

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1898.

HER MODE OF WARFARE.

HOW A GAY CAPTAIN'S WIFE DISCOVERED HIS FLIRTATION.

She Counted His Letter Paper—How the Directory Men Gather up Their Names—A Pathetic Dep't Scene and Other Interesting Happenings.

A unique method of settling the vexed question of her husband's fidelity was indulged in recently by the wife of a St. John sea captain who believes that all methods are fair in love and war, particularly the former.

It appears that a fair neighbor was engrossing too much of her husband's attention and various were the means the wife resorted to in order to find out just how matters stood. She suspected a clandestine correspondence and one of her daily tasks was an inspection of the box in which was kept the family letter paper and envelopes. The sheets were faithfully counted in order to find out if any were missing, and finally one day it was found that one had disappeared.

Of course the erring husband had taken it; and now the next move on the wife's part was to get possession of the letter. The postman's rounds were closely watched and whenever he appeared in the vicinity of the home he was met by the wife on the steps and asked if there were any letters for herself, or for Mrs. Blank, the husband's enchantress, who, by the way, occupied a flat in the same house.

Unlike the letter in the song, this one came after a while. It was addressed to her rival, in her husband's handwriting, and without any scruples of conscience the jolly seaman's wife opened and read it. Shortly after that the neighbors witnessed a real old time hair-pulling match.

Lately the captain and his better half removed to another part of the city, and a few mornings ago, a police officer noticed the latter walking impatiently up and down the sidewalk near her former home. Soon the gay captain, who did not anticipate breakers ahead, came along and was naturally very surprised to find his wife ahead of him. The moment he turned the corner he was button-holed by his wrathful wife who evidently knew how to argue her case for after a stormy little scene he turned and went home with her leaving the other woman to account for his absence as best she could.

The men who are hunting up names for the 1898-99 directory for St. John are out now on their daily rounds and their trials are many. They have to contend with the person who wants to tell them how many members of the family have died or removed to some other country since last year, and regard the annual directory tour as a regular census taking. "Who is your most troublesome customer?" was asked of one of the canvassers lately. "The man who is so busy or so unsociable that he won't stop to give information," was the reply. "We must have it though, and keep at him till we get it. If such people would only realize that they must be accounted for, and must give up a few moments of their time, if the work is to be done right, they would not lose very much time and would not be so impatient. Time is of great importance with us. We must tackle a house and get through with it as soon as possible. It doesn't pay to make a formal call at the front door always. Unless that way of ingress is in common use by everybody as in the ordinary apartment flat, we strike at once for the back door. So many women do their own work that by going to the kitchen door we get at them without formality. Very often I talk to the lady of the house while she is kneading her dough, or deep into some other part of the weekly baking. If I had gone to the front door, the chances are ten to one that she would first have washed her hands, then kept me waiting while she toggled up a bit. By making a flank attack at the back door, we catch them off their guard and find out all we want to know before they have time to think about how they look."

Around the railway depot there are frequently strange scenes enacted, and pathetic happenings noted by those whom business or pleasure call to that busy place. One day this week a particularly saddening incident occurred. It was almost time for the Boston train to leave and there seemed to be an unusually large number of people at the Union depot. Hurrying along towards the gate was a woman and two children, the larger of these a bright looking little boy of per-

haps five years. The woman was young and not bad looking, plainly though not shabbily dressed; but what attracted the attention of those near was the very evident fact that she was under the influence of liquor.

She attempted to pass without showing her ticket but was drawn roughly back by the man who presides at the gate, and pushed aside until other waiting travellers had passed along.

Meantime the children had been permitted to go through and stood surveying the scene with innocent delight. The boy was particularly interested and watched his mother with amused eyes. The little ones could not realize the intense sadness of the situation, and though the bystanders viewed it with feelings in which disgust and pity were strongly mingled, the children evidently enjoyed it.

Finally the intoxicated woman showed her ticket and was allowed to go on her way. Then it was that the maternal instinct asserted itself. She had somehow lost sight of the boy and girl, and when after a hurried, alarmed glance around she saw them, she made a wild break through a group of ladies and catching the little ones by the hand hurried towards the train.

