THE HERALD.

VOL. IV., NO. 13. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893. $1. 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 to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST 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.

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 famous for Gout 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

Great - Bargains !

NEW HOME OFFICE,

Phœnix Square, Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

We have the largest and best stock of

Pianos, Parlor and Church Organs,

That have ever been shown in this City. We invite the public to call and examine our PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, etc.

Organs, $50.
Parlor Suites, $35.
Bedroom Suites, $18.

Sewing Machines,
-$25-
Guaranteed for Five Years.
NEW HOME OFFICE,
Phœnix Square, opp. City Hall
FREDERICTON, N. B.

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Attorney-at-Law,

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Directly opp. Dr. Coulthard's office.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clerk of the Peace and Division Registrar, Real Estate Agent. Loans Negotiated.

Office: Lower flat of County Court House.

Adjoining the office of the Registrar of deeds.

Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

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Attorney and Solicitor,

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MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

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Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 3rd 1892.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East. McAdam Junction.

2.55 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6 25, 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.15 a.m., 12.15, 6 25 p.m.
McAdam Junction, 10.30, a. m., 2.10 p. m.
Vanceboro, 10.10 a. m., 2.15 p.m.
St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.00 a. m.
St. Andrews, 7.00 a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., 1.15, 7.10 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

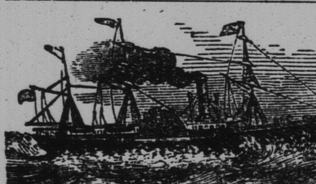
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

D. McNICOLL, *Gen. Pass Agent,* MONTREAL.

C. E. McPHERSON, *Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent* ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

1893 WINTER SERVICE 1893.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Halifax and Portland service.

From Liverpool.	Steamers.	Portland.	From Halifax.
29 Dec.	SARDINIAN		21 Jan
12 Jan.	NUMIDIAN		4 Feb
26 "	CARTHAGINIAN		18 "
9 Feb.	MONGOLIAN		4 Mar
23 "	*NUMIDIAN		18 "
9 Mar.	*LAURENTIAN		1 Apr
23 "	PARISIAN		15 "
1 Apr.	*MONGOLIAN		29 "

Steamers with a * will only carry Cabin Passengers on their voyage to Europe, unless agents are specially advised otherwise.

Steamers sail from Portland about 1 p. m. on Thursdays, and from Halifax about 1 p. m. on Saturdays.

Rates of Cabin Passage:

By S. S. Parisian—$50, $60 and $70 Single; $100, $110 and $130 Return.

By S. S. Sardinian or Circassian—$50, $55 and $60, Single; $95, $105 and $115, Return.

By S. S. Mongolian or Numidian—$45 and $50, Single; $95 and $100, Return.

Children 2 to 12 years, Half-Fare; under 2 years Free.

Intermediate, $30. Steerage, $20.

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

GLASGOW AND HALIFAX LINE.

	Sailings from Glasgow.
HIBERNIAN	20 Jan
NESTORIAN	3 Feb
MANITOBAN	17 "

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

(Late State Line Steamers.)

From Glasgow.		From New York.
30 Dec.	STATE OF NEBRASKA	19 Jan
20 Jan.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	9 Feb
10 Feb.	STATE OF NEBRASKA	2 Mar
3 Mar.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	23 "
24 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA	13 Apr

Rates of Passage New York to Glasgow.

Saloon Passage to Glasgow or Londonderry......$40 and $45

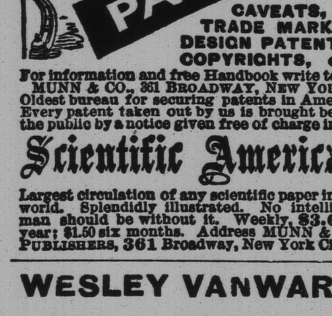
Special Railway Fares from Glasgow to Liverpool, $2.50; to London, $5.00; Londonderry to Belfast, $1.30; to Dublin, $1.85. Passengers have their choice of lines and are allowed 10 days stop over at Glasgow or Londonderry if desired.

