THE HERALD.

VOL. V., NO. 25. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894. $1.00 PER YEAR

Board of Works Jun 1 92

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.

WILLIAM WILSON,

Attorney-at-Law,

SOLICITOR and CONVEYANCER

Offices: Carleton St., East Side,

Directly opp. Dr. Coulthard's office.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

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.

GEO. A. HUGHES,

Attorney and Solicitor,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: WHELPLEY BUILDING Opp. Post Office, QUEEN ST. } Fredericton, N. B.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

☞ JOBBING a specialty.

Workmanship first-class.

Prices satisfactory

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect May 13th, 1894.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00. A. M.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West and South.

6.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North, via Gibson.

10.50 A. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.20 P. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction and St. John, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston.

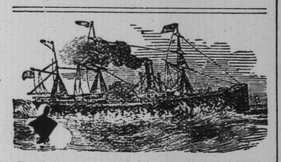
ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, etc., 10.10 a. m.
Bangor, Montreal, etc., 1.10, p. m.
Woodstock and North, via Gibson branch, 5.30 p. m.
St. John, McAdam Junction, etc., 7.10 p. m.

☞ All above trains run Week Days only.

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

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

Liverpool. Derry, Quebec, and Montreal.

From Liverpool	From Montreal	From Quebec
....SARDINIAN.....	May 5	May 6
.....LAURENTIAN....	" 12	
May 3.....PARISIAN.....	" 19	" 20

Cabin passage, $45 and upwards; Second Cabin, $30 and $35; Steerage, $24. Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

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

Glasgow via St. John's, N. F., to Halifax.

Sailings Fortnightly.

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

From New York.

STATE OF NEBRASKA.....May 25, June 22
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.....May 11, June 8

Cabin, $40 to $60; Second Cabin, $30; Steerage, $24.

For Staterooms, Tickets or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

4—28.

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 al Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is no 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

J-10-83

FINE OVERCOATINGS

—AND—

Latest Cloth for Suitings,

—AND—

GUNN,

THE TAILOR,

Guarantees good fit, and first-class materials in his MAKE UP

Come in and see my Cloths and hard pan prices. It will pay you to do so.

NEXT BELOW C. P. R. OFFICE.

Seeds. New Seeds.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

A FULL STOCK OF

Field,
Flower
and Garden
Seeds,

Timothy,
Long Late Clover,
and Clover Seed,

White and
Black Seed Oats,
Turnip,
Carrot and
Seed
of every
Description.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

310 Queen St., F'ton.

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,

Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

—COMPRISING—

Spring Overcoating,

Suitings,

and Trouserings,

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the

LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES

AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,

WILMOT'S AVE.

DR. R. McLEARN.

Office and Residence,

Corner Queen and Regent Sts.

Office Hours.

8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

Telephone, 66.

Fredericton, May 6th 1893

DR. MANNING'S German Remedy

The Greatest Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure Of the Age

A VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY AND PAIN CURE

(BOTH INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL)

PRICE 50 CENTS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO'Y LTD ST. JOHN, N.B.

PILES.

Any One Suffering from Any Form of "PILES,"

BLIND, BLEEDING, ITCHING, OR PROTUDING

Can Find Relief and a Lasting Cure.

Address C. H. FREDERICTON.

Box 38.

HAVING

A Farm,
A Garden,
A Village Lot,
A Home in the City
or Village or Country
Or Expecting to Have One,
...IT WILL...

PAY YOU

WELL,

To secure the Invaluable Help, the Best Information, the thousands of Plain, Practible, Useful Hints and Suggestions give in the

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST

All prepared by thoroughly Experienced, Intelligent men, who know well what they talk and write about.

Nine Hundred Engravings in each volume, bring clearly to the understanding, a great variety of Labor Saving, Labor-Helping Plans and Contrivances, Illustrations of Animals, Plants, Buildings, Household Helps and Conveniences, Pleasing Pictures for Old and Young, etc., etc.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE For anyone to consult these pages without gathering many hints and suggestions, each one of which, is worth many times the small cost of this Journal for a whole year, only $1,50, postpaid. Sample Copy Free on application. Address

—THE—

American Agriculturist,

52 and 54 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE SUN.