In the city this week a newly married couple were much in evidence. They went everywhere and if they were conscious of the fact they were attracting attention they did not show that it affected them at all. They were here to spend the honeymoon, and took in the sights of the city. The happy looking young benedict was rather tall, had a clear complexion and a sweeping black moustache. His spring overcoat was very light and very new and his pearl colored Alpine hat must have cost as much as three or four dollars. He wore tan gloves. The blushing bride was dressed in purple, very light purple, with fur trimming and her Easter hat had flowers all over it and lots of them. Through her light veil could be seen the glow of youth and health on her pretty, bright face.

There was no mistaking the object of their visit to the city. They had come to see all that was to be seen, for now that they were married future sight seeing would be problematical. They went to the matinee of "Monte Cristo" and the bride blushed beautifully, and scrutinized her programme closely while Mercedes told her story at the beginning of the second act, and how her marriage with Dantes was to have been more than a union of loving hearts; was to have done her justice etc. They turned up at the Art Exhibition and smiled incredulously when somebody remarked that the "Rising of Jairus Daughter" had cost somewhere in the vicinity of fifty thousand dollars.

They started at one end of King street and walked to the other. That purple dress was greatly in evidence. Scores of people on the street turned to look at it, and everybody smiled. The crowd lost interest in the city election, when they appeared Tuesday near one of the booths, and everybody turned to look at the pretty bride in the purple dress and the groom with the pearl hat.

Everybody loves a lover and a newly married couple and nothing will put a street crowd in good humor quicker than an unmistakable bride and groom from out of town. The girl in the purple dress had the right of way of King and Charlotte streets but she didn't know it. The happy groom saw nothing but the tops of the buildings and did not think it strange that people did not run into him.

Swam a River to Get a Wife.

William Gunn a young man of this town, has proved his loyalty to his sweetheart in a way which few young men could rival, says a telegram from Covington, Ga. He has been engaged for some time to Miss Emily Jackson of Henry county, and, on attempting to cross the South River bridge to the church, where the bridal party was awaiting him, he was informed by the guard that the County commissioners had prepared a smallpox quarantine, and, unless he could produce a health certificate, he would not be allowed to proceed to fill his engagement. Young Gunn walked about half a mile from the guards, stripped, and, with his clothes on his back, swam the turbulent, icy stream resumed his garments and presented himself at the church. After the wedding the couple descended to the point where he had emerged from the water, boarded a small boat, and again eluding the quarantine officials, reached the opposite side in safety.—Mobile Register.

QUEER ACADIAN BELIEF.

RESPECT SHOWN TO THE HEDGEHOG BY FRENCH-ACADIANS.

Maine People Who Say That Old Men Wander Into the Woods and are Changed Into Hedgehogs—Transformation in America of an Old French Superstition.

The French Canadian settlers who have raised big crops and big families at Van Buren, Me., ever since their ancestors were driven from Acadia, a century and a half ago, pay little heed to the game laws of Maine. Though they kill moose, deer, and Caribou in season and out of season, and though they esteem muskrat stew a rare delicacy, and eat large numbers of woodchucks and rabbits every year, there isn't a Frenchman between Grand Falls and Fort Kent who could be hired to injure a hedgehog. The Indians, with whom the French have been closely associated for three centuries, can dress and bake a hedgehog so that the average epicure cannot distinguish it from roast pig, and they never miss a chance of capturing all of these animals they can find, but the Frenchmen, for purely sentimental reasons treat the spine-clad little creature with great respect, feeding them with scraps from their tables, and showering them with 'bon jours' whenever they visit the settlements.

