THEY HAVE NO POCKETS.

ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING IN STYLE.

Vanderbilt's Servants in a Millionaire's Cottage and the Unpleasantness it Has Caused—Divorces in High Life—a Writer of "Naughty" Books.

NEW YORK, July 14.—It has been said that woman will never achieve complete emancipation until her gowns are equipped with as many pockets as men's coats and trousers. If this be true, never was she farther from emancipation than at the present time.

Pockets cannot be put into the prevailing style of gown, and if they could be, nothing could be put into them. A pocket book, a handkerchief, or even a latch-key would show up through its sheath-fitted skirt with a very unpleasant effect.

Some women refuse to be turned out utterly pocketless on a cold, unfeeling world, in which case the modiste puts a very small one high up under the few back-pleats that fashion grudgingly allows a woman now-days. Thus located it is almost as inaccessible as the North Pole.

A few days ago, I stood in line for some minutes with about twenty other hurried impatient people, in one of the stations on the elevated railway, while a woman at the ticket window made ineffectual hit-or-miss efforts to get into one of these rear pockets. At last she found an aperture. She passed her hand in and brought it out again with a generous handful of white muslin. We all rejoiced; we thought it was her handkerchief, and that in a second her pocket-book would come to light, and we could all go on our way, but after considerable tugging it became obvious that she had got her hand through the pocket-hole of her gown instead of into her pocket, and was pulling out something that was non-detachable. When she found out what the string of people behind her had known for nearly a minute, the next woman in line had to lend a hand, and these indecorous proceedings were kept up for nearly a minute before the pocket book was got at.

If we do not start a fight for our pockets pretty soon, we shall certainly lose the fruits of many hard-won victories, and our last state will be worse than our first.

The "400" who were scattered to the four points of the compass by the last of May are nearly all back at Newport, and a very pretty little row is enlivening its aristocratic dullness.

Wm. K. Vanderbilt leased the cottage of Mrs. W. G. Wales for the season at a rental of $8000.00, but finding its accommodations insufficient for his family, guests and servants, he also leased the Hunnerwell cottage which adjoins it.

As the latter is the larger of the two Mrs. Vanderbilt appropriated it to the use of herself and visitors, and housed her twenty servants in the Wales cottage. Its owner, who is one of Boston's "400," is excessively exclusive and inclined to look upon Gotham's millionaires as *parvenus*, and when she heard that Mrs. Vanderbilt's butler, grooms and maids were sleeping in beds, lounging on couches and chairs, and dining off tables designed expressly for the use of the Wales family, she went into hysterics firstly, and to a lawyer secondly, who assured her that she could restrain Mrs. Vanderbilt from further profanation of her domicile, and could collect heavy damages for the desecration already inflicted on her household goods and gods. A suit was forthwith commenced and great interest is felt.

The Boston contingent of Newport cottagers is disposed to look upon a house that has been hallowed by the occupation of one of its bluest-blooded members, as rather too good a residence for the newly rich millionaire himself, and its conversion into a servants' hall for his retainers, is regarded as a deadly blow at their pretensions, consequently a coolness prevails down there by the sad sea wave that is not altogether due to ocean breezes.

The tongues of society generally are wagging as one tongue over the discovery that Mrs. James de Peyster has applied for a divorce from her husband. Mrs. de Peyster was a Livingston. Both families are historic and accumulated immense wealth and corresponding honors in the colonial wars and later in the civil war. The de Peyster country estate is situated on an immense tract of land in Duchess Co., New York state. It was granted over a hundred years ago to the then head of the family in recognition of his services to the colonial cause, and they have lived on it ever since in a state and style reminiscent of feudal times.

The complaint is of cruel and inhuman treatment. Both husband and wife are upwards of eighty years of age. Mrs. de Peysters increasing infirmities have obliged her after many years of silent endurance to disclose the skeleton in the family closet, and seek relief from her husband's brutality. Her relatives and servants stand solidly by her, and there is little doubt she will be granted a separation and alimony.

