THE HERALD.

VOL. I., NO. 49. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1890. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Board of Works

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is ... one of the LEADING, as well as the ...T COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WM. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6 30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10., 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10 47, a. m.; 2.15, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889**, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	**7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene	**11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax	**14.30**
Express for Sussex	**16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	**16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express rains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	**8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	**10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax	**14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	**20.10**
Express from Halifax, Picton and Mulgrave	**23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

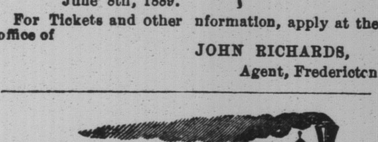
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other nformation, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton



NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m. Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:20; Durham, 3:30; Cross Creek, 4:10; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:00; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6:30, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boiestown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:30; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55, arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co, for St. John and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchi..., Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is ... and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

13-10-83

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1890, Summer Arrangements, 1890.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made *the fastest time on record.*

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

(Calling at Rimouski and Moville to land mails and passengers), are intended to be despatched from Liverpool on THURSDAYS and from Quebec on THURSDAYS, as follows:

From Liverpool.		From Quebec.
18th Sep	PARISIAN	9th Oct
2nd Oct	CIRCASSIAN	23rd do
9th do	SARDINIAN	30th do
16th do	POLYNESIAN	6th Nov
23rd do	PARISIAN	13th do

Liverpool, Halifax and Portland Service, Calling at Londonderry.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
6th Nov	CIRCASSIAN	29th Nov
20th do	SARDINIAN	13th Dec
4th Dec	PARISIAN	27th do
18th do	CIRCASSIAN	10th Jan
1st Jan	SARDINIAN	24th do
15th do	POLYNESIAN	7th Feb
29th do	CIRCASSIAN	21st do

and fortnightly thereafter.

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Halifax, St. John's, N. F., Queenstown and Liverpool Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
30th Sep	CASPIAN	27th Oct
14th Oct	*CARTHAGINIAN	10th Nov
28th do	NOVA SCOTIAN	24th do
11th Nov	CASPIAN	8th Dec
25th do	*CARTHAGINIAN	22nd do

*The Carthaginian will carry only Cabin passengers from Halifax.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN .... $80 to $120

Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.

Clergymen and their families are allowed reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.

INTERMEDIATE — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.

STEERAGE, $20.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

No cattle of any description carried on Allan Mail Steamers.

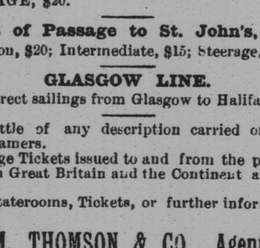
Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 8.



INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

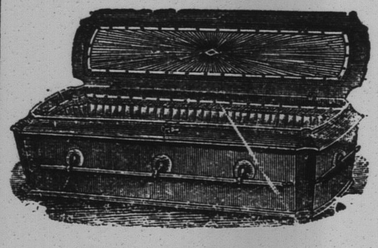
Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,

Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B

ADAMS BROS.



FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe,

—AND—

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

C. C. GILL,

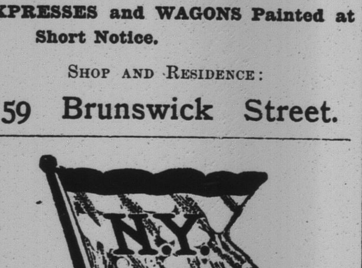
PAINTER,

House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR.
PAPERING and GRAINING.
EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.



NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York,
Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N.Y.S.S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

STORY OF ENOCH ARDEN ECLIPSED.

Away from Home for Thirty-Seven Years—His Wife Married Twice During That Time.

On Thursday morning, Oct. 31st, when the boat from Detroit tied up to her dock, at Cleveland, O., a man crossed the gang plank and stood on the dock several minutes, looking about in a dazed way as though endeavoring to get his bearings. He was a man with a been-everywhere look in his eyes, and but for the fact that his long hair and beard were scarcely streaked with grey one might have easily imagined him to be a Rip Van Winkle. After looking about him he accosted a patrolman and inquired the way to Holt street.

