HERALD EXTRA.

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1890.

MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2½ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS POST PAID.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens), and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

WE BEG TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE

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Complete Index and Geographical Statistics.

SIZE—Crown, 8vo, 7½ by 5 Inches.

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Booksellers, Etc., Fredericton.

1890.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the Fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1890 OLIVE THORNE MILLER, CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, and MARY LOWE DICKINSON will respectively furnish a series of papers on "The Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day," and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by WALTER BESANT and F. ROBINSON.

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1890.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of taste and pursuits. The WEEKLY supplements are of remarkable variety, interest, and value. No expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romance, from the pen of THOMAS A. JANVIER, will appear in the WEEKLY in 1890.

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Flour. Flour.

In Store and to Arrive:

8,500 Bbls. Flour.

Including the following well known Brands, Silver Spray, Harvest Moon, People's Dignity, Phœnix, Stockwell, Goderich, Jubilee, Gem, Leo, Diamond, Kent Mills. For sale by

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c.

The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect December 30th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

7.00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

2.55 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John, Connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via "Short Line" for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 9.40, 11.20 a. m.; 4.10, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 11.35, a. m.; 1.17, 6.37, p. m. McAdam Junction, 11.10, a. m.; 2.00, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.45, a. m., 12.25, p. m. St. Stephen, 8.50 a. m. St. Andrews, 8.05, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 12.45, 2.10, 6.40, p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

A. J. HEATH, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen'l Manager.

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 trains 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, Pictou 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.

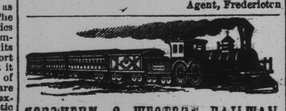
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

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

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton



NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMNET.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00 p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:15; Manzer's Siding, 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:30; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville, 6:45, Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:40 Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

5:00, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Boiestown, 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30, arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Gibson 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.

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

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

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

For Sale or To Let.

THE Three Story BRICK BUILDING on QUEEN STREET, now occupied by the Subscriber. Possession given 1st May. Shop Let immediately. Apply on the premises to

MISS HOGG.

FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT

INSURANCE.

North British and Mercantile OF EDINBURGH.

Liverpool and London and Globe OF LIVERPOOL.

Commercial Union (Limited) OF LONDON.

Nationla of Ireland OF DUBLIN.

PHŒNIX of London.

ROYAL of Liverpool.

TRAVELERS of Hartford.

NEW BRUNSWICK Insurance Aid Association, Life

OF FREDERICTON, N. B.

The above Companies are represented in Fredericton by

FRANK I. MORRISON.

The rates are as low as any, and special advantages are given to the best class of business. Farmers and others having Detached Buildings can insure against loss by Fire and Lightning for three years at very low rates.

Over $36,000 paid forlosses in York County in 1886.

The Policies for Accident Insurance are now written at this Agency, also Tickets at 25 cents per day, covering $3000 in case of accidental death or $15 per week for disabling injury.

Life Policies of the Club Endowment issued by New Brunswick Insurance Aid Association from this office.

For further particulars apply at No. 264 Queen Street, Opposite Post Office, Fredericton.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANK I. MORRISON, AGENT.

COME AND SEE

—THE—

LARGEST STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES,

—AND—

OVERBOOTS,

FOR WINTER WEAR,

—AT—

LOTTIMER'S

SHOE STORE.

We have now in stock a large and splendid assortment of **Gents' Plush and Velveteen Slippers**; Ladies', Gents', and Children's **Overboots**; also Ladies' and Gents' **Felt Goods** in great variety.

We would call especial attention to our large stock of

Gents' Lace Boots.

Also a large variety of **MOCCASINS** in stock, for Ladies', Gents,' Misses', Boy's and Children's wear.

A. LOTTIMER,

210 QUEEN STREET.

POETRY.

TO ADELINA PATTI.

I heard you last evening, dear Patti,
I sat in seat B, 99,
Attired in a swallow-tail natty
Which I frankly confess wasn't mine.

