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BLUE EYES.

ENTICED AWAY INTO THE WOODS BY A BUTTERFLY.

And shown the Way Home by a Brook.

We called her Blue Eyes because her eyes were neither black, brown nor gray; they were just as deep and just as blue as the skies are, this pleasant 7th day of May, 1888.

It was a good many years ago that we called her Blue Eyes, and a good many years have passed since I was her special confidant, the keeper of her secrets, and the sharer of her dreams.

I wonder if those eyes are still the discoverers, from day to day, of strange and beautiful things; if Blue Eyes is still the confidant of the butterflies and birds and crickets and grasshoppers; of the brooks, and winds, and leaves; just as she was so many years ago.

I wonder if she sees the great cities and castles in the clouds that she used to see, the long processions of courtly knights and beautiful ladies, that on their gray chargers pranced through the heavens in the long ago, and if, when the sun goes down, she sees the gates thrown open, beyond which she reveals her face to the world.

It was in June and Blue Eyes, only six or seven years old, was sitting in her garden, when a butterfly, with green wings, and purple skirts, and a necklace of pearls, came dancing about her head, and after awhile it settled on her shoulder.

Blue Eyes kept very still, for she was afraid that if she stirred it might be frightened away. Now came a great surprise to Blue Eyes, for the butterfly whispered very softly, "Come with me, little Blue Eyes, for a ramble through the fields."

Blue Eyes was not a bit frightened, for she often had speech with animals, and birds, and insects, that were generally supposed to be speechless. Then the butterfly opened its wings and sailed away, beckoning Blue Eyes to follow.

And she did follow: out through the gate, away down the road, over an old stone wall and through a pasture, pleasantly shaded by hawthorn and spruce. Here and there a dandelion held up its yellow head, and one called to Blue Eyes to stop and pass the afternoon in its company, and some violets that were holding a meeting in a pleasant hollow, invited her to join in their deliberations, but she went right on with the butterfly, which, a few minutes later, with a whispored bow by rose up into the clouds, leaving Blue Eyes forever. Did Blue Eyes sit down and cry? No, but she sat down and thought. Her seat was a stone covered with soft white moss, and over her head the pale leaves whispered to one another about the little girl that they thought had come so far to visit them, but the trees were so tall she could not fully comprehend what they were saying. But presently a great cricket, clad in a shiny suit of armor, leaped into her lap, and looked in her face with curious eyes.

"Least?" said the cricket.

"Least?" answered Blue Eyes, and her lower lip quivered a little as she spoke.

"I'm very busy," said the cricket, and am to do to escort you home; but if you'll listen a moment I think you'll hear a friend calling you."

Blue Eyes listened, and presently she heard a faint voice:—"Blue Eyes, dear, come down here, never fear."

Blue Eyes repeated the words. "That's right," said the cricket: "the brook wants to take you home. And now run right along, for I've no time to waste with little girls."

Blue Eyes bid the cricket good bye and hastened down the hill, the call of the brook every moment sounding clearer in her ears. The brook was very garrulous, and seemed to have a word for all the trees that hung over it, and all the ferns that nodded on its banks, and all the gray and white pebbles over which it flowed. As soon as Blue Eyes came near the brook, it shouted to her that there was no time to waste, and like a dutiful child she followed its intricate windings for more than an hour. Sometimes the brook would stop to rest by the foot of some mossy declivity, but it was not for long, and then it would go again, telling Blue Eyes to follow, and just be-

fore sunset she found herself close by the garden from which she had been enticed in the afternoon by the butterfly.

The gift of language is a great gift, but it has not been bestowed on man alone. John Burroughs says:—"The Maryland yellow-throat, standing in the door of his nest, calls out as you approach, 'which way, sir?' 'which way, sir?' If he says this to the ear of common folk, what would he say to the poet? One of the pewees says, 'stay there' with great emphasis. The blue jay calls out to the farmer planting his corn, 'drop it! 'drop it!' 'cover it up!' 'cover it up!' What the robin says, carolling that simple strain from the top of the tall maple, or the crow with his hardy 'haw haw,' or the meadow lark sounding his piercing and long drawn note in the spring meadow, the poet ought to be able to tell us. Surely the birds all have a language which is very expressive, and which is easily translatable into the human tongue."

FOR MEXICANS. Sing Me Some Quaint Old Ballad.

