THE HERALD.

VOL. VI., NO. 36. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895. $1.00 PER YEAR

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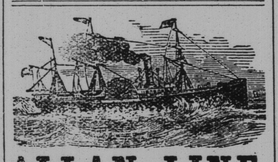

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Maud Ballington Booth, Effie Adelaide Rowlands, Martin Hunter, John Jerome, Ruth Raymond, George Meredith, Mary Kyle Dallas, George Ethelbert Walsh and others.

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NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

JOHN E. SANSOM and Robert S. Sansom, of Stanley, in the County of York, Lumber Manufacturers, doing business under the name and style of J. E. & R. S. Sansom, have this day assigned their estate and effects to me, the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of their creditors. The trust deed is at my office, Queen Street, Fredericton, for inspection and signature. By the terms of said deed, persons wishing to participate, must execute the same within ninety days from the date thereof. Fredericton, July 8th, 1894.

FRANK I. MORRISON, Trustee Estate of J. E. & R. S. Sansom

FRED'N, July 21, 1894.

BOUGHT HIS FREEDOM.

Queer Happenings of the old Slave days in Missouri.

"Some queer things used to happen in the old slave days in Missouri," said Representative John Tarnsey to a Star writer just before he started for Europe. "The condition of the slave was not a very burdensome one in Missouri. The farm country and the nearness of the Iowa line prevented anything like those plantation cruelties of which we sometimes read. In fact, I should judge that some of the Missouri slaves had as good time as their masters.

"In illustration, I might tell a queer story which had its scene at Independence, Mo. Old Banker Sawyer of Independence, carried on the same Sawyer bank which exists today, away back in the fifties, when Independence, as the eastern end of the Santa Fe trail, was the great outfitting point for those daring and misguiding people who meditated a flight across the plains. Among other chattels of Banker Sawyer, was a big, black negro named Duston. Duston was a great mechanic and had vast fame all over the western country as the maker of that fashion of wagon known as the prairie schooner. Sawyer had besides his bank, a wagon shop at Independence, and his negro Duston ran the wagon shop. The shop did a good trade, and Sawyer said to Duston one day:

"You make a lot of money working over time, Duston. Why do you continue in slavery? Why don't you buy and own yourself? You have got five or six hundred dollars in my bank now.

"And it was true. Duston had laid up quite a store of money and the fact of a slave with money on deposit in the bank of his master, is of itself illustrative of the lax condition of this institution in Missouri.

"'What'll you take for me?' asked Duston.

"'Seeing it's you,' said Sawyer, 'I'll sell out cheap. If you want to buy yourself I'll take $1,500, while you're easy worth $3,000.'

"Duston bought himself, paid $500 down and took the rest of himself on credit. Sawyer made out his freedom papers, and Duston made a mortgage on himself to Sawyer for the $1,000. Then he went to work. In a year he had paid himself free. In two years more he bought his wife and little girl. Then he began to make money. But he hadn't proceeded far nor laid up much ahead when one night a fire started, and the next morning found Duston's wagon-shop in ashes. Shop, tools, stock and everything was burned up as clean as a whistle and with the forethought of his race Duston had no insurance.

"It was a plain, hard, bitter case of begin again with Duston. He thought the situation over, and then went to his old master Sawyer. After ten minutes' talk Sawyer lent Duston $1,000, taking a mortgage on his wife and young one. Duston rebuilt his shop and opened up anew. He kept his old trade and added to it. It finally became very unfashionable to start across the plains in anything but one of Duston's prairie—schooners. Within a year Duston again had a clear title to his wife and family.

"Life went easy after that with the old black wagon-maker. He died about ten years ago at Independence worth fairly $50,000. The daughter, whom he bought from Sawyer and then mortgaged and cleared the title is, I believe, now a teacher in the colored public schools at Kansas City. Old Duston's memory in Independence is to this day highly respected."

SHE SAW THE WORLD.

Experience of a Delaware Girl Who Started Out In Man's Clothes.

Miss Nettie Dickey of Stanton, Del., who has just returned to her home there, tells an interesting story of how she saw the world, dressed as a man. Miss Dickey is a pretty girl of 26 years, tall, slender and of blond complexion. On the afternoon of March 24 she slipped out of her house and went to the woodshed, where she donned male attire and went to Newark, from which place Miss Dickey took her departure.

