

# Good Stories by Clever Writers.

## VOLTS AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

How a Man Up Against 5,000 of Them Saved His Life

Five thousand volts of electricity were hurled into E. I. Price an electrician at the Edison Company plant yesterday, and he walked over to the City Hospital to tell 'em about it. I proved to be the tallest thing in the line of a story of that kind the doctors had ever heard.

A very few hundred of those things volts of electricity—kill a person, remarked one of the doctors, eying the electrician askance.

Just so, said the electrician, but always put in providing a circuit be formed.

You say 5,000 volts of the stuff entered your body? inquired another one, gazing at the man in wonder.

Yes sir, Price replied; 5,000 volts—registered.

Didn't it do anything at all to you? asked a physician.

Nothing but this, replied Price, and holding up his left hand he showed the two middle fingers split a little at the tips.

That's all except kind of a queer feelings in my breast, as if somebody nit me there, but not very hard. When my fingers touched the 5,000 volt wire I knew enough not to try and put the wire away from 'em with my other hand. If I had of, course, my life would have been snuffed out quicker'n a match in a gale. But at that I might have done so, for the shock as it was was enough to make the oldest hand at the business forget for the instant all he knew. It's the old question of keeping your presence of mind, no matter what happens.

Let a person one part of whose body come in contact with a live wire of whatever strength keep presence of mind enough not to touch the wire with another part of his body, like the other hand or a foot or any other part of his body, and he will most generally get away alive. This of course, is providing there's somebody else around or within call to come and knock the wire away with a club.

And the rescuer, under such circumstances, should not try to push the wire away, for this may cause him to get fastened to it himself. It should always be knocked away with a blow, any kind of a blow. This gives only instantaneous contact, and the momentum of the blow, sends the wire away from the club the next second after contact.

Dr. Griens, receiving physician of the hospital, dressed the slight wounds on Pierce's fingers and sent him on his way rejoicing.

## Schley's Courtmartial.

This is the silly season. The public knows it, and hence should not be deceived by much of the silly twaddle that is being sent out from Washington, in anticipation of the Schley court martial. If all of that stuff were to be taken seriously, it might be imagined that the trial was to determine the right of Schley or Sampson to stay in the U. S. navy; that the defence had brought about the trial for the purpose of making Sampson and some other officers 'squirm' and of holding them up to public obloquy; and that either Schley must be shown to be a dastard and a craven or else that he must prove that there has been a deep and dark plot to drive him out of the navy by infamous and abominable methods of conspiracy.

In view of all this talk, it may be timely to say that the purpose of the coming courtmartial is merely to determine whether Schley did or did not perform his duties in the late war in a satisfactory manner. It is not the province of the court to say to whom most of the credit for the victory at Santiago belongs; or whether Schley has been unjustly treated since that time; or whether Schley should be promoted over Sampson, or vice versa; or whether one or the other is more popular in the navy. The whole question before the court will be one of naval records, and it is merely tried to put an end to certain aspirations which have been gossiped at Washington by some busybodies and which have been repeated by an officious understrapper at the Brooklyn navy yard, who wrote an alleged 'history' of the war.

After the court martial has given its verdict to the effect that Schley did his duty on the information at his command and under the circumstances in which he was placed, from time to time, it will then be in order to settle other questions, which cannot properly come before this court.

The settlement will be largely in the hands of the present secretary of the navy, and Secy Long can always be trusted to do the right thing, the just thing, and the proper thing, at the right time.

## The Secret of a Reputation.

In Leslie's Monthly for September Mr. E. Hough explains what stuff the reputation of the typical 'Bad Man' is made of. At one stage of his career the story of how Mr. Williamson threw Peterson over the counter of the Lorne Star Hotel spread rapidly through the town. White man, the Jew, told it to Jackson, the ranchman, and he Jackson repeated it to one of his cow-punchers who come into town with him and the latter told it to the barber, and the barber told it to everybody else. 'I reckon we sure have got a new bad man in town,' said the barber 'and he is real bad too. Fight? He'll fight as quick as he'd eat and so d—d industrious about fighting that he don't think to pull his gun. Why he just grabs hold of Paterson like a baby and throws him over the desk same as he would a bag of potatoes.'