The man was Horace A. Moorehouse, who, thirty-seven years ago, as the result of a family quarrel, left his wife and five small children in the township of Euclid, since which time his family have been unable to obtain the slightest clue to his whereabouts. In a moment of anger he disappeared as mysteriously as though the earth had swallowed him up, and but for the fact that he was met and recognized by a Mrs. Southwick, who had known him years ago in this city, his family would have never known a word of the strange story which he had returned to tell them. The story of his life is out of the ordinary, to say the least, and savors strongly of the romantic tale of Enoch Arden, who returned home, after an absence of years, to find his wife wedded to another. It differs only in the fact that the deserted wife, thinking that her husband's absence could mean but one thing, that he was dead has been married twice. She at present resides in Euclid, but the family refuse to give her name by her last marriage.

The old man was seen by a reporter at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. James Hendershot, 251 St, and after much persuasion contented to tell as best he could where he had been the past 37 years and how he happened to return to his family after his long absence.

It was in the year '53 or '54, I can't just remember which," said he "that after a family quarrel, the details of which I do not care to give, I left my wife and four small children, the youngest not more than six months of age, with the determination never to look upon their faces again. It may have been, and probably was, a foolish action, but I was impulsive and made the determination while almost beside myself with rage. I tell you the resolve has cost me many a bitter hour, and many a time I would willingly have sacrificed my right arm to have been able to recall the words spoken at that time."

The old man was convulsed with sobs when speaking of the time he went away and was unable to talk for several minutes.

"I went from here to Port Huron," he continued, "where I shipped as second mate on a schooner running to New Baltimore, and stayed aboard her all season. From Port Huron I went to the upper peninsula of Michigan and built a hut in the woods, where I lived all alone for several years, doing odd jobs for the lumbermen, such as gumming saws, etc. I could not be contented to remain in one place for any length of time, as the thought of my family was constanly on my mind, and I resolved to push through further west. When the war broke out I was in Iowa, and was one of the first to enlist in that State. At the end of three months I was honorably discharged, and returned to Iowa. From there I went to Nebraska, working in one town long enough to get money to get to the next, and in that way managed to reach the coast. I took no account of time, whatever, and had no desire to do more than make a living. In this way, knocking about from place to place, I managed to put in some thirty-five years, during which time I have covered nearly every square mile of territory in the west. I dare say that no living man has seen more of the country west of the Mississippi than I have. I began to get feeble, and the hardships I had endured began to tell on me, when two years ago I returned to Michigan with the intention of staying there the rest of my life. During all these years I had never heard a word of my wife or any of my children, and had given up all hopes of ever again seeing or hearing of them. I built another hut and settled down to my old occupation of gumming saws.

One morning about a month ago a woman I did not recognize met me and said that she was a Mrs. Southwick, whom I had known in Cleveland. She was the first human being I had seen in 37 years that I knew, and you can imagine my feelings. She told me all about my family, that they were all alive, and for the first time since I had left them, the thought of returning entered my mind. After thinking the matter over I decided to come. At Detroit I took the boat and arrived at Cleveland, O., on Thursday morning. I hardly knew where I was when I got off the boat. They tell me that my wife married again, thinking that I was dead.

That is the only reason I have to regret my return. Had I known it I would not have come back. The strange part of it all is that when I went away I had five children and only four can be accounted. None of the four seem to know anything about the other, and don't even remember there was one. She was about six months old at the time, which would make her in her 38th year now, and her name was Julian. The children were all separated and I think that she was probably adopted by some family who do not wish to let her know they are not her parents. If I could only find her my cup of happiness would be full. As for my wife she is innocent of any wrong in marrying, thinking and almost knowing that I was dead.

Morehouse is 80 years of age, but is remarkably well preserved and does not appear to be more than sixty. His children are well able to care for him and appear more than willing to do so.

THEY DIFFER POLITICALLY.

A unique canvass is progressing in the Fort Scott (Kan.) district, where General John H. Rice and his son are opposing candidates for the legislature. General Rice asks his friends to deal leniently with the boy; that he is young and immature, and, while he means well, he does not know near as much as he thinks he does. The young man tells his audience that the times and events demand the blood and vigor of youth, and that the lean and slippered pantaloon should seek the quiet of the chimney corner—and so the campaign goes, with the friends of each candidate certain their man will win.