Detectives were sent in pursuit, but they were unable to find her. All the money she had was a $20 goldpiece, and when she arrived in Chicago she had just $3.48 in her pocket. For three days and nights the young woman tramped the streets. She finally went to a lumber yard, where she spent five nights. The food she ate was obtained at the cheap restaurants. For several weeks she lived in lumber yards and box cars until she became sick and was taken to the Cook County hospital, where a doctor discovered her sex, and the girl told him her name and where she belonged. After listening to her narrative the doctor notified her parents. On April 24, one month from the time of her disappearance, she wrote to her mother, describing her sufferings and asking forgiveness.

In three weeks from the time she was admitted to the hospital she had recovered sufficiently to walk about. There was some doubt in the doctor's mind as to her sanity, and she was ordered to appear in court for examination. This resulted in her transfer to the Dunning Insane asylum, where she remained a month. Then on an order from her parents she was released. During her incarceration at the asylum a trunk filled with clothes was sent to her, and upon her release she started for home.

CIGARS IN BOTTLES.

A Queer Fad Which Is Growing In Popularity Among Smokers.

"Come and crack a cigar with me" promises to be as popular a form of salutation between friends as that in which the invitation is extended to enjoy a moiety of a bottle of champagne. And the cigar has the obvious advantage of the liquor in the matter of price. Cigar dealers say the new style of putting up cigars in bottles is taking hold among smokers immensely. One reason there is not a larger sale of this class of goods is that many of the manufacturers of the best-known brands have not adopted it yet, going on the theory, probably, that the reputation of their product is sufficiently established to keep it at the front without incurring the added trouble and expense of putting it up in glass bottles.

The idea of bottling cigars is not new, says the Chicago Tribune, although the present application of it is. It really originated with a prominent Cuban cigar-maker twenty odd years ago. The Cubans are like the Americans, or, to be historically accurate, the Americans are like the Cubans—since we get our best cigars and our ideas of how they should be smoked from the islanders—in that they prefer to smoke their cigars while they are fresh. Age, according to this view, produces in cigars a result directly opposite to its effect on wine, and it was in order to preserve the aroma of the subtle weed that this Cuban used to seal up some of his choicest cigars in glass cases. There were three cigars in the case, or rather bottle. The end of the bottle was softened by holding it in a flame and then bent over and hermetically sealed while in this condition. This device was too expensive for popular adoption, and the average American smoker took his cigars unbottled until recently, when the old idea was taken up and modified so as to be practical and of general application.

Each specimen of the higher priced cigars has a tube all to itself. This tube is plugged up with a cork, and, the cork is made impervious to air by a coating of paraffine wax, so that when the smoker uncorks his purchase he finds it in precisely the same condition in which it left the hands of the cigarmaker. Some small cigars, of about the size of a lead pencil, are put in bunches and bottled. Careful cigar dealers have always kept moistened sponges in their show cases, but, unless considerable skill is exercised, this is liable to make the cigars too damp, and even to produce mold. The probable effect of this new departure on the glass industry when bottling becomes general may be judged from the fact that the number of cigars consumed annually in this country reaches the astonishing total of five billion.

GLEANINGS FROM YORK.

Upper Magaguadavic.

JULY 26.—Haymaking and blueberry parties are the order of the day.

The Episcopal church which has been vacant for the past year, has once more been opened to services by Rev. Mr. Bryant.

On Tuesday morning our little place was thrown into a state of excitement by the sad death of Miss Estey, by drowning, who in company with Rev. Mr. Ross and family was at their summer resort.

We are glad to report, that under the skillful attendance of Dr. Keith, Mrs. Hood and Mrs. Hamilton are convalescent.

Amos Hood and Joe McCutcheon are erecting fine residences, and not knowing we cannot, with any possible degree of propriety, assume to affirm who the young ladies will be, who will reign supreme.

Whitfield Grant and his sister Jennie from Bangor, are visiting relatives here.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry are the guests of Wm. Henry.

Miss Lizzie McMullin from Bangor, is visiting her parents.

Mr. Furrow from Bangor paid his friends a visit.

Peter McElvain and Miss Amy Rickard from Waterville paid a flying visit here.

Frank Cliff and Professor Hartt from Kingsclear made a successful fishing excursion to the lake here. Miss McKinley our popular music teacher accompanied them.

Bloomfield Ridge.