Evidence is not wanting to show that in the whole category of musical nomenclature nothing is so eagerly sought for by the general public, or listened to with such enthusiasm, as the class of music denoted ballads. The wherefore of this sympathy may be easily found if sought for. It is because this form of musical expression conveys to the mentality of average mankind just what the dictionaries define music to consist of, i. e., "sounds agreeable to the ear." This does not imply that the tympanum alone is the object to satisfy—that the sense of hearing receives the entire volume of the music, but that the mind perceives in unison with the aural sensations. One may be charmed with vocal gymnastics without feeling a tinge of pathetic emotion. The mother's lullaby to her offspring, uttered in gentle, and may be plaintive, tones, has more potency in rendering "sounds agreeable to the ear" than the more elaborate cabaleta. There needs no argument to fortify this avowed fact, for it is an established fact.

The most of our lives are built up in this atmosphere of home singing, and it becomes imbedded into our natures to love it beyond all other forms. The lisping child repeats the songs it hears in the nursery, because they convey to the child sounds that were agreeable to the ear, and that give it pleasure to linger upon. The youth's school curriculum is made less tiresome by the addition of simple music, which its mind may easily grasp, and which accords with its sentiments. The stock in use by many aspiring youngsters is derived from arrangements of Mother Goose stories and the like, with simple airs and tunes. One of the first essays of a budding miss is, likely as not, "Home Sweet Home," or something of that nature, while her more bellicose brother warbles army songs. Up to this period the demon of technicalities has not obstructed his unwelcome form, and all is harmony. The atmosphere is charged with "sounds agreeable to the ear."

Ann comes the period of entering the world. This fetches us into other associations in which "grand opera" and classical concerts are to be considered. What then? Before the "Trilogy" and "Gether-dammering" with all the other awful sounding titles and ear-piercing combinations of having heard sounds agreeable to the ear. So, when Mme. Bishop interpreted the grand oratorio melodies, and when the gifted Parepa, sang "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" and "Five o'Clock in the Morning," agreeable sounds permeated the atmosphere of the concert room, and buried themselves in our inner souls of satisfaction.

But alas! Where now are the songs of so many vocalists silent in this arena of musical dissonance? Bishop, Parepa and Addy Phillips are doubtless with the angels, where, let us hope, the spirit of Wagner will not trouble them.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A prairie chicken is reported to have stopped a train in Kansas by flying against the bell rope with such force as to ring the bell and stop the locomotive.

At Findlay, O. in some bogs found a handkerchief containing thirty-six gold rings, valued at \$200, in a bird's nest in the roof of a railway bridge.

Claus Spreckels says that he will this year produce 45,000 tons of beet sugar at his refinery in California, and that the refinery, the he is erecting at the same place at a cost of \$2,000,000 will produce 40,000 tons of sugar a year.

The farmers of the United States, use 35,000 tons of iron annually upon the self-binding harvesters. Allowing five pounds to the acre, this would be a string of iron enough to go more than six times around the earth.

In the native schools of Egypt, the children are all seated on the floor in a large room, the teacher being on the platform with a long stick. The principal study pursued is that of the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, and three or four times as many hours are spent at this as at any other study.

The magnitude of Texas is thus illustrated by an imaginative writer: "If Texas were a circular lake and France a circular island, the island could be anchored centrally in the lake out of sight of land, twenty-two miles from any point on the encircling shore."

A Maine regiment has the melancholy honor of having lost more men in battle than any other regiment of the Union army during the civil war. This was the first Maine regiment which lost out of 2,202 enrolled had 423 killed or mortally wounded.

Oldlow, Maine, Herald tells a story about the engine of a fast train on the Maine Central, who thrust his head out of the cab window to kiss his wife, just as the train was leaving Bangor, and snatched a colored woman in Waterville, right in the face!

The body of a little girl buried near the Skagib river, B. C., two years ago, was exhumed recently. On opening the coffin the form and features of the child were found as clear and well defined as if she had just died in life. The body had turned to stone.

It is alleged that a wealthy Brazilian has poisoned 3,000 Indians in one of the western provinces of Brazil, and 800 in another because they occupied land which could be much better employed by the whites. It is said that the sacrifice was accomplished by poisoning all the wells with strychnine and chlorate of mercury.

The farmers of Wilamette Valley, Oregon, complain that the Mongolian pheasants introduced a few years ago and protected by law, are becoming so numerous. In cold weather they crowd into some of our domestic fowls, sometimes killing them, and robbing the fowls of their own dung, and making themselves as obnoxious as the "heavenly Chinese."

The Queen of Serbia lives in Florence, says a Paris correspondent, because her husband doesn't want her at home. It is not every husband who is so lucky as this particular King, for most recalcitrant husbands couldn't stay put, even in lovely Florence. He ought to tell the rest of mankind his secret.

The Mount Desert Herald says there is a married woman attending school at Gouldsboro who is accompanied by her two children who are old enough for scholars.

