

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

delphia after a pleasant visit in Calais.  
Mrs. Paul Sargent and Miss Georgie McAllister recently gave a thimble party to some lady friends that was a most pleasant affair and greatly enjoyed.  
Mr and Mrs F. M. Hill who have been enjoying an outing at Ureeda cottage, Oak Bay, are again at home.

At Milltown, on Wednesday, Miss Lizzie Bean, daughter of J. S. Bean, and H. Osburn Dinsmore, of St. Stephen, were principals in an interesting event solemnized by Rev. W. G. Kirby, at the home of the bride's mother. After the ceremony supper was served, and later Mr and Mrs Dinsmore left by C. P. R. for a trip to Montreal and other cities.

Mrs. Graham and her little girl, from Eureka, California, were entertained by Mrs. Robert Dinsmore on Monday. They will visit Boston and Washington before returning home.

Miss Maymie Kennedy of Caledonia, Ont., is visiting her uncle, Amos Kennedy, of St. Andrews.

Miss Gertrude Titus of Boston is the guest of Miss Maude Maxwell.

Mrs. C. N. Vroom and Mrs. Celia M. Brown accompanied Mr and Mrs W. G. Talcott to Eastport on Monday.

Miss Roberta Murchie, who has been in St. John visiting Miss Ada Penns, has returned home.

## A Devotee.

Fair Phyllis, once the humble slave of tennis, went forth to freedom in the throes of golf. The shackles worn in courts of chalk and netting were straightway loosed and taken off. And then a season's whirl of tees and cleeks and drivers—  
A season's joy that lingers with her yet—  
And glad she views the shackles reappearing  
Heart-forged within a little while yet.  
—Frank X. Kelly, Jr.

## WEALTH DISCOVERED BY MULES.

They Kicked up the Ground and Laid Bare Valuable Deposits.

The animal with the gazelle-like eyes, the sardonic smile and the wicked prance of heel—the mule—is responsible for the tripoli excitement in Jackson county, Indiana. The story of how the mule once did good is an interesting one. A. H. Harbaugh, a farmer living near Frettown, seven miles north of here, recently hitched a team of mules under a tree by the banks of Salt Creek. The mules were attacked by flies, and in their frantic efforts to drive them off they pawed up the ground. When the farmer returned he found a peculiar bluish dust enveloping the animals, and on the ground was a heap of sand as fine as flour. He became interested in the find and so sent a bottle of the sand to State Geologist Blatchley, who soon sent back word that it was tripoli, worth between \$4 and \$6 a ton. Mr. Harbaugh examined his own land and found that great deposits were on his farm. His neighbors, becoming interested, have done the same, and a number of them have been fortunate enough to find several small beds. The deposit on Harbaugh's farm is more than thirty six inches thick.

Tripoli is not easily found, for at present there are but three extensive beds in the United States. The largest bed is in Newton county, Mo., and another extensive bed is in West Virginia. The people of Jackson county claim theirs is the only deposit in this region of the country, but this is wrong. In Perry county, near St. Meinrad, there is a splendid deposit, but it is nearly inaccessible. The beds of Jackson county, however, are easily reached, for the Southern Indiana railway is near by.

Tripoli is used mainly for the purpose of polishing. It is rather hard, but it has not sufficient grit to cut metal or glass surfaces. It is claimed the Venetians were the first to use tripoli. It is often called "rotten stone," but its technical name comes from Tripoli, in which country it was first obtained. Tripoli is principally a silica, and it is formed from the shells of microscopic organisms accumulated in oceans, and at wide intervals drifted, forming a composite. Another use in recent years has been found for tripoli. It was for some time used as an absorbent in making high explosives, but in the last few years gun cotton and other materials have supplanted it. Besides this, tripoli is used in making soap and it is claimed that delicate flesh is not injured by contact with it.

## The Source of Power.

The power which inspiration has over the body is one of the miracles of life. The career of every man who influences his generation displays it, but each new instance gives new energy and strength to those willing to profit by example. Colonel Hammond, an old friend of Dwight L. Moody, has this story to tell of the spirit of the evangelist:

Mr. Moody, says the colonel, came to see me one Sunday after his morning service, seeming to be quite tired out. He threw himself into a chair and burst out with the following exclamations:

"I am used up! Can't think or speak or do anything else! There is my meeting at the church to-night. You must take it! I have absolutely nothing left in me!"