Mrs. Edgar Saltus has just obtained the divorce she applied for some months ago, and it has been given her in the form supposed to be most healing to the injured feelings of a wronged wife. She can resume her maiden name and marry again, while her ex-husband must maintain the state of single-blessedness until her death.

Mr. Saltus has been aptly described by a contemporary as "an erratic writer of erotic novels;" he is also known as the Zola of America and "the hero of the fast set" in New York society.

His fame is chiefly local and he is a prophet who hath honor in his own country. The critics condemn, but the public buys, and he is said to earn an annual income of $10,000 with the pen.

Apart from the individual harm done to youthful readers by the perusal of such books as *The Pace That Kills*, *Mary Magdalen*, and *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, he is held responsible for a host of male and female imitators, whom his great success has brought into more or less of prominence, according to the degree of accuracy with which they have been able to reproduce his lurid style of writing.

He has been much sought after by women, and one of the co-respondents named in his wife's complaint is a well-known society girl. As his personal appearance is not attractive, a previous acquaintance with his books is probably at the bottom of the universal rush for introductions that always takes place when he appears in a room full of women. HERMIA.

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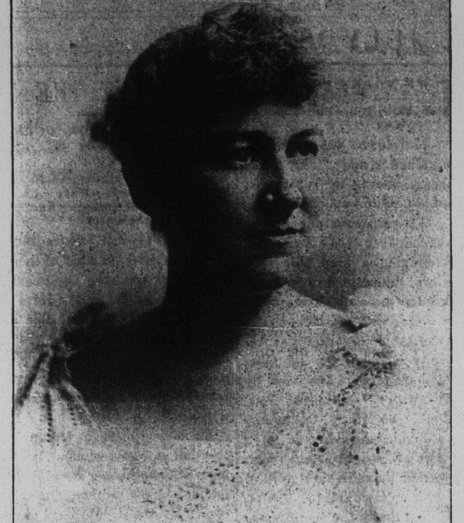

ADELAIDE RANDALL.

ADELAIDE RANDALL.—Late prima donna, American Opera company, Emma Abbott Opera company, Duff Opera company, etc.

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CLARA RANDALL.—Late Aronson's N. Y. Casino Co.

JAMES G. PEAKES.—Late of Little Lord Fauntleroy Co., but for years thoroughly identified with opera. "Mr. Peakes acting in the part of Gaspard was truly wonderful."—*Philadelphia Record.*

HARRY W. LEONARD.—"As a legitimate comedian Harry W. Leonard ranks with the best on the American stage."—*New York Times.*

GEORGE C. PEARCE, late of John Stetson's Co. "Mr. Pearce as Nanki Poo won repeated applause for his fine singing and acting."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

STANLEY STARR, late of Aronson's New York Casino Co. "Mr. Starr has a fair voice, and is an actor of ability."—*New York Herald.*

HAROLD LESLIE, late of Conreid Opera Co. "Mr. Leslie's fine baritone elicited rounds of applause."—*Boston Globe.*

FREDERICTON, City Hall, Thursday, July 23.
MONCTON, Opera House, Friday, and Saturday with Matinee, July 24 and 25.
HALIFAX, Academy of Music, commencing July 27.
The ST. JOHN Season will be concluded Wednesday Evening, July 22. The Grand Duchess, Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday, Miss Randall's testimonial benefit.

RAMBLING STORIES

Three Good Anecdotes Told by a Travelling Man.

In your columns from time to time appears a fund of good humorous jokes, and it put me in the mood for jotting down a few things I have stumbled across in my rambling here and there in various parts of the provinces.