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit, these first, last and all the time, for ever.

The Sunday Sun

Is the Greatest Sunday Newspaper in the World.

Price 5c. a copy, by mail, $2 a year
Daily, by mail - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail $8 a year
The Weekly, - - - $1 a year
Address The Sun, New York.

IRON. IRON.

207 BARS and 23 bundles Refined Iron; 12 dozen Buck Saw Frames; 12 dozen Steel Rods for the same; 350 gross Wood Screws, assorted sizes; 20 coils Manilla Rope; 3 coils Single Lath Tie; 800 lbs. three-eighths Cable Chain; 5 dozen Fowler's Axes. Just to hand and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Brushes! Brushes!

Just received 2 cases American Brushes from the manufacturers.

PAINT, Varnish, White wash, Kalsomine, Tar, Paste, Paper hangers, Striping, Stensoling, Hearth, Counter and Window brushes. Sash tools, flat and round, Bears hair, Camels hair, Badger hair and Artists' brushes. 1 case Canadian, in White wash and Varnish, Counter, Scrub, Shoe and Horse brushes, also Machine made Window, Scrub and Shoe Brushes. Away down in price, and cheap.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

WESLEY VANWART,

Barrister.

Office: Queen Street,

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

Ladies,

Mother Green's Tansy Pills. Used by thousands. Safe, Sure and Always Reliable. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. From all Druggists or mailed, free from observation, on receipt of $1.00. Sealed particulars, 3 cents.

LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CAN.

For Sale by ALONZO STAPLES.

FIENDISH SAVAGES.

The Victim Lived For Years After His Crucifixion.

A writer in the Chicago Record says: The body of a man who had been crucified, and who had survived the ordeal and lived for years afterwards, left Tacoma, Wash., the other day for interment at Salt Lake City. The remains were those of Dr. William Bredmeyer, who years ago was crucified by an un civilised tribe in Burmah, India. The burial at Salt Lake City was by the side of his first wife, Annie May Savery-Mearyone Evans. His second wife, born Miss Penelope McVickar, accompanied the body, which was carried to the train by members of sixteen fraternities, including 120 women who were members of Rebecca lodges, and the Pocahontas of the order of Red Men and the Pythian Sisters. Dr. Bredemeyer was a great fraternity man. He was a member of nearly every secret order in existence, and had he lived a week longer he would have perfected the organization in Tacoma of the Heptosophs. But paralysis carried him off, and with his right hand peacefully over his breast as he lay in his coffin, the jagged scar left by those who crucified him, could be plainly seen. Hundreds saw the scar, and thought it a dreadful sight. The right hand scar was not so long as the left hand one by an inch. Both were between the bones of the thumb and forefinger, in the thickest part of the palm. The left hand scar was

TWO AND A HALF INCHES LONG,

and on both sides of the hands, the scars stood out like miniature mountain ranges, compared with the size of the hands. The serrated top ridges of the ugly marks were white and pronounced, like snow capped peaks. When Bredemeyer was crucified there was no antiseptic surgery to kill the putrefying microbes in the air while wounds were being treated, and thus avoid irritation and unsightly scars. For twenty-four hours after he was crucified he received no treatment of any kind. When his wounds were dressed he was unconscious, and for several days it was thought he would die. Bredemeyer was a quiet, uncommunicative Prussian. Members of his family and his close friends knew of his crucifixion, but Tacoma people were in absolute ignorance of the facts until Bredemeyer's record of his own life was found among his papers after his death. He was a graduate of the university of Bonn, and had previously qualified as a member of the Prussian Pioneer engineer corps. That was in 1862. The next year he entered the Dutch-India service as a mining engineer and expert, and advanced step by step in his chosen profession until in 1868, when the king of Upper Burmah made him chief engineer of the famous ruby mine in the northern part of that country. Bredemeyer had headquarters at Medea, in the ruby mine district, where

BIG SAPPHIRES ARE ALSO FOUND.