Knowing that Mr. Moody never asked for help unless he needed it, I promised to take the service off his hands. When the time came, I went to the Illinois Street Church and found the house quite full. I was about to commence the service, when

in walked, or rather rushed, Mr. Moody, followed by a long line of young men, whom he had picked up in saloons or on street corners, and brought with him on an errand which was evidently to them a new one.

Mounting the platform with a bound, he seized the hymn book and began; and from the beginning to the end of the service I had nothing to do but to keep out of the way.

It appeared that he had taken an hour or two of rest, and then having no care about the evening service on his mind, took up his old familiar work of bringing in recruits, at which he happened this time to be still more successful than usual.

As he led the way to the church some happy thought struck him, and between the street corner and the pulpit he arranged a sermon which was one of the most effective I ever heard him preach.

## On Artificial Thirst.

(Report of a lecture that was never delivered.)—"Ladies and Gentlemen: My object this afternoon is to teach you in a short time that all sorts of spirituous liquors are distinctly dangerous. I have gone to the classics for a precedent. No doubt you will remember that the Helots were engaged to show, by their drunkenness, the horrors of drink to the younger branches of their masters' families. I will now take a small glass of whiskey. And I may say that I do this not because I am thirsty. No, my thirst is artificial. I drink the whiskey.

"You see the 'mediate' fact. 'Climatology to cut syllable, but thoughts fairly steady. Will now try a taste of brandy. Good brandy. After whiskey and brandy things get rather mixed. Not able to walk straight. Try rum. Six feet of rum. Ha, ha, ha! Very comical! Dressed funny!

"Thanks, ladies and gentlemen. Much obliged for 'tention! Very 'teegued! Going home to be-bed. Not going to take off my boots." (End of the lecture)—Punch.

## Such Is Fame.

"There is bound to be a fly in the honey," said the disconsolate looking citizen. "There's always some small circumstance that prevents joy from being complete."

"What is the trouble now?"

"The leading paper of my community printed my picture the other day."

"That was nice."

"And it said that I was one of the people whom everybody knew; that my fame was such that it had spread beyond the confines of my native city and was carrying light into the regions beyond."

"Splendid!"

"Then they got a bit rushed in the office and put my friend Wiggins' name under my picture."

"That was a little unfortunate."

"It isn't the worst. Not a soul noticed it except my wife. And all she said was that she didn't think it looked much like Wiggins!"

## A Hop-less Case.

The following scene really occurred verbatim in a certain school in Manchester.

Teacher (bent on thorough examination)—Where was Louis XVI while the convention was held?

Scholar—Versailles.

Teacher—Where is Versailles?

Scholar—Near Paris.

Teacher—Where is Paris?

Scholar—In France.

Teacher—Where is France?

Scholar—In Europe.

Teacher—Where is Europe?

Scholar—(patronizingly)—If you don't know that, I'm afraid it's a hopeless case!

The examination came to an abrupt and demoralizing close.

## A Lesson.

At a lesson in medical college the other day one of the students, who was by no means a dullard, was asked by the professor, "How much is a dose of—?" (giving the technical name of a strong poison.)

"A teaspoonful," was the reply.

The professor made no comment, but the student, a quarter of an hour later, realized that he had made a mistake, and straightway said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, sir," responded the professor curtly, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead 14 minutes."

"Clara," said a mother to her little 3-year old daughter who had been spending the day with a neighboring playmate. "were you a good girl during your visit?"

"I don't know, mamma," replied Clara.

"I just had so much fun that I forgot to pay attention to myself."

"Is Georgiana a sympathizing friend?"

"Well, when she praises anything I wear she does it in a way which makes me feel that everything I usually wear is simply hideous."

## "Every Man is the

## Architect of His Fortune."

"An architect designs, and his plans are executed by a builder. The greatest builder of health is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It lays a firm foundation. It makes the blood, the basis of life, pure and strong. Be an architect of your fortune and secure Hood's as your health builder."

Headaches—"I was completely run down and was troubled with headaches and dizziness and pains in my back. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which in a short time entirely cured me." Mrs. L. Winterton, Orangeville, Ontario.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

## OILS FROM THE WHALE.

Qualities Which Still Make a Demand for Them for Certain Purposes.