For Staterooms, Tickets or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N.B.

Jan. 14.



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Solicitor to the Merchants' Bank of Halifax. 3m.

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As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.

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Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. *Generation after Generation* have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

IF YOU FEEL TIRED EASILY OR SUFFER FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION IN ANY OF ITS MANY FORMS, SUCH AS LOSS OF MEMORY, WEAKNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, LASSITUDE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA, OR ANY NERVOUS DISORDER; TAKE HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC. IT WILL CURE YOU. IT SUPPLIES, TO THE SYSTEM, THE NECESSARY CONSTITUENTS TO FORM NEW RICH BLOOD, AND TO RENEW AND REINFORCE THE WEAKENED NERVE TISSUES. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE WEAK, NERVOUS AND DELICATE CONSTITUTION OF FEMALES, AND TO THE EXHAUSTION PRODUCED BY CONSTANT BRAIN WORK. IT HAS MOST WONDERFUL RESTORATIVE POWERS, AND MAKES THE WEAK AND NERVOUS, STRONG AND VIGOROUS. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

Price 50 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists and general dealers. Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

BLANKETS.

We are now showing the best line of HORSE BLANKETS to be found in the City, which we will sell cheaper than can be bought from other dealers. Also a nice variety of

LAP ROBES,
FUR ROBES,
BELLS, etc.

A fresh supply of the famous EUREKA HARNESS OIL just received. A full stock of all kinds of SADDLERY. Come and see.

HENRY RUTTER,

Opp. COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto

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—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.

THE JERSEY COW.

Why the Jersey Cow Must Become Popular.

The Jersey cow, which until recently was generally considered "more ornamental than useful," is fast becoming a general favorite, not only as a family cow, but as a valuable adjunct to the dairy. The oldtime objections as to her being very delicate and requiring extraordinary care do not apply to the animals raised in this country, where they have to contend with the extremes of heat and cold of our northern climate, and live on the same kind of food as the other cows in the herd or dairy. Doubtless some cows are more hardy than others, and this applies to cows of any and every breed as much as to the Jersey. Even in the Jerseys imported direct from their native home, a little island from where they derive their name (being one of the Channel Islands, a small group on the coast of France), there are the small hardy cows of the mountainous district, and the larger and softer breed of the warm and sheltered valley, differing widely in color and structure, but always possessing the same docility and gentleness of disposition which is a natural trait of the little Jersey and makes her the pet of the dairy.

One of the principal characteristics of the Jersey is her persistent and continuous milking qualities, even when very young. To illustrate from personal experience: The writer bought a Jersey heifer that had been in milk about five months, and was supposed to be pregnant, but in the spring, when she should have been near her time of calving, it became apparent that she was not with a calf. She continued to give from five to six quarts of milk per day throughout the summer and winter, falling off to about three quarts when only about six weeks from calving, and never going dry, even for a single day; and not only so, but her milk continued to make the finest quality of butter to the last day she was milked, only ten days before calving. Thus for fully twenty-three months a heifer that had but one calf continued to milk, and no difficulty was experienced in churning the butter throughout the entire winter. Since calving last spring, this same cow has continued to give from eight to ten quarts of milk per day, and to make from six to eight pounds of butter a week.

When the writer brought home this heifer (having bought her at an auction at a merely nominal price) there was a strong opposition manifested towards the little Jersey, and, as compared with large native cows, she did look very insignificant; but in less than a week the little Jersey, like Sam Slick's clock, had become friends with everybody, and now "none but Jerseys need apply."

A few reasons why the Jersey must become popular, and is destined to become the dairy cow of the future.

1. Being smaller, they consume a third less food at least and a saving in food is a saving of dollars.

2. The cream of the Jersey is not only the richest, but produces the finest natural-colored butter, not only in summer when in pasture, but in the barn in winter on dry feed; and so marked is this trait, that a Jersey cows milk, if mixed with the milk of two or three other cows, imparts a delicate change of color and flavor, and thus enhances the value of the entire product of the dairy.