I paid seven dollars for tickets,
And eight for some sleek patent shoes;
It would give my old father the rickets
My last evening's bill to peruse.

Five dollars was livery man's plunder,
And I gave the stiff coachman one more
To bawl my full name out like thunder
When he called at the theatre door.

And so, looking prim as the proudest,
I heard you, dear Patti, last night,
And applauded whene'er you sang loudest,
Like the others, to show my delight.

One thing rather hindered my pleasure
And a tinge of solicitude brought;
My friend isn't quite of my measure,
And his coat didn't fit as it ought.

For the tails hung on me like a rooster's
A-strut in the rain and the wind.
'Twould have taken a wad like a Worcester's
To have made me en regle behind.

So I found greatest pleasure in cleaving
To my seat though the evening was long,
And I took the precaution of leaving
At the end in the midst of a throng.

But the warbling was grand, and I am craving
To hear you when next you come through;
I'll be ready, I think, if I'm saving,
And you don't come until '92.

—George Horton in Chicago Herald.

SELECT STORY.

A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

"Please, sir, can you tell me where Mrs. Conkey lives? It's somewhere on Sixth Avenue, I know, and I had the number written down on a card in my bag, but it has somehow got misplaced, and I don't quite know where to go."

Now, his Satanic Majesty is not altogether as black as he is painted. According to sensational reports, a pretty, fresh-cheeked girl from the country, wrapped, most evidently, in the robes of inexperience, who should ask such a question as this in the crowded haunts of the Grand Central Station would assuredly come to grief. But Bessie Falkner, standing there with her traveling-satchel in her hand, and her innocent face turned inquiringly upward, was neither hustled into a cab whose mysterious driver lurked in the shadow of one of the iron arches, nor inveigled out into the snowflecked darkness of the winter night by any plausible man with a tuberose in his button-hole. On the contrary, the big, fatherly looking policeman whom she had addressed, looked at her with earnest interest.

"Conkey!" he repeated. "Conkey! Why, we've a clerk in the offices upstairs by that name. Do you suppose it's the same one? Charles Conkey."

Bessie's eyes brightened.

"Yes," she said. "But I didn't know he was here."

"He's only been here a month or so," explained the policeman. "Wait a minute, miss. Sit down,—there's a vacant seat just by this little girl, and I'll send a porter up for Mr. Conkey at once."

Bessie sat down with a sigh of relief. She was only tired, for besides that three hours of railway traveling she had ridden five previous miles in a country lumber wagon, and it was the first time that she had ever been away from home. And presently a tall, fine-looking young man with a pallid complexion that betokens a mostly in-door life came up to her.

"I am Charles Conkey," said he. "Who wants me?"

Bessie Falkner rose up, blushing. She never had seen this cousin of hers, whose sister had spent all summer at Cherry Hill, but she doubted not that he would at once recognise her appearance.

"Marian had told him all about me, of course," she thought. But when he regarded her with an unrecognized stare, she said, coloring redder than before:

"I am Bessie!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, his face brightening suddenly. "Betty, eh? I'm glad you've come. My mother will be pleased to see you. Got any trunk?"

"Here's my check," whispered Bessie, lacking courage to correct him in his palpable mispronunciation of her name—and in a minute it was handed to an expressman, and she was seated beside her cousin in a car.

How strange it all was—the lights, the people, the crowded vehicles, all that eager current of life eddying around her! She shut her eyes and tried to fancy now the old farm house at home looked, with the dark woods circling around it, and the snow drifted high upon the door-step, but she could not. A home-sick feeling surged over her heart—the tears rose to her eyes.

"Why don't he say something to me?" she thought. "Oh, he is going to speak now."

"We thought you would have been here before," observed Mr. Conkey, suddenly breaking the silence.

"I couldn't come until this week," murmured Bessie.

"Well, I hope you'll he contented now," said Mr. Conkey, rather sharply.

Bessie did not know what to say, so she said nothing—but she felt more than ever like crying.

