

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

SASSED THE SERGEANT.

HOW A SHORT COURSE SOLDIER GOT EVEN WITH A COP.

He Took too Much Fire Water and Was Run In—How He Succeeded in Getting Even With the Officer of the Law Who Did His Duty.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 21.—The short course men who attend the military school from time to time are usually a pretty good lot of fellows and as a general rule behave themselves well during their stay here. occasionally a black sheep, finds his way into the flock, and if he does not get himself into trouble usually succeeds in making trouble for somebody else.

Among the half hundred or so at present undergoing instruction at the school is a young man belonging to a Halifax militia regiment who, if he does not mend his ways, is soon to be presented with a walking ticket, which will be the means of landing him in Halifax some weeks ahead of time. The young man in question unfortunately for himself is addicted to strong drink and like others of his class sometimes takes more of the exhilarating beverages into his system than is positively good for him.

A week ago on Sunday he loaded himself to the muzzle with Canteen beer, and after topping off with a couple of whiskies started out to "do" the town in real old Halifax style. He had not done more than half a block before he ran plump into Paul Phillips, the stalwart sergeant of police, with the result that in less than five minutes time he was looking at the world through the bars of a 6x6 cell at the police station.

Early on the following morning a soldier, wearing a very thoughtful expression of countenance might have been seen wending his way slowly towards the barracks. He was busily engaged in calculating how many days at 50 cents per day it would take to earn \$8 which he had been required to flash up as a deposit, to obtain his release, and which he had borrowed from a friend. He was also racking his befuddled brain to know in what way he could account for his absence to his friends and the authorities at the barracks; he was also, as the sequel will show, wondering if some opportunity would not offer itself whereby he could even up matters with the policeman, who had been responsible for his arrest.

The first two problems being rather of personal nature, the solution of them is of course not of general concern, suffice to say that no doubt both received the consideration which the importance of the individual in this case demanded.

Well, to make a long story short, the opportunity to wreak vengeance on the billiard ball like head of Sergeant Phillips came on Sunday last, one week following the arrest. Along in the afternoon the hero of this narrative chanced to be looking out of the up raised window of his room in the barracks when his gaze rested upon the sidewalk directly opposite. Here was the soldier's opportunity and he was not slow to take advantage of it, he did not seize a rifle and shoot the minion of the law, as he might have done, but contented himself by giving utterance to a few observations uncomplimentary to police in general, and to Sergeant Phillips in particular. At first the sergeant paid no attention to the vapors of the military man, but at last on hearing himself addressed in language which was uncomplimentary to say the least; and becoming conscious of the fact that he was being made the target for epithets, which did not at all become the dignity of his position, the officer turned on his heel and entered the barracks. The result of the irritation was that on Monday morning Mr. Halifax soldier was hauled up before the commandant charged with using abusive language to a police officer in the discharge of his duty. He pleaded not guilty to the charge and his statement was borne out by some half dozen of his comrades who were present when the one sided dialogue took place, but, of course, didn't hear a word. The soldier was declared innocent of the charge, was released from custody, and the whole matter fizzled out. The policeman retired from the scene with the best possible grace under the circumstances. It is now his turn to get even, and it Mr. Soldier knows when he is well off he will studiously avoid coming into contact with the blue coat during the remainder of his stay in Fredericton.

Value of Petroleum Industry

Oil was first struck in America in 1859 and since that time the United States has received for its petroleum product

about \$2 000 000 000 in hard cash. The industry in this country is more extensive than generally supposed, there being no less than 225 000 men employed in the production and refining of oil. The capital invested in oil wells, machinery, tank pipe line, refineries, etc., aggregates \$825 000 000.

WRECKED IN PORT.

Ships That Have met Their Fate When They Seemed Perfectly Safe.

Every one admits that it is dangerous to be a man-of-war's man in war time. Even in time of peace, at great gun practice, or while saluting, it is a recognized fact that accidents happen, and such accidents do cause so much astonishment as they do temporary pity. But if there is one place where a vessel is supposed popularly to be safe, that place is port. It need not be her home port; but, so long as a vessel is in port, in the minds of the public she is safe, yet, as the recent disaster to the Maine shows, even port is not always safe. In fact, some of the great naval disasters in history occurred in port.