3. Jersey butter is very easily churned, even in midwinter, and always commands a ready sale and the highest price at all seasons of the year.

WAYS AND MEANS.

How can farming be made to pay? is still an open question, and to many thousands of farmers it will continue to be "the unknown quantity in an intricate problem" until some means is devised by which the winter season can be made sufficiently profitable to meet at least the household expenses of the farm, instead of consuming in winter what is made in summer, as is too often the case at present.

In the humble opinion of the writer, the most feasible solution of this problem will be found in winter butter-making, so that dairying shall become one continuous industry throughout the year, and a sure and certain source of profit to every farmer who will keep pace with his neighbor. The export of butter will then become one of the leading exports of this vast country.

This will take time, care and study, if our export of butter is to reach the high state of perfection already attained by our cheese; and before this result is accomplished we shall hear less about the cost of raising a bushel of wheat or growing a bushel of potatoes, and much more about the cost of producing a quart of rich, yellow cream, capable of being converted into the finest quality of butter. Then will one of the most potent factors in contributing to the wealth of this country be found in the Jersey cow.—THOS. CLARK.

CARE AND TREATMENT OF JERSEY CATTLE.

Perhaps no breed of cattle possess in a greater degree susceptibility to treatment, kind or unkind, than the Jersey. The peculiar nervous temperament so essential in a perfect dairy cow is one of her strongest characteristics.

Look at the bright, intelligent face of a true specimen of this breed, and note the large fawn-like eyes, bright and glistening. Look at the thin, dilating nostrils, with their orange lining, which seem to scent danger like a deer and seeing know that this queen among cows demands and well deserves the most careful handling and kindest treatment to bring out her good qualities and keep them at their best.

No cow, from the scrub to the thoroughbred, can do her best unless under circumstances conducive to quiet and content; and although cows of a more sluggish temperament may bear ill-usage with little apparent regard, it is not so with the sensitive Jersey and she soon depreciates in value.

From calfhood she should have reason to regard her master as her friend. No blows or harsh words should teach her to fear him; but she should expect and receive only caresses and kind words. Under such treatment she will develop a gentle, kind disposition.

She should be taught to lead by a halter, to stand quietly as for milking, and to bear handling of the udder long before she reaches maternity; so that she may be quiet and easily handled, instead of being wild and unmanageable, as heifers often are at that time. No breaking-in will be necessary, and if it is desirable to dispose of her she will bring a better price than one that has never been trained.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that when she drops her first calf is time enough to begin feeding her; she should have been fed from her birth with this in view.

No supplemental food is better than ground oats as a help in developing the heifer calf. As soon as she begins to eat hay she should have a little, night and morning, fed dry. Begin with half a pint of feed, or even less, and gradually increase the quantity until bossie will take a pint at a feeding. Keep her thrifty and growing. A calf once stunted by insufficient or improper food will never make so good a cow as she would otherwise have been.

The grain ration should be increased as the heifer grows, and at the arrival of the milking period she should, after the first few days, be given a generous quantity of such food as is best suited to assist her in producing milk.

While there are various grain foods recommended by dairymen as excellent for milch cows, for the general feeder and the average cow nothing is better than a mixture of one part cornmeal, one part oatmeal and two of wheat bran. Of this, feed as much as after experimenting with your cow you find gives the best results in milk and butter.

Each cow is a law unto herself as to the amount of food she can porfitably consume. It takes more to produce a like result with one than another. Up to the extent of her capacity the greater the amount consumed the greater the returns at the pail and churn; but when a cow is fed beyond her capacity to convert the food into milk and butter she is fed at a loss; the extra food goes to make fat.

A liberal allowance of coarse fodder should also be fed. Clover hay, corn fodder, ensilage—all are good. Roots are valuable as a food for milch cows. Carrots are perhaps best, with sugar beets next. Turnips and ruta-bagas will flavor the butter.