The reason for this peculiar veneration for the hedgehog has been sought for by priests and other learned men familiar with the ways of the American branch of the French race. As the result of long investigation it is generally conceded that the Frenchman's respect for all hedgehogs is due to an ancient superstition which asserts that old Frenchmen, when they get feeble and unfit for work, wander away to the woods and turn into hedgehogs. After the transformation they return to their former homes as guardians of the household. The scholars further say that the belief in the transformation of men into hedgehogs is an American offshoot of the loup garou superstition which prevailed once in France. This superstition held that men possessed of evil spirits were running about the land on all fours, howling and fighting like wolves and devouring all the children they could capture. In the course of time various men suspected of the practice were burned at the stake, and others were banished to America. In some unexplained way the lycanthropes of France became hedgehogs here, and the modern Frenchman always takes off his hat and says 'Bon jour, monsieur,' whenever he sees a hedgehog passing in the woods.

Any old French woman in northern Maine can tell scores about old men who have gone to the forest for the purpose of becoming hedgehogs. It seems that all who wish to make the change cannot do so. Those who fail to become hedgehogs return home in the course of a few weeks and die before the end of a month. Though the candidates who have been blackballed by the Woodland Society of Immortal Hedgehogs have been questioned repeatedly about the manner of their reception, nobody has revealed the secret.

In the summer of 1889 Pierre Jacques Soucci, an aged river driver of Van Buren, came home from camp sick with rheumatism. After he had gone to bed his wife saw a hedgehog come out of the woods, and circle about the cabbage garden, and that night she heard it stepping around on the roof of their house. The following forenoon Soucci said he was a little better and told his wife he would go to the woods and get a basket of wintergreen, which the French believe is a remedy for rheumatism. As he had not returned at dinner time, his wife went out to find him. Half a mile from home in a growth of tall pines she discovered his basket and clothing piled up at the foot of a stump. When she picked up the garments to make sure they belonged to her husband, a big hedgehog ran out and faced about to look at her. Mrs. Soucci, who is living here now and is still a good looking widow, describes the meeting as follows:

'Ah know heem soon's Ah bin see heem, So Ah says. 'Ees zat you, Pierre, mon Pierre?' An heem week heem eye. sam' way heem deed at hom', an' Ah bin know heem was Pierre. W'at Ah do zen, you bin tink? Ah wants hug heem, but heem bin all full some sharp steeks. Ah feels so ver' bad zat Ah'm faint 'way lak Ah's deed, an' w'en Ah's com' to heem bin gone.'

Mrs. Hilare Thibault, who became a widow in 1892 because her husband pre-

ferred the life of a hedgehog to that of a hard-working Maine Frenchman, tells a more practical and less pathetic tale. Thibault was the model husband in the village of St. Denis. He worked cutting wood for the land owner as long as he could see, and when he came home at night he did the family cooking and washing and put the house in shape for the morrow. Meantime his wife sat by the fire and played with the children or scolded her mate until he made greater endeavors. They had saved up a good sum of money in a Canadian bank and were thinking of removing to Montreal and enjoying it, when Hilare failed to come home one night. As he had often threatened his wife that he would go out and turn into a hedgehog if she didn't stop scolding him, she was naturally afraid that he had kept his word. So she lit a lantern, and, putting on a wrap, went to hunt him up, leaving the door of her house open in her haste to get away. Returning from an unsuccessful search an hour later, she saw a big hedgehog in the middle of the kitchen biting up bits of the floor boards in order to get at the grease spots which had fallen from the frying pan.

'Ah bin seep heem an' Ah bin know heem,' said Mrs. Thibault in telling of the event. 'Heem lak me, but heem no lak ze work een ze t'oor, lak heem bin use, but heem chop no more trees, lak heem was, 'cause heem heeghog now, an' heem no hel work eny more 'tall. Mon Dieu! heem bin fin' means, Ah'm tells you.'

From all accounts it would seem that a bad character is no bar to transformation into a hedgehog, as all the thriving propensities which hedgehogs have acquired during their neighborly intercourse with mankind are credited to the wicked Frenchmen who have taken possession of the animals. In a state of nature a hedgehog is a strict vegetarian, subsisting entirely upon the leaves of low-growing plants in the summer and eating nothing but hemlock bark from the time the leaves fall until the spring foliage is put out. The passion which impels hedgehogs to dig frozen pork from its hiding place among snow drifts and leads them to gnaw pork barrels and raise chips on the top of camp floors in order to get at bits of grease has been acquired from contact with mankind.