The mines are jealously guarded, and all precious stones belong to the king. From the ruby and the sapphire harvest the king realizes from $50,000 to $75,000 a year. North of Medea in the lofty mountains there were some ruby mines which the king had not had prospected by such an eminent expert as Bredemeyer. In fact, no white man had ever ventured into the mountains of the north, where dwell the half-civilized Singphos, who, while recognizing the authority of the king, were unruly and barbaric. Bredemeyer's advent was the signal for great excitement among the Singphos. They had never seen a white man, and notwithstanding Bredemeyer proclaimed his mission under authority of the king, the Singphos were not satisfied. Their cupidity got the better of their loyalty; They thought more of their rubies and sapphires than they did of the king's mandates. They decided to crucify the white man if he did not flee from the country. A handful of soldiers were with Bredeymer. In all the country, which then had 3,500,000 inhabitants, the king had but 19,000 soldiers. The Singphos were not afraid of them. Bredemeyer refused to leave the country until he had carried out the orders of the king. The Singphos declared war. The soldiers went into ambush, only to treacherously surrender the mining expert when the natives swooped down upon them. While the soldiers were scurrying about for reinforcements, the natives nailed Bredemeyer to a cross made of two pieces of the native oilwood. Crude pieces of iron with sharp edges and slightly sharp at the end were brought, and,

USING STONES FOR SLEDGES,

the natives drove the irons through Bredemeyer's hands and feet. The barbarians were beside themselves with fiendish fury. In their haste they horribly mutilated the engineer's toes and fingers. Before the brutal work of nailing Bredemeyer to the cross was finished, he became partially unconscious. The shock was almost fatal. The last thing he remembered was the swarming Singphos, with their flat faces, broad skulls, straight black hair and deep brown skins, grinning like demons, uttering wild shouts and dancing and gesticulating at the foot of the cross. Some of them were entirely naked, having stripped off their apparel in the crucifixion of the hated victim. As a rule the natives wear linen wrapped about their hips. These cloths are called ingies, and as Bredemeyer lapsed into unconsciousness he remembered that the ingies of the masters of the barbaric ceremony were besmeared with his own blood. When Bredemeyer had been nailed to the cross, natives prepared to raise and fasten it in the ground. At that instant the soldiers happily returned with reinforcements and routed the natives. Bredmeyer was carried back to Medea. The crucifixion occurred on July 16, 1869, at about noon. At noon the next day his wounds were dressed. The rainy season had not set in and it was very warm, and under these unfavorable conditions it was feared gangrene would set in. The sufferer was

CARED FOR TENDERLY,

under directions from the king, and being accustomed to undergo great hardships, he speedily recovered, but never again ventured into the land of the Singphos. Fourteen months later, immediately after he married Miss Evans at Nagasaki, he was engaged by the Japanese government as a mining expert, but a couple of years later on account of the ill-health of his wife he removed to California. From there he worked up to Utah, prospecting in the mines, locating undeveloped properties which it is estimated will make a millionaire of his eight-year-old son, who was born to him by his second wife. From Utah Bredemyer went to British Columbia, and thence back to Washington, three years ago, where he conducted an assayer's office. When his body was removed to the morgue, attention was called to the frightful scars on his hands and feet. Three fingers of his left hand were gone, and his right foot showed signs of mutilation, while the left foot looked as if it had been frozen until the toes had dropped off. His fingers and the toes of the right foot had been lopped off by his crucifiers. The toes of the left foot were frozen off on a prospecting trip in Utah. The day of his funeral, his casket was literally covered with fraternity badges, the gold bullion in which was valued at $500. He organized the Foresters and the Redmen on the Pacific coast, and was honored with the highest offices conferred by several of the secret orders in the Pacific Northwest.

THE MAHARAJA'S WIFE

Her Clever Ruse in Circumventing The Hindoo Laws.