On they rode, past glittering blocks of light, through streets whose strange appearance made a moving phantasmagoria before Bessie's tired eyes, until at last her cousin told her that they were there, and a walk of two or three minutes brought them to a little cozy-looking-red-brick house, with iron guards to the stone steps, and lights gleaming behind the drawn shades. A little woman carrying a lamp came to the door with an expectant face.

"Well, mother. I've brought her!" said Charles Conkey, exultantly.

"Brought who?" asked the little woman.

"Why, Betty, to be sure,', said the young man. "This is my mother, Betty. I hope that you will do all that you can to please her. I'm sure she will treat you kindly if you deserve it."

Bessie looked timidly up. Surely Cousin Conkey would kiss her—would say that she was welcome. But she did not—she merely held the lamp close to Bessie's face and surveyed her as if she had been the wooden dummy in a shop-window.

"You look small and slight," said she, "I hope you're strong."

"I—I think so," said Bessie, with a quiver in her voice.

"Well, come in," sighed Mrs. Conkey, "and I'll snow you to your room. Here's the kitchen—I think you'll find it a cheerful place, and we've all the modern conveniences. But don't stop here. Your room is in the upper story. Come down as you've taken off your things," she added as she accompanied Bessie to a dreary-looking little den at the top of the house, where there was a cot bedstead, and solitary dormer window draped with Turkey-red calico, and then she left her visitor with small ceremony.

Bessie sat down on the side of the bed and burst into tears.

"She didn't kiss me," she thought. 'She didn't tell me that she was glad to see me! And where is Marian? Oh, I wish I had never come here,—I wish I had stayed at Cherry Hill!"

But as she sat there sobbing noiselessly into her pocket-handkerchief, she heard Charles Conkey's deep masculine voice below saying:

"Here's a scuttle of coal, mother,—you've let your fire get pretty low, haven't you?"

"Oh, Charley, why did you bring it?" lamented the old lady. "Why didn't you wait until the new girl came down stairs?

"She looked tired, mother,—I presume the journey has fatigued her," was the reply.

"I'm afraid she wont suit," said Mrs. Conkey, mournfully. "I thought the people at the Protective Bureau said she was stout and healthy!"

"Don't condemn her without a trial," said the young man. "Give her a week's chance!"

"I wish Marian was at home," said Mrs. Conkey. "Marian could have instructed her about the work so much better than I can."

Bessie listened to these words with kindling eyes and cheeks that burned like fire.

"It's all a mistake," she thought. "Such as one reads of in stories! They take me for some servant girl who has been sent to them! Me! Bessie Falkner! Well,—let the thing go on! If Marian is not at home there is no one to undeceive them! Let us see how I can manage to fill the situation!"

And Bessie, who had a shrewd sense of the humorous, smiled through her tears, and made haste to come down-stairs.

"There's some oysters for tea, Betty!" said Mrs. Conkey, in the plaintive tone that seemed habitual to her. "We're expecting a cousin from the country by the eight-o'clock train, and we won't cook 'em until she comes. She'll be cold and tired, poor dear, and need something hot."

And then Bessie remembered how she had congratulated herself on her own good luck in catching a train that was express, and reached New York two hours before the one upon which she had originally decided to travel.

"I hope you can cook?" said Mrs. Conkey.

"Oh I am a capital cook," asserted Bessie. "Shall I make you some hot biscuit for tea. Or would you like a salad made out of this cold chicken? or a dish of scalloped oysters? Well you have tea or coffee? If If you prefer it I can make excellent chocolate."

Mrs. Conkey and her son exchanged gratified glances, as Bessie bustled cheerily around.

"I think she'll suit" said Mrs. Conkey.

"I'm certain of it," nodded Charles, as he put on his hat and overcoat to turn to the station. "And I'm glad, mother, that I had a chance to bring her home, and set her going about the housework before the little Cherry Hill cousin came."

In a short time, however, he came back disappointed. The train was in—and Cousin Falkner's daughter had not come.