Louis Feedman, chef of the Windsor hotel Montreal, was robbed of $4,000 by four Italians who had won his confidence and were invited to his house.

There is no good discipline where a harsh voice is frequently heard.

LIGHT AND LOVE DIE TOGETHER.

The Brunswick (Ga.) Times has this: "The Western and Atlantic train left the track last night at McIvor's, and Richard McClain, fireman, was killed."

That was the message, almost brutal in its brevity, that was flashed over the wires from Atlanta to the Times. He was only a fireman, of small consequence to this matter of fact world, with its rush and bustle, and so a three line paragraph in the morning papers was his obituary.

But back of this bear notice of McClain's death is one of the most pathetic stories in the history of railroads accidents in Georgia. The dead man had a mother and family who lived in the valley of the famous Chickamauga, and about them centers the pathos of the story. But let engineer Adamson, who stood weeping over the body of his friend, tell it.

"He was a good boy," he said, "one of the best hearted men in the world; and he loved his family so! Every night when he would run by this home his mother would put out a light. to let him know that all was well, and he would answer with a light. Last night she may have watched all night, for he didn't pass, and no doubt she was troubled with the thought that something was wrong."

And something was wrong.

While the faithful mother, with her lamp of love aflame, was straining her eyes through the darkness of the night to catch a gleam of the flashing headlight that announced "All's well" with her son, that son was stark in death.

The eyes that had watched for the light in the window that told of the safety of mother and kindred were glazed by death. No more would they strain through the dusk of the valley for the red ray which conveyed to him a message of love from home.

Richard was dead by the track!

The loving mother, what of her?

Through the dark watches she waited at the window, in her hand the beacon that assured Richard of the well being of the jewels of his heart.

But the rush and roar of the engine, and the flashing of the headlight through the swart reaches of the valley never came.

The minutes ticked slowly by.

"Richard is late to-night," thought the loving woman, "but I'll wait awhile longer. It is almost like a visit from him to catch a glimpse of the headlight."

So she waited till her eyes grew heavy with sleep.

And Richard was dead by the track!

Finally she said:

"I'll leave the lamp in the window and lie down awhile. I can hear the roar of the engine in time to wave the light."

Slumber came unconsciously to the loving but tired eyes. When she awoke the sun was shooting his silver arrows through the chinks of the room. The faithful heart turned toward the window. The lamp was extinguished. The mother sat up with great eyes staring at the darkened lamp. A shadow of woe came darkling over her, chilling the warm love currents of her heart.

For—Richard was dead by the track. Light and love had died together.

A CHINESE PIRATE STORY.

A short time ago a Chinese junk was boarded by eight pirates near Newchang, says the Shanghai Mercury, and the crew of the junk came frankly forward and told the robbers that there was nothing of any value on board, as the vessel was in ballast. The pirates, being good humored fellows, laughed at the fools errand they had come on, and asked the boatmen could they have a meal at least after their trouble. The boatmen, apparently delighted to get off so easily, replied in the affirmative, and uncovered the hatches leading to the hold, whither they told the pirates to descend before them while the chow was in course of preparation. The pirates, never dreaming of any trick from the harmless looking old boatmen, did as they were told, but they were no sooner below than the boatmen fastened down the hatches again and caught them fairly in a trap. Not content with having captured the pirates, or else fearing to trust such customers, the boatmen straightway flooded the hold with the intention of drowning the pirates like rats. In their alarm the pirates began to fire their guns at one another. In a little time, however, all was quiet in the hold, and the boatmen concluded from the silence that all was over. So they ran their junk in shore and communicated with the authorities. A party of troops came on board, and when they raised the hatches discovered five of the eight pirates dead and the other three in a dying condition. The survivors were handed over to justice and suffered the penalty of the law. The boatmen were suitably rewarded for their bravery and presence of mind.

CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

The Toronto Globe publishes an interview with S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, the great mining man, respecting Canadian iron, nickel and copper mines. Mr. Ritchie is of opinion that nickel steel can be made for export at Sudbury. We have the iron and the nickel. Nothing but coal is lacking and that can be got from the States. Mr. Ritchie places a high estimate on the extent and value of our general mineral wealth. He declares, however, that it is idle for us to look for any great development of the iron deposits in Hastings or of those which make the howling wilderness along Lake Superior one of the richest spots on the continent until we secure free access to the American market. He employs a happy illustration to show what the opening of the iron mines would mean for the railways. A bushel of wheat weighs sixty pounds. The product of an acre yielding twenty bushels weighs 1200 pounds. A cubic yard of iron ore weighs about three tons, or as much as the wheat yield of five acres. The entire crop of Manitoba, placing it at 16,000,000 bushels, does not provide as much freight for the railroads as any one of several mines on the American shore of Lake Superior. It is Mr. Ritchie's belief that if they were developed as they could be developed, the iron and other resources of this country would be worth more than agriculture, and would support a larger population.

THE ENVIOUS THING.

"Engaged?"

"Yes, last night, and to the noblest and best of men."

"And you never told me, your old chum you even had a beau! Pray, who is it? What's his name?"

"Char—Mr. Jobwock." Still, I don't pity him, because when I refused him he had the impudence to say he was getting mighty near the end of his tether."

Many a coal-dealer becomes wealthy through the error of his weighs.

STORY OF A GHOSTLY VISITATION.

A Strange Report Which is Believed by Many.

The neighborhood of Mather and Halsted streets Chicago, is in a fever of excitement. Children and timid women scurry by when the shades of night begin to fall, and their superstitous elders look askance and confess to an uncomfortable feeling—the dread of something unknown. Three women, occupying successively the same room, have while in a delicate physical condition, met death by the same horrible fright. They have all alleged being visited by a hideous man, and one of the women who did about a year ago claimed she was lifted high and then thrown upon the floor. Neighborhood tradition tells that the house was once occupied by an irate old man, who, to revenge himself upon the landlord cursed him, swearing that he would kill every occupant of the house. The horrible deaths which these women have undergone and the visions or realities of fright which they suffered, are current gossip among those who have lived long in the neighborhood.

The house which, it is alleged, the fiendish stranger visits, and which is in back of a Mather street lot, near Halstead, is a two story frame structure which has been moved to its present site. The house is now raised several feet from the ground level, the half cellar being boarded about and serving no practical use. A pair of steps lead up to the first floor, which contains four rooms. The windows in the front room face toward the street. Folding doors face toward the street. Folding doors open into the second room, which has a window at the side. A further door opens to a dining room, and back of this the remaining space is converted into a closet and a bedroom. The second floor is a counterpart of the first floor, the entrance to which is by a stairway on the outside of the building. This stairway runs above and partly covers the upper part of the window in the second room of the first floor.

The apparition which haunts the house appears always in the folding doors between the first and second rooms of the first floor. The women have described it as the figure of a man of powerful build and hideous aspect. His head is buried between high shoulders, which give him the appearance of having no neck. He bends towards those who have seen the awful sight with a threatening air, while his huge hands work convulsively as he slowly advances. The fingers are abnormally long and look like frightful claws. Hissing and displaying terrible teeth, with eyes of fire alternating to a green, the hideous creature creeps upon those to whom he has appeared. Some who have seen him aver that he wears a slouch hat, others that he is hatless, but has a mass of disheveled hair.

The character of the front room is such that a bed can only be placed in one corner of the apartment. Its position compels the occupant to face the doorway in which the apparition has appeared. Mrs. Cull, Mrs. Cinnama, and, two weeks ago, Mrs. Allen, have been thrown into fatal spasms by fright.

The most intelligent of the neighbors say they do not believe in ghosts, but can not explain the mystery. No strangely appearing man has ever been seen prowling about the premises. Mrs. McCuen, who occupies the upper story of the house, with her two children, heard Mrs. Allen shriek and was with her when she died. Mrs. McCuen said she had lived there three years and had never seen anything of a ghostly kind. She thought the miasmatic surroundings of the place had affected the health of the first woman who had imagined that she saw such a figure, and that the noxious effluvia had likewise affected the other women. They had heard the ghost stories, and being in a condition of susceptibility they finally fancied they saw the same thing.

Mrs. Powell, who lives comfortably at No. 198 Mather street, said she did not believe in ghosts or goblins, but had heard the current gossip. Mrs. Kinney, who keeps a grocery at 202 Mather street, did not believe in spirits. She had known all the tenants, and said there was no doubt about their terrible deaths. She could only account for it by some man going about scaring women. George Allen, the husband of the last victim, is still in the house, and only knows that his wife was frightened to death. He proposes to stay until the mystery is cleared up, and promises to make it interesting for any intruder.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party."
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her.
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

A PREHISTORIC GIANT.