Drinking warm blood as a cure for consumption is largely practiced in the greater cities of Europe and the practice is coming into use in Montreal. Mr. Bayard, Manager of the Eastern Bazaar, says that twice a week ten ladies belonging to some of the most aristocratic families in the city file into the abattoirs with silver goblets and drink the hot blood of young bullocks. The effect upon the patients, notwithstanding the conflicting opinions of the medical profession, is said to be startling. One lady, the daughter of an ex-clerk of the Recorder's Court, who was given up as a consumptive by her medical attendant, last summer is now strong again.

Last winter Mrs. E. Forester called upon a Russian fur cutter named Duran Sclwerschenski and ordered a fur cap, which was to cost \$25. When it was sent home it was found to be too short. She wanted it altered, but refused to pay anything extra and hence an action was brought by the cutter for \$25. The plaintiff alleges that when he took Mrs. Forester's measure she did not wear a large bustle and the fact that she wore a large one when she tried on the coat was the reason why it did not fit. Mr. Justice Jette informed the lawyers that he would like to hear the evidence of an expert and a French Canadian named Rivet was placed in the box. He declared that the coat would fit well if Mrs. Forester wore a small bustle. The case will be continued.—Montreal Star.

How does Ignatius Donnelly obtain his root number? Is the question asked by those who have examined the famous cipher. It seems to be a case of raw Bacon, or die.

The Prince of Wales is said to have received three hundred thousand dollars clear from his Duchy of Cornwall last year.

Francesca Fortunata and Benito Pasqualini, ladies of Corisca, became so hostile to each other that they at last agreed that both could not live, and therefore engaged in a duel. Benito was pierced to the heart with her adversary's bullet.

"Great Britain's 'drink bill' for 1887 is published, and amounts to £125,000,000. Of this £28,000,000 was spent for spirits, £70,000,000 for beer, £12,500,000 for wine, and £1,500,000 for cider and native wines.

Ida C. Allen, of Dover, N. H., has been offered a professorship in Smith's College at a salary of \$2,700 a year. There are professional baseball players who do not make more than this.

A Welsh gentleman has planted the side of a mountain on his estate with forest trees ranged to make "Jubilee, 1887," in letters 600 feet long and 25 feet wide. Six hundred and fifty thousand trees were used.

The late J. W. Drexel paid at the rate of fourteen million dollars per acre for the lot of land on which stands the Drexel Building, corner of Wall and Broad Streets, New York, and yet it proved a remunerative investment.

Mount Vesuvius serves as a gigantic barometer and thermometer for Naples. The direction in which the smoke from the crater flows indicates necessarily a coming change of weather twenty-four hours in advance; also the approach of the hot and depressing sirocco.

James Gordon Bennett may well be called a citizen of the world; he has a house in New York, one in Newport, one in Paris, a cottage at Bougival, a chateau and farm thirty miles out of Paris, a villa at Nice, and a steam yacht to take him across the ocean or anywhere he wants to go. Mr. Bennett is well on to fifty years of age, but he does not look it. His blue eyes as bright as an eagle's, and his mouthache a golden smile. His hair, however, is very gray, and sets off his noble complexion to the best advantage. Mr. Bennett dresses quietly but handsomely.

The Russian nihilists lately arranged to release the author, Tchernischevsky, who has been in prison in Astrakhan for thirty-six years on account of writing two novels displeasing to the censor. His physical condition were such that flight was impossible.

The friends of the late Dinah Mulock Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" are about to erect a marble memorial to her memory in Tewkesbury Abbey, Tewkesbury, England.

A collection of chairs belonging to famous men has been sold at auction. Lord Lytton's chair brought 13 guineas; Mrs. Siddon's 15 guineas; the chair of Gray, the poet, brought 30 guineas. King Charles II.'s only 10 guineas; Anne Boleyn's 10; and Shakespeare's 120. There were also the chairs of Pope, Sir Walter Raleigh, Napoleon Bonaparte, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Cruikshank, and others, and they brought small sums.

At a religious meeting in Portland, Maine, an Englishman led the services, a Frenchman offered prayer, an Irishman conducted the singing and a Russian was the leading speaker. And yet the American citizens of some small Maine town, who can barely raise money enough to support one person in comfort, must have two or three meeting-houses within a stone's throw of each other.

Kennebecasis Bay. (Mullall's Provincial Guide.) Out of the swamps of the bay. That stretch to the northward, The winds come oblique and slathing O'er Kennebecasis Bay; And out from the frowning, and airy, And when clouds that bend Over the frown Kennebecasis Great flakes of snow descend. On the banks of the Kennebecasis, 'Neath the snowdrifts cold and deep, The violets fold their petals, The stars of the hamlet sleep; But again shall the violet blossom When winter rolls away, And they shall awake who slumber By Kennebecasis Bay.

