

THIS SNAKE LOVED MUSIC.

Dwelt in the Church and Became a Fair Performer on the Organ.

A party of musicians the other day were discussing the question of the love of music in various members of the animal creation and particularly among snakes. The majority of them denied that snakes in particular had any idea of music and scouted the thing as absurd and impossible, when one of them offered to relate a story from his own experience that would be convincing on the point at issue. As he was reputed to be a good story teller his companions agreed to hear the evidence, however much they might doubt the correctness of his theories.

'Some years ago,' said he 'I was the organist in a little country church near the Blue Mountains in Schuykill county. The mountains were full of snakes. I used often to go out in the woods and take my cornet along, just to have a little music and practice by myself. One day I was sitting on a log by a spring, playing softly and hardly thinking what I was doing, when I suddenly saw a giant blacksnake very close to me coiled up and swaying his head to the rhythm of the tune. I am not afraid of snakes and knew this one to be as harmless as a kitten, so I was more amused than frightened, and continued to play a variety of airs for him to see the effect. He appeared to enjoy it immensely, and when I played something lively he seemed to become almost delirious in his gyrations. I concluded that if he had legs he would surely dance, and as it was, his motions were exceedingly graceful and his idea of time was excellent. His eyes shone with the pleasure it was giving him, and his forked tongue fairly seemed to blaze in the ecstasy of his enjoyment. Suddenly I stopped and he seemed a very picture of sadness and disappointment. He crawled up to me and asked me to resume just as plainly as if he knew every word in the English language.

'It suddenly occurred to me that it would be an interesting experiment to see if he would follow the music. So I got up, and playing softly began to walk away. He followed me at once, and I led him along down to the church. When I unlocked the door, he followed me in without hesitation, and came right after me up into the organ loft. I then tried him with the organ, and he was even more delighted than with the concert. Finding that he would never get enough of the music I was obliged at length to drive him away by main force.

'The next day I went into the church to practice and had not been long at it when I heard a rustle on the carpet and, looking down, there was his snakeship taking it in and when I finished I had to drive him away again. By the next Sunday I had almost forgotten about the incident, when just as we were in the midst of the second hymn, I suddenly heard a screaming and screeching among the female members of the choir as if some one was scalping them all at once. I looked up just in time to see my friend, the snake, disappearing with a shower of hymn books and stools hurled by the male members of the choir, flying after him. However, he escaped and I said nothing about my previous acquaintance with the reptile. You may imagine that it broke up the service for a while, but finally everything quieted down and went on as usual.

'After that the snake came again for many weeks every time I practiced, but it seems that he had become convinced that it was dangerous when others were present so he never again entered the church during service, though doubtless he was listening at a safe point outside.

'Soon afterward members of the church reported that they had heard mysterious breathings of the organ at night in passing the church and it quired whether I was practicing. I assured them that I was not. This occurred several times, and as it could not be satisfactorily explained it aroused a deal of comment and some of the more superstitious began to whisper that the church was haunted and that the spirit of a former organist was at the bottom of it. As the mystery was beginning to tell on the nerves of the neighborhood, as well as on my own, I determined to ferret it out. The music would generally sound as if someone were touching the keys with one finger, although sometimes a number of keys would be depressed simultaneously, but whenever I would enter the church I would find no one there. The organ, however, would be open, though I had left it closed when I last used it.

'One evening I determined to make a night of it and solve the mystery if it was possible. I accordingly took up a concealed position in the church shortly after dark. I was assisted somewhat by the fact that the moon shone into the building and illuminated a small space around the organ. It was no sooner fully dark than I heard a slight rustle, and a moment later

saw none other than my old friend the blacksnake wiggle its way up on the music stool. He was not alone, but was followed by half a dozen or more of his companions, who formed a shiny black mass upon the stool. You can imagine that I was amazed as I had never before, but I resolved to await developments. The next move I noticed was that all the snakes, apparently under the direction of my old acquaintance, put their heads against the lid, and pushing all together it went up as easily as if I had lifted it myself. Then all the other snakes got down. His musical snakeship then let down a coil and grasped a lever that started the water motor that did the pumping, and everything was ready.