While blasting stone from the Mardingham quarry near here there was yesterday discovered the prints of a gigantic foot on a shell of rock, which had been covered with earth and vegetation, but which was displaced by the explosion, writes a Fort Dodge (Kan.) correspondent. The foot is apparently that of a human being, though provided with nails of great length and curved slightly at the ends of the marks.

The prints are seven in number, varying considerably in distinctness, each measuring a fraction less than two feet in length and broad in proportion. The toes are shorter than is usual in the human foot and spread much wider apart. The prints all point in the same direction, and are from four to four and a half feet apart the most clearly defined sinking about two inches into the rock. There is in addition to the footmarks indications of some heavy object having been dragged over the rocks after the creature whose tracks are there. This object was probably a club, to judge from the marks it made.

The ledge of rock on which this valuable record of a prehistoric age is to be seen was detached with the greatest care, but an unfortunate fall broke the piece right across the footprint most clearly defined. The breakage will be repaired as skillfully as possible with cement and the rock forwarded to the Museum of Geology and Paleontology at Dubuque, Iowa, Mr. Mardingham, who owns the quarry, presenting it to that institution.

A question asked by a pupil for the class to answer is frequently worth much more than that of a teacher.

BARTTELOT'S DEATH.

New York, November 8.—H. M. Stanley, the explorer, is accompanied by his wife, mother-in-law, Mrs. Tennant, J. M. Jephson, one of his trusted lieutenants, and a Hamilton Aide, a cousin of Mrs. Stanley. He gives some very important information regarding the causes which led to the tragic death of Major Barttelot, commander of the Rear Column, and the horrible disaster which fell upon the camp at Yambuya. The first inquiry put to him was: "How did you first come to pick out Major Barttelot?"

"That's a very easy question to answer," said Mr. Stanley. "Col. Sir F. De Winton, Sir Redvers Buller and Capt. Grant Elliott were to pick out men who they thought were likely men. In that way we picked out about twenty of the most likely young gentlemen who applied. A Mr. Fitzgeraid, of the India Office, brought a wellbuilt young fellow about thirty, introducing him as Major Barttelot, who had distinguished himself in Afghanistan and on the Nile under General Wolseley. He said: "Here, sir, if you want a young fellow to do anything necessary in Africa, here he is,

AN EMBODIMENT OF PLUCK."

Looking at him I said: "I can see Major Barttelot looks very promising as far as pluck goes, but there is one thing I like to see better than pluck—that is forbearance." He also had a letter from Sir Redvers Buller, recommending him, and I accepted the recommendation.

What did you hear about his death when you got to camp? Was he mutilated?

No, he was buried when I got there. The killing took place on July 19, and this was on August 17.

What was the causes of his death? Why was he shot?

Because of his violent temper. First of all he quarreled with the owner of the station, Abdulla Karonga. He demands sixty men. Abdulla says: "I cannot get them." Barttelot says: "If you do not get them I will go back to Tippoo Tib and report you." He was Tippoo Tib's man. "Tippoo Tib has given me the power of life and death over these people, and I must have them."

He wanted the men as carriers. He complained to Bonney and said: "Don't you think I have done well in demanding these men?"

Bonney said: "No, I think you have got plenty of men. You say you want carriers. Here you have got fifteen loads of rifles. Distribute them among the men. There are many other things you can dispense with."

Again he goes to the Manuema chief and

BEATS HIM WITH A CYPRESS STICK.

On the morning of July 10, at dawn, he is disturbed from his sleep by singing and drumming. He sends a Soudanese sergeant out to find out who is making the noise and tell them to stop. The sergeant returns and says he could not find out who was making the noise. Then he sent his little boy, Soudi. Soudi comes back and says there is a woman singing and some men drumming. It is always the fashion in Africa among the Manuema tribe to celebrate the dawn with music. This disturbed the Major. He said, uttering an oath: "I will stop this, and shoot the first man who disobeys." He goes out with a loaded revolver in his hand, and with his terrible cypress staff, which is steel pointed, he marches forward to the scene of the singing. He finds it's a woman sitting on the ground, with one of the native drums before her, and she is beating it and singing at the same time. He rushes up to her and tells her to stop her singing. She keeps on singing, and looks up at him in a sort of defiant way, because you must understand that everybody hates him. He again tells her to stop, and then strikes her, prods her with his cypress staff,

AND FINALLY KICKS HER.

