

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

THE THINGS THEY FIND.

WHAT CARELESS PEOPLE LEAVE BEHIND THEM IN TRAINS.

Women are the Most Headless Travellers, and are the Greatest Losers—Every thing is Included in the Railway People's List of Finds—Some Travellers.

"Have you ever noticed how careless the majority of people are when travelling?" asked a gentleman in the employ of the C. P. R., the other day. "I mean ladies particularly; men, as a rule, do not hamper themselves with the thousand and one things a lady regards as indispensable on a railway journey. Of course one very frequently comes across a veteran female traveller whom nothing can disturb or excite; but really its surprising how little it takes to rattle an otherwise sensible woman when the least thing goes wrong with her luggage or other personal belongings.

"It is nothing unusual to see a lady walk deliberately out of the train here or at some other station on the line leaving behind hand-satchel, grip, books, umbrella and in fact anything that is not fastened to her good and solid; and the strangest part of it is that once the train has gone she gives her property up as lost. It never occurs to her that there might be a special department organized purposely for the benefit of just such careless, absent minded people. To her the railroad company, from the general manager down to the rear brakeman, is one gigantic fraud and she feels that once anything has fallen into their clutches it is useless to try to recover it.

"The number of articles found in trains now is not nearly so large as a few years ago, and this is probably due to the fact that brakemen on this line are instructed to call out 'Don't forget your parcels' when they announce the depot. I do not know whether this rule is carried out in every case, but it should be at any rate.

"And again there are certain travellers on every train who are always on the look-out for whatever they can pick up in the way of forgotten articles and that also reduces the number of articles found.

"We occasionally find strange things in the cars. In the Boston train one day I found what looked like a lunch basket, and picked it up to throw the contents away when in some manner my hand went through the paper covering. What do you suppose was inside? Why two of the handsomest matted kittens I ever saw. There they were as snug as could be, and I felt heartily sorry for the person who had left them behind for I knew they were valuable. I took them home, cared for them and they grew to be very handsome cats.

"Only to day I found a new mackintosh some lady had left behind, and beside it a little girls tam o'shanter. Its a curious fact that nine of ten travellers, men and women, leave their rubbers behind them in the train. Its the crop that never fails, sure enough.

"We have cases of lost tickets too, and sometimes money. Not long ago \$76 was found, but the owner, a man in this case, turned up in a little while in a very excited state and the money was handed over to him.

"Once in awhile a lady announces that she has lost her ticket. That always makes no end of a fuss, and every body proceeds at once to look for it, sometimes it is found and sometimes it isn't; in the latter event, and after every possible place has been searched, we suggest that the lady examine her belongings again; and in almost every instance the ticket is found to have been overlooked in her purse, satchel or some part of her clothing.

You have no idea of the manner in which some people can be taken in. One would naturally think that they would profit by the experience of those whose stories are told from time to time in the papers, but they never do. Some people go right ahead and tell the first person with whom they get into conversation where they are going, what they are going to do, how much money they have on them, etc., with the result that they frequently get into trouble and look to the railroad company for redress. When money is taken in this way we are usually able to locate the guilty parties without much difficulty though.

"We had a nice quiet little traveller about three weeks ago, and one in whom everybody on the road took the greatest interest. He was a little boy of about eight years and came over on one of the steamers. He was from Sweden and was ticketed to Minnesota. He couldnt speak a word

of English, but he was one of the brightest looking little chaps you'd wish to see. Everybody who knew the circumstances had a kindly smile or a pat on the head for the manly little traveller. When he left the steamer here the steward made him up enough lunch to last a week.

"To go back to lost things and their fate, I may say that next to rubbers and wraps our greatest harvest is umbrellas. We get them in all sizes, colors and ages, from the brand new silk with the carved ivory handle, to the faded one that has done duty in some rural district for eight or ten years both as a sunshade and an umbrella. Old valises too are among the finds—so old sometimes that they'll hardly stand lifting, but their contents never amount to much as a general thing. Books! Oh yes, dozens of them, and nice, beautifully bound ones too, but they usually meet the fate of all articles found at a terminus.

"What is that? Why they are 'tagged' with the date on which they were found and the train. If not called for after a certain time they are sent to Montreal and sold at auction. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a person to recover property lost in this way if they would only display a little common sense. It would not be exhibiting any undue ignorance either to make enquiries of a ticket seller or some other official regarding the proper way to go about looking for those things. As I said a moment ago, however, the 'finds' are small now compared with what they were a few years ago when we could scoop in almost anything from a pug dog, a spring hat or coat, to a hair pin."