'Then, seated coiled upon the stool, he began to press the keys with his head, and of course produced the corresponding notes on the instrument. Sometimes to vary this he would jump boldly upon the bank of keys and wiggle along, producing a most weird and curious jumble of sounds. As he proceeded he became more and more excited and violent, and the other snakes danced and writhed around until I could imagine what it must be to have delirium tremens. I was so interested that I let them go on for a full hour, when suddenly making a noise they all hurried away. I pretended to the members of the congregation that I had not found out what it was and thus was enabled to enjoy this novel spectacle on several preceding evenings. When I finally told them no one would believe me, and I think it was partly on this account that I soon after lost my place. However, by placing a lock on the organ and stopping up all holes by which the snakes could enter the church, I put an end to the nocturnal concerts, and the people were satisfied that the ghosts, or whatever it was, had ceased to walk. After such an experience nobody can convince me that snakes do not have love of music and a taste for it.'

HISTORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

Thomas Edison Tells What Were the First Words Reproduced.

Ray Stannard Baker tells for the first time the true story of Thomas A. Edison and the invention of the phonograph. Mr. Baker visited Menlo Park recently to secure information for his Boys' Book of Inventions, which the Doubleday and McClure Company are going to bring out this fall. Mr. Edison, who has grown very deaf of late, denies himself to most callers, and Mr. Baker was obliged to secure his interview through the medium of W. S. Mallory, the inventors right-hand man, who went with him into Mr. Edison's private office. They found him in a characteristic attitude, his fingers thrust through his thick hair and his head leaning on his hand.

'Mr. Edison,' shouted Mr. Mallory, 'I heard an interesting story of your invention of the phonograph the other Sunday in Brooklyn. It was in church, and the preacher said that when you were a boy you had your ear one day to the ice, and heard in the distance the sound of skates. He said that the idea first came to you that way.'

Mr. Edison raised his head. 'D-d a preacher say that?' he asked. 'Yes.'

'Bosh! Now I'll tell you how it happened. My model-makers all worked by piece in those days, and when I wanted a model made I always marked the price on it. In this case it was eight dollars. I had the idea of the phonograph in my mind, and I drew my design and gave it to a workman named Kruesi, who finished it in thirty hours.

'Kruesi fitted the tinfoil on the cylinder and brought the machine to me. I turned the handle and recited:

'Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.'

'Then I set the recorder back to the starting point and began to turn the cylinder. At the very best I had expected to hear nothing more than a buzzing confusion, but to my astonishment and awe the machine began to repeat in a curious, metallic voice:

'Mary had a little lamb.'

'Thus the first words ever spoken into the phonograph were these four simple lines of Mother Goose.'

The idea of the phonograph had come to Mr. Edison with a flash of inspiration, and the machine proved its marvelous possibilities on the first trial. Few inventions have ever been conceived or carried out successfully.

'Kruesi's eight dollar machine,' adds Mr. Baker, 'which could not now be bought for hundreds of dollars, is preserved in the Patent Museum at South Kensington, England.'

Mr. Ruskin's Ruse.

The London Outlook prints a story of Ruskin which shows that courtly and chivalric gentleman and great writer in a playful mood.

Mr. Ruskin was taking a morning walk down the road just in front of Brantwood, when he saw a lady seated on a camp-stool making a sketch of the house, and with a courteous grace, which is intensely his own he addressed her, inquiring the reason for choosing the house in question for her subject.

'It is the house of the famous John Ruskin,' she frankly answered.

'Have you met Ruskin?' she was asked. 'No, indeed,' she replied. If I had, I

would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life.'

'Then, madam, if you care to to follow me, I will show him to you.'

In a twinkling the stool and easel were packed up, and the artist eagerly followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house, and entering bade his guest follow, which she readily did. On marched the stranger into the drawing-room; then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he exclaimed, to the amazement of his companion:

'Now what do you think of Ruskin?'

Still They Work

'They toil not, neither do they spin,' is often replied reproachfully to the members of royal families, but not always with justice. The late Grand Duke George of Russia, younger brother of the tsar and heir apparent to the throne, although always of frail health and much taxed with court ceremonies and social functions, was an earnest student and a hard worker, and made an admirable translation from English into Russian of Captain Mahan's book, 'The Influence of Sea-Power upon History.' How many young men in any walk of life have achieved such a task as that at so early an age? For he was only twenty-eight when he died.