Without digression and to save space let me tell of what happened one winter's day, but which was kept religiously quiet. At a well-known resort where sporting men frequently congregate, not a thousand miles from St. John, were gathered together a goodly company one afternoon. One more reckless and venturesome member of the gang had been astride a noble steed, testing his good and bad qualities. The door opening into what may be termed the tap room was large and roomy and opened on a level with the ground. The brave horseman rode the steed plump into the middle of the room—so far so good. Not content with this he determined to surprise the horse. In the middle of the room stood a large upright stove glowing with the abundance of coal or wood therein. Our jockey deliberately backed the horse against it, expecting to surprise him considerably. The good steed resented the burning insult, let fly with both heels, and in less time than it takes to tell, fragments of stove, pipe, live coals, etc., strewed the floor. There was consternation in the camp, and the steed was quickly ushered outside. The surprise was on the other foot in short metre.

A delegation were out on a tour of inspection on a province railway, and, it is needless to say that the management provided an abundance of refreshment—both solid and liquid. The crowd were happy. Fun, songs and speeches waxed furious, which we cannot speak of now. On the homeward stretch, before reaching the terminal point of the journey, a well-known political gentleman, who may be called colonel, determined to make more fun for the gang, said, "Gentlemen, I have one more toast to propose; fill your glasses every man." After seeing that the command had been fully complied with, he gravely rose to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, among the many toasts that have been drank today, one has been forgotten. I am pretty certain no one else will propose it, and, by Jingo, I propose it myself. Here's to the health of Col. Blank." It is needless to say that the toast was hilariously received, and the colonel gravely proceeded to respond to it.

On the line of railway between Moncton and St. John lives a wag whose remarks are worth taking down occasionally. I won't name him for fear your readers would shout "chestnut;" but one day recently, when the heat was not very oppressive, he walked into one of the well-known shops in the village and proceeded to inform the proprietor that "it was hot." "Oh, not so very hot," said the merchant. "Yes it is," said the wag. "I was just looking coming up the street and saw 98 in the shade." The merchant denied the bold statement vigorously. The wag persisted and finally to prove the correctness of his assertion told him he would show him the proof of it. No sooner said than done. The merchant grabbed his head gear and started with the wag down the street. Under the shade of a tree sat an old resident of the village who is credited with being 98 years. "There," cried the wag. "If that's not 98 in the shade, then I'm a horse." The merchant wilted and acknowledged the corn cheerfully—but he hasn't heard the last of the hot day racket yet. HICKORY.

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SUMMER TRAVEL BOOMING.

"Progress" Halifax Correspondent Shows How Travel Increases.

HALIFAX, July 16.—Cool weather and a tremendous influx of American visitors are about the only things worth talking about in Halifax this week. The atmosphere hasn't been so delightful for years; it is a mixture of sunshine and breeze with just enough of each to make the most fastidous sufferer from hay fever happy. The days are sunny and just warm enough for a negliege costume, and the balmy Atlantic breezes waft their fragrance with such a lavish hand when old Sol goes down that almost everyone is urged to the conclusion that these maritime provinces are just too lovely for anything.

Hotel men prophesy a grand season and the steamship people are already head over heels at work to accommodate the phenomonial demand for passages. Last week the Yarmouth line of steamers alone brought upwards of a thousand people into the province, and the two Halifax boats, the *Halifax* and *Carroll*, each had passenger lists that exceeded 250, so roughly estimating, one week saw the arrival of 1500 tourists. If the season continues at the same rate, of which there is very little doubt, there will be more visitors in Nova Scotia from the United States this summer than we have had for the last dozen years.

The increase in travel is due in a large degree to the excellent steamship accommodation from Boston. At present there are six steamers a week leaving the Hub for Yarmouth and Halifax, and they are among the best sailing out of Boston. The enterprising Yarmouth line have their two clipper boats, the *Boston* and *Yarmouth*, each making two trips a week; the Canada Atlantic line's beauty, the *Halifax*, leaves the modern Athens for Acadia's capital every Saturday, and the Nickerson line boats, the *Carroll* and their handsome new steamer, the *State of Indiana*, also leave on alternate Saturdays for Halifax, thus making six trips a week from Boston to Nova Scotia, averaging in time 30 hours between the Hub and Halifax.

