

(Continued from First Page.)

and character that even the Hiland heirs did not venture to interfere with them. Mary Ann was going to make her will. Great was the indignation of the family but, as Mary Ann said grimly, "they couldn't help themselves. They sat in solemn conclave in the best parlor, erect and stiff as if were a funeral, while in Mary Ann's room the legal formalities were arranged, and her last will and testament was duly executed."

"First of all," she said, "I want \$500 set aside for a monument for father. I want him to have a real handsome one, and I know the others won't get him anything decent. Then I want the rest of my share tied up, so that nobody kin touch it, and kept for mother's benefit as long as she lives. When she's gone, the rest of them kin have it. But I want her to be comfortable; and I know just how they will use her if they get a chance."

There was a cessation of hostilities among the Hilands after the signing of the will until Mary Ann's death, and then they quarreled fiercely. They wrangled in public and in private. The administrator said he had never seen such avarice displayed. The probate judge rebuked them openly in court for their unseemly contention. Hopeless of ever settling the estate amicably, the administrator procured an order from the court to sell everything at public auction; and, at this sale, the wool, which had caused Steven Hiland so much distress and at last had cost him his life, was sold for 45 cents a pound. A broker had offered several cents more for it a few days before the sale, but the mutual distrust and jealousy of the heirs were too great to admit of any arrangement for accepting the offer.

Long before the final settlement of the estate not one of the children would speak to any of the others; and they separated and went to their own homes, apparently deadly enemies. However, "blood is thicker than water." They did not make friends outside their family circle easily; and, after a little while, they made up their quarrel, and were on good terms again, with only an occasional rupture to show how fond they were of each other. Mrs. Hiland elected to return with her son to the West; and, thanks to Mary Ann's bequest she was able to spend her old age in great comfort.

Mary Ann and her father sleep side by side in one of the dreariest and most forlorn of New England burying grounds. The showy marble column, erected in accordance with her wishes, seems strangely out of place. It excites comment and question from strangers, and then the story of the hoarded wool and Steven Hiland's death is told. And so the daughter's affection has helped to perpetuate the tale of the father's avarice and greed.

MISCELLANEOUS

HER ANSWER.

"I'm going to be married," he softly said. She looked up in swift surprise. The color from out of her bright face fled. The light grew dim in her eyes.

"You're going to be married?" she echoed low. Her voice had a steady tone. "I hope you'll be happy wherever you go." A cough had a little moan.

"I know that your bride will be good and true. You never could love any other." She steadily looked in his eyes, dark blue: "I tender you joy, my brother."

"I'm going to be married—that is, I hope to be, though I hardly know—Dear love, shall I longer pine and mope? I tremble for fear of 'no.'"

The color that out of her face had fled Came back with a deeper hue; "Why isn't it funny?" she shyly said, "That I'm to be married too?"

HISTORICAL.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

It was in Alvarado's time, and about March, 1842, that gold was first discovered in Alta California. It is true that among the various reports of Drake's voyage, there is one which, in speaking of his landing at New Albion, in 1578, says that "there is no part of earth to be here taken up, wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold or silver." But it seems probable that this statement was an interpolation. Whether so or not, it is very certain that Drake saw neither gold nor silver on the coast. There is no pretence that he did in a very minute and circumstantial narrative, entitled "World Encompassed," by his chaplain, Francis Fletcher, who would hardly have omitted a matter of so much importance, if known; nor is there any reference to gold or silver in any of the narratives of the sailors appended to and published with the "World Encompassed." For these reasons, and on account also of the very character of the statement itself, it must be rejected as a fabrication. It is further true, that there were reports that Captain Jedediah S. Smith, the first American who arrived in California overland, found gold in the Sierra Nevada mountains about the year 1826; but this discovery, if it were true, took place on the eastern side of the Sierra, and not within what is now known as California. But in 1831, Andres Castillero, the same person who afterwards discovered the

New Almaden quick-silver mine in Santa Clara county, while travelling from Los Angeles to Monterey, found near the Santa Clara river a number of water-worn pebbles, which he gathered up and carried with him to Santa Barbara. He there exhibited them, said they were a peculiar species of iron pyrites, and declared that according to Mexican miners, wherever they were found, there was a likelihood of gold being also found. A ranchero, named Francisco Lopez, who was living at Piru creek, a branch of the Santa Clara river, but happened to be at Santa Barbara, heard Castillero's statement and examined his specimens. Some months afterwards, having returned home, he went out on a search for stray cattle. At noon, when he dismounted from his horse for the purpose of resting, he observed a few wild onions growing near where he lay. He pulled them up and in doing so noticed the same kind of pebbles as those to which Castillero had called his attention. Remembering what Castillero had said about them, he took up a handful of earth, and, upon carefully examining it, discovered gold.

