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JUST published, a new edition of Dr. Cul-
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The celebrated author, in this admirable
essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years'
successful practice, that the alarming conse-
quences of early error may be radically cured
pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, cer-
tain, and effectual, by means of which every
sufferer, no matter what his condition may be,
may cure himself chiefly, privately and radi-
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This lecture should be in the hand
youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any
address, on receipt of fourcents, or two postage
tamps. Address.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.

41 Ann 45 St. New York N. O. P. Y. Box 450

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDERS FOR WATER TANKS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed and marked on the outside, "Tender
for tanks" will be received until Saturday, Au-
gust 10th, for the construction and erection of 50,
000 gallon water tanks at the following places:—
Hudlow, St. Pierre, St. Charles, St. Helene,
Riviere du Loup, Causapscal, Mill Stream, Ba-
thurst, Moncton and Folliegh.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the
Mechanical Superintendents office, Moncton, N.
B., and at the offices of the station masters at
the places where the tanks are to be erected,
where forms of tender may be obtained.

Each tender must be accompanied by a de-
posit equal to five per cent of the amount of the
tender.

This deposit may consist of cash, or of an ac-
cepted bank cheque, made payable to the Hon.
Minister of Railways and Canals, and marked
"accepted" by the bank upon which it is drawn;
and it will be forfeited if the party tendering
neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when
called upon to do so, or if, after entering into the
contract, he fails to complete the work satisfac-
torily according to the plans and specification.
If the tender is not accepted, the deposit will be
returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms
supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept
the lowest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,

Railway Office,
Moncton N. B., 25th July, 1889,

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanli-
ness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and
lasting perfume commend it for uni-
versal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft
and silken, preserves its color, prevents it
from falling, and, if the hair has become
weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my
hair, which had turned prematurely
gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with en-
tire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. David-
son, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with
scalp disease. My hair was falling out
and what remained turned gray. I was
induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in
a few weeks the disease in my scalp
disappeared and my hair resumed its
original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims,
Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire
loss of my hair from the effects of tetter.
I hoped that after a time nature would
repair the loss, but I waited in vain.
Many remedies were suggested, none,
however, with such proof of merit as
Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it.
The result was all I could have desired.
A growth of hair soon came out all over
my head, and grew to be as soft and
heavy as I ever had, and of a natural
color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt,
Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

DE JINGLE OB DE BELLS.

In spring, when de fields are all kivered with
green,
An' de clover bloom smells in de air,
An' de wet in de grass kinder tickles yer feet,
An' de red bugs mek er nigger swar,
Den am de time dat de darky luba de mos',
When dey come erlong home 'hind der
plows,
In de cool ob de day, when dey hears all
erroun'
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

When de jimpson weed pops up outer de
groun'
An' de dog-fennel runs it er race,
An' when de lightning-bug do scatter roun' its
sparks,
An' dabs 'em now an' den in yer face,
Den comes de music dat am sweetes' an'
bes'—
At leasen dat 's how dis darky 'lows,
As softly dar ripples froo pastures o' green
De ringin' ob de bells on de cows.

When de bluebird comes wid er straw in its
beak
To de hole whar de woodpecker bored,
When red-breasted robins hunts erroun' fer
der mud,
When de black swallow swings in de gourd,
Den fom de ole meadow 'way down by de
crick,
Or de orchard neaf young apple-boughs,
Steals gently de musical sound dat we lub—
De tinkle ob de bells on de cows.

When de sun goes down in er thick clump o'
pines,
When de frawig in de swamp 'gins to croak,
An' de whippoorwill jines wid er doleful chune,
While de ole owl hoots in de oak;
On de sof breeze dat comes loaded down wid
its sweets
Fom de meadow whar slick cattle browse,
Dar floats wid er freshness dat nebber gits
ole,
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

—Edward A. Oldham, in Century Bric-a-Brac.

THE INSANE MINER.

An Experience Which Proved
Nearly Fatal.

Some years ago business led me to visit
and examine a number of the silver mines
of Peru, and at one of these I met with a
strange and thrilling adventure.

I had obtained the usual permission to de-
scend through the narrow shaft down into the
dark bowels of the earth, and a miner
named Pedro had been sent to me as a
guide.

I merely glanced at the fellow, in his
coarse, close fitting, dirty costume, with the
lighted lamp depending from his skull-cap,
and then told him to lead the way.

I had visited so many mines in my time
that I looked for no novelty in the descent I
was now about to make. The mouth of the
present mine was only some six or eight
feet in diameter, and the excavation was
but a few degrees from the perpendicular.
For the first two hundred feet our descent
was by earthen stairs—or rather by a suc-
cession of notches for our heels, cut in the
soft, moist earth. Great care had to be ex-
ercised to prevent our feet from slipping—
for, if the foothold were once lost, it might
not be regained, and the death of the un-
fortunate individual would probably be the
result, if not the destruction of all before him.

