#### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROMFIFTH PAGE.)

black chiffon. Miss Archibald wore a charming gowns of white silk with overdress of white mousseline de soie, and carried a shower bouquet of white

Mrs. Landry of Dorchester, wore a very beautiful dress of blue brocaded satin with trimmings of chiffon.

Miss Barry of Ottaws, who is visiting Mrs, Lancry were a handsome gown of white and silver silk and looked charming.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington, maize colored silk veiled with white chiflon.

Mrs. Lynch of Ottawa, pink velvet with jet trim-

Mrs. Lynch of Oltawa, pink velvet with jet trimmings.

Mrs. Will Harris of North Easton looked charm-

lng in a dress of black velvet which set off her sparkling beauty to perfection.

Mrs. R. B. Jack of Fredericton looked very

sweet in a dress of rose colored silk with tr mmings of white chiffon.

Miss Witherbee of New York wore a pretty

dress of maize silk and chiffon.

RMrs. Wegant of Smith's Falls Ort., wore a dainty

miss Sinclair, were a very beautiful gown of white milk with overdress of accordion plaited chiffon.

Miss Palmer, of Dorchester, white chiffon with

Mrs. R. W. Hewson wore a handsome dress o b'ack silk with bodice of white chiffon over white silk.

Mrs. E. B. Chandler, looked charming in white silk, made en traine, and with chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. C. D. Thomson, wore black silk and jet with

Mrs. George McSweeney, blue silk, trimmed with chiffon.

Mrs. C. A. Murray, wore a very handsome dress of buttercup silk trimmed with chiffon.

Mrs. L. Scmers, was charming in a dainty cos-

tume of pink silk.

Miss Mina McSweeney, 'ooked very sweet in a pretty dress of white chiffon over white silk.

Miss Milliken, wore a handsome dress of pink silk.

Miss McLaren, wore pink silk with trimmings

of cream lace.

Miss Pitfield wore a fresh and pretty costume of heliotrope organdie over silk which suited her

heliotrope organdie over silk which suited her admirably.

Miss Selina McKean who is a bud, and who has

not yet blossomed in society, was prettily and simply gowned in white muslin.

Miss Bliss of Westmorland, wo e white cast-

Miss Peters, a pretty dress of pa'e blue silk.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Marr and children, and Mrs. K. Bezanson and son, left town on Friday for a driving tour through Albert county.

Captain W. E. Cooke of the Canadian Regular Army now stationed at Kingston Ont., is spending a few days in town the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jones of Boston are in town visiting Mrs. Jones' mother, Mrs. Brown of Botsferd street.

Mr. Botsford B. Peters, formerly of the general offices here, but now of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway company, is spending a short vacation in the city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters of Alma street.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiller and Miss Hunt of Waterville, Maine, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Warren

Gross of Weldon street. The many friends of Mrs. Theal widow of the late Dr. W. Y. Theal of St. John, who has been a resident of Moncton for many years haard with the deepest regret of her death which took place early on Sunday morning at the residence of her son-in law Mr. C. A. Steeves of Queen street. Mrs. Theal who was wonderfully bright and active for her age, has taken suddenly ill about two weeks ago, and in spite of all that skil and love could do for her, she sank steadily and passed peacefuly away on Menday, being conscious to the last Mrs. Theal had reached the advanced age of 86 years, and had resided in Moncton for the past 15 years, winning hosts of warm friends by her universally bright and loveable nature, and sympathetic disposition, as well as her many christian virtues. Two of the deceased lady's daughters, Mrs. A. McN. Shaw of Gibson' and Miss Theal of Moncton, and two sons, Captain W. G. Theal of River Herbert. N. S., and Mr. C. G. Theal of Chicago, were with her throughout her last illness.

The funeral took place on Monday morning the remains being taken to St. John by the midday C. P. train for interment. Mrs. Theal was a consistent member of St. George's church and her loss will be deeply felt by the congregation.

Miss Wetmore of Boston who has been spending a few days in town the guest of her uncle Mr. J. H. Wetmore, of Fleet street sang a solo in St. John's Presbyterian church on Sunday evening greatly pleasing the congregation with her sweet and powerful voice.

