

**SOCIAL and PERSONAL.**

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

1901, under the chaperonage of Miss Eta DeWolfe, enjoyed a merry outing at Upton Lodge last Thuesday evening.

Miss Katherine Grant still continues quite ill, much to the regret of her friends.

**Hogus Antiquities.**

The passion for collecting antiques is wide spread, and the number of old curiously shops increases rapidly. The people who buy in order to be in the fashion are the best customers; that is, that they are the most ignorant, and therefore the most readily deceived. In some of the shops it would be difficult to find a single article which is what it purports to be. The ingenuity of the forger is unlimited. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, armour, ivory, bronzes, tapestry—all are successfully imitated.

Many imitations of antiques are clumsy enough, but some deceive even the initiated. The experts of national museums were more than once imposed upon. The British Museum bought a Palissy plate for two hundred and fifty dollars. Whilst an attendant was handling it, one of the seals attached to its back—attesting its genuineness—became attached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter. The terra-cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the same institution for five thousand dollars, have been discovered to be composed of modern clay.

The specialty of one forger is old leather jackets at two dollars and a half each; of another hornbooks at a dollar and a quarter. The prices vary, but it may be set down as a rule that they include about a thousand per cent of profit.

A writer in Chamber's Journal not long since inspected a specimen of a "mummy servant"—an effigy, in a plastic material, such as the Egyptians buried with their dead. Close examination proved it to be made of putty. It was a very clever forgery.

Count Michael Tyskiewicz, a noted collector and judge of antiques, gives some interesting details of the forgeries that have been attempted from the earliest times. No metal lent itself so early to this work as gold. Etruscan jewelry has been largely manufactured in Italy, but Syria has carried on the most extensive forgery of gold works of art. Forgeries in silver have been less successful.

The count tells an amusing story of a great silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some recent excavation in Sicily. This "ancient cup was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing all things, the Lizee of the Parthenon. In the height of his innocence, the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The cup obtained an immediate success—shouts of laughter.

**Daniel Morgan and The Baby.**

When Arnold's expedition against Quebec sailed for the Kennebec, in 1775, it included no finer troops, and none more picturesque, than the Virginian sharpshooters of Daniel Morgan, who was afterwards famous as the friend of Washington and the victor of Cowpens. A pretty tradition of the march of the Virginians from the camp at Cambridge to the rendezvous at Newburyport belongs to an old farmhouse set back a little from the main road on a shabby lane of its own.

In its kitchen, that September day, a boy of nine was engaged in washing dishes, half-crying with vexation over his task and the possibility of the soldiers passing without his seeing them. His mother had been called suddenly away, and had left him in charge, with an injunction not to leave the house till her return.

With the dish-pan before him, a blue fire fastened around him, and one foot frequently on the rocker, of the cradle drawn up beside him, he dutifully but despairingly clattered china and sang to his baby sister.

A shadow in the doorway made him look up, and he beheld there two lean brown, towering figures—one, that of the tallest and handsomest man he had ever seen, several inches over six feet—attired in buckskin hunting shirts and with caps bearing the motto, 'Liberty or Death.'

They were Daniel Morgan and one of his lieutenants. They entered and asked for a drat of water; but the boy, hastily whisking off his apron, invited them to sit down and partake of milk and cookies instead—an offer which they readily accepted.

But the baby, as her brother's foot left the rocker, roused herself and began to cry so lustily that he hesitated whether to try to quiet her first, or to go at once to the pstrny. The mighty Virginian captain did not hesitate at all; he stooped with a laugh, scooped the small lady out of her cradle, and lifted her to such a breathless height that she stopped her

complaints in sheer amazement, and presently began to squeal with delight.

Moreover, when the food was brought and her brother tried to take her from her new friend, she protested so tempestuously and clung so tightly to the fringes of his shirt, that he laughed again and would not let her go, but ate and drank one-handed, with the baby still held on his left arm. In consequence, he was somewhat awkward and let fall a plate which broke in halves.

After the departure of the men this breakage worried the boy, who feared he might be punished for having served his imposing guests, as he had done, from the precious best china, which no one but the mistress of the house might touch it without permission.

On his mother's return, therefore, it was with much trepidation that he told his story; but that strict although patriotic housekeeper forgave and approved him. She had the broken plate mended, and for many years it remained in the family, and was known to succeeding generations as 'General Morgan's plate.'

**Poor Grouse.**

Sometimes we find the genuine romance of sentiment where we least expect it, for the quietest men are often those who have most to express. A writer in Forest and Stream says that he once owned a well beloved dog, a setter, named Grouse, which, with the other dogs of the pack, was cared for by a trustworth young man familiarly called Willie Davidson. This man was a very good dog-trainer, but not a person whom you would ever suspect cherishing sentiment.