Probably the greatest accident on record, and certainly the most famous, was the capsizing of the Royal George, a line of battleship of the British Navy. It was the flagship of Rear-Admiral Richard Kempenfelt. On Aug. 29, 1782, as it lay of Spithead, at the mouth of the Thames, it was heeled, in order that a pipe might be repaired. Heeling was a simple process; one broadside of guns was run from one side of the ship to the other, so that all the weight was on one side; this laid the ship over far enough to lay bare the end of the pipe. Heeling wasn't absolutely safe, but the repairs were so simple that it wasn't worth while to dock the ship. So they heeled the Royal George.

The ship had not been put out of commission, and practically all her officers and crew were aboard. Besides, the friends of many of the ship's company were on board, men, women children, including a large number of Jews. A land breeze sprang up, the stays did not hold, and the great ship capsized, nearly 800 persons being drowned. The Royal George carried 108 guns and was one of the best vessels in the royal navy.

On June 2, 1859, the steamship Eastern Monarch lay off Spithead, after a voyage from India, with 500 officers and men on board, most of whom were invalids. That night she was burned, but providentially only eight persons lost their lives. On Dec. 22, 1875, just three days before Christmas, H. M. S. Goliath, used as a training ship, lay in the Thames with about 500 officers, men and boys, most of the boys being rescued from the slums of London. A lamp upset on the oil-room floor; but again fortune was on the side of man, and only twelve persons were burned to death.

Sunday, March 24, 1878, was an unpleasant day in parts of England. There was a snowstorm, which is always unpleasant in England, and then there came thunder and purple lightning, and, to top off, a furious squall raged for a short time. Just before the squall H. M. S., sailing frigate Eurydice, used as a training ship, sailed up along the Isle of Wight. She had about 300 men and boys on board, and came in with a good breeze, most of her sails drawing and her ports open. The boys were crowding the decks, happy to see England again after a long voyage from the Bermudas. Off Dunmore head, near Ventnor, that snow squall struck her, and she capsized. Ventnor is a watering place, winter as well as summer; and right before the eyes of hundreds of persons unable to help the old frigate went down. Hardly anyone was saved. Capt. Hare, Lieut. Tabor, the executive officer, and nearly every other person on board was drowned almost within reach of land at the entrance of the harbor for which they had hoped.

Forty-five years ago Capt. Cowper Coles of the British navy invented what he called a turret ship, a vessel to carry few guns, but those of large calibre, in movable towers on the deck. Ericsson had the same idea, and carried it out in his Monitor but Capt. Coles was not able to embody his plans in a ship until nearly fifteen years had passed. Finally the Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, accepted the captain's plans and H. M. S. Captain was the result. It was a full-rigged iron ship, armored, with auxiliary steam power. High bulwarks were intended to be let down when a

vessel was cleared for action, uncovering the two turrets.

The ship was launched in 1869 and had trouble from the first. Finally she seemed to find herself and joined the Channel fleet. On Sept. 7, 1870, commanded by Capt. Hugh Barygoane, she was sailing through the Bay of Biscay. She carried a company of 488 persons, and Capt. Coles and Mr. Childers, a son of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who were passengers, made the total number on board 490. At 12:15 a. m. a squall sprang up and struck the top-heavy ship. The bulwarks were down, the ship heeled over and never righted. Of the 490 persons on board only eighteen escaped and when the court-martial sat to try some one for negligence in losing the vessel, the only person they could try was James May, the gunner! Every officer was lost.

The Captain was not in harbor, but she might as well have been; she was alone, there was no danger of collision, her ammunition didn't explode. Seemingly she was as safe as a ship well could be. She and the Eurydice and the Royal George were beaten down by no great storms. It was as though the finger of Providence had pointed at those three ships and at nothing else.

Not quite three years after the Eurydice capsized, there was a boat race on the Thames up in Canada. The day was Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24, 1881. The day was clear, it was a holiday, and the race was exciting; so the steam boats accompanying the racers were crowded. The Victoria had on her decks every soul she could carry; but everybody behaved well, and there was no trouble and no danger—until an exciting part of a race caused the crowd to rush to one side of the boat. Then she capsized. She had 700 passengers on board, and more than 300 died. The suddenness of this disaster was appalling. A traveller driving in a carriage saw the crowded Victoria steaming after the racing boats, the road ran behind a low hill, cutting off all view of the river for a hundred yards or so. When the driver had passed the bluff and again saw the river the Victoria had capsized.