The news of the discovery, the exact location of which was a place called San Franciscoito, about thirty-five miles northeast of Los Angeles, soon spread; and in a few weeks a great many persons were engaged in washing and winnowing the sands and earth in search of gold. The auriferous fields were found to extend from a point on the Santa Clara river, about fifteen or twenty miles above its mouth, over all the country drained by its upper waters, and thence easterly to Mount San Bernardino. On May 14, 1842, Alvarado wrote to the prefect of the district reproving him for not having given official notice of the discovery, and directing him to gather and forward an account of all circumstances of interest relating to the gold for transmission to the supreme government. From that time to this day, there has been more or less working to these mines; but no places of any very great richness have been found, and none to compare with those afterwards discovered on the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Taking the whole country together, however, from the Santa Clara river to Mount San Bernardino, a very considerable quantity of gold has been extracted. During the first year, though the methods of working were exceedingly rude, it is said that Lopez and a partner, named Charles Barec, with a company of Sonorians, took out about \$8,000. In November 1842, a package of about 18 ounces of the gold was sent by Abel Stearns to the United States mint at Philadelphia; and, upon assay, it was found out to be worth a little over three and forty-four dollars.

KISSING THE PARSON'S WIFE.

There is usually such an order of sanctity surrounding the parson that some of it naturally extends to those who constitute his family, especially his wife, who is expected to set an example to every woman in the town. This assumption of superiority—unconscious oftentimes—gives keen relish to any little contretemps which proves them as common clay as other mortals.

Mrs. Blank, though anything but a blank, is the wife of a pastor of a snug little church in a snug little city, where they are both loved and fully appreciated. She is on the sunny side of forty, with a fair, sunny face, which is dimpled and pleasant to look upon. One day she was turning a sharp angle of one of our arcades, when a gentleman in haste to catch a certain mail rushed round the corner with such force that he almost upset the lady before he saw her. The collision was so sudden and unprepared for that Mrs. Blank could not maintain her balance against such odds, and perceiving this the gentleman gallantly threw out both arms and caught the lady to his bosom to save her. Of course he glanced down to discover, if possible, what manner of woman he was thus publicly and unceremoniously embracing and was delighted to behold the familiar face of his pastor's wife almost touching his own. Poor man, what could he do more or less? The cheek was so fair, the smiling lips so full and kissable, the temptation was so great, "smack!" went his bearded lips and away struggled the lady, blushing like any schoolgirl.

Envious men who had witnessed the brief pantomime tapped him approvingly, ladies smiled, enviously, perhaps at their retreating sister, and picking up his scattered mail the sancy kisser started forward again, but who should obstruct his path this time but Rev. Mr. Blank, husband of the lady he had just kissed. He was laughing good-naturedly, and the kisser realized that he, too, had witnessed the play.

Determined to put a bold face on the matter, he offered his hand and asked: "Brother Blank, if a pretty woman ran into your arms and put her red lips so close to yours that you could feel the breath and almost taste them, what would you do?"

"Kiss her, just as you did," answered Rev. Mr. Blank.

"All right, all right, parson; good, sound advice; and if ever my wife runs you down and puts her lips up close to yours, you may kiss her and we'll call it square."

HOW UNCE MOSE SOLD EGGS.

Old Mose, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living has got the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to make the purchases.

"Have you got any eggs this morning, Uncle Mose?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed I has. Jass got in ten dozen from the kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"I guarantee 'em. I know they am fresh jess de same as ef I had lain 'em myself."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into the basket."

"All right, mum." He counts, "one, two, free, foah, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. You kin rely on dem being fresh. How's your son coming on at school. He mus' be mos' grown?"

"Yes, Uncle Mose, he's a clerk in a bank at Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so. Eighteen and getting a salary already, eighteen (counting) nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-free, twenty-foah, twenty-five, and how's your gal comin' on. She was mos, growed up de last time I see her."

"She is married and living at Dallas."

"Wal, I declar. How de time shoots away! An' you say she has childrins? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jess about—"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so, (counting) forty-free, forty-foah, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am so singlar, dat you has gran childrins. You don't look more den forty years ole yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man, I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty three years old—"

"Fifty-three? I jess don gwinter, bleeve it, fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six—I want you to pay tenshun when I counts de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah—Whew! Dat am a warm day. Dis am de time ob de yeah when I feels I'se getting ole myself. I ain't long for dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fodder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Sebenty-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, seventy-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty eight, sebenty-nine—and your madder? She was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I eber see. You reminds me ob her so much. She libbed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done pass a centurion when she died."

"No Uncle Mose, she was only 96 when she died."

"Den she warn' no chicken when she died. I know dat—ninety six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seven, eight—dar's 108 nice, fresh eggs—jess nine dozen, and here am one moah egg in case I has discounted myself."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Burton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them the day before yesterday and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there and heard old Mose count them myself and there were nine dozen."

FORTUNES IN PRINTER'S INK.

Don't expect an advertisement to bear fruit in one night.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

You can't eat enough in a week to last a year, and you can't advertize on that plan either.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

People who advertise only once in three months, forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low. Either plan will prevent good things from coming.

A constant dropping will wear a rock. Keep dropping your advertisements on the public and they will soon melt under it like rock salt.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what you are doing but nobody else does.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement, for the experience of most en-

terprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more on advertising.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistence of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

A man's sign offers a mute invitation to those only who pass his place of business; his circular can only reach those to whom personal attention is given; but his announcement in a newspaper goes into the highways and byways, finding customers and compelling them to consider his arguments.