Pure water should always be within reach of the cows. No other domestic animal requires so large a quantity, and a shrinkage of the milk will follow if she is deprived of it in abundance.

While Jerseys as a breed are unsurpassed as butter-makers, there is a wide range in their value in this respect. Each cow should be tested and the best only kept. In regard to testing, it is not always that the cow showing the highest test of butter-fat is really the best cow. Other things should be taken into consideration—quantity of milk and length of milk period during the year. These should be considered before deciding, as a cow showing a medium amount of butter-fat may make up in quantity of milk during the year what a single test may lack.

Not all of us can have cows making a thousand pounds of butter in a year; but any one owning a single Jersey cow may, with judicious breeding and careful feeding, combined with the kind treatment and care that all animals should have, in a few years possess a herd of cattle which will be a source of profit as well as pleasure.—Farmer's Advocate.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

FEB. 25.—The R. T. of T., Bloomfield council, No. 18, are doing fine business, holding a very successful meeting last Saturday night. The program was as follows: Speech, Bro. Coke. L. Spencer; ~~speech, Bro. Charles W. Pond~~; reading, sister Maggie E. Parker; solo by three sisters. One new member was initiated. Bloomfield council is one of the best councils in the province. They stump the province of New Brunswick to have any better R. T. of T. than they have.

William Hinchy passed through to-day with a load for the woods. We wish Mr. Hinchy success in the future. He is operating on Hovey Brook for Mr. Richards.

Wm. Hilderbrand, of Doaktown, passed through here on law business.

D. Smith and Sandy McDonald are doing fine work logging on Hughes brook hauling to Taxes river. They intend to be done the 20th of March if the hauling keeps good.

David McLellan and sons are about finishing hauling birch and spruce logs to Taxes river.

Coke D. Spencer returned home from British Columbia, after an absence of eleven years, to see his old friends, who were very glad to see him.

Joseph Calhoun has very poor health this winter.

Mrs. John A. Spencer has been confined to her bed for the past week.

Mrs. Clarence E. Boies has just finished a quilt with 1,634 pieces in it. We would like to hear from any one who can beat that this season.

A. L. Boies has been home from the woods sick with cramps, but has returned to his work again for T. Lynch Bros.

Alexander Smith, an old and respected resident of Bloomfield Ridge, is very low with rheumatism. He is very much missed in the prayer meeting and Sabbath school.

Rumors are afloat that the sound of wedding bells will soon be heard at a distance.

James R. Spencer met with a bad accident last Saturday while hauling ash logs to Boiestown. He got his sled all torn to pieces. He came out all right.

The church of England minister passed through here last week enroute for Taxes river.

Our esteemed school teacher, M. E. Parker, and scholars had a supper for the cadets corps last Saturday afternoon. All the young folks were invited and a very pleasant time spent. After supper recitations, singing and dialogues were rendered by the children.

HARTFIELD.

FEB. 20.—Henry Whitlock is holding a series of meetings in West Waterville.

Mrs. Brown is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morecraft of this place.

The rain storm that came on the 10th was received with joy, on account of the scarcity of water.

That fearful black dog that is going around has made his appearance in West Waterville, scratching at the kitchen door of one of the houses, and the boy, thinking it was their own dog, opened the door and in walked the monster through the kitchen into the hall and disappeared leaving all in the house very much frightened.

William Grass, a son of Reuben Grass, got badly hurt by a brow of logs.

Old Mrs. Clark got a fall that people think will be the cause of her death.

MACDONALD'S POINT, Q. C.

FEB. 21st.—The heavy snow storm of yesterday followed by an unusual heavy wind to-day, has so blocked the roads here as to make travelling by land almost impossible.

Mr. and Mrs. William Olts, of the North End, St. John, are visiting their uncle, B. B. Wright.

Miss Nettie Akerly, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. L. Squires, Bath Carleton Co., arrived home last week.

FOUND IN A DREAM.