There are countless other instances of such strange providential happenings; they all go to show that a man is as safe anywhere as he is anywhere else, and that when his time is up he must go.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

How to Freshen and Preserve Oiled and Varnished Woods.

As the best of furniture will grow dusty and shabby in appearance, careful housekeepers are constantly fighting the approach of age and dirt from their household goods in the way of chairs and tables, Oak wainscoting and furniture are likely in time to assume a greasy appearance, which should be removed during the annual housecleaning by washing it in warm beer. To give it a handsome gloss, brush it over with a mixture of two quarts of beer, boiled with a tablespoonful of sugar, and a piece of beeswax as large as a walnut; when dry polish with a chamois or flannel. If oak or walnut articles are infested with a tiny insect that bores holes until the wood crumbles into a fine powder stop its wild career by saturating the wood with creosote; do not allow it to dry for several days.

If furniture is very dirty it should be washed in water and vinegar—equal parts—using a flannel rag, and then, after perfect drying, rubbed with a clean flannel, finishing off with a clean cloth slightly wet with spirits of wine. Another notable housewife restores the original polish, when it has been removed by a warm dish, with linseed oil, rubbed in with a piece of linen, changing the linen until the table top is perfectly dry. White spots are removed by rubbing them with a piece of flannel and turpentine, repeating the application if necessary, and in any case rubbing with a good will until patience and strength are about exhausted.

Unightly finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when rubbed with sweet oil, and from oiled wood if kerosene is rubbed on the spots. A bruise should be treated with a piece of brown paper, folded several times and soaked in hot water. Over this hold a moderately warm iron until all steaming ceases; if necessary repeat the process, remembering that one application does not always turn out a success. Always apply alcohol sparingly upon furniture, if at all, or it will destroy the polish.

Clean carved furniture every week by thoroughly dusting it with a new paint brush. If the mahogany table that is the pride of your heart shows stains, drop on them a mixture of six parts of spirits of salt and one of salts of lemon or a few drops of oxalic acid and water, rubbing until the stain disappears, and then wash with water and polish as usual. If mahogany only needs cleaning, rub it with a flannel dipped in sweet oil or cold drawn linseed oil. In rubbing wood follow the grain, and do not rub against it any more than you would in people if wishing a happy result.

If an ink stain gets upon a mahogany writing desk, remove with a few drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water. Put one drop on the ink, and rub it at once with a cloth wet with water, or it will make a white spot. Every day a dining table of mahogany should be wiped off with a clean flannel, dipped in barely warm soapsuds, using a pure soap to prevent staining, and then with a thick flannel and pour melted wax until it forms a glazed surface; when cold and hard, rub the table, following the grain until it reflects like a mirror.

All upholstered furniture must be beaten with a cane or regular rattan beater and then wiped with a cheesecloth duster. A grease spot on silk furniture is removed with equal parts of ether and chloroform; on woolen upholstery use turpentine. Cane seated chairs require a vigorous scrubbing with soapsuds, in which drop a little ammonia; scrub both sides of the seat, rinse and dry in the air.

Among the many liquid and cream polishes given by excellent authorities here are a few that are simple and effectual, but remember the rubbing is the main ingredient of every recipe given: Two parts of linseed oil, the same of alcohol, and one part of turpentine to a quart of this add an ounce of the spirits of ether. A polishing cream is made of equal quantities of linseed oil, beeswax, and turpentine melted together, and used cold. For very old furniture an especial polish is recommended of half an ounce of gum arabic and two ounces each of copal gum and powdered shellac gum; dissolve in a quart of spirits of wine in a warm place and shake the bottle well every twenty-four hours until the gums are no more distinct; strain through a woolen cloth and rub on with a piece of soft flannel.