JULY 25.—Miss R. M. Price is taking music lessons from Miss Edith Spencer, who is here from Boston on a vacation.

David A. Smith is repairing his barn.

William Hinchey is hauling lumber from J. S. Fairley's mill to Boiestown station.

Mrs. J. Hinchey and her daughter Mrs. Jen Kines from Boston, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchey of Gordon Vale.

Mrs. S. E. Price and her daughter Eliza Price, and Mrs. S. A. Mantine of Minneapolis, are spending a few months at this place.

John A. Spencer and Herbert H. Fairley of Campbellton, are loading cars at Boiestown station for Jas. S. Fairley. Mr. Fairley had ten teams hauling to Boiestown last week.

Andrew Hinchey has purchased a new covered buggie.

Miss Maud R. Hinchey, who has been teaching down at Sussex, is home on vacation.

The whooping cough is very bad in this section at present.

FROM GAOL A WEALTHY MAN.

A Prisoner of Six Months Left a Fortune of $75,000.

A prisoner at the Montreal gaol named Robertson, has fallen heir to $30,000 in cash, besides a great deal of property and house effects. The heir, Wm. J. Robertson, has been serving a term of six months for having been found in the company of a pickpocket. Robertson finished his term last Thursday, and was released, worth about $75,000. In reply to the question, "Who left you the money?" he said: "It was an aunt of mine, who lived in Toronto, where I was born. She was very rich but I never expected to get any money from her, and so I was all the more surprised. When my brothers got hard up she could always be touched, but she would not give me anything until she died, and then she left me a bigger share than anyone else. One of my brothers gets $18,000 and property, and the other $15,000 and property. I get $32,000 in good, cold, hard cash, and in addition $24,000 worth of property, which can be realized on at any minute. Then I get all my aunt's personal effects, including jewelry, furniture, plate, and horses. I told the lawyer to sell the horses right away; they keep on eating all the time, and that costs money, you know." "You must have felt queer owning so much money and yet confined in gaol?" was suggested to him. "Well, yes. My brother came down here and offered Governor Vallee and Judge Desnoyers a $5,000 fine if they would let me out. But it was no go. They suggested that under the circumstances, perhaps, a well-signed petition for pardon might release me, but I knew that that would take a long time, so I just thought I would not be under a compliment to anybody, and I'll work out my sentence." Robertson left the next day to join a circus in Halifax in which his brother is interested.

Korns, Korns.

There is more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and the other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's toes and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sorts—one gentle or tender like until Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the extracting medicine, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

KILLED IN A BAR-ROOM.

Former St. John Man Loses His Life in An Affray At Moncton.

James Magee, aged 24 years, bar tender for the Royal hotel, Saturday evening left the Royal and went over to the Brunswick, passing in through the main hotel to the bar. On entering he said: "Give us a drink." Thomas Gorman, the bar tender, passed out glasses to W. Cahill, J. Steeves and one or two others. They had their drinks and Magee left the bar without anything further to say. Not twenty minutes elapsed before he returned and again said: "Give us a drink." Gorman said: "What do you want?" He repeated his demand, adding "You come over to the Royal and break all the doors and do whatever you like; if I come over here I get my head smashed." Gorman then came from behind the bar and they clinched and fell on the floor, Magee under. They grovelled on the floor for a minute or so, each gaining the upper hand alternately. At last they broke the clinch and as Gorman arose Magee laid over and threw up his hands without the slightest articulation. He was quickly given a glass of water, also some brandy, but he remained motionless.

Shortly after, while yet showing signs of life, he was carried to the Brunswick House barn and Dr. White summoned, who pronounced him dead.

W. Cahill, who was in the bar at the time, said that after struggling on the floor the men broke apart. As Gorman arose Magee threw up his hands as if in a faint. Cahill added: "I gave him some water, also a glass of brandy, and thinking that he would soon come to, went out. I returned shortly after and he was still lying on the floor. I said, 'Send for the doctor,' and Gorman said, "He's all right he will come to in a minute." I didn't see Gorman kick him, although I heard Magee say, 'Look, did you see him kick me?'"

Jim Steeves gave a similar account.

An inquest was commenced and adjourned till Monday to permit of a post mortem. Gorman gave himself up.

Magee is a son of John Magee, of the I. C. R. shops, and formerly lived in St. John. Gorman belongs to Richibucto, Kent county.