The husband is cleaning his gun in a hut about five yards from her. He hears his wife scream, looks out through a loophole and sees the Major kicking her. He pushes his gun through the loophole and shoots him dead.

Stanley went on to say that he had plenty of proofs for all his statements and would give them to the world at the right time. He fully reiterated all he had published in his book as to the demoralization of the rear column through the carelessness and neglect of orders of Barttelot and his companions. On his return to England he intimated that the whole affair would probably be cleared up in the courts.

FORSAKEN AT SEA.

New York, Nov. 7—A sad tale of the sea, including the probable loss of ten fever stricken men, the crew of the schooner A. P. Nomell, Captain Himburg bound for Philadelphia, was brought into port yesterday by the Italian bark Leon Pancaldo. The former was sighted about three hundred miles off Hatteras. The bark bore down upon her.

Three men alone were seen on her deck. They were haggard and worn, and one evinced all the symptoms of a raging fever.

"We are in distress," signaled the man, "Our officers except myself are stricken sick; the crew is all down ill; we are out of oil and need assistance."

A yawl of the Leon Pancaldo reached the schooner. The man with whom they spoke said that for three days they had no one to steer the vessel, and that she had drifted wide from her course.

Without oil they had been compelled to steer by the north star.

He asked that two men from the bark be put aboard his vessel to assist in reaching port. None of the crew of the bark were willing to volunteer, however, so, after wishing the distressed vessel luck, the bark sailed away, leaving the fever stricken crew to their fate.

The bark passed the schooner on October 27. It was just after the cyclone that swept the Atlantic. Altogether the vessel was at the mercy of the waves.

The news created a great deal of excitement in maritime circles yerterday. There is but little doubt that the craft, with her fever-stricken crew, has gone to the bottom.

Otherwise, the vessel is floating about with no hands to guide her helm and the crew all dead.

A despatch to this city last night from Philadelphia stated that the vessel had not arrived at that port.

Safe, S e, and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

RAN A MILE A MINUTE.

The Interesting History of a Once Famous Horse.

A hundred and seventy-five years ago a man who was passing along Carr House-lane, near the famous old Doncaster race course, observed in an adjoining field a brood mare in evident distress and excitedly pacing backward and forward along a deep drain which separated meadow from meadow. On reaching the spot, after crossing the fence out of curiosity, he found a foal in the water and unable to get out. The old mare showed her great delight when the youngster, not without some difficulty, was restored to solid ground. It was a chestnut colt with a white face and white legs. When the colt was four or five years old he was used by the trainer of the family of the owner as a hack, and one morning after the trainer, mounted on his hack, had gone as usual to see his horses take their exercise a messenger recalled him on some important business. The trainer returned immediately, leaving his hack with the stable boy who had brought the message. The lad's orders were to wait until the horses had taken their last gallop and then return home with them, but in the absence of the master the boy's instructions were not strictly carried out, and he joined the string of horses in their gallop. He soon caught the last horse, then the next and finally closed on the leader, exclaiming. "Why, I can beat you all." The other lads, ashamed of running second to a hack, set to work and gave him an out-and-out race, the result being that the chestnut hack beat the whole lot by three or four lengths. When the trainer afterwards heard this, though only by chance, as the lads feared the punishment of their disobedience, the powers of the chestnut were put to another test and the result was so surprising that he was put in training. England never produced a horse that achieved greater or more lasting fame, for the despised hack is now known as Flying Childers. Starting in many races, mostly at Newmarket, and against the fast horses of his time, Flying Childers was never defeated. Racing legends for more than a century and a half have attributed to him the speed of the hurricane. Indeed I have occasionally heard repeated the belief, still entertained by not a few, that Flying Childers once ran a mile in a minute. About the year 1821 the white-legged chestnut ran against Almanzor and Crown Betty, carrying 128 pounds, over the Round Course, 3 miles 6 furlongs and 93 yards, in the reported time of 6 minutes and 40 seconds. It was thought at that time that he moved 82½ feet in one second of time, which was roughly put at the rate of a mile a minute, though it is 103 yards short, and it was from this time that the story arose. History also relates that he ran over the Beacon Course, 4 miles 1 furlong and 138 yards, in 7 minutes and 30 seconds, and that he has leaped 30 feet on level ground with his rider on his back. There is no American record for any distance between three and four miles, that for the latter being 7.15¾ made by Ten Brœck 14 years ago. When Salvator ran his great mile race against time at Monmouth Park a few months ago, he went at an average rate of about 54 feet a second, and in places no doubt faster than that. As to the mile a minute legend the absurdity of the story is seen from a comparison between the fabled speed of Flying Childers and the positively ascertained powers of Salvador, the best horse of to-day. If these two could meet in a mile race the oldtimer would beat Prince Charlie's son more than a third of the distance. They ran long races in those days, and Flying Childers beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell at four miles and the Earl of Drogheda's Chaunter at six miles. The latter race was for 100 guineas a side, and the horses carried 140 pounds each. Flying Childers was a son of the Darley Arabian, a horse that was sent to a Mr. Darley of York by his brother, a mercantile agent in Syria, and became with the Godolphin Arab and the Byerly Turk one of the great founders of the English thoroughbred of to-day. The dam of Flying Childers, Betty Leedes, was by Careless, and his granddam a daughter of Leedes' Arabian.