BORN.

Amherst, Aug. 16, to the wife of B. Baker, a son.
Belmont, Aug. 14, to the wife of C. Lindsay, a son.
Turro, Aug. 30, to the wife of J. Fulmer, a daughter.
Digby, Aug. 19, to the wife of H. Silver, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 17, to the wife of J. Saulnier, a son.
Halifax, Aug. 20, to the wife of Wm. Duggan, a son.
Amherst, Aug. 23, to the wife of Wm. Cormier, a son.
Sydney, Aug. 13, to the wife of Francis Guthro, a son.
Shelburne, Aug. 16, to the wife of John Wallace, a son.
Parrsboro, Aug. 18, to the wife of Robert Gibbons, a son.
New Glasgow, Aug. 19, to the wife of Roy Stewart, a son.
Campbellton, Aug. 10, to the wife of W. Watters, a son.
Parrsboro, Aug. 21, to the wife of B. Tucker, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Aug. 19, to the wife of Andrew Sears, a daughter.
Greenfield, Aug. 23, to the wife of Henry Cole, a daughter.
Canada, Aug. 19, to the wife of R. Chisholm, a daughter.
York Co., Aug. 18, to the wife of Dr. Prescott, a daughter.
Worcester, Aug. 17, to the wife of M. Wheeler, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 18, to the wife of Alfred Kimball, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 12, to the wife of Capt. Berringer, a daughter.
Jerusalem, Aug. 16, to the wife of Frank Frizzle, a daughter.
Port Maitland, Aug. 18, to the wife of Gordon Goudy, a son.

MARRIED.

Pisano, Aug. 23, by Rev. A. Boyd, James Reid to Lillie Evans.
Halifax, Aug. 22, by Rev. W. Eates, Wm. A. Pride to Ella McMillan.
Springfield, Aug. 17, by Rev. Mr. Geo. Geo. Spence to Sarah McDonald.
Windsor, Aug. 23, by Rev. A. Shaw, Geo. Starr to Miss K. McLachy.
St. Marys, Aug. 22, by Rev. W. Manzer, Joshua Jones to Alma White.
Summersville, Harris, by Rev. Mr. Weathers, Geo. Keznie to Mary Blackwood.
St. Martins, Aug. 16, by Rev. A. Bareham, Chas. Brown to Sadie Mannett.
Kentville, Aug. 14, by Rev. Geo. McMillan, James Pearl to Maria Williams.
Milton, Aug. 23, by Rev. D. Johnson, Florence Browne to Hamilton Byers.
Green Harbor, Aug. 15, by Rev. G. Foster, Laura Williams to L. R. Gagnon.
Amherst, Aug. 21, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Chas. Hanright to Jessie McKinnon.
Upper LaTour, Aug. 15, by Rev. Jno. Phalen, D. H. Horton to Lizzie Ross.
Stellarton, Aug. 10, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Gilbert Darroch to Ellen Cameron.
Stellarton, Aug. 16, by Rev. W. Tuffis, Fred McHaffay to Mary Blackwood.
Halifax, Aug. 16, by Rev. W. F. Glendinning, John White to Fanny Barry.
New Glasgow, Aug. 15, by Rev. H. Estabrook, D. Fraser to Martha Munro.
Brooklyn, Hants, Aug. 17, by Mr. M. P. Freeman, John Green to Fanny Mahan.
Masstown, Aug. 23, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Emmerson Bentley to Bertha Vance.
Douglas, York Co., Aug. 22, by Rev. J. Freeman, J. B. Weaver to Mary Harris.
Little Bras d'Or, Aug. 21, by Rev. A. McPherson, A. LeBlanc to Annie Deseau.
Lunenburg, Aug. 5, by Rev. L. McCreery, Wallace Jodrey to Eunice Wagner.
Parrsboro, Aug. 14, by Rev. R. Johnston, Alex. Manne to Bessie Livingston.
Dominion, C. B., Aug. 16, by Rev. J. McLaughlin, Geo. McLeod to Mary McLean.
Lunenburg, Aug. 16, by Rev. E. P. Ouchurchill, Arthur Lobnes to Ellen Schuare.
Halifax, Aug. 21, by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, Harry Davidson to Bessie McFartridge.
Dorchester, N. B., Aug. 16, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, Jeremiah Williamson to Josephine Scottie.