Equal parts of linseed oil, spirits of wine, turpentine and vinegar form a well-tried polish, but for mahogany this same authority declares in favor of a mixture of one pint of linseed oil, two ounces of alkanet root and a pinch of rose pink; let it stand for twelve hours, then rub on the furniture and do not polish it off for an hour. An excellent furniture varnish may be made of eight ounces of white wax melted and gradually mixed with one pint of oil of turpentine.

Leather chairs and tops of writing tables are renovated by sponging them lightly with warm soapsuds and then rubbing on the white of an egg whipped stiff. Or, if this seems like wasting the egg, rub over the leather a mixture of half a cup of sweet oil to a cupful of vinegar; boil together and polish the leather with the useful piece of old flannel. When willow chairs lose their natural color it is said that a solution of chlorine will restore it.

Fortunately for artistic furnishing, marble topped tables are growing less in number, but if the owner of one, you can remove stains and discolorations by applying the following: Boil together quarter of a pound each of soft soap, powdered whiting and soda for twenty minutes; spread on the marble for twelve hours and then wash off with clean water. For the ordinary washing of marble use ammonia and water in place of soapsuds. To polish black marble wash it in cold soapsuds, dry with an old cloth, and then rub for at least an hour with flannel spread with white wax. To remove iron stains from white marble try lemon juice.

If an oil stain disfigures the surface apply to it common clay saturated with benzine.

Another stain remover is made of two parts of common soda and of powdered pumice stone and one of powdered chalk; sit through thin muslin, mix to a paste with water and spread over the marble; after ten hours wash it off with warm soapsuds. In the future, if thinking of buying a marble topped table, stop, hesitate and don't and spare posterity inheriting any more of such pieces of furniture.

"DAD'S LIGHTNING STROKE"

The Many Things That It Did Besides Curing His Rheumatism.

"A few years ago 'Dad' Wright of Salvisa, this State, had a very remarkable experience with lightning," said a gentleman from Gerrard county, whose stock of good and true stories is always large. "His escape from instant death at the time was miraculous. While hastening on foot through an open field toward his home during a terrific thunderstorm he was struck squarely on the head by an electric bolt. It stripped the hair from one side of his brainpan, tore the clothing from his body, and made a crooked black stripe an inch wide down his left side from hand to foot. When struck he bounced several feet in the air and fell back upon the ground as it dead. The shaft entered the earth, throwing up a shower of mud."

"At the time Wright carried in his hip pocket a loaded revolver. Every chamber of the weapon was discharged, the wood-work was burned and the metal partially fused by the heat. His left shoe was ripped from his foot. The unfortunate man lay senseless and naked for several hours in the drizzling rain, but, incredible as it may seem, finally regained partial consciousness and began to stagger uncertainly about over the field. He was in this pitiable condition when discovered."

"He was soon recognized, taken in charge, and conducted to his home, where he was clothed and given proper attention."

"As a result of the stroke his teeth and toenails were loosened, his scalp almost denuded of hair, and his hearing permanently impaired. On the other hand he reaped an unexpected and decided benefit. For years prior to the occurrence here outlined he had been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, but never afterward felt a twinge of pain from that disease, being completely cured of it by the terrible shock."

"The dark, zigzag streak along the left side of the body, indicating the scarred path of the electric current, could never be altogether removed, although various methods were tried for this purpose. In a very short time Wright was up and around and as cheerful as a bird. From that time forth he was famous in that section as the human lightning rod."

A Vessel's Strange Escape.

A rock and a fish saved the good ship Nelson from sinking. The Nelson is an English vessel, which recently arrived at Wellington, New Zealand, after a 97 days' passage from Liverpool. When off the New Zealand coast she encountered heavy gales and was driven on a rock. She immediately got off, but water began to rise in her hold despite the crew's exertions at the pumps. After great difficulty the vessel entered Wellington Harbor and extra pumps were brought into play. Still the water rose and the captain and crew removed their belongings to land in expectation that the Nelson would sink. Fortunately their fears were not realized, for with better working of the pumps the rush of water was finally overcome. The vessel was subsequently examined by a diver. In his report he stated that in one of the holes a piece of rock was jammed and in another a fish was squeezed tail first, and both were responsible for preventing the water flowing in to a greater extent.

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY, Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures all Coughs and Colds.

For free medical advice, write to our Doctor, care J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.