In His Sleep A Kansas Farmer Locates A Lost Brother and a Rich Claim.

One of the most peculiar freaks of psychological phenomena ever brought to light has recently culminated near Phœnix, Arizona. In 1859 two brothers, A. B. and Luther Ellett, lived in Nemaha county, Kansas. Luther chose the part of the wanderer and went west, presumably to Colorado, and nothing more was heard of him except vague reports that he had been killed by Indians. The war came and A. B. Ellett served four years in the union army, coming out in 1865 completely broken in health. He returned to Kansas and settled down on his farm near Sabetha, where he remained until recently. He accepted rumor as truth and not getting any letters from the brother, regarded him as dead. In 1889 he was afflicted by the breaking out of an old wound and was confined to his room for many weeks. During that time he dreamed that his brother was alive and in Prescott, A. T. It seemed that they were together in the mountains, and in passing down a canyon they discovered a fabulously rich gold mine a few miles from an old abandoned shaft once owned by Luther. The dream made little impression on him, but the next night it was repeated, and even the trees and the outlines of the mountains were perfectly impressed on his mind. He did not heed the possibility of the mine being there, for the smell of hay had never been out of his nostrils, and he did not know quartz from lava, but he thought it worth while to make some inquiry about his brother, which he did. A letter directed to the postmaster at Prescott brought the information that his brother was an old resident, but was then out in the mines. A correspondence began between the two brothers, and during its course the part of the dream relating to the mine was divulged. Being in that vicinity one day Luther Ellett looked for the mine but found nothing. The matter passed along ~~until~~ a month ago, says the San Francisco Chronicle, when the Kansas brother concluded to visit his relative in Arizona, and at the same time to look at the country. He still had an inclination to look for the mine but was ashamed to own it. His brother met him in Prescott, and after staying a few days there they went to the mountains and visited the old abandoned mine.

When they approached it the Kansas man recognized the country as the one he had seen in his dreams, and told how the shaft was situated with regard to the mountains and canyons with such accuracy that his brother was filled with astonishment, but he was an old prospector and a belief in dreams was not one of his superstitions. When they arrived at the spot, Mr. Ellett said it seemed to him that he had often been there before, and after looking over the ground they took a pick and walked westward toward the point indicated by the dream. In crossing the canyon the prospector stumbled on a very rich ledge and exultantly exclaimed that they had found the mine. The brother answered that it might be rich, but the one they were in search of was richer. Climbing up the other side of the gulch, they came to the spot where the dreams had located the lode, but there was nothing in sight but half-decomposed granite. The perfect resemblance of the landmarks had so excited their hope that they were disappointed and stood for some time talking the matter over. While so standing the one with the pick began picking on the shelving rock and a great piece of it fell down exposing a blind ledge of white quartz resplendid with free gold. They worked into the mass, and found it to be about thirty inches in width and widening as it went down at an angle of forty-five degrees. The prospector stayed there, afraid to leave the mine for fear of claim jumpers, but his brother brought a sack of the samples to Phœnix and the assays go two thousand six hundred dollars in nineteen dollars to the ounce gold. Samples have also been sent to the mint at San Francisco for testing. When Mr. Ellet was asked he did not seem disposed to talk about the mine, saying that they wished to keep its existence quiet, and had done so for two weeks, but finding that mining men from that section had already told it he narrated the story as given above.

Mr. Ellett is a responsible farmer in his home state and before September had never seen an ounce of gold ore, so he counts himself as one of the creatures on whom fortune has smiled. The story of the dream was published in 1889 by several scientific journals in the east as illustrating the fact that former knowledge and information had nothing to do with the substance of dreams.

SQELCHING AN INTRUDER.

Fair Warning Given to a Disturber of the Peace.

One of the colored women employed about the hotel was sweeping off the verandah when an old man with a crooked leg and carrying a broomstick for a cane halted at the steps and saluted:

"Good mawnin, Brudder Dawson—how yo' was dis mawnin?"