He did make trouble. Inside of first week in Arroyo City he had whipped three men, one of them drunk, two being sober and at their best. His method of warfare was so peculiar that the public seemed dazed and mystified. Never yet had the stranger been known to go after his gun in the accepted fashion of the Southwest Arroyo City reasoned that if he could fight thus without resorting to a gun he would be strictly dangerous when he took to firearms.

## The Bad Man.

'In all his violent deeds,' writes E. Hough in his vivid story of a 'Bad Man' in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September, 'Harrison had never been known to resort to the use of weapons. He fought simply with the tools that nature had given him, and able indeed at rough and tumble must be the man who would oppose him. Under the creed of the country, he was commonly met at his own terms, and as commonly he was victorious. Once upon a time it occurred to one of his former victims that, though the cranium of William Harrison might be impervious to the human fist in so far as such fist was possessed by himself, James Babcock, this same cranium might none the less be susceptible to the impact of a well-aimed brickbat. Accordingly, he stepped up behind William Harrison one fall day at the county fair and tried the effect of his theory in regard to the brickbat and the skull. Mr. Harrison, smitten to the earth for the first time in his career, fell heavily forward, and for some moments remained quite unconscious. His tearful wife, 'Min,' appeared upon the scene, led him to the nearest pump, and for some time bathed his wounds. The expression of the champion's countenance was one of mingled surprise, rage and determination. He remarked to his wife that he would whale the life out of Jim Babcock the next time he met him. He did so.'

## Uncle Si's Mistake.

'No, Manby,' said Uncle Si, 'I'll never try to follow the example of a great man again.'

'What's the matter now, Silas?' she asked.

'Well,' he said, 'while I was up to the city yesterday there was a funeral procession come along. It happened that it passed where Stubs the great writer, was standin' an' he took off his hat an' stoob with bowed head.'

'Well, that showed what fine feelings he has, Silas.'

'Course it did an' the people all said 'Ain't it beautiful and what a noble man,' an' the mourners in the hacks cried wuss an' ever. An' it did look purty, so when another procession passed I stepped out in front and took off my hat.'

'You blamed fool!

Yes, I stepped out an' took off my hat an' the mourners commenced to laugh an' the little boys throwed stones, an' a big policeman took me down to the jail, where a doctor came in and asked me how long I had been seein' things and when I first noticed the severe headaches. They ain't no use talkin' Mandy, you got to git your picters in the papers an' on the cigar box lid beto re you kin make a public display of your fine feelings and peculiarities.'

## Is It Secret

The lover who fears to tread being nearly as great a rarity as a white black bird it

is interesting to cite one in a professional entertainer, Ernest Blum of Paris. A long time ago, when he was a young and very bashful man, Blum met and danced and fell in love with a young woman, and determined to ask her to marry him. After several attempts, which came to nothing, he led her one evening at a party, to a secluded corner and told her he had something important to say to her. The lady was politely attentive, but Blum failed to follow his advantage; he blushed, stammered and finally said:

I wished—I only wished to ask you if you think it will rain to-morrow?

He returned to the attack on several occasions, but never got farther than the weather, and the lady did not know his secret till many years later, when she was a white haired grandmother. Then she said:

It was just as well you did not say it, for I should have refused you. You danced the polka so horribly!

Possibly if Blum's feet had been nimbler the lady might have helped him to lamber up his tongue, for being a girl, she must have guessed the cause of its paralysis. When the lady of Victor Hugo's choice wanted to find out what was the meaning of his tongue tied admiration, she said:

I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret greater than all?