One night, when Willie went to the stable where the dogs had their quarters, he stumbled over Grouse, curled up on the door-step and apparently asleep. It was the same old story. Grouse had gone into a neighboring yard, and found the poison left there by some enemy of dogs.

Some time afterward, says the writer, we were shooting down in Tennessee, and one night I was cleaning my gun when Willie was busy about something else. All at once I happened to glance at his shooting-coat. Now, not long before, I had given him a very nice English hunting-coat, which I had brought over for my own use.

'Why don't you wear that English coat?' said I, 'the corduroy you used to like when we were up in Canada.'

He made no reply, and a moment later I asked him again:

'Why don't you wear the old corduroy I gave you?'

Still he failed to answer, and only bent lower over his work. I could not see his face. Then I knew something was out of joint.

'Davidson, man,' said I, 'what's gone wrong? Is anything the matter?'

He raised his head and looked at me. Big tears were standing on his cheeks. He could hardly speak; but at length he said:

'Mr. Plum, sir, the truth is, I buried old Grouse in that coat. He knew it and he liked it, and I wanted to do the best I could.'

**Protecting the Oranges.**

Orange-growing under roofs is said to have passed the experimental stage in Riverside county, California. A latticed ceiling above the trees converts acres of ground into a continuous enclosure, making the whole a perfectly equable hot-house. The benefits of the new method, as recorded in Harper's Weekly, seem to be fully demonstrated.

The high winds, which sweep from the ocean, do as much damage as the frosts. Upon such occasions a large share of the fruit is shaken from the trees while immature, and much that remains is greatly injured. Such disasters occur about once in four years, while every year there is danger from frost.

Attacked by it, the fruit will appear perfectly sound, the skin neither wilted nor discolored, and the weight and firmness of the orange not appreciably diminished. When it is cut, however, the cells will be found to be innocent of juice, and the pulp will be a mass of pith. Many growers, without knowing that their oranges were frost-bitten, have shipped the crop to Eastern markets only to find the whole unsalable.

Experiment has shown that the lattice roof makes a difference of five degrees in the temperature. The covered oranges are strong and solid, juicy and sweet. They are in quality nearly a grade above those which grow outside. Only about half the usual number fall from the trees, and thus the crop is largely increased. But one of the greatest advantages of the covering is that the ground can do with about half as much water as is required by the open orchard.

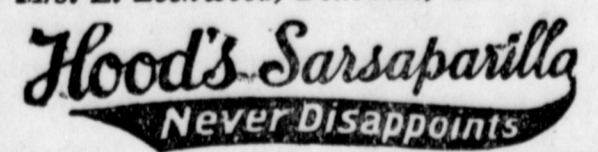
**Living Light.**

A Frenchman, Raphael Dubois, reports to the Academy of Sciences the results of experiments with phosphorescent animal-

**"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."**

*Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.*

**Nervous Weakness**—"I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely." Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.



culae in producing an illumination useful to man. By cultivating, in suitable media, a large number of micro organisms capable of emitting light, Monsieur Dubois succeeded in illuminating a room with a degree of intensity about equal to that of moonlight. No radiation of heat appears to attend the production of this physiological light.

**UNDER A BARE POLE.**

Humorous Incident During a Review of Troops by Queen Victoria.

When Colonel Higginson attended a review at Aldershot, in 1878, there happened a curious mischance which he describes in his essay, "The Road to England." Queen Victoria was to take her stand beneath the flagstaff, and there review her troops. Two soldiers stood ready to hoist the flag, and when her majesty's low straw wagon, drawn by white ponies, appeared in sight, the signal was given. Up went the flag, and then wrapped itself clumsily about the staff. Her majesty drove by, nodding and smiling, and when she had passed there were murmurs of "Lower the flag and try it again."

An officer gave an order, and down it came. Then it went up splendidly till it reached half-mast and there it stopped. There was a general groan.

Twitching and pulling were tried in vain. The halyard was choked in a block. A soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff, and instantly the air was vocal with subdued cheers.

The queen was now far away, driving down the long line of soldiers, and there was apparently plenty of time. Up and up went the soldier, more and more slowly, but the cheering died into a muffled groan when the poor fellow exhausted, slid slowly down, with a sheepish smile. The flag was still at half mast, and the queen was still advancing.

There was a pause, a hurried consultation, and then came forward a cavalryman who, as he stripped off his coat, showed the tattooed arms of a sailor.

"Bless him!" gasped a lady.

"There's but just time!" growled her husband.

Up went the bold dragoon, past the point where his predecessor had failed. Murmurs of approbation swelled louder and louder; but meantime the climber was becoming ominously slow. Ten feet from the top he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Then he slid slowly down, and her majesty was there.

It was she, in reality, who, with her accustomed tact and good humor, saved the day.

"Pull down that flag!" shouted an officer, and the great lady reviewed her troops under an empty flagstaff.