Dr. George Ryan of Paris France who is taking a holiday trip through Canada is at present the guest of his sister Mrs. F. A. McCully of Botsford street.

Miss Blanche Fraser of Springhill and Miss Bella
Vans of Buctouche are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M.

Robinson at the Manse, Botsford street.

The many friends of Mrs. Atkinson, formerly Miss Adelade Buck, of this city, are welcoming her very warmly back to Moncton. Mrs. Atkinson who has lived in England for the past thirteen years, and is now visiting her native province for the first time, is visiting Mrs. Byers of Church street.

Mrs. J. H. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore, returned last week from a month's visit to Fredericton.

Mrs. R. Tweedie returned last week from Carleton county, where she has been spending the

summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. C. Knowles, and Mr. and
Mrs. P. W. Snider, of St. John are spending a few
days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H.

Marine, of St. George street.

Miss Kate Hamilton left town this morning for
Milltown, St. Stephen, where she takes the place

of assistant to the superior school teacher. Nearly as large and quite as enthusiastic audience greeted Miss Ethel Tucker and her happily blended company of professionals and amateurs on Monday evening when they presented "The Queen's Money" as a benefit performance for the M. A. A. A. as the one which assembled to witness "Captain Letterblair" a few weeks ago. The stage was artistically decorated with potted plants, palms and ferns, and cut flowers, the entrance to the garden scene being spanned by an arch of spruce which supported a large red banner bearing the letters M. A. A. A. in black. Everywhere about the stage, in the draperies, the ornamental covers of the flowers pots, and the hangings the association colors of black and red, appeared, and each actor wore a strip of the association ribbon pinned on the

left shoulder.

The play was an English military drama in five acts, and while I cannot truthfully say that it reached the standard of "Captain Letterblair" in plot or action, it was a fairly good play of the melo drama type and well received by the audience. The actors did their very best with the material at their com-

mand, and one and all covered themselves with honor, Miss Tucker and Messrs Meldon and Richards winning if possible a warmer place than ever in the hearts of the Moncton people. The amateurs who took part acquited themselves with the highest honors every part being faithfully and conscientioualy interpreted. Miss Tucker was presented with a magnificent bouquet at the close of the second act, from members of the M. A. A.

ANAGANCE.

[Received too late for last week's issue of PROGRESS]
AUG. 18.—Mrs. C. W. Price and Mrs. G. H. Davidson went to Moncton on Thursday for a day or

Miss Colpitts of Salisbury, who has been spending some weeks with her friend Miss McAnespy at Portage has returned home.

Portage has returned home.

Mr. Mitchell of Sussex is spending a day or so at

Mr. Brown's Corn hill.

Miss Grace Keirstead is viaiting in Moncton this week.

Messrs. C. W. Price of Moncton and Hart C Price of Petitodiac were visiting Mr. and Mrs Geo. Davidson on Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. J. R. Inch of Fredericton and school inspector R. P. Steeves of Sussex pent Tuesday in town.

Miss Bertha Davidson has returned home from Hopewell hill where she had been the guest of Mrs.

(Capt.) R. C. Bacon for the past month.

Frank F. McLeod cashier of the National bank in Boston, but formerly of this town arrived here yesterday to spend a few weeks with friends he is. accompanied by his friend Mr. William Emerson Cook, the author of "The Walking delegate" and

"Jennie Deane."

Mr. J. B. McNaughton who has finished his course in Telegraphy at the I. C. R. depot, left for the West on Tuesday to seek employment at the

Miss Lina Stockton of St John is visiting Mr and Mrs. Lester Stockton at "Floral Cottage" this

Mr. R. B. Colwell of St. John spent Sunday with his family on "Appe Hill."

Miss Ada McNan who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. H. W. Stockton for several weeks has returned home.

Mr. J. J. Hepburn of Boston, Mass. is visiting his friend Mr. Fred Chethok this week.

Mosquito.

THE LEGEND A MYTH.

The Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico Divested of its Romance.

