

A LUNATIC FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Adventure of a Merchant in the Days When Insane People Were Chained Up.

Within the memory of the people now living lunatics and weak-minded people in country districts were confined in the houses of their relatives, sometimes chained to the wall. A story involving a case of this kind fifty years ago is related by a New York Merchant.

He made his start in life by travelling through the country districts of Pennsylvania taking orders for and delivering goods of various kinds from the cities. He is now over 70 years of age.

"One fine afternoon," he said, "I called at a farmhouse to look for orders for goods from stores in Philadelphia and knocked at the door. A voice said 'come in,' and I pressed the latch and found myself in the kitchen of the house. I was confronted by a strange-looking man, unkempt and unshorn, who came forward from a place partitioned off from the rest of the kitchen, which looked like a stall of some kind. He told me that the master of the house was not in and that he was the only person there just then. I had no idea that I was talking to a lunatic, as the man seemed perfectly rational in spite of his strange appearance, and before I started to go out I asked for a drink of water.

"Certainly," said the man, "but if you have no objection to cream you can have it."

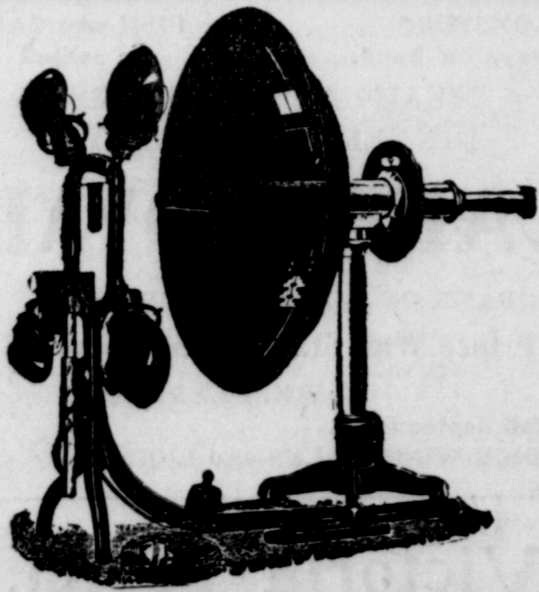
"I accepted the proposal with thanks, and the man said: 'Please hand me the key of the dairy. It is on that nail above the door and you are taller than I.' Without suspecting anything I handed him the key remarking it was a very small one. He instantly brought into view a chain by which he was secured to the wall and released himself by unlocking the padlock in less time than it takes to tell it. I had previously noticed that he kept his hands behind his back while he talked. Then I realized that I was in the presence of a madman. I began to back to the door but he caught my arm saying: 'Come with me for the cream.'

"I first thought of breaking away, but on second thoughts decided that it was safer to humour him a little, especially as he was between me and the door. I went with him to the dairy, the door of which was open. There he filled a bowl with cream and desired me to drink it. I drank part of it and made a move to get away, but his grasp tightened and muttering something about cream not being solid enough he brought me back to the kitchen, where he stirred some kind of meal into the cream and handing me a spoon told me to sup it. I hesitated, when he seized a cudgel, which I suppose had been provided to keep him in subjection and holding it up menacingly said: 'Sup it!'

"I made an attempt to eat the stuff and after a few mouthfuls said I had enough. He raised the cudgel again and ordered me to finish it. A happy thought struck me.

"If you bring me some more cream I can finish it," I said, without daring to look round at the door, as he was watching me.

"The madman was taken off his guard and went back to his dairy for the cream. I immediately darted out and the lunatic hearing me open the door, came after me with the cudgel. It was now a race for life with me I ran my very hardest, not even using my breath in shouting for help, but after I had gone about a quarter of a mile I saw that the lunatic was gaining on me. Not a soul could I see along the road and though I kept my wits about me I could not find any lane or think of any way of doubling on my pursuer. When he was within about twenty yards of me I saw he was bound to overtake me, and I gave a cry for help. Just at that moment several men appeared. They came up in



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"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

MRS. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.
"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." MRS. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

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time to intercept the lunatic. One of them happened to be his brother and the madman covered and dropped the cudgel at the sight of him. The brother apologized to me for his carelessness and invited me to turn back to the house and get some refreshment, but I had enough of it and declined the invitation. After that while I continued at that business I was always chary of entering a house where there was only a single occupant."