A POSSUM TRICK.

How one of These Little Animals Entered the Family.

The doings of a New York State possum are feelingly chronicled by the New York Sun. A farmer named John Welch, living near the town of Chester, so it appears, had lately taken a ten-year-old boy from a city charitable institution. Naturally the boy knew little about country matters, and one day, toward evening, he came running into the house to say, 'O Mr. Welch, there's a monkey in the chicken-coop settin' right by the side of our big rooster.'

Farmer Welch went out to see what the boy had discovered, and reached the coop in time to see a big possum making off with the rooster. He made a rush for the thief, which, on seeing that it couldn't escape, dropped the rooster and tumbled over, pretending, after the well-known manner of its kind, to be dead. Farmer Welch picked the animal by its tail, carried it into the house, and threw it by no means gently on the kitchen floor. The possum never gave a sign that it had life enough to know what was going on. It was tossed and pushed and tumbled about by different members of the family for some time, but it stayed dead. The farmer knew, of course, that it wasn't dead, and by and by he tossed it into a box, and by way of experiment threw a piece of raw meat near its snout. It was evident from the fact that the possum had come to the farmyard in cold weather and before dark that it must be very hungry, but with the tempting morsel lying against its very nostrils it never moved a muscle.

After a while the big family cat came into the kitchen. She got scent of the meat, and strode up to the box. The sight of the possum caused her to stop and sniff for a moment. She evidently was fooled into thinking the possum was dead, for she jumped into the box and grabbed the meat. She had no sooner done so, though, than the possum came to life with a suddenness and velocity that startled the family. If a buzz-saw had run against the cat her fur could hardly have been scattered in a more lively manner than that possum scattered it. The tumbling and caterwauling lasted a brief space, for the cat escaped and circled around the kitchen so wild eyed and big-tailed that somebody opened the door and let her out. She hasn't been seen since.

Having put the cat to flight, and seeing the excited family grouped about, the possum promptly turned over and died again. After a while, finding that no one made a move toward doing it injury, it came to life, got into the box, and ate the meat as coolly as if it had been dining at home in the hollow of the tree.

The possum has remained in the family ever since, and has developed a particular fondness for the boy who discovered it and took it for a monkey.

HOW BOUQUON BABIES WERE BORN

Court Present at the Lying-In—Expensive Outfits and a Big Household.

When the birth of a royal child, was expected the 'Te Deum' was sung in the churches of Paris, the Parliament sent to congratulate the King and Queen, and public prayers were said. When the confinement began relics of St. Margaret were brought from St. Germain des Pres, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in all the churches. The birth itself was to have many witnesses. In the room of the Queen or Dauphiness, as the case might be, was erected a great tent, and within this a lesser tent, in which was the bed. To the outer tent were admitted Princes of the blood, the Chancellor, and later many other witnesses, up to 200 ladies in the time of Henri IV. Later the whole court was admitted, and under Louis XV, the adjoining rooms were also crowded with courtiers, many of them arriving in haste in their dressing gowns. In the following reign the crowd became so great that Maria Antoinette was almost stifled, and Louis XVI pushed through the crowd to the windows, which he smashed with his fist. The infant was christened directly it was born, but the solemnities of baptism were often delayed for many years. A layette was provided beforehand. This trousseau for the eldest great grandson of Louis XIV cost 120,000 livres, and later on it rose to 200,000. The matter was so important that this collection of baby clothes was brought in procession from Paris to Versailles with an escort of guards. The Pope was accustomed to send a second outfit. Those for the son of Louis XIII, arrived in two cases of red velvet adorned with silver, and the embroidery of silk, silver, and gold with the royal and Papal arms and religious subjects, were an object of great admiration. They were always brought by some prelate of high rank, with the title of Vice-Legat.

He was received with the greatest honors and was accompanied, not like Ambassadors by a Marshal of France, but by a Prince of the House of Lorraine. After an audience of the King he had another from the royal infant, before whom the layette was spread out. Two gentlemen held the ends and the baby placed his hand upon it to take possession. The Vice Legat made a complimentary speech to the baby and gave his blessing. It was usual for the King to obtain for him in return a Cardinals hat.

Deputations also gravely made speeches before the infant Prince. Balls were given and festivities of all kinds. The expenses of the birth of the grandson of Louis XIV amounted to 604,477 livres, probably more than £100,000 at the present rate of money. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette turned this extravagance into a better channel. The King gave 100,000 livres to the poor, the Queen gave dowries to 100 poor girls and the good example was widely followed throughout France.