"What yo' mean talking dat way to me?" demanded the woman as she leaned on the broom to look him over.

"Good mawnin, Brudder Dawson!" he repeated.

"Yo' is Brudder Dawson yo'self. What yo' gittin at actin dat way?"

"Look yere, gal; I has cum along yere to spoke about fo' words to yo' and I want yo' to open dem big ears of yo'rs monstrous wide. yo'r name was Lucinda Jackson, I reckon?"

"Of co'se,"

"An yo' attends de Baptist pray'r meetin ebery Thursday eavenin?"

"yo'allus sees me dar, of co'se. What yo' gittin at?"

"I'ze gittin at dis: On de last three occashuns when de preacher has got up an said, 'We will now close wid de doxology; Brudder Dawson, pitch de tune,' what has yo' dun?"

"Nuffin."

"Look out, gal. or I'll have yo' churched fur lyin. What yo has dun was to sot right in an pitch dat tune befo' I could git my mouf open an make eberybody believe yo' was leading the singing. I'ze cum yere to tell yo' not to do it agin."

"Shoo! Does dat tune b'long to yo'?" she defiantly replied.

"Look out dar, gal. I hain't sayin dat de tune b'longs to me, but I ar sayin dat when de preacher calls upon Brudder Dawson to start it off, den Brudder Dawson ar de man to do it. If yo' ar Brudder Dawson, den yo' go right ahead. If yo' ar Sister Lucinda Jackson, den yo' keep dat big mouf closed till I strikes my tunin fork an hits de right pitch."

"Hu!" she replied as she began sweeping.

"Yo' jest 'member," he cautioned as he turned away, "I'ze bin pitching dat doxology tune in our church fur ober twenty y'ars, an I doan dun reckon to be h'sted out now by no woman who has cum down from Atlanta wid a lot of furbelows on. I gin yo' fair warnin, an if yo' desist upon participatin my animosity de consequentialness of de calamity must be on yo'. own head. I has spoke. Good day!"

MANGLED BY A TRAIN.

George L. Edgett, a School Teacher, Killed near Moncton by the English Mail Train.

FEB. 23rd.—About four o'clock this afternoon the news flashed around town that an unknown man had been killed by the English mail special 200 or 300 yards east of Mountain road bridge. A number of people made their way to the scene of the accident, but at first so mangled were the remains that the man could not be recognized. After being brought to town it was soon discovered that the unfortunate man was Geo. L. Edgett. The accident was witnessed by Edwin Haggerty, who was at the lock factory at the time.

He remarked to a man with him that he guessed that the train struck a dog; supposing it to be such, they went to see if it had been killed, but were horrified to find it to be a man. Edgett since the first of January has been teaching school at Humphrey's mills, walking back and forwards from town night and morning. The wind was blowing a gale and at the point of the accident snow was blown into his face and it is supposed this is the reason he did not hear the approach of the train. The mail train was in charge of conductor Y. C. Campbell and driver Lightbody, neither of whom knew of the accident at the time. Driver Lightbody says he blew the whistle a few hundred yards from where deceased was struck. Owing to the drifting snow he could not see very far.

The deceased when found was lying about six feet from the track with one leg entirely severed, lying about twenty-five feet further back. The other leg was badly mangled and the skull crushed. The clothes were stripped off leaving the body almost naked. The deceased had been talking a few days ago about coming home by the track. He said he came that way on stormy days as the road was better, but he always looked out for the trains. He was forty-two years of age, unmarried and lived with his father, Hiram Edgett. His mother is just recovering from a severe illness and the sudden shock may cause serious consequences. Rev. Gilbert Edgett, Milbridge, Maine, and Mr. Chas. H. Edgett, Charlo, are brothers of the deceased. Mr. Edgett was a member of the Odd Fellows, Foresters and Masons and his funeral will be under the auspices of those orders. Coroner Wortman empanelled a jury tonight and will hold an inquest on the body, commencing at 9.30 tomorrow morning.

BLOWGUNS OF THE CARIBS.