BARNEGAT'S COLONY OF CATS.

Some With Tails, Some Without, and all Expert Fishers and Hunters.

"Speaking of cats," said Capt. Josh Reeves, keeper of the lighthouse at Sea Isle City, N. J., recalls to mind the time, twenty years ago, when every day for several years I saw hundreds of the most peculiar cats any man ever looked upon. At that time I was keeper of Barnegat Light, on the upper Jersey coast, and in those days Barnegat was a mighty lonesome spot. There were no pretty summer cottages spread out along the beach as there are nowadays, and our only visitors were the lighthouse inspector and an occasional sportsman in search of wild fowl. Much of the island, back of the big sand dunes adjacent to the beach, was covered with a thick growth of cedar, holly, oak and half a dozen other varieties of trees.

Some years before I went to Barnegat an English brig was wrecked during a terrific nor'easter on the beach a short distance from the lighthouse. In addition to her crew the ship carried a score or more of Manx cats, which were being carried from the Isle of Man to New York. Nearly all the cats succeeded in reaching the shore. They took to the woods and no effort was ever made to reclaim them. For a while these tailless animals loitered around the lighthouse in search of food, but as the keeper had no liking for so numerous a family of cats he drove them away.

"When I took charge of the lighthouse the cats had become wild, and while I could approach within a short distance of them, the would not allow themselves to be caught. The woods were full of cats. A number of domesticated cats were brought from the mainland by members of the lighthouse crew on the island, and several of these joined the colony of Manx cats. There soon were tailless cats, cats with half a tail and cats with the regulation tail. The animals thrived and soon became a nuisance. In the thick underbrush of the woods they raised the large litters of young ones. They found plenty of food by preying on the birds that lived in great numbers in the woods. Rabbits, which were plentiful on the island before the cats were cast ashore, were soon killed or driven away, for they were no match for their feline antagonists.

"The cats even became expert fishers. I have often watched them at work. In the spring and fall of the year large schools of fish swim about in the surf and these gave the cats many a feast. As the breakers drove the fish upon the beach, into a few inches of water, the cats would rush into the surf and, fastening their claws in the sides of the half-stranded fish, would carry them high up on the beach and devour them. I have seen dozens of these cats sunning themselves on the sand hills. They became so troublesome that cat-bunting parties became quite popular among the men living on the mainland. Dogs were used in chasing the cats to cover and the sport was quite exciting. Many cats were killed, but their places were soon filled by others. I never saw such peculiar cats as I found at Barnegat."

Reason for Doubt.

"Did you sever your connection with the firm or were you discharged?" asked the friend.

The man out of a job gave a few minutes to thought before answering.

"I'm a little uncertain about that," he said at last.

"Uncertain?"

"Yes. Of course, I know that office boys are discharged and general managers sever their connections, but I can't be sure

that I was high enough up to sever my connection, and I don't like to think I was low enough down to be discharged. Perhaps you'd better make it that the firm and I disagreed."

THE INVISIBLE TELEPHONE.

Tried to do the Town but the Town Did Him.

The train was late that night, writes a Companion contributor, and Atlanta seemed a long way from the South Georgia town in which I was compelled to stay several hours. I curled up on a bench in the little waiting-room and went to sleep. Voices awakened me after awhile. Then I found that some of the men from the village had come in to spend a sociable evening around the stove. A big broad, red-haired young man had the floor, and was relating an experience, which as I judged, had recently befallen him.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "when I was in Atlanta 't'other week, I jest thought I'd take in the town; so I went into one of them big, tall buildings, that reaches most to the sky, to get a good sight of the whole thing at once. Jest as I walked into an office to look out of the window, I heard a bell go ting-a-ling and a man's voice say 'Hullo!'