When seen by the Globe correspondent Gorman was greatly excited over the affair and felt his situation keenly. He said that on Thursday night he and Archie Stewart, a clerk in the hotel, went down to Sam Seaman's restaurant and had some oysters. On their way home he (Gorman) asked his companion into the Royal to have a drink. They found the bar-room door closed and, Gorman says, he gave it a push open, and on entering Magee took at him about splitting the door. The incident was eventually laughed off, and he laid down a dollar bill for the drinks. There were a number in the bar, and someone picked up the bill. However, the drinks were paid for, and they went out as good-natured as possible. Yesterday afternoon, Gorman says, Frank McNaughton told him that Magee was down town looking for his (Gorman's) blood. He thought no more of it until Magee and Cahill came into the Brunswick about four o'clock. Magee said something and I remarked "We don't want to fight." They went out and came in a second time. Magee remarked to me: "I'll bet four dollars you're drunk." I told him to keep his valve closed, that he had no license to come here and abuse me. He said "I can do you," and I remarked "I don't think you can." After some further talk I went around from behind the counter, when Magee pulled off his coat and made for me. I dodged him, but after a while we clinched and both fell on the floor together. I hit him a little crack on the top of the head and got up. We again clinched and fell, he on top of me. After scrimmaging I turned him over and again got up, but he laid there. Jack Steeves and Cyril White carried him out into the billiard room. I didn't go near him again. When I came around from behind the counter I was as good-natured as ever I was, but he appeared mad. I was told that Cahill ran over to the Royal for a revolver and when he came back I took at him about it, when he showed me a revolver which, he said, belonged to Magee. I ordered him to put up his revolver and we telephoned for the police. Gorman added that he and Magee had had some trouble about two years ago, but he had forgotten all about it. Magee, he said, appeared to have a grudge against him ever since. At the inquest there was no evidence to hold Gorman and he was set at liberty.

CHRISTIANS MASSACRED.

Ten Lives Lost In The Recent Outrages.

A despatch from Hong Kong says the massacre at Waasang, near Kucheng, began early on Thursday morning. The mob set fire to the houses of missionaries and killed eight women, one child and the husband of one woman. Chinese troops have been despatched to the scene. The British and American consuls will interview the viceroy of the province regarding the outrage. All the foreigners killed were British, the Americans all escaping.

The Standard demands that the murderers of the missionaries in China be visited with condign punishment and that a stern example be made of the officials, who virtually connived at the commission of the crime. The paper says: "If the Emperor cannot or will not protect British residents, we must give him assistance of a kind he will not welcome."

The Chronicle says it trusts Great Britain and the United States will combine to teach the Chinese a lesson that will cause foreigners to be respected forever, but in view of the conditions existing in the country the bodies sending missionaries, especially women, incur the greatest responsibility. The whole question, the Chronicle adds, ought to be reconsidered.

The Times says: "The outrage must of course form the subject of strong representations to China from England and probably from the United States also. It must not be passed over as a trifle. The immunity of the murderers would cause a standing menace to the lives and property of the whole European community in China."

A despatch from Shanghai says the commission of inquiry into the Cheng Tu riots includes the perfect of Cheng Tu, who is seriously implicated.

A FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN.

Nora Bilderain, a Spanish girl, was arrested at Los Gatos, Cal., the other day, charged with highway robbery. The story of the affair is told by Fred Hanger, the victim: "I was tramping along the Santa Cruz road about dusk when opposite the watering trough in front of the Heuter ranch I encountered a buggy drawn by a dark horse. A woman and a man were seated in the buggy, and another man stood by the side of the conveyance. When directly opposite the outfit, the woman suddenly sprang out of the buggy and cried, 'Throw up your hands!' I did so, and the woman then coolly went through my pockets and took every cent I had, which was about $1 in small change. She then ordered me to make tracks, which I did, as I was afraid if I made any disturbance the two men would do me bodily harm."

To a San Francisco Examiner correspondent the woman said the other night that Hanger is simple and presented her with his money. She denies that anything like force or threats were used.

PINS IN HER LEGS.

Nellie Thomas, twenty years old, is employed as a servant at the convent of the House of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati. She is an orphan, and has been in the convent for two years. She complained one morning last week of being ill. The sisters did what they could to relieve her pains, but without success. She grew worse, and it was thought advisable to call in a physician. The doctor examined the girl carefully, but could not diagnose her case.