"Whale oil," said a dealer in oils "is to some extent used as a lubricating oil, but not to a very large extent; when used for lubricating purposes it is more often compounded with mineral oils, which are cheaper. Whale oil is used for tempering steel; it is still used in a limited way by some people as an illuminating oil. Whale oil is used for making whale oil soap, used for killing worms on trees.

"Sperm oil is a fine lubricating oil, used on fine machinery, large and small, the fine sewing machine oil is likely to be sperm oil. It is used for illuminating purposes in safety lamps in mines, and it is used to some extent for lamps in warehouses, because of its small liability to explode, sperm standing a higher degree of heat than mineral oils. It is used as a signal oil on shipsboard, for lamps and lanterns, and for sidelights, and so on; and on steamers for a lubricating oil. For all these purposes mineral oils and lubricating compounds have more or less supplanted it because of their greater cheapness, but sperm oil is nevertheless in demand for them. There are some other uses for whale oil and for sperm oil, which are still sold to larger users by the barrel or the can or gallon. Whale oil brings somewhere about 50 cents a gallon and sperm oil 60 cents or thereabouts, and the desirable qualities, for some uses, of these oils, once so commonly used, make a market for the comparatively small, and diminishing quantities of them now brought to sale, even though their prices are higher than those of the oils that have to commonly supplanted them.

"There is an oil produced from some part of the head of the whale that is much more costly than either whale oil or sperm oil. It sells in fact for as much as \$10 a gallon. This is watch oil, and it may be bought of dealers in watch supplies. It is used for oiling watches and also for oiling the arbors or journals, of the wheels of lower clocks. It is not only a fine lubricant, but it withstands cold remarkably well, not freezing except at an extremely low temperature, for which reason it is very desirable for such use in cold and exposed situations."

## The Major's Strategy With Train Robbers.

"Speaking of train robberies," said a veteran railroad man, "did any of you fellows ever hear that story about Major Patterson? The yarn is not new," he continued, "and I thought some of you might have heard it before; but it happens to be true, and is worth telling again."

"Years ago the Major was travelling on the railroad 'brough Western Kansas, when he fell into conversation with a very agreeable chap from St. Louis. Train robberies were frequent in those days, and when the conversation finally turned to that subject the St. Louis man remarked that he had an excellent scheme for hiding his money in such an emergency. 'I simply put it under the sweatband of my hat,' he said, 'and no robber in the world would ever think of looking there for cash.' With that he pulled off his hat and showed where he had \$250 planted as he described."

"About an hour later the train was suddenly halted while it was turning a lonely ravine, and in a few moments a masked man entered the car and began to systematically loot the passengers, while two other robbers kept them covered with shot guns from the doors. When the fellow reached him the Major looked up coolly and declared he had less than a dollar in his pocket. 'Now, if you'll leave me that and my watch,' he said, 'I'll tell you something worth knowing: That fellow in the next seat has \$250 under the sweat band of his hat.' 'All right!' said the robber, 'keep your watch and chicken feed.' And he proceeded to confiscate the other passenger's cash."

When the agony was all over and the marauders had departed the St. Louis man turned around, bursting with rage and indignation. "That was a dirty, low-down

trick!" he roared, "and I'm going to hold you accountable for every cent of my money!" "I expected you to, my friend," replied the major, quietly, "and here is the amount. You see," he added, "I happen to be a paymaster in the United States army, and I have a matter of \$40,000 in this valise by my feet. Under the circumstances I felt justified in temporarily sacrificing your little \$250 to divert attention. I shall charge it up to the government as extra expense in transportation of funds."

## BEER FOR HICCUGHS.

A Remarkable Cure That is of Wide Spread Interest in Kansas.

Hiccoughs bid fair to become as popular a malady in prohibition districts in Kansas as snakes bites have been in the past. After hiccoughing without intermission for 100 hours Dr. H. A. Pickrel of Beverly was brought to Saline, and twenty-two hours later he was cured of his trouble by a bottle of beer.