The legend of the enchanted mesa situated some distance south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been exploded by a party of explorers, headed by Prof. Libbey of Princeton University. The mesa is a perpendicular rock rising 700 feet above the surface of the plain and covering forty acres. Here, according to tradition, Acoma Indians, to the number of 1,500 dwelt in a village in the six eenth century, their means of access to the top of the mesa being by steps they had cut in the rock.

Last week Prof. Libbey and party visited the mesa prepared to explore it. A line was shot across the rock, suitable tackle was made ready and separately the members ascended in a chair to the legendary home of the Acomas. The legend proved to have been unfounded. Writing of the subject Prof. Libbey says: 'No traces of former inhabitants were found. This fact best of all shows the inaccessible character of the place, because, if it had been accessible, the medicine men of the Acoma tribe would have certainly used it for such purposes.

Once while the able-bodied members were at work in the fields below lightning destroyed the steps and cut off from their kinsmen the aged Indians and children left in the village on top of the mesa. To reach the un'ortunates, thus isolated was impossible and all of them to the number of 300 perished. The surviving Acomas then moved to a new home and ever since regarded the mesa as sacred. Thus runs the legerd.

'Not the slightest trace was found which would enable me to believe that a human foot had ever before passed over the top of this famous rock. A tew agile lizards and several grey rats were the only occupants of this castle in the air. Some fine specimens of stunted pines, a few species of flowering plants and an ubiquitous sage brush lent a variety to the surface on the line of the bright sandstone.'

Thus dies r legend that has been the inspiration of poet and romanist.

Her dread of Fire.

An English exchange says that Sarah Bernhardt has always had a morbid dread of fire, and that this has led her to direct that all her stage dresses shall be made of fireproof material.

## Werlt

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

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That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

### Flood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best — in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

# SALT RHEUM

Most torturing and disfiguring of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.

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Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUGAND CHEM. CORP., Props., Boston. "How to Cure Salt Rheum," free.

FALTING HAIR Pimply Faces, Baby Blemishes,
Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FOR LOVE OF JENNY LIND.

Tobias Van Steenbergh Whose Head wa

Turned by the Songstress.

He is an odd character, this Tobias Van Steenbergh, who recently refused the offer made to him by a New York museum manager to go to the city and exhibit himself to people as the mad lover of Jenny Lind. For many years he has lived a hermit's life in a rude little shanty built just off the old post road that runs from Albany to New York, near the village of Glasco. Ulster county.

The story of the infatuation of this man, who not once but many times during the career of Jenny Lind forced himself into her prescence and besought her hand in marriage, is a pitiful one; it might well bring to the blush the offspring of the persons who perpetrated a hoax on Van Steenbergh long ago, making him believe that the singer loved him, by procuring forged letters from New York which purported to have been written by Jenny Lind.

From that time on Van Steenbergh was cajoled and petted by these practical jokers who made him believe thoroughly that he was designed for a higher fate than that of a village carpenter, and finally induced him to draw his carefully hoarded savings from the bank and start for New York, in tent on winning the hand of Jennie Lind.

The jokers watched him depart, and for weeks the entire village laughed and talked over the strange hallucination of their good hearted townsman. After arriving in New York he hunted the hall where nightly the famous singer appeared, hearing her sing, not once but many times. He became more infatuated with her than ever, and when she left the hall to drive home he wandered through the street behind her carriage, cheering and shouting himself hoarse in her praise. For weeks he lingered in the city, but chance did not enable him to see her alone. Finally, at one of Jenny Lind's public receptions at the Revere House, he could stand the suspense no longer, and going up to the singer he seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and, falling on his knees before her, told her the story of his love, and assured her that he had come to the city solely to marry her. Jenny Lind ordered the attendants to eject him, and he was thrown out into the street. Nightly after this rebuff he haunted the lobby of the hotel until his presence became obnoxious and he was forced to discontinue his visits. Despite his failure, Van Steenbergh was not discouraged, and at every opportunity placed himself in a position where he could see the singer as she stepped into he carriage from the hall where she was singing. Several times he spoke to her, but an each occasion he received only scornful glances. The idea was so firmly implanted in this mind that Jenny Lind loved him that he imagined that the only bar to their union was that he was not a musician. So securing an antiquated hand-organ he ground out the old-time airs in front of the Revere House and nights at the entrance to the hall in the hope that the singer would thus see that he, too, was a musician.