Just before leaving her bedside, however, he saw her uncovered foot. There was a big lump on the bottom. There lay the secret of the trouble which Miss Thomas had tried to conceal. The physician got out his scalpel, lanced the foot and drew out a big brass pin. Further examination and further use of the surgeon's knife, discovered forty more pins embedded in her legs.

Miss Thomas was made to tell why they were there. She reluctantly told that every time she had committed a sin she had broken the head off of a pin and had driven it into her flesh as a penance. She is in a precarious condition and her recovery is doubtful. The doctors think there are about a hundred more pins embedded in other parts of her flesh.

WHERE RAIN IS UNKNOWN.

There is, perhaps, no more curious place on the Pacific seaboard than Iquique. It stands in a region where rain has never been known to fall, and where, as was remarked by Darwin when he visited Iquique in 1835, the inhabitants live like people on board ship. These number about 14,000, nearly all connected with the staple industry of the port, due to the development of the nitrate industry on the adjacent pampas. The rain gauges at Lima, close to the Pacific, record absolutely no rainfall. There are several parts of the earth where rain never falls. Such are the Sahara, or great desert of Africa, and considerable tracts of Arabia, Syria, Persia, Thibet and Mongolia in the old world, while in South America the rainless districts comprise narrow strips on the shores of Peru, Bolivia and Chili, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatemala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama on the coast of Venezuela.

RAISING GEESE FOR THE LIVERS.

It was an archbishop of Strasburg, a native of Toulouse, who introduced in the district during the last century the rearing of the Toulouse goose for its liver, says an English writer. In the region of the Garonne, the poorest of the humblest peasants rears every year a dozen geese, and fattens them on maize or millshorts. The goslins are brought up like the chickens and turkeys—members of the peasant's family. The geese are only reared for their liver; that duly extracted, is sold, and the proceeds pay the rent. The flesh is kept by the family, and potted in melted lard, and this preserve enters into a variety of succulent dishes in the regions of Bordeaux, Pau, etc. The peasants flavor their cabbage soup with a little of it, and it is more liberally served at family fetes, and on holidays. The geese are kept confined and literally stuffed, until there follows a fatty degeneracy of the liver, and just as this shows itself with the animal, and death is threatened, the bird goes to the block, and the liver, now developed into enormous proportion, goes to the epicure, who pays a fancy price for diseased liver.

MYSORE INFANTS MUST NOT MARRY.

The maharajah of Mysore has resolved to put down by an act of the legislature the custom of infant marriage among his subjects. A bill to that effect was published last year. After a good deal of discussion the measure has now assumed a definite shape and form. When the act is enforced any person causing or abetting infant marriages, or any person of eighteen or over eighteen marrying an infant girl will be punished with imprisonment of either description, which may extend to two years, or with fine, or with both. The same punishment is prescribed for any man who, having completed fifty years of his age, marries a girl under fourteen years. Six months' imprisonment or fine, or both, will be meted out to the abettor or abettors of this offence. All girls under eight years of age will be considered infants under this law.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment.' No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

"Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."

"That man causes me no end of annoyance over a bill." Why don't you sue him and collect it?" Collect it? He's trying to do that."

"That woman dispenses a great deal of social lemonade." "What do you mean?" "Simply that she is always saying sour things in a sweet way."

Host—Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword. Chorus—When was that? Host—At a raffle.

A—I hear that your friend X has gone to South America. Was it upon his physicians advice? B—No; his lawyer's.

The summer girl is great on changing her suit. She goes seaward with diamonds and returns home with hearts.

A STRANGE TRIBE IN MAINE.

A Sect of Wild and Hairy Barbarians. Some Without Intelligible Speech.

A writer in the Boston Herald says: In the town of Brighton, about twenty miles north of Skowhegan, in the woods bordering on the little village of West Athens, there lives a tribe of men that would in some respects, put to blush the uncivilized cave dwellers of years agone, and give points to the now somewhat enlightened savages of the Fiji Islands. For years they have been the terror of the country for ten miles around. They subsist mainly on sheep and cattle that they steal, and when an honest turn strikes them they vary their stolen bill of fare with partridges or trout.

There are, as near as can be ascertained, about forty of these uncivilized creatures, a few of whom are females. They are about all known by the name of Brown, and are largely inbred, according to the testimony of their long-suffering neighbors. They dwell in rude huts or shanties, and some of the younger and more enlightened of them make occasional feeble attempts at agriculture, at least to the extent of raising a few potatoes or planting a rocky half-acre of corn.