DIED.

Lunenburg, Catherine Ward, 70.
Parrsboro, Aug. 13, Wm. York, 75.
Bedford, Aug. 22, Alex. Rafecas, 13.
Parrsboro, Aug. 17, James Tucker, 85.
St. John, Aug. 23, Michael Hayes, 35.
Lynnfield, Aug. 18, Florence Nixon, 16.
Argyle Sound, Alda M. Murphy, 2 mos.
St. Stephen, Aug. 22, Ida M. Nelson, 25.
Pugwash, Aug. 19, Henry W. E. Daniel, 18.
Halifax, Aug. 21, Walter J. Walsh, 10 mos.
Halifax, Aug. 20, Mary Annie E. Pingo, 33.
Cornwallis, Aug. 15, Richard W. Kidson, 94.
Lunenburg, Aug. 13, Solomon Publicover, 77.
Clyde River, Aug. 21, Mr. James M. Tobin, 56.
Plymouth, Mass., Aug. 23, Mrs. Israel Hipson, 57.
East Boston, Aug. 13, Evelyn, wife of Edwin Snow, 47.
North Sydney, Aug. 19, Helen R. Armstrong, 2 mos.
Milton, Queens Co., Aug. 20, Mr. John T. Hutchin, 80, 77.
Young's Cove, Queens, Aug. 23, Michael Blackhall, 70.
Halifax, Aug. 23, Ellen F. and Edna M. Macready, 4 1/2 mos.
Port Maitland, Aug. 24, Mr. Wm. W. C. Landre, 55.

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Tickets now on sale at St. John, Saturdays, good to return until Monday following date of sale, at following rates, viz:

South Bay	25	Sutton	30
Grand Bay	35	Ingleside	40
Riverbank	45	Westfield	50
Lingier	50	Nerepis	55
Eagle Rock	70	Weisford	75
Hoyt	140	Fton Jct.	165
Fredrickton	210	Harvey	230
McAdam Jct.	270	St. Stephen	275
St. Andrews	270	Woodstock	370

Tickets on sale at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner and at station.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Passr. Agent
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE.
(Sunday excepted.)

Lve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., ar. Digby 9:30 a.m.
Lve. Digby at 2:00 p.m., ar. St. John, 4:30 p.m.

Steamship "Prince Edward."

St. John and Boston Direct Service.

Lve. Mon. 5:30 p.m. | Lve. Sat. 4 p.m.
St. John | Thurs 5:30 p.m. | Boston | Wed 11 a.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6:30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12:36 p.m.
Lve. Digby 12:50 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3:25 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8:45 a.m., ar. Digby 11:28 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11:45 a.m., ar. St. John 5:30 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a.m., ar. Digby 8:50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 8:30 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4:50 p.m.

FLYING BLUEBONNET

Lve. Halifax 9:00 a.m., ar. at Yarmouth 4:00 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 5:00 a.m., ar. at Halifax 3:00 p.m.

S.S. Prince George.

—AND—

S. S. Prince Arthur.

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P. GIFFINS, Superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 (rains will run daily, (Sunday excepted),

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton	5:30
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7:25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou	11:50
Express for Moncton	13:10
Suburban Express for Hampton	17:40
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Moncton	18:10
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney	22:30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 23:30 o'clock for Truro. Vestibule Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton	7:15
Express from Moncton	11:35
Accommodation from Moncton	13:55
Express from Halifax	17:00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal	19:10
Suburban Express from Hampton	21:50
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton	21:35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager.
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97 Prince Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899.
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Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a.m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 143 Hollis street, or

L. E. BAKER,
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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a.m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 4:30 p.m. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a.m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a.m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1:30 p.m.

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Manager, Freetown.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after TEUBSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indiantown at 9 a.m., local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 3:30 p.m. Arriving back 7:00 p.m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents.

Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 80 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or I. C. R. Station.

On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 5:30 a.m., Wednesdays 2 p.m. and Saturdays at 6:30 a.m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a.m., Saturdays at 4 p.m.

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