One little incident of the maharaja's trip to this country which has not yet been chronicled, says the Philadelphia Press, gives a spice of adventure to the potentate's visit not often met with in these prosaic nineteenth century days.

The Hindoo laws relating to women not only enforce their seclusion from what we term society, but forbid them from leaving the boundaries of India under any pretext. They are allowed to travel about in their own country under the strictest surveillance and with the proper escort but the Brahmins, the ancient priests of the Buddhist religion, holding their iron rule over rajah and low caste alike, have from time immemorial forbidden the women to travel in foreign lands.

When the maharaja decided upon taking his favorite wife with him on his visit to the United States he had to devise some means of circumventing the Brahmin tradition, and what did he hit upon but the old disguise of Rosalind. He dressed his pretty little anana up as a boy and sailed out on his long journey without fear of the displeasure of the priests.

The little lady lent herself to the part she had to play. Several Americans who met the rajah's party in Rome and other continental cities were attracted by the pretty youth who was with him. When they tried to make friendly advances, the extreme modesty with which they were met rather puzzled them until, on arriving at Paris, the pretty youth disappeared and the wife of the rajah took his place.

One American lady who enjoyed the society of the rajah and his suite much from Rome to New York was not let into the secret until on board the steamship Paris she spoke to the rajah's secretary about the absence of that handsome boy she had met travelling with them.

The secretary explained the little ruse by which they had outwitted the Brahmins. Soon afterward the lady was introduced to the anana, and the latter, on being reminded of her changed identity, laughing, replied in French, which she speaks very well:

"Ah, yes; in Rome I was messieur. In Paris I was madame. I prefer to be madame"

If the little trick should be discovered by the Brahmins on his return, all the maharajah would have to do to condone his offence would be to hand over a good generous dulce to the offended hierarchy.

This method of evading time-honored custom is evidently becoming quite popular among the younger oriental potentates who are developing the modern mania for travel. The sultan of Turkey, in his recent travels through Europe, had with him a very beautiful page—his favorite wife, who, however, preserved her incog. until they returned to the palace.

DESTROYING SHEEP TICKS.

I notice, says a writer in Country Gentleman, the enquiry of A. H. M., in regard to the best method of destroying ticks on young lambs. This is one of the many cases where prevention is better than cure, and the matter of prevention is a very simple one. I think I have thoroughly tried most of the ordinary remedies, such as tobacco, snuff, sulphur, soft soap, etc., and while each may be good for some purposes, I consider them nearly worthless, and too expensive to use as tick exterminators.

For several years past I have used Little's patent dip, manufactured in Brooklyn, and find it not only the cheapest, but the most effectual remedy I have ever used. My plan has been to dip the entire flock immediately after being shorn, and again early in October, and this plan is carried out in spite of the fact that we have no ticks, as I believe the benefit to the sheep and fleece fully repays me for the labor and expense involved. For sheep of moderate size, an ordinary iron kettle, or a large tub, with a slant draining bench, will answer the purposes very well. We found our large Shropshires quite to heavy to handle in that way, so were obliged to build a dipping tank, with arrangements for raising and lowering the sheep with pulleys. But no matter what the machinery or conveniences may be, be sure to dip the sheep.

If A. H. M. will get a can of patent dip and mix with cold water in proportion of one to one hundred, and dip his lambs once, he will find a sure remedy, without any possibility of ill effects, and at the same time very much cheaper and more easily applied than the snuff.

Keep a tub of the mixture in the sheep barn, and dip all the young lambs before they are infested with tick, as a tick will starve rather than go on a sheep that has been dipped.

TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

During the present month an attempt will be made by Wm. Oldham, a resident of Nottingham, to cross the Atlantic on a water cycle. Oldham is twenty-nine years old and a member of the army reserve. He served with the colors ten years, mostly in India. While in India he studied the art of navigation and got the idea in his head that he would sometime cross the Atlantic on the smallest possible contrivance.