Only a few of these people are often seen by the neighboring folk, who are thrifty and law-abiding farmers, and they are not particular about cultivating the acquaintance of the rest, who are supposed to be worse and more degraded than the samples which occasionally visit neighboring towns after an overindulgence in hard cider, which is their steady beverage, as it is very difficult in that country to find rum to steal. The younger members of the savage tribe are more intelligent than their parents as a rule, but they are all wild enough. It is doubtful if any of these people can read or write. Among them are many who cannot even speak any language, and are able to converse with each other only by grunts and guttural sounds entirely meaningless save to the ears of a brother savage. These wild men—for there are none more wild in America—have no respect for the laws of the land in which they dwell, and it is doubtful if they realize any law. They are in some respects of an anarchistic turn of mind, in that they believe they have a free and equal right to any property they see, and not only steal everything they can, but do not seem to realize they are transgressing in the least by so doing.

The towns of Brighton and West Athens have lost more cattle and sheep during the last twenty years than any other dozen towns in Maine and the sufferers lay this wholesale thieving entirely at the doors of the untutored Browns. During recent months their losses have become so frequent, especially of sheep and lambs, that the good farmers thought it was high time something was done to put a stop to them, and accordingly the Sheriff was sent down into the territory of the thieves to try and arrest one or two of the most active. He was welcomed by a couple of loads of buckshot, and did not stand upon the order of his returning to the haunts of civilized men, but returned at once and finally. Thereupon a constable at Brighton, who is also tax collector, and had a slight acquaintance with some of the gang, tried his hand. He called on one or two of the creatures whom he knew, and by dint of persuasion and promise of dainties succeeded in enticing four of the tribe to Norridgewock and into the county gaol, when the strong doors were locked upon them.

And there they are today. No prisoners ever created so much curiosity among the people of Norridgewock and the surrounding country as do these wild and woolly denizens of the forest. Gaoler John Smith, a kindly man, with a long white beard, who has kept the gaol for some years, and who, with his family, lives in the building, says that the train wreckers Gregg and Gurham, who were confined there last autumn and who had hundreds of visitors, did not attract one-tenth of the curious who now call hourly for a glimpse of the men. When captured they wore scarcely anything that could be called clothing, and were almost naked. The bodies of the two elder were covered with a thick growth of black hair. Since their arrival the gaoler had procured shirts and overalls, and these they now wear.

The names of these wild people are not savage in sound. The elder, who is 40 years of age, is called Gabe by the others, who are his nephews. He is a very tall and strong man, and cannot talk or speak a word of any language except the standard Yankee oath, which he had learned to utter. His older nephew, Asa, is a strongly built man about 23 years of age, and the ugliest and most dangerous of them all. The other two are about 16 or 19, and talk very fair English.

I visited the gaol. When an eighth of a mile distant the shouting of the wild men could be plainly heard, and in volume and character it was calculated to send a cold chill down a man's spinal column. They are all kept in one cell, and howl almost perpetually, save when fighting among themselves. The other day Ase, as his brother calls him, insisted on fighting with his younger brothers, and would not desist when the gaoler tried to stop the row. The latter entered his cell with a rawhide whip, and was compelled to use it upon Ase before he would stop fighting. Since then he has been very docile when Gaoler Smith is around. They seemed much pleased when they were taken from their cell to have their pictures taken, and make no trouble while out in the air.

They are a hard-looking set in their humble attire. Their hands and feet are black with dirt, and their faces not much better, while portions of their body exposed could be seen to be covered with thick hair, giving them much the appearance of beasts. The uncle, Gabe, is very strong, and easily carries the others on his back around his cell. This man has been harnessed to a rude sled, and in lieu of a horse, hauled many a load of wood to the home of the tribe. He is a giant in stature, and one would scarcely care to be favored with an introduction to him in his native wilds. They freely aver that when they get out they will poison all the sheep in their neighborhood, and surely kill the man who caused their arrest. But there is no probability that they will be at large very soon, as they will remain as unwelcome guests of Gaoler Smith until autumn, when they will be likely to receive a good dose of Maine law as dealt out to sheep thieves. It is possible, however that the two younger boys may get clear.

HANDSOME FEATURES.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.