Among the arrivals is Edward A. Wallace, who for a year and a half has been gold mining in Demerera, the wild and little known country below the Orinoco river, and near the Amazon. He is a stalwart young Englishman.

"In this queer country," he said, "there are four or five tribes of Indians, of whom the most powerful are the Caribs. They are about five feet seven or eight inches high on the average and very muscular. They are singularly expert with a weapon called the blowgun, made of palm wood, twelve feet long, from which they shoot a little poisoned plug. With this weapon they can shoot accurately from 250 to 300 yards, and whatever is struck is dead at once. I have seen them shoot a bird at the top of the tallest tree and it was dead before it reached the ground. Anything scratched by the end of the sharpened missile cannot survive. What is the poison? That is one of the strangest of mysteries. The English naturalist Waterton has spent lots of time trying to find out. It is called wourali, but how it is made nobody knows. It is a secret handed down in the Macusi tribe, and only a few in that know it. When they make it they all leave their women and children and go off in the woods. The other tribes use it, buy it of them, but they don't know how it is made.

"Their blowguns have two sights—one in front and the other a foot back. They each consist of a tooth from a little wild animal something like a rat. It is wonderful how accurately they shoot. The poison is also used to tip their arrows for they use bows, too, as well as blowguns. The Caribs and others are exceedingly careful of the poison, for if they were not, many of them would die by accident. The venom which kills a bird or animal so suddenly, whenever the scratch is made by the pointed missile, does not make the flesh poisonous; it has no effect when taken internally.

EEL RIVER.

FEB. 20.—We have had a long stretch of cold weather and just enough snow to make sleighing. Such a winter has never been known in this place before.

The young folks are having a fine time skating.

We had a good Sunday school here for a long time, but for some reason they started another school at the lower church and instead of having one good school we have two poor ones.

The young men are beginning to come out of the woods.

Jacob Tompkins is getting a large run at the hotel.

Edward Higgins is getting all the horse shoeing he can attend to at present.

The merchants are getting in their new stock of spring goods.

Ira Kitchen has returned home, after a long journey.

Lorenzo Dow lost another fine horse last Saturday.

G. P. Olts has returned home after a short visit among his relations.

WILLED HIS HEART TO HIS WIFE.

Major Earl Brandt, an old German newspaper man, who died recently at St. Louis, left a will containing a queer bequest. He bequeathed his heart to his wife, and left directions for placing it in her possession. It seems that Major Brandt married while a young man, and his wife is still living in Germany. For some reason his married life was unhappy, and he came to America, leaving his wife in the old country. Though estranged from her for life, it seems that his love for his wife never ceased, and he frequently declared that as his heart was still hers she should have it after his death. In accordance with the provisions of the will, the heart has been removed from the body, and forwarded to Mrs. Brandt.

RANCHE OF KANGAROOS.

To Be Established in the South-western States.

Montreal seems to be a Mecca for enterprising foreign capitalists who have conceived financial enterprises of first-class magnitude. Henry G. Adam's, of Sydney, Australia, who has been in the city, will reconoitre the south-western prairies with a view of purchasing large ranches for rearing an animal never seen outside of a cage on this continent—the real live kangaroo.

"They (kangaroos) are to take the place of the almost extinct buffalo," said Mr. Adams, in the Windsor, the other day. "I am confident," he continued, "that they will thrive in the same latitude as that in which the American bison multiplied to such enormous herds. I am told that the climate is similar to New South Wales; I shall soon know the truth for myself. After I have seen some relatives in Toronto, I will go to spend the winter in the southwest, and before the end of the summer, I expect to make my first importation of kangaroos."

"But, Mr. Adams, how do you expect to make this scheme pay?"

"Just as it would pay, if it were possible to restore the buffalo. The kangaroo is equally valuable for flesh and fur, not to speak of footwear. Moreover, these marsupials are glorious game."