His craft, which is named Marion, is of remarkable construction and is the smallest boat that was ever proposed to use for such an adventurous voyage. It was built entirely by Oldham. Its dimensions are ten feet five inches in length, five feet beam and three feet six inches deep, with a draught of twenty inches of water. It is constructed of the best iron plates that are one-eigth of an inch thick and these are supported by one quarter inch coney ribs. With a view to making the most of his voyage limited capacity, the little vessel's bottom is flat with a wooden floor over the iron work.

In the centre is constructed a small cabin rising nine inches above the deck. It is four feet long and two feet broad. It has seven windows, two in front, one looking each side the mast, two on each side and one at the back. All the windows can be opened and are watertight when closed. At the top of this minature cabin is a watertight hatchway sixteen inches square. In this extraordinary craft Mr. Oldham will leave Nottingham towards the end of May.

A MOST DARING ROBBERY.

An Ontario man's Terrible Experience.

News of a most mysterious and daring highway robbery has been received from Elora, Ontario. Wm. G. Rose, wood dealer, was robbed of $1,600 in broad daylight near Ponsonby post office on the Guelph road, then blindfolded and taken by the highwaymen to a swamp near Stratford, where he was left exhausted and naked in the middle of the night. A reporter found the victim of the alleged robbery at the home of James Ross, his father-in-law, in Pikington, Wednesday night. Rose is a man of about thirty-five years, has lived in Elora for about twenty years, and bears an excellent character. Those who know him best are firmest in their belief of the truth of the story which he tells.

THE VICTIM'S STORY.

To the reporter he minutely detailed all the incidents of his remarkable adventure. He left his home in Elora on Monday evening about 8 o'clock to drive to John Maitland's at Ponsonby and pay off a mortgage of $1,614.75 which Maitland held. That was the exact amount of the money he had on his person. Opposite a piece of bush he had occasion to leave his buggy, and just as he was returning a man stepped from the roadside and pointed a revolver at him. Another seized him from behind and they bound a cloth over his head. They then rifled his pockets and took off his clothes and put another suit on him, tied his hands to his side and led bim into the bush. "This is not the man," said one of the robbers. "I don't give a ——," replied the other, "he's got the stuff." Rose begged of them to spare his life, and they assured him that as long as he did as he was told no harm would come to him. In a little while the noise of a conveyance was heard. the robbers then

MARCHED THEIR VICTIM

out of the bush, helped him into a wagon, covered him over with a rug and started off. The third man, the one who drove the wagon up, took charge of Rose's horse, it is supposed. Rose has an inaccurate idea of the time, but thinks two hours elapsed before a halt was made. He was ordered to leave the wagon and marched between his captors into another bush. "As we passed through the trees I thought they were going to murder me," he said, "and I again begged them to spare my life." They made him sit on a log and his companions were seated on either side of him. The third man joined them here. Rose was apprised of his arrival by one of the others saying: "So you have come at last." Starting out again the party

DROVE CONTINUOUSLY TILL DARK

when they rested for a short time in another bush. As they drove along the men spoke but little. Rose was lying at their feet with his head to the dashboard. Once they asked him what occupation he followed. "Trucking in wood," replied Rose. "Well, you must have trucked a good deal to get that pile together," observed the highwayman. When darkness came on they drove rapidly and the roads were rough. About midnight they reached the bush where the robbers left their victim. They

STRIPPED HIM OF THE CLOTHES

which at first they had exchanged for his own, and left him and untied his hands. They warned him that if he stirred for two hours he would be shot. When they drove off Rose found his overcoat within a few feet of where he was and he put it on. At daylight he came across the rest of his clothes. The unfortunate victim made his way to the road, travelled some distance until he reached a thoroughfare on which a telegraph line was, and turning his back to the sun, started, as he thought, towards home. The affair has created much excitement around Elora. It is generally believed that the robbers were expert professionals, and that they were on the lookout for another man, a cattle dealer who looks something like Rose.

SHE LIVED IN A CELLAR.

A Montreal Constable's Experience With a Prisoner's Keys.