The completion of the missing link of railway, between Digby and Annapolis, will materially shorten this time. It is expected that this will be accomplished within the next ten days, and then the tired Yankee, disgusted with the heat and noise of the American metropolis, may step aboard a Canadian boat at Boston, and, spending a pleasant night at sea, reach Yarmouth in fifteen hours, and dash through the picturesque Annapolis valley, past Kentville and Windsor to Halifax, arriving at the city of natural beauty and languor in just twenty three hours from the time he left Boston. The first trip under these auspices will work an epoch in our local history. Manager Baker, of the Yarmouth line, with his usual push and farsightedness, sees this, and in order to reap a golden harvest for his line in particular, and the province in general, has issued invitations to all the leading newspapers of New England, asking them to send representatives to enjoy the initial trip.

The good opinion these journalists will gain of Nova Scotia, her charms as a summering place, her natural beauties, her respectable people, her delightful climate, and her unique history, when sifted through the mighty dailies of New England, elaborated, or commented upon, as a good writer best knows how, should prove a lasting advantage to the provinces; and learn these "know-all" Yankees that we are just a little bit enterprising, and that we have something down east here worth "enthusing" over.

Not to the Yarmouth line alone has the march of progress in the field of trade been confined; the Nickerson line, of Boston, the pioneers on this route, have replaced their old time passenger steamer, *Worcester*, by a splendid ocean going steamer, the *State of Canada*, which has first class passenger accommodation for 500 people, and second class accommodation for as many more. She makes fortnightly trips from the Hub to Charlottetown, calling at Port Hawkesbury and Halifax: the steamer *Carroll* of the same line making the intermediate trips. She is without doubt the most comfortable steamship on the route, and for anybody who is subject to seasickness (a complaint almost general), she's a jewel. Light and airy staterooms, a pleasant, steady motion, spacious saloon, and gentlemanly officers are her special charms, and these inducements added to the quick trip (seldom exceeding thirty hours) makes her one of the favorites of the line.

The *Halifax*, of the Canada Alantic line, with her jolly old commander, Capt. Hill, and her staff of "good fellows every one of them," leads the route in quick passages and modern conveniences, and always has a full list. MAC.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

SHORTHAND, FRED DEVINE (Court stenographer), will receive pupils in shorthand and typewriting, at 251 King street east; Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Scovil system. july18

PHOTO, OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size; very handsome. Sent by mail for 25c. in coin or stamps.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

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A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT.—The subscriber has a few rooms to dispose of, for the months of July, August and September. Fine bathing and boating; ample shady grounds, cherries and other fruits on the place. WM. W. JONES, "Ashleigh," Weymouth, N. S. july18*

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. SPENCER, Balmoral Hotel, 10 King st., St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parades, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices. dec27

LAMP BURNER—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been selling four years, is the most paying, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 45 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circulars, and testimonials.—A. L. SPENCER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King st., St. John, N. B. dec27

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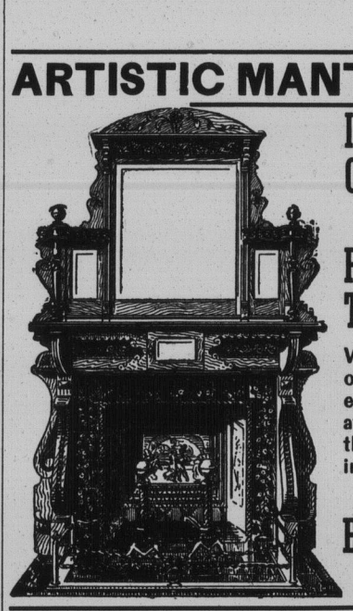

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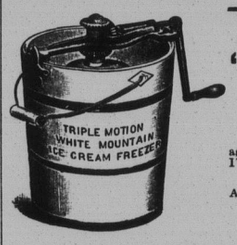

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