At length Van Steenbergh was arrested and placed in the Tombs. His triends and relatives in Kingston learned of his predicament and secured his release. Taken home to Kingston he wandered about disconsolately, still believing in the love of Jenny Lind for him. His mind seemed to have broken down under his infatuation. His money had been spent in his love chase and his parents died soon after his return, so he moved from the city to to Glasco, where he has lived since in a little shanty. Age does not seem to affect him. Although nearly 70 years old he is as spry as a boy and walks surprisingly long distances, seemingly without fatigue. He is always very much in evidence at patriotic celebrations in the towns along the Hudson River and never fails, when the occasion offers, to make a patriotic speech. On the flagstaff in front of his rude house is a flag which continually flies at half mast in memory, he says, of the death of Lincoln. One of his peculiar sayings is: 'Gen. Grant fought, bled and died for this glorious country, and we'll all be saved.'

Van Steenbergh is a stanch Republican.
Poorer than the proverbial church mouse,
he does not work, for the reason that he
imagines himself endowed with the wealth
of a Cræsus. His neighbors humor him

in this respect, and give him tood and the various other things he craves, for his pathetic story is well known to almost every mar, woman and child in Ulster county. With visitors he converses with much volubility for hours, and at times he talks rationally. His conversation concerns anytoing undr the sun except his own story. Of his life he will say nothing. When requested to tell of his early love he shakes his head and points to the rear of his domicile, where framed in pine cones, hands the faded lithograph of Jennie Lind.

When seen by the writer and asked why he refused to go to New York and enter a museum he clenched his fists and, with a glance at Jenny Lind's picture muttered "No no!"

ORIGIN OF FABRICS.

Many of Them Traceable to the Middle

Like civilization industries came from

the East, and the origin of different fabrics can be generally traced to one of the great seats of trade and manufacture in the Middle Ages. The great intellectual awakening of the East, under the stimulus of arabic culture and luxuriance, was accomplished by a correspondent awakening in all branches of industry and trade, Bigdad, during the beneficent reign of Harun ul-Rashid, became the seat of luxury and the intellectual and literary capital both of Islam and of the world. Thence the industrial and fice arts transferred by Saracen and Moor, and Osmanli to the extremities of Europe. When Moslem industries began to wane they were succeeded by those of F.anders, and the latter were, in turn, succeeded by those of Northern Italy. These were the well-established centres of manufacture in mediæval times. Other localities, such as many in France, Spain and England are well known for their commercial activity, but they were not in a large sense origins of modern manufacture and trade. To the earliest of these industrial seats the Mohammedan empire, with Bagdad as the center, may be traced a large number of the fabrics now in use. This city, as has been seen, soon became the mart of silk manufacturers. It also attracted the commerce of other cities and countries, and served as a perpetual bazar or fair for the interchanging of trade

between the East and West. Muslin is a word that we get through the French 'mousseline,' which incates that the tabric was first made in Mosul, a city on the Tigris, not far from Bagdad; while 'baudekin,' the rich embroidered silk that was once used by kings and bishops, came from the royal city of califs itself. Gause is supposed to have come from Gaza, and 'sarcenent' clearly shows by its name that it was brought into Europe by the Saracen ic invaders of Spain and Sicily. Cashmere, as it is called when worn by the ladies, or cassimere, as it is known when worn by men, was brought from the valley of Kashmir, and nankeen come from Nanking, the southern capital of China. Cal.co first came from Calicut, although it is now sold there by the enterprising Bratich mills. The saracenic torch-bearers of science and the arts brought with them from Fostat, the old name of Cario, and now a suburb of that city, the famous fustian that has played such a conspicuous part in the history of textile tabrics and in the language of metaphor. The Saracens also invented jeans, one of the Moorish capitals in Spain. They also devised the glories of Cordovan leather, in which Miles Standish and a thousand other buckram warriors delighted.

A LESSON IN TACT.

Poor and Ignorant, They Yet had Kindness

of Heart.