When Mary Hitchcock, widow of James Sergeant, was searched at the police station in Montreal by the police matron, two small keys were found in her pocket. They were given to the constable by the recorder to search where the prisoner lived, and see what kind of boxes the keys belonged to. The constable found that the woman lived in the cellar. Dire poverty was everywhere apparent in the miserable place where Mrs. Sergeant, by her own free will had preferred to live. An old stove, a few chairs and an arrangement called a bed, was about all there was to be seen in the place. Over the cellar lived relations of Mrs. Sergeant but she would not live with them and moved into the cellar.

On account of her peculiar behavior, a warrant was issued for her arrest, and she was charged with being of unsound mind. Burns tried hard to find a box that the keys would fit, but failed to do so. Finally he saw hidden away under the little stove a satchel. One of the keys fitted into the lock.

'Gracious!' exclaimed Burns, as he gazed into the satchell. Gold, bank bills and silver, were there in generous quanties. He took the satchell to the recorder's office, where the money was counted, The following was found and handed to the chief of police for safe keeping: One twenty-dollar bill, thirty-three ten-dollar bills, three five-dollar bills, ten four-dollar bills, five two-dollar bills, two one-dollar bills, and thirty-nine dollars in gold.

The woman was not supposed to own a cent and for some time had been supported by her friends. It is thought she must have saved the money during the life time of her husband. She was remanded for two days for mental examination.

THE POISON KILLED "TIP."

He Was Incorrigible and Had a Record of Eight Men Killed.

NEW YORK, May 12.—New York was greatly excited yesterday over efforts to put to death a rogue elephant called "Tip," which had long been the terror of the keepers in the Central Park menagerie. It has a record of eight men killed and a great many wounded. The sentence of death was recently passed upon it on the ground that it was incorrigible, and yesterday morning was the time fixed for the execution, poison being the means. The attempt was begun at 6.30 o'clock, but after an hour's work was abandoned, the elephant being left hale and hearty as ever. Carrots and apples containing cyanide of potassium was offered to him, but he spat them out. Finally he was induced to take some bread in which the poison was concealed, and it is believed that he swallowed an ounce of the drug. "Tip" undoubtedly had his misgivings about the dainty morsels which were being fed to him, but the doctors said he had certainly got enough poison into his system to kill a dozen horses. The drug did not seem to have very much effect upon him until nearly an hour afterwards. when the violent motions of his head, body and trunk became less rapid, and his legs seemed to be getting weak. This lasted only a short time, however, and then "Tip" regained his wonted vigor. At this juncture the executioners were at a loss to know what next they would try. It was decided to make some wet bran balls containing small capsules. They were placed in the ordinary pail in which food had been given him before. At seven and a half minutes past four he put his trunk in the pail, and, taking up a ball of the bran, blew it down his throat. Several others followed and then he stopped, something seemed to effect him. He moved to the front of the cage and rubbed his side against the bars; then he trumpeted once or twice, and at the end of four minutes seemed to go into convulsions, his body swelled and his efforts to strain and burst the chains were tremendous. Finally the chain that went around his body burst. Getting down on the floor, he dragged himself towards the door of the cage until reaching the limit of the heavy chain which secured his foreleg to two of the front bars, he stumbled and fell. He did not go down with a crash, however, but went over on his side, front first, stiffened out and died in just twelve minutes from the time he took the first wet ball of bran.

Eight dissectors were immediately set to work, so that before the sun rose today "Tip" was divided up. His hide and skeleton will go to be placed alongside of Jumbo in the museum of natural history; his viscera will go to the college of physicians and surgeons, and his eyes to the eye and ear infirmary.

THE BUCKLE FAD UPON US.

The merry maidens of Gotham are now collecting buckles. They prefer a new buckle to a box of bonbons or a bunch of violets, and when presents are not numerous their own allowance diminishes with startling rapidity. Cause—the boom in buckles. The dainty summer skirt waists are, in a measure, responsible for this buckle craze. They require a belt and the belt requires a buckle.