Besides a wet-nurse the child had a remeuse, whose sole duty it was to rock the cradle at certain hours. Of the eight bedchamber women four were appointed by the King, two by the Queen, and two by the Duchesse, who was a great lady, usually a Duchess or Princess, charged with the children until they reached 7 years of age. For each child the offices were renewed, and if one child died all his attendants passed on ipso facto to his brother. It happened thus to one young Prince to have thirty-two bedchamber women. The number of other persons connected with the royal children may be estimated by the fact that the Austrian Ambassador, writing to his mistress in 1779, when Louis XVI. had as yet only a daughter of 1 year old, declares that, in spite of the King's attempt to curtail useless expenditure, the 'household' of the Princess consisted of eighty persons.

A Scene of Terror in India.

A Bengal Post Office superintendent has received from one of his Babu inspectors this report of an incident at a river which had to be forced owing to the breakdown of a bridge:

'As I was to pass the river or water through my cart for absence of any boat some alligators ran on my oxen hence the oxen getting fear forcibly took away my cart in an abyss below the water of 12 feet which the cartman failed to obstruct. The oxen forcibly left the cart and fled to the other side of the river by swimming. I myself being inside the matscreen of my cart the whole cart fell into the abyss, I used to cry loudly at the time. The cart with myself was drowned in the meantime the Overseer Babu Mehendra Nath Ghose and my cook jumped on the water and took my cart in a place where, 4½ then water I myself jumped on the water and saved my

life. The alligators getting fear from the cart fled to the roadside and no sooner we came to the road they jumped on the water. Had I been under suffocation for 3 minutes more then there was no hope of any life. * * * The nearest residents told thereafter that some men died that year in the abyss by the attack of alligators. I am much unwell the voice of my speech is fallen low and out of order from the suffocation.'—London Standard.

GUNBOAT IN 1,500 PIECES.

That's the Way it is to be Shipped From England to Lake Nyassa.

English naval constructors are very much interested in a gunboat which has just been completed for service on Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, and is to be shipped to that point in pieces like a Chinese puzzle. This boat, the Guendolen, is now split up into 1,500 packages for transportation. A reporter of the London Echo describes the boat in his account of his interview with J. A. Rennie of the engineering firm which built the Guendolen:

"So there is going to be fighting on Lake Nyassa?" I remarked tentatively.

"I never said so," he replied with fitting diplomacy.

"Then that's my mistake; I merely judged so from the fact of your taking out what on a lake would be considered a first-class battleship for the Guendolen is heavily armed, is she not?"

"Yes, if you call six Maxims and four Hotchkiss guns a big armament. She is intended to replace the three small gunboats now on the lake which are practically obsolete, and is a vast improvement on them in every way. Her length is 136 feet, beam 23 and tonnage 350, and with a draught of 4 feet 6 inches is intended to steam twelve knots.'

'I suppose the depth of the lake did not necessitate a shallow draught vessel?'

'By no means, as there is plenty of water even close inshore; that enabled us to have twin screws, for on shallow water such as the Niger or the Khoja (by means of which the Russians in 1894 penetrated far up toward Chitral) a sternwheel is absolutely necessary. She is quite a normal type, except for the fact that she is fitted with Fraser's under-fired boilers, and will burn wood fuel, of which there is an abundance in and around the lake; coal is only brought up from the coast for the use of two or three forges, at a cost of some £10 per ton, such is the difficulty of transport.'

'And that difficulty will be increased in the case of a gunboat, I should imagine?'

'Not so much as you think,' said Mr. Rennie. 'You see we can only bolt, not rivet her together in the yard here, so as to insure the perfect fitting together of every part. In this condition the Guendolen was inspected by Sir Edward Reed, who expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with her. Then she was taken to pieces, every piece being previously numbered, and on a small model these numbers are marked off, the internal fittings—of course the model is only of the outside of the hull—having their proper numbers marked on scale drawings. Drawings and model accompany the ship, which is split up into 1,500 packages, that containing the boiler of 2½ tons being the heaviest, so that on her arrival there need be no difficulty whatever in putting her together again.'

Mr. Rennie added that if one of the packages should be lost, it would be difficult to replace it. The packages are to be transported for miles over a rough country by bullock wagons, and as extra weight is an important consideration, no spare parts are carried. Commander Cullen, R. N.

R., the commander-in-chief on the lake, has charge of the transportation, and he will superintend the assembling of the parts.