Almost every large American city has its Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, that swarms with peddlers, old clothes dealers and sweat-shops. Mercy is not to be expected here and tact is supposed to be unknown among such people, except among traders in selling their goods. The following incident happened in the Jewish quarter in Boston last winter, and is worth telling, because it commends human nature, especially the human nature found in the slums:

A child was born in a short street where nearly all the signs upon the stores are printed in Hebrew characters. The par-

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Stings & Bites of Insects.

ents were very poor and very proud. In the neighbourhood was a Christian mission, and although Jewish children attended singing and sewing classes within its doors, some of their parents preferred to starve rather than accept its charity, and the family in which this child was born was one of that class. The father and mother persistently refuse I all aid, although there was no coal in the house, and no money for food. Then for some reason, probably pride, they refused help from people of their own religion.

All the dwellers in the neighborhood were exceedingly poor, and could ill afford to give in charity; but here was a starving family and a dying baby, united with stubborn pride, and something had to be done.

So a purse was made up by these poor people out of their petty earnings and divided into three parts. Each little sum was intrusted to a different Jewish tradesman. That same day, one of their small tradesmen climbed up to the poverty stricken tenemeet, and represented himself as a coal agent.

'Can I sell you some coal this morning?'
he asked, opening the dcor.

The man shook his head apathetically. 'But,' replied the improvised agent, 'I gif you drust. One mont—two mont—tree mont—all you want. I drust you.'

'Ah!' answered the man with surprise.
'Why do you trust me?'
'You haf a good name,' said the agent.
'I must introdooce mine peesness.'

Soon a load of coal was on its way to the house to warm the mo her and her infant.

The coal dealer had hardly left before a man from a butcher's shop near by came and repeated the drama of charity. Then, not long after, followed a new milkman, profute with offers of 'drust,' who pro-

mised a quart of milk a day until the baby

could get better. Thus was the family saved from freezing and starvation.

Now this happened in what is known as the slums. This delicate way of meeting a c isis was not the act of a reffned and aristocratic philanthropist. As the narrator told the writer, 'It was the act or dirty Russian Jew peddlers.' One can almost pardon the dirt when such gentle considera-

IN BED THIRTY-NINE YEARS.

A Healthy Woman's Strange Resolution

'This bed is the most comfortable place in the world,' remarked an Englishwoman in 1858. 'I shall stay here the rest of my

natural life.'

Tae woman who made this remarkable statement was a spinster and she lived at Teignmouth, in Devonshire, England. She kept her word, and for nearly forty years she stayed in bed. She was thirty-eight years old when she made the assert-

She had retired to bed the night before in the best health and was no seeming reason why she should not have arisen the next morning. But she concluded that she would remain where she was, and her relatives concluded that it would be best to humor her whim. So she stayed in bed and her meals were taken to her. The bed she occupied was a room upstairs, and for two years she stayed there. Then she was removed to a room on a lower floor, where she could watch the front door and the yard. She had a series of mirrors arranged so that she could see the entrance to the house and the entire yard, and she was able to know what was going on. Her hearing became abnormally acute, and she could hear noises that were insud-

Her mother and tather died and she still remained in bed. She became owner of the small estate, and she managed it with skill and judgement, and she adhered to her determination of remaining in bed. She died last week at the age of seventy. The doctors who held the autopsy said that her lungs and heart were sound, and that had she lived the usual life she would have been good for ten or fifteen years, took no medicine, and there was no apparent change in her constitution until a few months before her death.—New York World.

Its Full Name.

The intricacies of our language, from the point of view of the foreigner trying to learn it, are limitless, and furnish a neverending supply of anecdote.

'In our best circles,' said an instructor of English to his pupil a young man who had not been long on this side of the water 'nicknames are avoided. Where it is necessary to address one by the first name, or to use it in conversation, we give the name correctly and in full. And to of things. It is well to form the habit of accuracy in speech. Avoid the appearance of slang or coarseness. Do I make the idea plain to you?'

Oh, yace!' responded the young foreigner. 'And ze correct name of zees,' he added, touching with his finger a musical instrument that lay on the table, 'ees ze banjoseph, ees eet not?'

BORN.

At Roxbury, Mass., on the 25th prox., to the wife of A. E. Whelpley, a daughter.