Victor acknowledged that he had secrets and that one of them was greater than all the rest.

Just like me! cried his lady. Well come now, tell me your greatest secret and I will tell you mine.

My great secret, Victor replied, is that I love you!

And my great secret is that I love you! said the lady, like an echo.

And so they were married—as Blum and his heart's fancy might have been had her assistance been forthcoming.

## London's Cadi.

The English papers are printing many anecdotes of Commissioner Kerr, who recently at the age of eighty retired from the bench of the City of London court, which he had occupied for forty two years. The aged Scotsman has been a fine old judge, says the London Daily Mail—capable, caustic, rugged, original, tearlessly honest, concealing under a crusty exterior a kindly heart.

He was an enormous worker, and always alert to economize time, one of his saving methods being to cut off redundant evidence. 'Don't want any more witnesses,' he would say to a lawyer. 'You've proved your case now you are trying to run up costs. Sit down.'

More saving of time was effected by his method of summing up. Frequently it was something like this: 'Gentlemen—You have hear-r-d the evidence just as well as I ha' hear-r-d it myself. I just leave the case to the casman sense which juries are supposed to possess. Casn-seeder your verdict.'

He was a maker of phrases. That now famous maxim, 'Every dog is entitled to his first bite,' was the commissioner's way of setting forth that a dog must have won a character for savageness before a claim could be made against its master.

In a housebreaking charge before him once the delinquent was an eleven year old boy who had broken and entered a shop by lifting a latch and descending two steps in order to secure a handful of sweets. The commissioner protested against the employment of the whole criminal machinery of the country—policemen, magisterial hearing, and Old Bailey trial—in so small a case. 'The proper course to adopt,' he said, 'would have been to take the child into the back yard and to have inflicted punishment upon that part of his anatomy which a beneficent and far seeing Nature had provided for the specific purpose.'

He was the scourge of the money lenders in the days of their unlettered exorbitance, and one Shylock who claimed his pound of flesh was served with Portia-like justice. The defendant had to pay. Although he had paid the original loan some four times over, he still owed as interest and charges nearly twice as much as he had borrowed. 'You must pay this debt,' said the commissioner, sternly, 'but you will pay it at the rate of one penny a month.' It will take that defendant exactly three hundred and eighty five years to repay the amount at the specified rate.

## A Retort From Nature.

Among the useful results of aerial excursions are the satisfactory experiments in the way of echoes and reverberations. John Mackenzie Bacon had many opportunities of testing the carrying of sounds to and from a baloon at a great height, and Mr. Wise, the American aeronaut, relates a case in point.

He was ballooning one day above a dense cloud-stream when he heard a cow-bell and the sounds of a wood-chopper's axe,

whereupon to attract the attention of the laborer he shouted 'Halloo! He was immediately answered by another 'Halloo!' from the ground.

He then asked the question: 'How far is this from Lancaster?' and was annoyed by being mocked by his own words.

'Being in the clouds,' he says, 'and not able to see things above or below, I felt somewhat nettled at this clownish display of wit, and in a very audible tone of voice, while the foregoing was still reverberating in my ear, I sang out: 'You're a fool!' which in a very few seconds was answered by an equally distinct and measured tone of voice, 'You're a fool!'

'Then it suddenly flashed upon my mind that it was the echo of my own voice, which opinion was ratified by the dying reverberations of my own words, which had now become as numerous as though a whole regiment had caught the watchword and were passing it in quick succession through the whole line.'

An Unselfish Boy.—'Tommy,' said Mrs. Glim, 'you should not shoot your fire-crackers in the house.'