She had thrown but one light glance at the dreary pole; and then, by an added graciousness of manner, seemed to cast the entire incident into the background.

**GROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS** are all quickly cured by Pyle Balsam. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Edmonia—Edgar, I'm going to burn these new photographs of mine; they look ten years older than I do.

Edgar—Nonsense; put them away until you can catch up with them.

**FROM ALL OVER CANADA** come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd., manufacturers.

Bacon—"Samson was noted for his strength and his long hair, I believe?" Egbert—"Yes; two bad they didn't have pianos in those days."

**THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL** may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of la grippe. Made by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.

**FLASHES OF FUN.**

New rule of the Don't Worry Club: If you are hungry, don't try not to worry about it, but try to get something to eat.

'Why are you so anxious to have us sit for our pictures? Because we are looking our best?' 'No. Because you are looking your worst.'

McJigger—He's pretty well posted in social institutions, isn't he? Thingumbob—Yes, I believe he's posted for non payment of dues at all his clubs, it that's what you mean.

"Your wife has water on the brain," declared the physician. "I expected that," asserted the husband. "She has always insisted on having her hair dressed in waves."

'I made a dreadful mistake last night.' 'What was it?' I went to buy my wife a diamond ring, but the jewelry shop had moved, and I stumbled into a church bazar.'

The Angel—Don't you think it is a shame for me to go to church alone every Sunday? The Brute—Oh, I don't know. You might be doing something worse.

Bacon—You know that fellow has got a picture of a former cook hung in his library.

Egbert—You don't mean it? 'Yes, he calls it one of his old masters.'

Mrs. Lushley—Now, sir, I don't want to ever see you coming home at this late hour again.

Mr. Lushley—All right, m' dear, I'll tend to it.

'See that you do.' 'Yes; nex' time I'll give you an opiate 'fore I go out.'

'Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?'

'Yes, dear.'

'And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Did it come on Saturday the year before last?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?'

**The Golden Horseshoe.**

How many of those who are members of orders and associations intended to keep alive the early history of this country have ever heard of the Order of the Golden Horseshoe?

It was the first order founded in America, and the story of its origin is told in a rare book, to be found only in a few libraries, the "Present State of Virginia," written by the Rev. Hugh Jones, chaplain to the Assembly in Jamestown, and published in London in the year 1724. Virginia then extended from the Atlantic into the unknown West, but very few of her colonists had crossed the Blue Ridge or the Alleghenias. So full of dangers from savages and wild beasts, and so full of natural difficulties was the passage of these terrible heights, that the good chaplain tells us with awe of the setting out of Governor Spotswood to discover a pass, attended by a guard of "Soldiers, Gentlemen and Pioneers," carrying provisions.

They scaled the pass with great hardships and peril, and returned, the governor having cut upon the rocks on the highest peak the name of King George.

He then constituted the society, or order of the Golden Horseshoe. Each man who had scaled this high pass was made a member of it, and to each one he presented a golden horseshoe. On the side were the words, "Sic juvat transcendere montes." ("So it pleases him to cross mountains.")

Any gentleman thereafter who could prove that he had read with his own eyes the name of the king upon the height was entitled to become a member of this order.

**City Contracts.**

TENDERS will be received at the Office of the Director of Public Safety until MONDAY, the 10th instant, at 12 o'clock noon, from persons willing to supply the Police Department with Eighteen Winter Overcoats complete. Samples of Cloth and Lining to accompany each tender. Tenders will also be received from persons willing to furnish Horse, Harness, and all necessary requirements, with a reliable driver, to attend all Calls of Ambulance at any hour of day or night, for one year from first day of January, 1901, the City to provide Ambulance for summer and winter use, and to keep the same in repair. The contractor to house the same and to make all the shifts when required for summer and winter use. Tenders to state the price for each service. ROBERT WISELY, Director Department Public Safety, St. John, N. B., Dec. 8, 1900.

**AMERICAN LAUNDRY,** 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. BODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal

**Sachet Powders** of choicest makes. Twenty different odors to select from just opened at **W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S,** 87 Charlotte Street. Remember the store.

**Allan's White Pharmacy** Telephone 239. Mail orders promptly filled. 12-4 **CANADIAN PACIFIC RY** Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. One First Class Fare for Round Trip.

**GENERAL PUBLIC.** Going on December 21st to January 1st, 1901. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. **SCHOOLS and COLLEGES.** On presentation of certificates, going Dec. 8th to 31st, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. **COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.** On presentation of certificates between points in Canada East of Port Arthur, going Dec. 14th, to 20th, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. For rates dates and limits to points West of Montreal, see Agents, or write A. J. Heath, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. **TO BOSTON AND RETURN \$10.50** via All Rail from St. John. Going Dec. 20th, to 31st, 1900. Return thirty days from starting day. **A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.**