

A FROLICKSOME PARTY.

TWO HUNDRED BOYS MAKE MONCTON THEIR HOME

For a Short Time in the Holidays and Made the Hearts of the Matrons Sad and the Souls of Workmen Glad—How They Enjoyed Themselves and Were Improved.

MONCTON, Jan. 12.—The second maritime conference of the boys' branch of the Y. M. C. A., met in Moncton during the closing week of the old year, and after a session of much enjoyment and, according to the public statements of the members themselves, much spiritual refreshment and help, they bade an affectionate adieu last week to their youthful confreres, and kind entertainers in the railway city, and turned their bright young faces towards their respective homes.

Doubtless many of them hailed the moment of departure with unmixed joy, as they were most emphatically too young to be trusted away from home without the fostering care of either of their mothers or nurses; but the majority expressed sincere regret when the hour of parting came.

There were nearly two hundred delegates in all, and they ranged in age from the experienced man of the world, whose twenty one or two years of life had given him a knowledge of the world, and a familiarity with the abstruse problems of religion which many a graybeard might envy, down to the tender infant whose emotions so overcame him at bedtime that he grew homesick and wept pitifully to be taken home. Naturally the latter were the cause of some embarrassment to their entertainers, who had not taken the contract for running a private nursery, but such cases were of course exceptions, and on the whole the delegates were a merry crowd, filled to the brim with youthful hilarity and boyish vivacity. Evidently their religion had had a most vivifying and uplifting effect upon them, and those who did not serve as shining object lessons of all that the youthful male of the human family should be in the households where they were entertained during their stay in town, at least kept their hosts from ennui while they abode with them.

One lady generously undertook to provide for five of these frolicsome little christians, and the first night she turned them all into the one corral—provided them with a large airy chamber containing two beds. The dear boys had such a lovely time all together that they managed to break down the beds and the next night their hostess was forced to find separate apartments for her lively guests. The chances for fun were lessened by this arrangement, but to the lofty spirit obstacles only serve as so many additional incentives to redoubled efforts; and that was the case with the young christians for they forthwith changed their field of operations, took possession of the upper hall, and organized a pillow fight in which both sides and the umpire so distinguished themselves that what was left of pillows and pillow cases after the fray was scarcely worth gathering up.

Another confiding matron housed three of these youthful soldiers of the cross, and her experience was almost as interesting. The youths were evidently firm believers in the oft quoted proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness, so they decided to apply it by taking a bath shortly after their arrival. Whether they were anxious to economize time or water has not transpired so far, but they filled the bath tub to its utmost capacity, and then all got in at once. To say that a miniature Niagara Falls descended into the room below is to express it too mildly, worse still, the greater part of the plaster descended also, and the soul of the hostess is probably so embittered against the genus small boy, that should a swarm of them be loosed upon the citizens on some future occasion, it is extremely improbable that she will add her name to the list of those who are willing to open the doors of their homes to them, and try to make their visit pleasant.

The wisdom of landing nearly two hundred boys on the citizens of Moncton during the Christmas holidays when everyone was either absorbed by the cares of the holiday season, or had guests of their own, was questioned by thinking people when it was first suggested and when those in charge found that they were short of just fifty homes, for the expected delegates, they probably realized when too late that they had made a mistake. However the citizens responded nobly to the extra call upon their resources, many who had thought they would be unable to take any, making room for two or three, and we are confidently assured that the boys had a delightful as well as improving time, which was, after all, the only thing that really mattered much.

The peace which followed their departure was so deep and all prevailing in many

households, it must have seemed like a foretaste of heaven, and the heart of the plumber, the plasterer, and the furniture man rejoiced; so that probably comprised the greatest good to the greatest number, which is of course a most desirable state of things, and about as near a modern Utopia as we can hope to get.

A TALL SNAKE STORY.

A Blacksnake Really Frightened a Cow to Death.

An unusual story of animals comes from a farm near Starucca, Pa. A farmer noticed one of his cows making repeated and furious charges at a dense thicket on the farm. The animal, which seemed infuriated, rushed at the underbrush again and again, striking the thicket with its horns and bellowing long and hard. An investigation by the owner of the animal showed that she was fighting a big blacksnake and trying to stamp it to death with her fore feet. The thicket was an isolated clump of laurels and the snake did not seem disposed to leave it and trust its life in the open country.