"Just like a woman," said Charles, with a long-drawn sigh. "Missed the train, of course! Well, there's no use expecting her before to-morrow, now. We must eat the scalloped oysters and salad ourselves tonight."

And they did so, Bessie waiting on them with the utmost gravity and decorum.

"Very inconsiderate of the girl," said Mrs. Conkey.

"Oh, I don't think it's her fault," pleaded Charles. "You know Marian said she was such a sweet little thing. Anyone is liable to miss a train."

"I almost hope she won't come now," said Mrs. Conkey.

Bessie dropped the tray here, and after she had stoopped to recover it her face was redder than a carnation pink.

"My dear little mother, why?"

"Because—because Marian is sure that you will fall in love with her—and she is so set on the idea, and I don't want any fine lady daughter-in-law!" almost sobbed Mrs. Conkey.

"How do you know that she is a fine lady?" questioned Charles.

"Because Marian says she plays on the zither, and paints pastels and makes antique lace on a pillow, and—"

"That would only argue that she is accomplished."

"But I want someone who won't be above helping me about the housework—who will be really a companion to me!" persisted Mrs. Conkey.

"Don't fret, mother," laughed the young man. "If I really do marry this Cherry Hill cousin—and it's more than likely, you know, that she wouldn't accept me, even if I went on my knees to her—I'll promise to hire some one to do the housework for both of you."

Bessie fled into the kitchen here, on pretense of looking for some more biscuit—but at the same moment there was a sound on the front door-step, as if something heavy was being "ended" over and over. It was the expressman.

"It's the new girl's trunk," said Mrs. Conkey. "Go go out, Charles, and see after it."

And presently they heard an exclamation of words and arguments in the hall.

"Hallo!" shouted Charley, "here is the trunk from Cherry Hill, with Bessie Falkner's name on it!"

"The trunk!" echoed Mrs. Conkey. "Then where is the girl herself! Oh! Charley I'm afraid something has happened to her!"

But at this stage of affairs Bessie herself came forward to disentangle the riddle.

"Nothing has happened," said she, with downcast eyes. "It is my trunk. I am Bessie Falkner, from Cherry Hill!"

"But you said you were Betty Nolan, the new girl?" almost screamed Mrs. Conkey.

"I beg your pardon," gently protested Bessie, "you said so—not I. You took it for granted from the very first that I was Betty, and I had not the courage to contradict you. Do not look so appalled, Cousin Charley, (with a mischievous smile) "I am not going to lay seige to your heart. And I'll help you all you like with the housework, Mrs. Conkey, if I do paint plaques and play on the zither! Were not my biscuits good? And didn't you have a second helping of the scalloped oysters?"

Mrs. Conkey kissed Bessie cordially, and confessed herself outgeneraled. As for Cousin Charley, he kissed her too.

"Am I not your cousin also?" he pleaded.

The new girl arrived that same night—a stolid, stupid yonng woman, who was discharged at the end of the first week.

"We don't need anyone but Bessie," said Mrs. Conkey.

And it extremely doubtful whether "the little country cousin" will ever be allowed to return home. Mrs. Conkey loves her, and Charley hopes one day to call her his his wife; while Marian, who is now at home, declares that she has always foreseen this state of affairs.

"For," says Marian, "she is the dearest little thing."

SALT WILL KILL MOTHS.

How to Take Care of Carpets and Furniture.

All housewives know that moths revel in close, dark places, yet many of them never think of this when they keep the parlor closed without light or air for any length of time, until, on taking up the carpet, or examining closely the furniture, they find conclusive evidence of the work of these insects.

Once these pests enter a house it is very difficult to dislodge them. Sprinkling salt thickly around the edges of the room before putting down the carpet may prevent their doing any injury to this article when the room is swept frequently and aired, yet if kept closed even salt will not prevent their destructiveness. Salt plentifully sprinkled into the crevices of upholstered furniture will stop the ravages of these pests, provided the room is not kept darkened.