The silver buckles are the most popular. They are long and narrow or round and much ornamented. Some are of filigree, while others are plain or oxidized. Buckles of black enamel inlaid with silver or gold are effective upon a delicately tinted ribbon belt. The gold buckles are beautiful enough to warrant the price at which they are sold. One represents a gold hoop around which a snake has twined its body. The eyes are glistening emeralds.

Plain gold buckles have the owner's monogram engraved upon them. Among the newest silver buckles are those inlaid with gold or enamel. The buckles which adorn the tennis belt are sure somewhere to show a racquet. A new buckle to be worn with a yatchting gown is of Roman gold shaped like an anchor, with bronze cords coiled about it. A dainty buckle attached to a white ribbon belt was formed of a wreath of blue enamel forget-me-nots. Jewel boxes made especially for buckles are now being manufactured.

STRAIGHT ROWS.

Make the corn rows straight and of even width apart, whether they be one acre or ten. There are direct practical advantages coming from this sufficient to commend it with force to all farmers. We do not question but bountiful crops may be grown in crooked rows, but the point we would now bring out is the effect it has directly on the man who has charge of and performs the work. It requires the application of thought, intelligence—the enlistment of the mental powers to draw a straight furrow across a field. Mere practice alone never acquired the ability to do it and never can.

When a straight row is seen across a field it is certain that whoever drew it was thinking about his business. He was putting his intelligence into his work and thereby was schooling himself, not only in the art of farm work, but also in the theory of good farming and better crops. His work is not dull for the reason that his mind is engaged in it. Straight rows make a more successful farmer and a more intelligent man of the one who draws them.

LEAP YEAR.

Why is it that ladies are permitted to propose in leap year? Here is the answer as given in a contemporary: "It appears that in the year 1288 a statue was published by the Scotch parliament, ordaining that during the reign of "Her Maist Blessit Majestic Margaret" every maiden of high and low estate should have liberty to speak to the man she liked. If he refused to take her to be his wife she should have the privilege of fining him £100 or less, according to his estate, unless he could make it appear that he was betrothed to another woman, in which case he would be free to refuse. After the death of Margaret, the woman of Scotland became clamorous for their privileges, and to appease them another act of parliament allowed them to propose every fourth year.

THE HONEST DENTIST.

Harry dear, I found an honest dentist today, said Mrs. Cumso to her husband.

You don't say! Tell me about this wonderful freak of nature.

Well, he examined my teeth and said they didn't need anything done to them.

What did he charge you for that?

Only five dollars, when he might have worked all day and charged me ten or fifteen. Doesn't that show he was honest, dear?

No, it shows that he was lazy.

THE TRIUMPH OF ART.

Not very new, but always amusing.

A very old lady looked in at a bird-stuffer's.

I am not at all plessed, sir; it is not twelve months since you stuffed my parrot, and its feathers are already beginning to fall off.

It's the season, madam, and the triumph of our art. I have managed to bring the art of stuffing birds, and especially parrots, to such perfection, that they molt exactly as if they were alive.

LEARNED IT TOO LATE.

Did you ever hear the like? Chappie Simpson's bride has left him because he is cross eyed.

Goodness gracious! Didn't she know he was cross-eyed before she married him?

No. He kept his game eye covered all the time with his monocle.

BLIND PITIED BLIND.

An Afflicted Business Man and a Street Musician.

"Look out for the steps, father, put your foot a little further and you will feel the first."

"Yes, yes; go slow," replied the father, with irritation in his voice, as, in a hesitating, uncertain manner he felt with his foot for the step. The son held his father's hand and guided him as the blind have to be guided.

For many days the father had been in the Notre Dame hospital having his eyes treated. The doctors at last had to tell him that there was no hope. For the remainder of his days sunshine and color would only be a memory to him.

"How many steps are there?" The fretful intonation was still there.

"Only one more, father. The carriage is at the curbstone and we will soon be home."

The afflicted man was slowly led through the little iron gate that separated the hospital grounds from Notre Dame street, and across the street to the carriage. Just as he was being helped into the vehicle the doleful wail of an aged violin floated to his ear. The tones were discordant and the playing poor.