Finally the cow lowered her head and attempted to impale the snake on her horns. In an instant the snake sprang on the cow's head and coiled itself about her horns. The cow was dazed for an instant and then set off on a run, occasionally kneeling to rub herself against the ground, but she was unable to rid herself of her enemy. The cow seemed finally to realize that all her efforts were useless and set off at a full gallop. The men on the farm made an effort to follow her and turn her back. When cornered she would charge everything in sight. She bellowed herself hoarse with terror and foam came from her mouth and blood from her nostrils. Her sides were distended and she panted as though her very hide would burst. Whenever the men approached to kill the snake the poor cow, half crazed, would start off again, tossing her head in the vain effort to shake the snake off. But the reptile kept its hold with wonderful tenacity. It was not seen to strike the cow, but it seemed to enjoy its ride and to take pleasure in torturing the animal that bore it. Occasionally the snake would half untwist itself and its head would play before the cow's eyes. On these occasions the poor animal would bellow with terror and go backward in an endeavor to escape from the snake. Finally the brute dropped from sheer exhaustion and panted out her life. The snake was immediately dispatched and on being measured was found to be over six feet in length.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tapestry of an Empress.

A Paris correspondent writes: The Gobelin is engaged on a tapestry for the Empress Alexandria which they expect to finish by May 1, 1900. It represents the original painting of Marie Antoinette and her children that hangs at the Elysee. The painter was Mme. Vigee Lebrun. The young empress was greatly struck by its beauty, and thought it deeply interesting. M. Faure made a note of this, and asked the fine arts minister to consult with the director of the Gobelins as to the best means to secure a good copy. Three of the best artist weavers were set to work last February. They work alternately, so as to be busy only two days in the week, and thus keep their eyes fresh. They are now at the figures. The dyeing and cutting of the wools was a tedious and troublesome work.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Proclaim in no Uncertain Sound the Pain Annihilating Properties of South American Rheumatic Cure.

Here is evidence enough to convince the most skeptical that South American Rheumatic Cure does all that is claimed for it. Mrs. Parkin, of Binbrook, completely cured of sciatica with four bottles. W. McFarlane, of Hamilton, laid up several weeks with acute rheumatism. Three bottles cured him. Mr. Sinclair of Hamilton, over 70 years old, could not raise his hand to his head from rheumatism. Three bottles cured him. Mr. Adams, of Hamilton—sciatica so bad could not walk—cured in four days—and thousands more.

A Plucky Young Lady.

A remarkable act of pluck and bravery on the part of one of the gentler sex was displayed at Wissahickon station, on the Reading Railway, on Saturday last. A bevy of young ladies who were out on a nutting picnic from West Philadelphia, were waiting for a trolley car to convey them to Norristown. A man much the worse for liquor came walking along the station platform and just as a train was approaching attempted to cross the tracks one of the young ladies saw his danger and quicker than a flash she jumped on the track, seized the unfortunate man by the nape of the neck and threw him out of harm's way. The next moment the train rushed past. All the girls and the rescued

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victim got a ord the trolley car, and before they reached Roxborough the man sobbed up sufficiently to realize the peril he had been in, and to show his gratitude offered to marry the girl at sight. She, however, declined on the plea that it was the first offer she had ever had.—Philadelphia Record.

French Army Discipline.

Discipline is evidently a factor in the French army, as two incidents which have just occurred during a single sitting of a court-martial at Tunis go to prove. A soldier belonging to one of the African battalions, brought up on a charge of disobedience, when asked what he had to say in his defence, shouted, 'You are a lot of swine and drinkers of blood,' and was promptly sentenced to ten years' hard labor. The man who was introduced after him was accused of a similar offence, and the usual questions with a view to establishing his identity had scarcely been addressed to him when he tore a button off his tunic and flung it at the face of the president. For this offence he was condemned to death.—Boston Transcript.

Take Advertisements.