SHIPS' RANGE OF ACTION.

Close Quarters "Business" as Pictured by "Artists" Unknown in Naval Circles.

"The pictures in some of the burnt-orange newspapers of battleships in action are about as funny as the Japanese idea of prospective," said a naval officer to a Washington Star man. "These pictures represent the opposing ships blazing away at each other with thirteen-inch rifles at a range of about a hundred feet, and the artists certainly work up the thing to make it look terrific enough in all conscience. It's a wonder to me they don't represent the crews of the opposing ships in the act of using grappling irons, as they did in engagements at close quarters in the days of the old 70-guns frigates. As a matter of fact, if either battleship in an engagement between vessels of to-day got within such a range of another, or anything like it, it would simply be a matter of the first shot. One big shell delivered at such a range would leave only the debris of the struck ship floating on the surface of the water. Modern ships of war are not devised to get within any such range of each other in action. The nearest that any of the opposing ships in the great naval battle on the Yalu got to each other was a trifle under two miles, and what one battleship can do to another at that range is something beyond calculation. The naval engagement of this era is very largely a matter of manoeuvring—of presenting the smallest possible target to the guns of the enemy's ships, and of forcing the enemy to present their biggest hull to the range-finders. When the commander of a ship in the coming engagements can contrive to get in his work on the enemy's vessels while only pointing with his nose in that direction—leaving them practically only a razor's edge target—he is liable to eat them up. But while there is still a drill in the United States Navy called 'repelling boarders,' the drill is only retained in the manual for the sake of exercising the men, and the only boarding that will be done in the coming fights will be done by prize crews taking possession of beaten ships after the latter have struck their colors.'

Wherein Woman is Superior.

'The longer I live,' said the house physician of one of the big hotels, 'the more I wonder at and admire the female stomach. That abused organ, cabined, cribbed and confined in a corset two sizes too small, can stand more hard knocks than any pugilist that ever stepped into the ring. The average woman at a hotel has the choice of a world of things to eat and does not know in the least what to eat. Here is the list of the things that were stowed away at my table the other day by a spirituelle creature weighing not more than 100 pounds and measures seventeen inches about the middle:

'Soup, fish with rice sauce, olives, sliced cucumbers, sweetbreads, turkey with chestnut dressing, grouse, asparagus, new potatoes, cauliflower with lemon, two helpings of lobster Newburg, chicken pudding, ice cream, cakes, Roquetot cheese and coffee. The liquids were a glass of white wine and a quart bottle of beer, which she shared with her father. This is her usual performance. I weigh 195 pounds, and take a great deal of exercise. My dinner consisted of a light soup, steak bread, a liberal portion of beet, some peas, asparagus, cheese and coffee. That was plenty, if not too much. And women will drink sherry, milk punches, cocktails and other heavy concoctions and perhaps feel the effects of them, too. But they get over it quickly.'

ASTHMA'S PROGRESS.

From Cold to Cure.

No relief in other remedies.

There are many medicines that palliate asthma. There are few that do more than relieve for a time the oppressed breathing of the sufferer. There are few diseases more troublesome and more irritating than asthma. It interferes alike with business and with pleasure. It prevents enjoyment of the day and makes the night a terror. A remedy for asthma would be hailed by thousands as the greatest possible boon that could be offered them. There is a remedy for asthma. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has cured hundreds of cases of this disease, and testimonials to its efficacy from those who have tried the remedy are multiplying with every year. The cases presented in the testimonials that follow, may be taken as exemplifying the quick and radical action of this great remedy.

"About a year ago, I caught a bad cold which resulted in asthma so severe that I was threatened with suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down on my bed. A friend recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I began to take it, and soon obtained relief, and, finally, was completely cured. Since then, I have used this medicine in my family with great success for colds, coughs, and croup."—S. HERRICK, Editor "Kolik" (Polish), Stevens Point, Wis.

"While on the Gasconade River, Ga., I

caught a severe cold which resulted in asthma. After taking doctors' prescriptions for a long time without benefit, I at length made use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was completely cured."—H. G. KITCHELL, Greenwood, Miss.

"Some time since I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a bad cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians, and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief. Finally I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time was entirely cured."—J. ROSELLS, Victoria, Tex.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known the world over as one of the most effective medicines for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is not, as are so many cough medicines, a mere "soothing syrup," a temporary relief and palliative, but it is a radical remedy, dealing directly with disease and promptly healing it. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's remedies. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.