"Shall I help you in, sir?" asked the kindly carter, as the stricken man paused and listened.

"Who is that playing, my son?" He had not heard the carter; for memory was busy with him.

"An old blind man, father; shall I help you?"

"A blind man that turns his face upward while he plays?"

"Yes, that is him, father, the one you said you saw so often when you were going to business. Won't you get in?"

"The same blind man that I said should be locked up instead of being allowed to play on the streets?"

"Never mind that now, father. Mother is anxious to see you."

"Count that silver, and tell me how much it makes."

"Three dollars and five cents."

"Take it and give it to him."

"What, all of it?"

"All of it. And tell him that one who understands better now sends it to him. He won't understand, of course, but some day I may explain it to him." The fretful tone had entirely vanished; pity for others had put it to flight.

"He was so glad that he could hardly find words in which to thank me," said the young man, as he reached his father's side. On the way home he heard his father say softly, "I have been blind all these years, and it is only now I see."

He looked up into his father's face and saw it was wreathed with a beautiful smile.

AWFUL DISCLOSURES.

A Young Woman in Quebec Confesses to the Most Terrible Crimes.

In the action last week of Odell vs. Gregory for seperation de corps et de biens, some of the most sensational evidence so far adduced is that of a sewing girl named Eugenie Touchette, whose admissions, outside of her testimony bearing upon the case in which she was called, disclose a long line of criminal practices, and may furnish a clue to the detection of more than one supposed murder. She admitted on her own part all sorts of criminal acts, swore that she had set fire to her house in St. Sauveur and had committed several robberies, for all of which she had escaped arrest on account of influence in police circles. Once she attempted suicide, but was prevented by a detective. She has furnished a police official with a description of some of her dealings with an American highway robber named Napoleon Dulac, who has been driven from many of the most important centres of the United States, and whom she believes to be now at Lewiston, Maine, and this recital reads like a romance. More important still is the story of this new Gabrielle Bompart relative to her relations with one Fournier, formerly a Montreal detective, but now a professional thief, who used the girl for some time as his instrument. She declares that in July, 1892, the two of them persuaded a young man named Legare, who was possessed of several hundred dollars, to accompany them to Montreal. Legare was never heard of again, and the girl Touchette swore in court that Fournier had told her that he had put him out of the way after poisoning and robbing him. The mysterious disappearance of Legare was the subject at the time of much newspaper comment. The girl further relates that Fournier claims to have carried off a child, whose disappearance has never yet been accounted for. More sensational developments are awaited.

ANARCHIST HENRY GULLOTINED,

PARIS, May 20.—At daybreak this morning, Emily Henry, the anarchist who was condemned to be decapitated for causing the explosion in the cafe of the hotel Terminus in February last, was led from the prison De Larequette to the instrument of death that stood outside the prison walls in the place De Larequette.

In front of the prison there were animals that the police had hard work to remove. The crowd present was made up chiefly of the lowest classes of the population.

At 4.12 o'clock the little gate of the prison swung open and the public executioner passed through followed by a priest, although the condemned man had refused to accept his administration. Then came Henry in his shirt sleeves and with his arms pinioned. His eyes glittered like those of a maniac and he was deathly pale. As Henry approached the gulletine he cried, "Vive l'anarchi."

He was seized by the executioner's assistants and bound to the bascule, which was at once tipped down and slid forward until the doomed man rested in the lunette.

At the same moment Henry cried out again, "Vive l'Anarchi," and then there was silence. The head of the anarchist dropped into the basket in front of the gullotine, while a torrent of blood flowed on to the deep vessel placed at the head of the gullotine.

The headless trunk was hardly deposited in the coffin prepared for it, when the coffin, with the remains, was hurried to the burial place of executed criminals, where it was interred. As the van was driven away the crowd, laughing and joking, dispersed.

SOMETHING BETTER.

Mistress — Babetta, when I was driving in the park the other day I saw a nurse allow a policeman to kiss a child. I hope you never allow such a thing.

Babetta — Non, madame; no polizeman vould think of keesing ze child ven I vas zere.