'But I want you to enjoy them too mamma,' replied the thoughtful boy.—

## BORN.

- Halifax, Aug 25, to the wife of W. Westerman, a son.
- Shediac, Aug 18, to the wife of Dr. H. W. Murray, a son.
- Moncton, Aug 28th to the wife of Chas. C. Weldon, a son.
- Woodstock, Aug 25, to the wife of Gus Giggay, a son.
- Aylesford, Aug 17, to the wife of Charles McIntyre a son.
- Truro, Aug 21, to the wife of Conductor R. Doyle, a son.
- Halifax, Aug 22, to the wife of F. P. Hayden, a daughter.
- Jamaica Plain, Aug 9, to the wife of Jas. A. Cameron, a son.
- Wolville, Aug 16, to the wife of Fred Woodworth, a son.
- Dartmouth, Aug 23, to the wife of F. W. Hetherington, a daughter.
- Richibucto, Aug. 15, to the wife of Sergt W. E. Forbes, a daughter.
- Westmount, Montreal, Aug 13 to the wife of John Fitzlady, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

- Bursi, e, Aug 15, David Cullen to Agnes Brown.
- Malboro, Aug 1, Hattie Carr to W. E. Hurshman.
- Montague, Aug 21, Stephen Shaw to Ethel Beer.
- Virginia, Aug 14, Raymond Herb to Ida Brown.
- Woodstock, Aug 17, Sarah Smith to Maud Manuel.
- Boston, Aug 22, Ernest Edwin to Charlotte Orman.
- Truro, Aug 22, Frank Gibson to Elizabeth Briar.
- Boston, Mass, Aug 14, George Allen to Lela Winster.
- Cardigan, Aug 19, Angus MacPhee to Mary Wilson.
- Halifax, Aug 20, Robert Bushell, to Maggie Purcell.
- Port Hill, Aug 14, William McDonald to Mary Inglis.
- Glace Bay, Aug 21, Freeman Hallet to Flora McKeown.
- Kensville, Aug 20, Elbert K. Jess to Ethel May Rogers.
- Shelburne, Aug 13, Thomas Crowell, to Maude Rogers.
- Weymouth, July 25, George Everet to Agnes Greene.
- Tusket Wedge, Aug 17, Frank LeBlanc to Nellie Pothier.
- Stellarton, Aug 21, Joseph Hale to Maggie McDonald.
- Newport, Aug 14, Thomas Bamford to Matilda Stevens.
- Summerside, Aug 20, William Leard to Jessie Campbell.
- Glace Bay, Archibald Morrison to Christy McKeown.
- Newellton, Aug 14, Oscar Messenger to Emma Maxwell.
- Morien Junction, July 25, John McMillan to Kate McCuisin.
- Boston, Aug 14, John Warren to Annie Rhoda Cameron.
- Temple, Aug 10, Augustus Gilman to Martha Louisa.
- Main Street, Aug 11, Thomas Stockford to Edna Richardson.
- Alberton, Aug 20, Cornelius Oampbell, to Margaret Gillis.
- Weymouth, Aug 20, Robert Hankinson to Mary McDonald.
- Dundas, P. E. I., Aug 19, Edwin Burdett to Ida Richardson.
- Kinkora, Aug 13, Patrick Mulligan to Lizzie O'Ronagan.
- Summerside, Aug 21, Johnstone Lidstone to Maggie Campbell.
- Charlottetown, Aug 21, George Meechorn to Margaret Farmer.