Consequently, whenever one of these animals tips over a barrel and steals a half smoked ham from above the smudge fire, the French owner of the ham goes to the family of some bad man who has lately joined the ranks of the hedgehogs and makes demand for full payment. In nearly every case the person to whom such a bill is presented makes haste to effect a settlement. These bills are considered debts of honor, which must be paid at any sacrifice, if the family hopes to have continued prosperity. The French villages are full of the weird tales about the misfortunes that have overtaken the men who have ignored the demands made against their hedgehog ancestors. A person who repudiates such a bill three times is liable to be turned into a hedgehog without notice.

The Acadians who inhabit northeastern Maine profess to have a sure way of finding out if any of their kindred are dwelling among the hedgehogs in a given locality. Whenever a colony of French people migrate to a new township, bits of fat pork and bacon rind are thrown out near the ledges where signs of hedgehogs are found. If these baits remain on the ground until they decay, no exiled Frenchman is dwelling among the rocks, but, if they are eaten up in a night or two, and hedgehogs come out to the new clearings looking for more, it is taken for a token that unfortunate ancestors are living near by who must be protected at any cost. As hedgehogs are

capable of multiplying faster than the French people, the superstition often imposes a heavy tax upon the squatters. In some townships the animals have become so many that they have girdled and killed great tracts of valuable hemlock, bringing heavy losses to the land owners, who will soon ask the State to put a bounty upon hedgehogs in order to thin out the pests. If such a law is ever passed, the men who try to enforce it will meet with thrilling adventures when they visit northern Aroostook county.

NOT FIT TO BE HANGED.

A Priest who Made a Lad Good Enough for the Gallows.

It is the general opinion that a man must be pretty bad in order to be fit to be hanged. There was one man, however, who used to take exactly the opposite view of the case. To him it appeared that a man must be pretty good in order to be fit to be hanged. In his entertaining "Recollections," Aubrey De Vere tells an interesting story of how this good man, who was an Irish priest, once succeeded in helping a man to become good enough for the gallows.

There was a boy whom the priest had taught to shoot, but unfortunately the lad went further than his teacher intended, and showed his skill by shooting a gamekeeper. Then came remorse, and by and by it became so strong that it overcame the fear of death.

'I'm tired out. I can't bear the pain in my heart any longer,' said the boy; so he went to the priest and told of his crime, with the intention of giving himself up.

'Is it to be hanged you have come here?' asked the priest.

'It is to be hanged, your reverence,' was the reply.

'My boy, it's a very serious thing to die, and meet one's God,' said the priest. 'I'm afraid it's a long time since you were at church, and that you have forgotten your religion. Let me hear now if you can say the Apostles' Creed.'

The youth strove to repeat it, but failed.

'This is a strange thing,' said the priest. 'Here is a man who does not know a B from a bull's foot, and yet he thinks he is fit to be hanged. Where are you living my boy?'

'I am living down there, your reverence, about a mile to the west,' answered the youth.

The priest replied, 'I will go to you every night about ten o'clock. I'd be afraid of going before it was dark, for I might be hanged myself as an accomplice. As it is, it's a likely thing enough, if they come upon us.'

The priest kept his word. Every night found him visiting the self-condemned youth, teaching him the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. He made him this promise: 'As soon as ever I find you are fit to be hanged, I will tell you so. Till then don't dare to do anything of the kind.'

Many nights, at the risk of his own safety, the priest made his way to the boy, and taught him, till the repentance that is only the sting of remorse passed into that truer repentance that is born of love.

One night, before giving the young man his usual parting blessing, the priest said, 'I promised, my boy, to let you know when I considered you fit to be hanged, and now I have the satisfaction of assuring you that I never knew a man fitter to be hanged than yourself.'

The lad thereupon informed against himself, but instead of being hanged, as he and his friend had expected, he was transported.

Knowledge and wisdom make a strong team when hitched together.

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt, always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are

promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unobtainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. 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 medicines. Dr. Ayer's Curebook sent free, on request. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.