It has become so common to write on various subjects, articles which end with an advertisement that we shall not follow this course. Our one wish is simply to draw attention in as clear a way as possible to the merits of *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine*, in order to induce every one to give it a trial, which would prove its value to such an extent that in the future, they will not make use of any other remedy.

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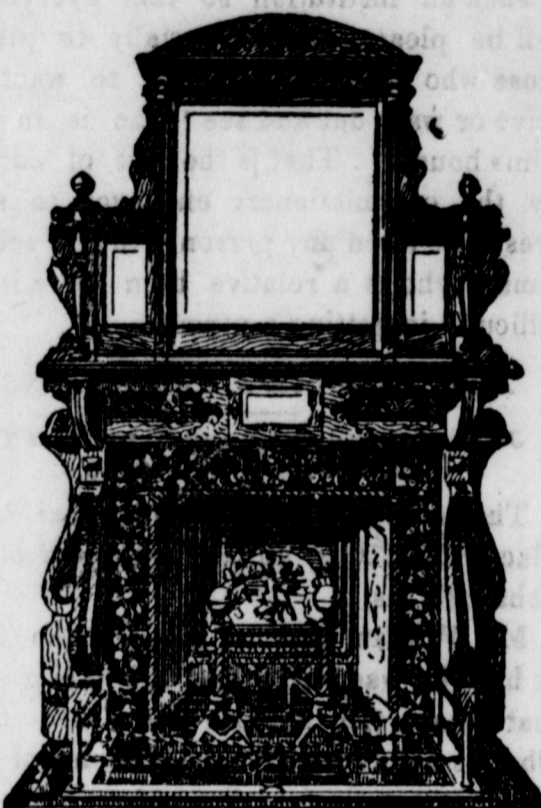
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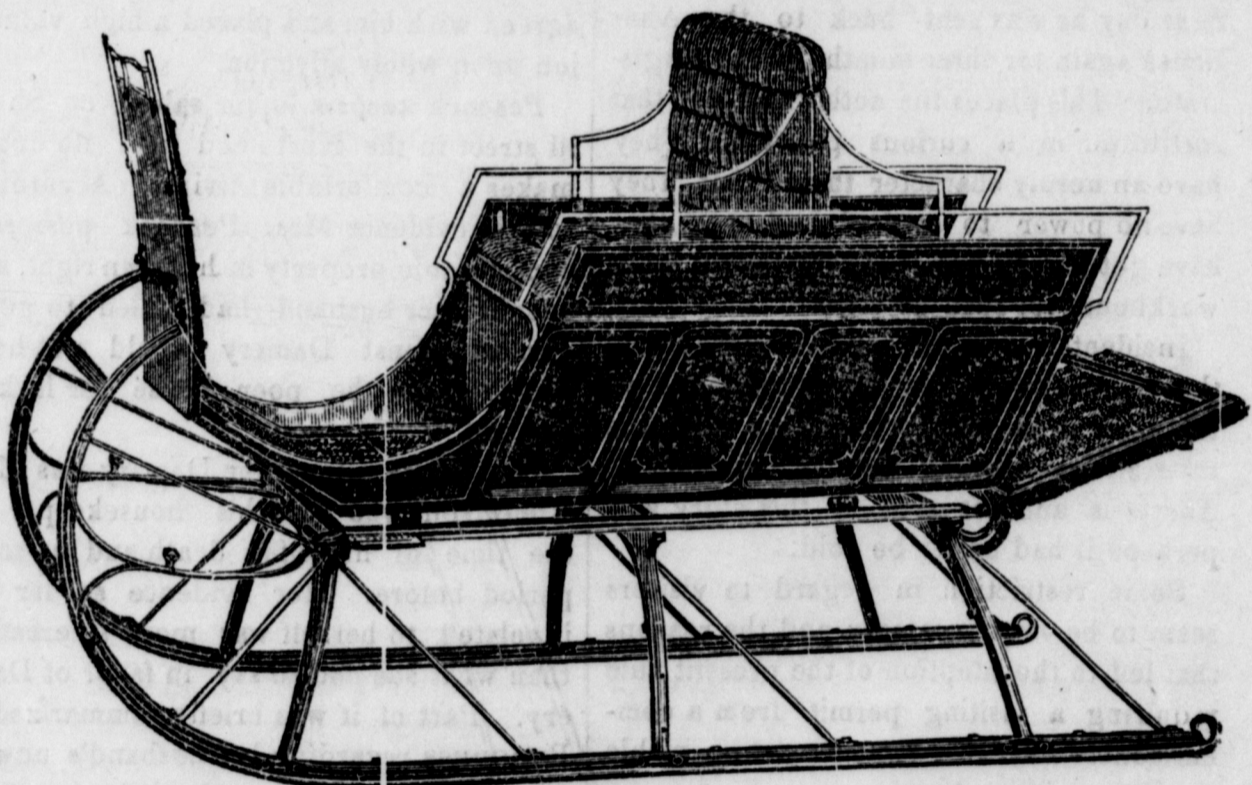
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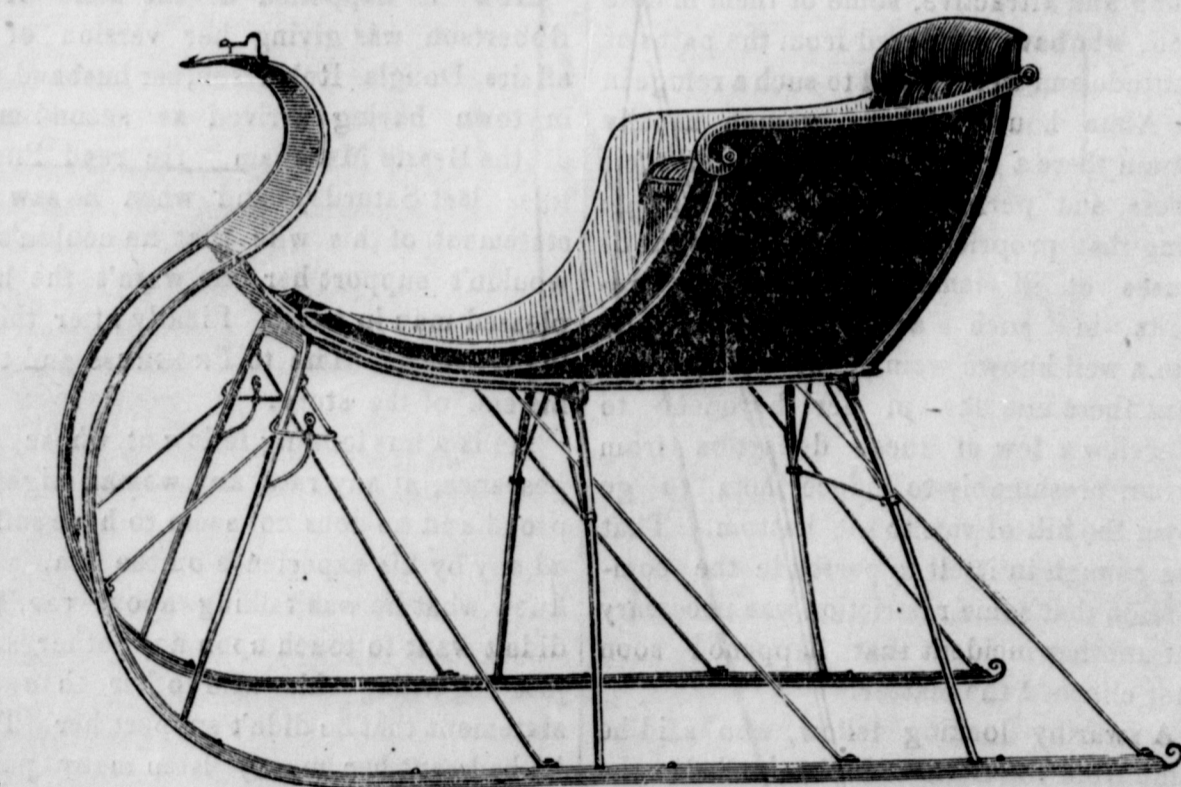
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