FLEET OF FOOT

and exceedingly timid, it takes a good stalker and a crack shot to make a good bag of kangaroo in a day. And woe betide the dog that falls into the grasp of an adult male. He will be torn to shreds by the claws of the creature's hind feet. Being a vegetable feeder the flesh of these animals is as highly relished by the American natives as that of the hare in England and Canada. They should thrive well on the native "buffalo" grass of the prairie, if once they become naturalized."

"Is there any precedent for your project?"

"Certainly, there are several. In the first place, the horses that run wild on the American plains, were not originally indigenous to this continent. They were brought by the Spaniards to Mexico, and thence they overran all the northern prairies. So were sheep imported to Australia, and who can say that the raising of mutton and wool is a failure under the Southern Cross? The English rabbit, too, is an immigrant with us, and a most prolific exile it is—prolific enough to be pestilential. The kangaroo also is a slight pestilence since its enemies the aborigines and the native or dingo dog became so nearly extinct. But there will be no difficulty in keeping the increase of these creatures in check in the United States. The sportsmen who exterminated the buffalo may be trusted to do that. And for this privilege we hope to make them pay a monopoly price. This source of profit together with the value of the fur, will be the milk in the cocoanut for us."

AFRAID HE WOULDN'T PASS.

He was a man well along in middle age and was willing to be insured. The agent had prepared his application, and turned him over to the searching scrutiny of the accomplished medical examiner.

"I might as well tell you, doctor to begin with, that ours has been a family of fatalities and sudden deaths," said the applicant.

The examiner looked serious as he replied:

"Why, you seem to be in excellent condition. What did your father die of?"

"Heart disease."

"That's bad. How old was he?"

"Ninety-two."

"Um! And your mother?"

"She's gone, too. Killed at a crossing."

"And her age?"

"Mother was a little over seventy."

"Do you know the age and cause of your grand fathers deaths?" continued the examiner.

"Yes, indeed. Father's father died just after his ninetieth birthday. They said he used too much tobacco. Mother's father was only eighty-eight. Falling down stairs finished him."

"And your grandmothers?"

"One of'em had consumption at eighty-six, and died of it in no time. The other was nipped by sunstroke at eighty-four. Oh, they all went quick."

The examiner did not seem so grave as he asked: "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One sister and two brothers," was the answer. "John went out into the mining country when he was seventy-two, got into trouble there, called a drunken man a liar and was shot. Henry was drowned at sixty-nine trying to help save two young fellows that could'nt swim. Sister's alive. She's awful careless, ate a lot of green stuff the day of her golden wedding, then danced in the evening with all the old fellows out on the lawn, even after it was raining, took her two days to get over it. She'll go in a hurry like all the rest some of these times."

"Well," said the medical gentleman, smiling, "I think I'll chance you, and don't believe your application will be 'turned down' at the home office. Only you must look out for yourself. Be careful about catching hard colds after you are eighty years old."

OLINVILLE, Q. C.

FEB. 20.—Some thirty of the young friends of Alex. Brown accepted an invitation to his home on the 17th where the lovers of the light fantastic enjoyed themselves far in access of the most sanguine expectations of their older contemporaries.

A pie social was held in the new hall on the 22d inst. The proceeds were divided, part going to the rev. Mr. Frizzle, and the remainder to the hall. A feeling of dissatisfaction is being exhibited over the management of this hall. Three trustees were appointed to get a deed of the land on which the hall stands. No action has been taken to secure this deed and as the proper assignor is suffering from heart disease and liable to drop dead at any moment, and one of said trustees to become his heir, it is but natural that the other two should hasten to ignore the action of his declining to have the matter settled and resolve to get a proper deed and have it properly signed.

TONS OF DEAD CROWS.

Thousands of dead crows lie upon the ground under the trees on the mountain east of Frush Valley, Pa., beyond McKnight's Gap. This place has been a roosting place for crows for many years. The unusually cold severe winter and the deep snow have killed the birds. There are said to be tons upon tons of dead crows on the mountain at this famous roosting place. The coldness has blinded many of them so they cannot find any food.