On reaching the bottom of the first shaft,
my guide, who had not spoken since enter-
ing the pit, silently motioned me to follow
him, and led the way through a broad,
winding tunnel, from which many others
branched off in different directions. These
were old veins, that had been first worked
and were now deserted, and presented noth-
ing worthy of my attention. At length we
came to another shaft, more perpendicular
even than the first, and the descent of
which was by means of ladders, but with
rounds so old, worn and rotten that I was
fearful every step would give way under me.

In this manner, by easy stages, for we
found a resting level at every fifty or
seventy-five feet, we descended to a depth
of perhaps five hundred feet below the sur-
face of the earth, and came upon the miners
actively engaged in getting out the ore.
The scene thus presented, when witnessed
for the first time, has a strange effect upon
the beholder, and if he is not reminded of
certain regions that shall be nameless, then
may we truly pronounce him deficient in
that species of imagination which is the
most fed by superstition. Strange, hollow,
creaking, groaning, rumbling noises come
rolling in upon his ear from every quarter,
while his vision is limited to walls and
gulfs of blackness, with here and there a
small, mysterious light, like an *ignis fatuus*,
moving slowly about, and perhaps faintly
revealing what seems a ghost, or a human
shadow, with a pale, ghastly face, played
upon by the changing rays of the swinging
lamp before it, so as to make it appear dis-
torted and hideous.

Having spent some three hours in explor-
ing and examining the mine, and thus com-
pleted the business which took me down, I
set out with my guide to return to the
world above. During all the time he had
been showing me about from point to point
the fellow had been very quiet and polite,
speaking only when addressed, and then
answering in a brief, civil, pointed and in-
telligent manner. On our way up the lad-
ders he cautioned me more than once to be
careful of my hold, and pointed out two or
three places where the rounds were more
than usually weak and rotten. I mention
these things to show how little I could
have been prepared for what followed.

On reaching the great tunnel, which
wound around to the base of the first shaft,
Pedro said, with a polite bow:

"If your worship will spare me a few
minutes of your time, I have something I
would like to show you."

"What is it?"

"Come and see."

"Is it far?"

"Nothing of vast importance should be
thought far!" was the equivocal reply. "It
is this way—pray follow me!"

My curiosity being a little excited, I re-
joined as I went after him:

"Make haste then, Pedro; for I am an-
xious to get to the fresh, pure air above."

Pedro quickened his pace, and I kept close
behind him. Turning here and turning
there, out of one passage into another, the
fellow continued walking rapidly for at
least five minutes, by which time I had got
completely bewildered, and feared he had
or would get so. At length, as I was about
to remonstrate, he suddenly came to a halt
upon the brink of what appeared to be a
dry well, the mouth of which was about
four feet in diameter, and the sides in-
clining outward from the perpendicular, so
that the bottom was broader than the top,
and the entire excavation slightly conical
in form.

"Do you see this?" exclaimed Pedro,
turning his black eyes full upon me, with a
peculiar, glittering sort of a look of
triumph.

"I see it—yes—a well."

"Of silver, Senor-of silver! Ha! ha!
Perhaps of gold, too, Senor. Who knows?
And then speak of the diamonds in a
whisper, my friend, lest the walls should
have ears."

"I do not understand you, Pedro," said
I, wondering what the fellow could mean.

"Why, do you not see? I am a monarch
—a King!"

"You?"

"Ay, me—just as you see me here—al-
though at present I wear no royal robe."

"That is a fact which is quite apparent,"
returned I, scarcely knowing whether to
laugh or look vexed. "Pray, your Majesty,
where is your kingdom?"

"My Silver Halls are here!" he said, point-
ing down the well. "Listen! what I want
is a prime minister—one who can tend to
my affairs when I am away. But I am told
the chosen one must be a spirit, and not a
mortal, and my royal pleasure is that you
shall serve me in that capacity."

As he spoke he sprang behind me, and
pushed me so suddenly that, not being pre-
pared for the assault, I went over the verge
of the well in spite of myself, and fell heav-
ily to the bottom, a distance of some fifteen
feet, but fortunately without breaking any
bones. I arose with perfect presence of
mind, and as I looked up to the contorted
face of the miner, who was now bending
over and glaring down upon me, the whole
truth flashed upon me:

He was a maniac, and I was in his power!

It was a terrible discovery to make in my
situation, and my heart fairly quailed at the
thought that the place might be my grave.
It would be impossible for me to get out
without assistance; I could not expect help
from the madman who had put me there;
and what chance was there that any one else
would find me, or even think of looking for
me, in that out-of-the-way place? These
were my first thoughts, that flashed through
my mind in an instant, and the next were
that I should humor the fellow, fall into the
train of his insane ideas, and try what I
might gain by stratagem.