Let in the light and air every day. The sun should also be a welcome visitor, especially at this season. If there is danger of fading the carpet or furniture, throw down newspapers over the carpets and move the piece of furniture aside or cover it while the sun remains.

Of course, when cleaning the room thoroughly, it is a good plan to remove the lighter articles of upholstered furniture into the air, and the heaviest ones into another room in which the windows are opened.

Hair cloth is best cleaned by beating with a small switch or rattan, afterward wiping with a soft cloth. If it is old and losing its color, it can be made to look almost as good as new by wiping it over with a cloth wet in ink.

Plush furniture should be brushed with a bristle brush. A medium-seized paint brush is just the thing. Never switch plush, as it will leave a mark that any amount of brushing will not obliterate.

A small paint brush for the crevices of the woodwork is a necessity to keep it in good condition by removing the dust. Wipe over the woodwork with a soft, damp cloth, and polish with a dry cloth. A small quantity of warm linseed oil rubbed briskly with a soft, dry cloth, will give the wood a nice soft polish.

See that the castors on the heavy pieces of furniture are in good condition, so that they will not tear or mark the carpet when moved from their places. A little machine or kerosene oil will do good service if applied to them occasionally, applying only enough to make them work freely, as too much is apt to work down and leave an ugly spot on the carpet.

Women and Wine are often classed together by the poets, but we have never yet heard of a poet who claimed that both of them improved with age.

Jaggs—"Have a cigar, Baggs?" Baggs—"No, thanks." "But this is one of those you gave me yesterday." "I know it."

Riches sometimes fail to bring popularity. It's not always the man with the fattest roll that sets 'em up the oftenest,

ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD'S CASTLE.

On a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting hand-shake:

"By-the-by, before you get to Ancenis, there is a station called Champtoce. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle."

"Blue-Beard's castle! What Blue-Beard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one. Perreault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bone as you and I,—with this difference,—that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles De Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvellous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the blood-thirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waning hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another, I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of terror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, Madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, seest thou no one come?" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtoce, where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty mediæval tower which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home. Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (Pays de Retz) having once been his.—Louis Frechette, in the January Arena.

PACKED IN SNOW.

How the Ancient Romans Preserved Oysters and Fish Without Ice.

We are apt to think of the use of ice, or the obtaining of a freezing temperature in warm weather to preserve meat and other perishable articles, as a practice of quite recent origin. Our grandfathers, and even in many cases, our fathers did not cut ice in winter, and accordingly had no store of it to draw upon in summer. The natural coolness of an underground cellar had to serve for the preservation of such articles of food as would be spoiled by heat, and the butter was kept hard by dangling it in a pail in a deep well.

The Romans understood and practised many centuries ago, the art of maintaining an artificial temperature. They were fond of oysters, and transported them inland by the use of snow. Each oyster was packed in close compressed snow, which was surrounded by a layer of straw and that in turn by a wrapping of woollen cloth.

This method succeeded so well that Apicius was able to send oysters from Brindisi to the Emperor Trajan in Armenia. These oysters, by the way, were from Lake Lucrinus in Italy, which was famous throughout the ancient world for the excellence of its oysters. They were the "Blue Points" of antiquity; and the Emperor Augustus thought so highly of the lake which produced them that he provided it with a constant supply of water from the sea by cutting an artificial channel at a considerable expense.

It would be interesting to compare the quality of these ancient oysters with those of our own day, as might possibly be done if Lake Lucrinus was still in existence. But the spot where Apicius gathered his oysters for the Emperor Trajan is now covered by a mountain about four hundred feet high, which was raised during an earthquake and volcanic eruption in the year 1538.

The epicurean Emperor, Heliogabalus, undoubtedly understood the art of snow-packing, as described by Apicius, for it is related that he would never eat sea fish except at a great distance from the sea. He would then bring from the salt water, at an immense expense, great quantities of the choicest kinds of fish, and distribute them among the peasants of the inland country.

Wife—Dear, I am going to buy your Christmas present to-morrow. Husband—Ali right. Let me know how much it is and I will make you out a cheque.