"I looked all round, but didn't see anybody, so I aint say nothing. The voice say again, 'Hullo! This time I answers, 'Hullo!'

"Who is it?" the voice say. 'Abe Turnipseed,' I says. Then it tells me, 'Speak a little louder, I can't hear.' I noticed the voice seemed to come from a little closet in one corner of the room. I yelled out loud 'Abe Turnipseed!'

"It was quiet a few seconds, then, 'Yes, you owe me five dollars.'

"I was surprised, but I only yelled back, 'I don't no sich thing.'

"Yes," said the voice.

"No!" said I, as loud as I could holler.

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do say, and what's more I'll say it, if you don't shet up, I yelled.

"I would like to see you," the voice answered.

By that time I was mad, so I called at the top of my voice, 'Well, jest walk out and take a look at me, you idiot!'

"So you will settle with me, will you?" he asked.

"My, I was mad! Yes, I'll settle with you!" I says. And with that I jerked that door open and there stood a man with something up to his ear, an ear-trumpet, I reckon. I just grabbed that man out o' there and kicked him clean to the other side of the room. You oughter heard him. 'Pllice! Murder! Murder!' he howls. A lot of men rushed in and nabbed me. 'Turn me loose,' I says. 'There's your crazy man.' But they 'peared to be friends of him, and hustled me into that alligator thing that runs up and down the buildin', and 'fore I knowed it I was at the bottom and a policeman took me off before I could say a word.

"They kept me locked up all night. Next day that man came with his head all tied up, and told the judge that he was jest a-talking to a friend (blamed if I could see any friend), and that judge made me plank down ten dollars and seventy-five cents. I kinder felt the town did me."

Soon got a Seat.

The tram was well filled when there entered one of those men who imagine that they own the world, and only permit other people to exist on it that they may observe his importance.

He sat down next to a very pretty little woman, opened his newspaper, threw out his chest, and prepared to impress himself and his magnificence on the people in the car.

As he glanced up to see if all were observing him, he noticed a man in the opposite corner smiling at, and apparently attempting to attract the attention of, the pretty woman sitting beside him. A glance at the lady showed that she was annoyed. She bit her lip and the colour rose in her cheek. The pompous man glared at the offending man opposite, but he still continued smiling. Leaning across the car, the great man said:—

"Stop it, sir! Stop it!"

The man addressed looked amazed, but refused to take the hint, and smiled more broadly than ever.

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"SURPRISE."

It was too much! This imprudent masher must be crushed!

Rising majestically to his feet and folding his paper, the pompous one prepared for the annihilation of the man opposite; but to his amazement the man also rose, and, lifting his hat, said, 'Thanks!' and dropped into the seat vacated by our pompous friend, next to the lady at whom he had been smiling.

Drawing himself up, the great man thundered:—

"What do you mean, sir? Don't you see you are annoying this lady?"

The murmur of the seat calmly looked up and said:—

"Oh, I think not! I've been waiting for a chance to sit next to her. She's my wife!"

PEOPLE RESEMBLE THEIR TOWNS.

New York man Made Comparisons Wherever he Went.—In Mexico he had Horns.

A New York commercial traveller, recently returned from the City of Mexico, said:

"When I go to Philadelphia I see William Penn nearly everywhere. If I remain there a week I fancy there is a resemblance to Penn in the people. In Cincinnati I cannot divest myself of the idea that many people I see look swinish. Cincinnati has never recovered from the name of Porkopolis. Chicago's shibboleth is a sailing vessel. That suggests wind. Hence when you are in the town you associate it with a breeze, a hurricane or a blizzard. The tower of the Chamber of Commerce is surmounted by a lake schooner. The lakes made Chicago. They won't admit it, but it is a fact. Ask a Chicago man what made a city of his town and he will answer 'I did.' And so the new generation out there has adopted as its emblem a woman who wears upon her brow the motto 'I will.' Eugene Field had a notion that the motto should read, 'I done it.' He knew the town.