BOSTON MARKETS.

BUTTER—The demand is steady, with the arrivals of all choice table grades finding a ready sale at firm prices. The market tends upward and full outside figures are obtained. The common lots are steady but not very active. We quote; Extra to fancy Western creamery, soft wood, 26c; hard wood, 22 to 25c; firsts and extra firsts, 18 to 20c; extra to choice Northern creamery, 26 to 27c; firsts and extra firsts, 21 to 24: Eastern creamery, fair to good, 20 to 24c; extra imitation creamery, 18 to 20c; common, 14 to 16c; June creamery, 20 to 22c; ladle packed, 13 to 15c; Northern dairy, choice, 20 to 24c; common, 14 to 18c. These quotations are receivers' prices for wholesale lots.

EGGS—The demand is not very active. The supply of fresh laid eggs is small, but is a little larger than it has been. Held eggs are plenty and have a slow sale. We quote: Near-by, 30c; Eastern extras, 27 to 28c; Western, 24 to 25c; Michigan, 26 to 27c; Canadian, 25c; Islands, 26c; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 26c; held eggs 19 to 22c.

POULTRY—A fair amount is being sold at about steady prices. The stocks are a little larger. We quote: Fresh-killed Northern and eastern chickens, fancy, 18c; choice, 15 to 16c; fair to good, 10 to 14c; turkeys, 12 to 16; fowls, 12 to 15c; green ducks, 12 to 13c; western iced spring chickens, 10 to 12c; ice-packed fowls, choice, 10 to 11c; dry packed turkeys, 13 to 14c; chickens, 12 to 14c; fowls, 12 to 13c; old cocks, 7c. Live fowls are quiet at 8 to 9c, with chickens at 8 to 9c.

HAY AND STRAW—The general demand for hay is quiet at steady prices. The supply is large. Straw is steady. We quote: Choice prime hay, $16 to $17; fair to good, $14 to 15; eastern fine $13 to $14; poor to ordinary, $10 to $13; eastern swale, $10; rye straw, choice, $17 to $18; oat straw, $9 to $10.

POTATOES—The market is well supplied, but stocks are not excessive and there are no accumulations. The demand is good at quotations. We quote: New Hampshire Rose and Hebrons, 80c per bush; Vermont Rose and Hebrons, 80c; Vermont and New York burbanks, 80 to 85c; Maine Rose and Hebrons $2.25 per bbl; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Rose and Hebrons, $2.25 per bbl, Houlton Rose; 80c per bush; Aroostook Rose, 78 to 80c per bush; Houlton Hebrons, 85c per bush; Aroostook Hebrons, 85c per bush.

What Baking Powder shall we use.

Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder is made from pure 99° Crystal Cream Tartar and English Soda; hence is the best that can be made.