming it too strong. Didn't I give you all I had when I came home?

Even Proposition.

Old Lady—This must be a very healthy place. Now, what may the death rate be? Grave Digger—Wonderful steady, mum—wonderful steady. Just one death to each person right along.



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