"Oh, mighty Monarch of the Silver Halls,"
I said, "I deeply thank your Majesty for
this evidence of your royal favor, and
humbly beg to assure you that already have
I become a spirit and your prime minister,
only wishing to do your royal will."

"You look the same—we see no change,"
he replied, now using the kingly plural,
"and they told us it would take many days
to effect what we desire."

"Who told your Royal Majesty this?"

"Our subjects."

"And is it possible your Majesty can be-
lieve your plebeian subjects before your
noble minister?"

"We should not, perhaps; but days are as
nothing to a spirit; and as you are now a
spirit, we will leave you for a few days, and
then let you know our royal pleasure."

With this he smiled a grim smile, waved
his hand majestically, turned and disap-
peared. I called after him, but he returned
me no answer, and I could hear his echoing
footfalls slowly receding till they died out
in the distance.

It was useless for me to attempt to de-
scribe my feelings when I thus found myself
left alone in darkness, at the bottom of a pit
from which I could not extricate myself,
and in a part of a deserted mine, from
which, if I were wholly free, I might never
find my way to the world above. Though I
felt myself literally buried alive, yet I did
not at first wholly despair. A faint hope
lingered that my guide might go back with-
out me, his condition become known, myself
be missed and a search be instituted for me;
but then the chances were so many against
my ever being found while living that the
thought only gave me the feeblest ray of
comfort, which finally went out in a horri-
ble gloom that was worse than death itself.

For three mortal days and nights—the
time of which was all one rayless, awful
night to me—did I remain in that fearful
pit; and then, nearly dead from hunger,
thirst and despair, I felt as if I was going
mad myself. For a long time I had called
and shouted and shrieked for help, and now,
without the faintest ray of hope, I staggered
around my prison, beat my head against its
earthen walls, tore my hair, bit my flesh,
and shrieked because of the horrors that
seemed to set my brain on fire, and when at
last I heard human voices, and saw lights
flashing above me, I was in that state when
the mind, hovering on the verge of insanity,
is not able to distinguish the true from the
false—the real from the imaginary—and
whether these were beings of earth or de-
mons from the other world, I had lost the
power to determine.

My next remembrance is of finding myself
in bed, and being tended with care; but it
was two weeks from the day I entered that
mine before I had sufficiently recovered to
relate my story and learn of the manner of
my discovery.

Pedro, it seems, had gone back to his
work in the mine as though nothing un-
usual had occurred; and subsequently,
when questioned about me, he replied, in a
very straightforward and intelligent man-
ner, that he had conducted me to the upper
shaft, and then left me at my own request.
It was there supposed I had gone out when
no one was about, and departed in a very
uncivil way, and no search was made for
me. In fact, I owed my life to accident—
one of the miners, having occasion to visit a
distant part of the deserted veins, being
startled by shrieks, the mystery of which
he had the courage to investigate.

My narration of the conduct and language
of Pedro was the first knowledge any one
had of his insanity—though many now re-
member something curious and singular
connected with him. An investigation
proved him *non compos mentis*, and he was
removed to an asylum. I learned he had
once been a lackey to a courtier, which ac-
counted for his supposing himself a king
and using language becoming royalty itself.

—N. Y. Ledger.

UNCONSCIOUS WIT.

An Amusing Collection of Funny Typo-
graphical Errors.

Typographical errors are always amus-
ing, from the fact that they are unconscious
wit. Unconscious wit is always the best, as
will be appreciated after reading the fol-
lowing:

Some typographical blunders are simply
amusing; others are simply maddening.
Not long ago a novel depicted a "pretty
two-headed boy playing on the green," se-
cure from hunters of curiosities and agents
of dime museums. The boy was not such a
natural phenomenon as he seemed, how-
ever, for a simple transposition of two let-
ters had changed him from "a tow-headed"
youngster into one with duplicate heads. It
was a Boston newspaper that made its critic
say: "The toast for Irving, like the toast for
olives, must be cut elevated." What the
critic wrote was: "The taste for Irving,
like the taste for olives, must be cultivat-
ed." A noted clergyman once preached a

sermon in which he used the quotation:
"And he saw Abraham afar off, and Laza-
rus in his bosom." The printer, evi-
dently not a Biblical student, set up: "And
he saw Abraham afar off, and a horse's
ears in Boston." The readers of a Missouri
paper were astonished to hear, in a vigor-
ous leader, that "this war-cry was the key-
hole of victory." A resident of Worcester
tried to advertise for a fawn-colored bull-
terrier pup, which had strayed from home,
and learned by the next day's paper that
it was a "fire-alarm bell tower key" that he
had lost. Whittier's "Brewing of Soma"
figured in a Cincinnati paper as "Burning
of Laura;" and another paper of the city,
wishing to bestow "a word of compliment"
on a local performance, managed to give
publicity to a "word of complaint." A
Western minister sent a notice to the local
paper that he would deliver a sermon on
"The Relation of Ministers to Their Par-
ishes;" and he was somewhat surprised
next day to learn that the compositor had
changed the subject to "The Relation of
Ministers to Their Pharisees."