WHAT THE DOCTOR DID.—A young physician of this city who had been struggling along in rather an uneasy fashion, was suddenly elated one day, a year or two ago, by a call from William H. Vanderbilt. The young doctor had been a close student, and had won laurels at one of the city hospitals for his surgical work, and in the course of conversation at the Grand Central depot Mr. Vanderbilt had heard the young man's praises and acting upon a sudden impulse, as was not unusual with him, he went directly from his own down to the doctor's office. He had been suffering for some time from a trouble that many physicians of high repute had treated unsatisfactorily and now, for the whim's sake, he put himself under the young doctor's care. He was cured quickly, and became an enthusiastic advocate of the young doctor's skill. Many of his friends were sent to the same office, and today a big practice including patients known in the most fashionable circles of New York, enriches the lucky physician whose prospect had been woefully gloomy till the whim of the magnate rescued him from obscurity.

But this is not the point of the story. After it became known that he treated Mr. Vanderbilt, friends crowded around to explain how he might grow rich. Mr. Vanderbilt was grateful for the cure that had been effected, and all Dr. X. would have to do, so the acquaintances whispered, was to ask the railroad ruler for a "point" on the stock market, and then through the use of that scoop in a smart little fortune. It was certainly a temptation, for Mr. Vanderbilt had not been backward in his expressions of gratitude. But before he acted on any of these suggestions he saw J. Rhinelander Dillon his personal friend as well as patient, and asked his advice. "Send in your regular bill," was Mr. Dillon's counsel. "Don't make it one cent bigger than you would to any poor man. Vanderbilt's generous, but he never let's anyone impose upon him. Send in your regular bill; if you try anything else you'll hurt yourself." The doctor acted on this advice. The bill he rendered was for \$50. The check that the next mail brought him was for \$1,000. Square dealing paid.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF HONEY.—It is a matter of congratulation that in recent times scientific and accomplished physicians order this most precious product in many diseases. In "The Bees and their Management," a professor of medicine has lately spoken of the use of honey as a medicine in an article forcibly showing how useful is pure honey, and how foolish it is to believe that it can be replaced by various kinds of sugar.

"Honey," this physician affirms, "disturbs the formation of fungoid growths, and has therefore been of great use as a preventive of thrush, in babies."

"Worked up into an ointment with flour, it is the best remedy for boils."

"Used internally, honey can not be too highly praised; by its use incipient coughs, colds, and catarrh, quinsy in its early stages, diphtheria in the embryo stage, is destroyed by it, and bacteria as well as fungoid growths."

"For diseases of the palate, throat and breathing organs, pure flower honey, especially strained honey, has proved itself to be infallibly of use, especially when used continuously, and with a corresponding diet."

"When a teaspoonful of warm honey is taken every fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes, it has a surprising effect on catarrh, and many a consumption of the lungs would be hindered by its use, as well as stomach complaints."

"Every family should have a glass of pure honey in the house, in order at once after catching cold, to be able to use some. Many a valuable human life would be preserved thereby."

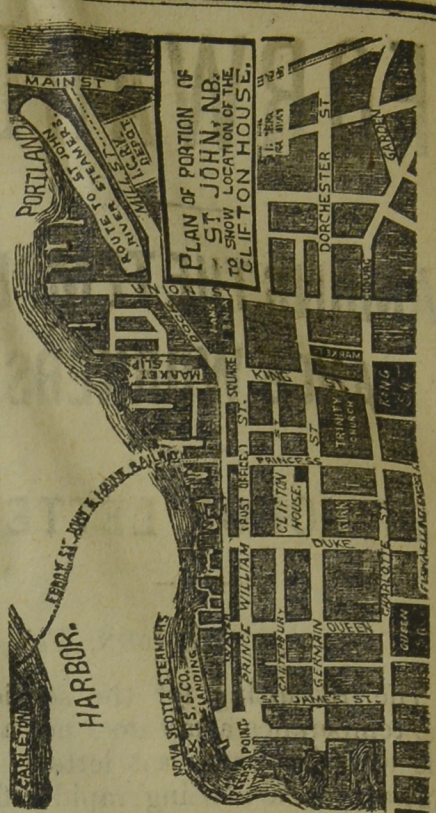
A Cleveland speculator sent his son to Wisconsin to buy hops, telling him to keep his eyes open for any other speculation. After a few days a dispatch came, saying:

"A widow has got a corner on the hop market of this state. Shall I marry her?"

"Certainly," was the reply sent over the wires.

Twelve hours later he announced: "Got the hops, the widow and seven stepchildren and shall go to Chicago tomorrow to see about a divorce."

To do business a man must have dollars and sense. To keep rheumatism and all aches and pains out of the house keep Minard's Liniment in it.



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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains
IN EFFECT OCTOBER 12, 1885.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John.
8.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
10.50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock and St. John.
2.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

10.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.
2.40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor, and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
5.50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and all points North.
7.30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.
H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CRAM,
Supt. Southern Division. General Manager.
J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
St. John, N. B., Oct. 9, 1885.

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