"When I am in Boston I fancy that I meet the Puritan wherever I go. If not that, it is a schoolmaster. Commercially the city is dedicated to the codfish. But you can't live in Boston forty-eight hours without feeling that you are an author, or an artist, or something literary. Everybody you meet in St. Louis reminds you of a steamboat. It is so to me. The reason is that steamboating made St. Louis what it is. The old families or the heads of old families were steamboat captains. The old landmarks in the town have steamboat cuts.

"When I went to Canada I thought I had got into a country where I would not notice these things. But I found the Queen's face on the soap dish in my room. I stopped at the Queen's Hotel. Wherever I went I saw her Majesty or felt her in the air, and when it was not that it was the lion and the unicorn and the Edward III, yarn about the garter. "Then I went to the City of Mexico. It was tereader and bull everywhere. I saw them over the door of a Chinese laundry. The men, wherever I met them, looked like toreadders, and I often imagined myself a bull. I was apprehensive all the time of a conflict. I dreamed that I had horns. The coat of arms of Mexico is a spread eagle choking a rattle-snake, but you never see it anywhere, only the toreadder and the bull, and the everlasting, continuous query is, 'What did you think of the bullfight?' And the man who has no opinion to express has no more chance than a cat without claws in a fight."

How she Signed the Cheque.

The other day a young lady, daughter of a well-known millionaire, drove up to the door of a jeweller's shop, went in, and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at £30. She quietly made out her cheque for that sum and passed it on to the assistant. The alert young man glanced at it, and then looked inquiringly up at the young lady.

"There is some mistake, here I think," said he, with an apologetic smile. The young lady flushed, and demanded to know if the cheque was not for the right amount. She was told it was, but—

"But what?" she exclaimed, haughtily. "Do you mean that my cheque is not acceptable?"

The assistant mildly acknowledged that he knew quite well who the young lady was, but explained that the cheque was not made out just as it should be, and handed it back.

The girl ran her eye over it, and then turned a deep crimson.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I see!" And then she proceeded to make out another cheque.

She had signed the first one "Your own sweetheart, Jessie."

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea.

The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Teeley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which differs not from the right way of making tea.

Brave Dervishes.

The tribute paid by Mr. G. W. Stevens, an English war correspondent, to the courage of the dervishes at Omdurman, fighting with archaic or impotent weapons against overpowering odds, is generous and manly. After describing the unflinching valor of horsemen, spearmen and riflemen,—these latter "emptying their rotten cartridges dauntlessly," and dying in heaps, face forward,—he pictures the closing scene of the battle thus:—"Now under the black flag, in a ring of bodies, stood only three men, facing the three thousand of the third brigade. They folded their arms about the staff and gazed steadily forward. Two fell. The last dervish stood up and filled his chest; he shouted the name of his God and hurled his spear. Then he stood quite still, waiting. It took him full; he quivered, gave at the knees, and toppled with his head on his arms and his face toward the legions of his conquerors."

An Egg-Storing Experiment.

An experiment in storing eggs was recently tried at Leith, where some 20,000 Scotch, Irish, and Danish eggs were sealed in an apparatus for four months, after which only a small proportion of them were found added. The air in the store is cooled and allowed to circulate freely round the eggs, which are turned periodically to the yolk surrounded with albumen. This is done by mechanism.

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To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support,

I am, yours sincerely,
WILLIAM B. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN AT LARGE.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of the city.

Soliciting your favor and support,

I am, yours sincerely,
J. B. HAMM.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

At the last Civic election I received from you a vote as Candidate for Alderman for Launceston Ward, which in view of the fact that I was then unknown to many of you, and that I was also somewhat late in entering the field, was so large that I am encouraged to yield to the wishes of many of the electors, and again offer as a Candidate at the coming election.

Respectfully soliciting your support,

I am, Yours faithfully,
JOHN M. SMITH.

St. John, March 30th, 1899.

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