HENRY W. PAINE.

Anecdotes Showing the Jurist's Wit and
Wonderful Memory.

A writer for the Lewiston (Me.) Journal
recently heard some new stories about that
wonderful man, Henry W. Paine, whose
acute sayings are numbered among the
world's best epigrams. The narrator was
once a pupil of Paine's in the Boston Uni-
versity Law School, where Paine lectured on
real property.

"One day," said this gentleman, "Mr.
Paine made this remarkable statement to
me: 'I was born on the bank of the Ken-
nebec river and grew up there; yet I never
went in swimming, put on a skate, played
a game of cards, or borrowed a dollar.'"

I will leave it to my readers who are
acquainted with the customs of Kennebeck-
ers to decide which of these four specifica-
tions of abstinence is the more remarkable.

"I will tell you an incident," said this
gentleman, "to illustrate the wonderful
power of Paine's memory when he was in
his prime. They were exhibited almost
daily, but never more conspicuously or
dramatically than in this case.

"In 1879 he visited England, and with a
party of ladies and gentlemen went to
Windsor Castle. Although Paine had
never been there before, he seemed to be
perfectly acquainted in the vicinity, which
he pointed out to his friends with copious
comments. One of the buildings to which
he had called their attention was a house
which he said once belonged to Lord Coke,
the great English jurist.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said an En-
glishman standing by, who overheard,
"Lord Coke never lived there."

"I think I am right," said Paine, quietly.
"If my memory serves me, Lord Coke ac-
quired that house by his marriage with his
second wife, Ann Hatton."

"You're wrong, sir," persisted the En-
glishman. "I'm a member of Lord Coke's
profession, and I know."

"Well, we won't dispute it further," said
Paine, pleasantly. "We probably agree as
well as two lawyers ever do."

"Nothing more was said, but the next day
as Paine was walking on the Strand in Lon-
don, whom should he meet but this gentle-
man. The latter took off his hat on seeing
him, handed him his card, and said: 'I wish
to beg your pardon, sir. Lord Coke did
live in that house. You were right and I
was wrong.'"

"This was the beginning of an agreeable
acquaintance.

"I remember riding home in a horse-car
with Paine one day," continued this gentle-
man. Paine was reading a sheepskin-
bound volume of law reports. A mutual
acquaintance hailed him and said: 'See
here, Paine, do you have to study law still?'
"This isn't law," said Paine. "It's only
a collection of decisions of the Massachu-
setts Supreme Court."

"The great lawyer," the gentleman went
on, "once quoted some singularly beautiful
and appropriate verses in an impromptu
tribute to the memory of a distinguished
jurist, the spontaneous eloquence of which
kept his hearers spell-bound. Somebody
asked him where he found those lines.

"I only know," said he, "that my father
repeated them to me over sixty years ago,
when I was a lad. I have never seen or
heard them since."

Paine inherited his waggy spirit from
his father, who was an inveterate joker.

One day a Waterville citizen, noted for
his miserly character, asked Paine the
elder to write an epitaph to be placed on his
gravestone after he should have gone.
Paine agreed to do it and sent him the fol-
lowing:

"If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to
sin,
If hell be pleased when sinners enter in,
If earth be pleased when dies the arrant knave,
Then all were pleased when John Jinks filed
this grave!"

A "Tayrrible Martyr."

"And how is your husband to-day,
Mrs. Carmichael?" queried the minister
on his rounds of the wife of one of his
parishioners.

"Well, puir Jack, he's no sae well the
day. Ye see he's a tayrrible martyr to
deilium trimmings—something the same
as the rheumatism."

Tatty's Good Logic.

They were discussing whether feather
beds were healthy to sleep on when
Tatty came into the argument with:

"Ma, if it isn't healthy to sleep between
feathers, what makes geese and chickens
and turkeys do it? Does Dod make em."
—[Judge.

Sure Cure.

"I consider him a bold, arrogant man."

"Yes, I know he is now, but he won't
be very long."

"And why not, should like to
know?"

"He is to be married next week.—[Chi-
cago Ledger.

A Wide Difference.

A merchant of wine, ready to retire
himself from business after his fortune
made, said the other day:

"One accuses me of having the thirst
of the gold. At the contrary, I have the
gold of the thirst."—[From the French.

Making Allowances.

Fond Mother: "Are you not some-
what antonished at my girl's singing?"
Professor: "I must confess I am—but
at her age one is naturally ventur-
some."—[Life.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 29th,
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