## DIED.

- Brooklyn, Jennie C. Millen.
- Alaska, 1900, John Taylor.
- Hebron, Aug. 4, Ira Phillips, 48.
- Yarmouth, Aug. 20, Sarah Smith, 82.
- Halifax, Aug. 22, James Netting, 63.
- Lynn, Aug 19, Charles H. Hojan, 62.
- Bridgewater, Aug. 9, Francis Ham, 85.
- Dartmouth, Aug. 28, Winnifred Hoyt.
- Deerfield, Aug. 12, Abbie Lawson, 76.
- Sussex, Aug 16, Susie Friars, 6 weeks.
- Shelburne, Aug. 16, David Doane, 16.
- Moncton, Aug. 24, Mrs. J. W. Pitfield.
- St. John, Aug. 17, Helen Goodwin, 15.
- Truro, Aug. 19, Frank R. MacLean, 39.
- Halifax, Aug. 25, Charles E. Harris, 54.
- Plympton, Aug. 20, James R. Garden, 73.
- Plympton, Aug. 19, Karl Gates, 9 months.
- Halifax, Aug. 28, Capt. George Matson.
- Boston, Aug. 11, Benjamin L. Howard, 45.
- Clark's Harbor, Aug. 18, Ida Goodwin, 34.
- Cape Island, Aug. 16, Nancy Nickerson, 74.
- Halifax, Aug. 24, Charles A. Tait, 2 weeks.
- Upper Brighton, Aug 17, Lavinia Colwell, 61.
- Mount Hanley, Aug. 10, Addie D. Morton, 31.
- Springhill, Aug. 21, wife of George H. Brown.
- West Baccara, Aug. 14, Elizabeth Christie, 75.
- Havelock, Aug. 14, Maggie E. McNaughton, 19.
- Antigonish, Aug. 20, Mary Jane Armstrong, 17.
- St. Louis, July 19, Kenneth Gardner Durkee, 22.
- Barrington Passage, Aug. 21, Hon. Robert Robertson, 84.
- Upper Prospect, Aug. 21, the wife of James H. Walsh, 31.
- Cape Negro Island, Aug. 17, Charles Herbert Gasper, 1 year, 1 month, 15 days.



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## Useful to Know.

Oldcloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being first swept, it should be cleansed by washing with a large soft cloth and luke warm or cold water. Soap or hot water will bring off the paint.

Mattings may be cleaned with a coarse cloth dipped in salt water and then wiped dry. Salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

Floods caused by the overflowing of the Yang Tze have caused the death of many thousands in China. The river has risen 40 feet, and for hundreds of miles the country is a great lake with only tops of trees and an occasional roof showing. Boatmen estimate that 20,000 were drowned in the district. Chong Teh was wiped away by the flood and ten thousand drowned there.

Since January last Ontario stockmen and horse breeders have sold \$500,000 worth of horses, cattle and sheep to Manitoba farmers and territorial ranches.

John Sutherland aged 50 years, of Watertown, N. Y. mechanical superintendent of the Hillsborough bridge which is under construction at Charlottetown, N. S. met with a horrible death Monday evening. He was passing the engine dredge when he was drawn into the machinery head tremost and his life was crushed out almost in an instant. The body was fearfully mangled before the horrified workmen could stop the engine.

The British bark Linwood, Capt. Douglass, from Manilla, Nov. 14, from New York has been posted at Lloyds as missing. The Linwood hailed from Maryland, N. S. where she was built in 1887. She registered 1,196 tons. She was owned by Alex. Y. Roy & Co. She has never been heard from since she sailed.

News just received from Cartagena says that an open boat containing nine men has arrived there and reported that the Colombian gunboat Lypopa sank on leaving Savanilla for upper Cartagena. Steam launchers were immediately despatched to search for her but no trace of the gunboat was found. She recently underwent a thorough overhauling at Colon, the repairs costing \$25,000.

It is said that the Kaiser will meet the Czar within a short time at Carlsruhe.

The attitude of the United States during the Colombian-Venezuelan troubles is exciting interest in Spain.

The steamer Ophir, with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on board, arrived at Simonstown yesterday.

After two escapes from penal servitude in French Guiana, Paul Edmond Cousin was caught and sent back for the third time.

## RAILROADS.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton	5.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Suburban express for Rothesay	11.05
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11.50
Express for Sussex	12.30
Suburban Express for Hampton	17.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.35
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	23.00
.....	12.00

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	5.00
Suburban Express for Hampton	7.15
Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou	12.30
Express from Hampton	17.30
Suburban Express from Hampton	21.55
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton	22.45
.....	14.15

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

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager  
Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,  
74 St. John, N. B.