Dr. Pickrel, who is the leading physician in the town of Beverly, was seated at his desk in his office, busily engaged in writing a treatise, when the hiccoughs seized him. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 5. At first the coughs were only slight, and he paid no attention to them. But they gradually increased in severity until they became annoying. Then Dr. Pickrel tried the old-fashioned remedy for the hiccoughs, a drink of water, thinking that would stop the trouble. But it didn't.

The cough continued to grow worse, and by evening Dr. Pickrel was unable to eat anything for fear of choking. At times his paroxysms were so severe as to wrench his whole body. At bedtime he could not go to sleep because of the malady. He was sent for to attend his patients, but was unable to go to them on account of the 'hic, hic,' which was constantly with him. In the meantime Dr. Pickrel tried all the old remedies he had ever heard of and all the new ones that were suggested to him. Three times cold milk stopped the torture for four or five minutes. Hot and cold teas of all kinds were unavailing. Somebody suggested powdered alum, and the doctor swallowed several teaspoonsful without effect. Mustard and hot water were also tried unsuccessfully. All Wednesday night the coughs continued. On Thursday the experimenting with remedies also continued. By Thursday night no less than thirty alleged sure cures for hiccoughs had been tested and found wanting. Friday, Saturday and Sunday came and were without bringing the tortured man any relief. He began to think he would have to hiccough his way through life.

On Monday Dr. Pickrel was brought to Salina and placed in the care of Dr. J. W. Neptune. The first thing Dr. Neptune did was to bandage the hiccoughing man tightly beneath the arms. This rendered the coughs more subdued and less tiring to the victim, whose strength was by that time well nigh exhausted. After experimenting with a variety of remedies Dr. Neptune gave his patient pylocarpine. Several doses of this stopped the coughs, but within an hour they returned as bad as ever. The patient had gone to his hotel in the brief interval, and when the coughs commenced again a travelling man suggested a bottle of beer as a cure. The beer was brought and put a permanent quietus on the hiccoughs.

## A Lincoln Story.

The Rev. Mr. Alcott of Elgin, Ill., one of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances, tells of seeing him coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr. Alcott. "His son, 'Tad,' was slung across his left



## YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is

## SURPRISE SOAP

It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.

You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your house.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.



## Not a Flaw.

We are careful that all the work is properly done in our laundry. We leave nothing to chance or probability—we make perfection sure.

Ours is a good laundry—so good that you ought to send us your bundle, or have our wagon call for it. Phone 214.

## AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

JOS. E. BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing" Montreal.

arm like a pair of saddlebags, and Lincoln was striding along with long and deliberate steps toward home.

"One of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow townsmen. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put up by the group, and taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were only too familiar, said 'Gentlemen, I entered this col,' but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him."

## Points and Moot-Points.

We make friends by calling attention to beauty and love; we make enemies by insisting on truth.

Why is there so much and so various philosophy? Only because there is infinite uncertainty.

A twinkle in the eye and a smile on the lips give currency to many a stiff dose of moral medicine.

You can meditate philosophy from Plato to Emerson to no purpose, unless you suspect yourself of the falseness inherent in human nature even while in love with and in pursuit of truth.

Canter away on your high horse of worldly philosophy, man of pleasure or pride, but give me leave to tell you there are preferable things—love, worship, human and divine service—compared with which all the gew-gaws of ambition are tinsel.

All in all; study the whole and you get a just notion of the parts. Art, philosophy and religion are a unit; study them singly and you miss general effect. Nothing so antipathetical to Nature, in all her realms, as artificial and arbitrary boundaries, yet men have been possessed from the beginning with the devil of distinction, separation, exclusion and division. Perfection, so far as possible to man, will only be realized by the union of elements joined together by Almighty wisdom, but too commonly divorced in the philosophy and practice of mankind.

"Marse Jim, is you gwine ter run fer any office dis year?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in the race."

"Well, suh, dat bein' de case," ef you could manage ter drap a \$5 bill som'er's roun' heah whilst I ain't lookin', I wuz thinkin' dat mebbe I could find it!"

If you  
can't afford  
heavy sterling

for table wear,  
don't get very light silver.  
Silver-plated knives, forks  
and spoons stamped with  
the mark of

W. W. ROGERS & SONS

give far better wear than  
most of the light sterling  
now used.

The kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn.,  
and Montreal, Canada.