Charity. My faith is strong, my hope is sure, But charity, for thee I sigh; For thou the fairest art, of all The jewels found beneath the sky. Not gold I crave, nor earthly fame, From this vain world of toil and sin. But that sweet charity, my heart, Might still be found to rest within. So that, o'er weak and erring souls, I might shed kind pity's tear, And ever seek the sorrower's grief, And sinking heart, to calm and cheer. Oh! charity, thou art divine, Yet various sins, thou dost forgive; And where the prisoner's fetters die, Thou dost his bid, arise and live. FANNIE HAMILTON.

WOMAN. HER RIGHTS AND DUTIES IN THE WORLD.

The Observations of a Woman who has Made the Subject a Study.

"Do not ask if a man has been through college, as if he were a walking university,"—Chapin.

The preceding lines were probably intended more particularly for men than for women, but since colleges have opened their doors so generally to women, why should they not serve for them as well?

I am no advocate of "Women's Rights" as they are being striven for at the present time, for I hold that generally speaking, nature has assigned to the female intellect, and to herself a different calling.

Still, however, women have had their equal rights with men from the earliest ages, wherever they have had the common judgment and the ability to maintain them, for there never was a time in the world's history when women were not found occupying the highest posts on the opposite sex.

To me not read of Deborah that "she was a mother and judge in Israel, that with tenderness and valor she judged and instructed that people."

Whether Portia had her counterpart in history or not, Shakespeare has idealized her under the clever disguise of "Learned Doctor of Laws," perceiving quickly the legal advantage which might be taken of the circumstances in the "trial scene."

Throughout the political annals of nearly all countries, it is an established fact that while men have ruled through power, women have ruled through influence, for as Edmund P. Roe says "There are but few thrones behind which you will not find a woman."

France has had its Madame de Stael, its Princess Belgioiosa and also its Madame de Recamier, that woman with such bewitching charms that she ruled supreme over the hearts of all men long after she had her wondrous beauty.

In America, in fact in all civilized countries, woman gives the tone to morals and to society, and though she may have almost no position in the political world, yet she is the recognized leader in nearly all philanthropic enterprises. What higher assumptions of power can she desire?

But I do not purpose to deal with the question of "Women's Rights," any further than where it involves the right of Higher Education, which was one of the principal demands when its promoters held their first convention in the United States in 1830.

Since this scarcely any subject is occupying a larger place in discussion, still, however, anyone who has opportunities to observe and leisure to think cannot fail to remark that very many of the treatises would convey the impression that Colleague Education is going to cover the entire ground for the elevation of woman.

If a girl has a taste for science, classics and literature, and if she has also perseverance, industry, and tenacity of purpose, without which success cannot be ensured, and with which all men who have succeeded in life have been distinguished, then, by all means, let her have equal advantages. For "The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest to which they can attain."

Still, however, in the education of every young girl distinct reference should be had to her condition and requirements, for that education which does not fit her for life is imperfect, misdirected and useless.

It is generally allowed by eminent writers that the lecture-room, where the best minds give their best services and also their best efforts, is one of the most efficient agents in the cultivation of the people.

Now, we all know how much more deeply a sermon or a lecture impresses us if we hear it delivered than if we only read it ourselves. Then, as the persuasion of the human voice and the magnetism of personal presence enforces the views of the lecturer, so, accordingly, must social conversation be an important factor in education.

It is often said that women lack in intelligent conversation. Now, in order to converse well, it is neither necessary for a woman to either know anything concerning the "Theories of Jupiter's Satellites," or how to turn an axle of Hancote into English, but it is absolutely necessary for her to be able to speak her mother tongue in its purity, to give the proper quantity to classical proper names in common use, and though she may wade pretty smoothly through difficulties without being very deeply read in either ancient or modern history, yet she must be well informed, she must not only read newspapers but she must also know what is going on around her.

Still there is another accomplishment equally charming and far less cultivated than conversation. I mean the art of

listening. While on Campobello some years ago I had the honor to know a lady who not only entertained Bishops and Admirals but also at one time played the hostess to Lady Napier, and at all times moved in the highest society. She was a lady no longer young. Yet every Sunday when she walked up the aisle of that quaint little chapel which Mr. Howells has described so accurately in "April Hopes," both men and women, young and old, rich and poor, always looked to me as if they would like to rise and do her homage, if it were only orthodox and proper. Before I knew her well enough to come under the spell myself, I asked the resident clergyman wherein her great attraction lay. He answered me without hesitation: "Her wonderful great powers over the people lie in her deep sympathetic nature. In short, she is a capital listener."

Many worthy people are constantly telling us that every worthy woman should be educated with the object in view of becoming a wife and mother, but passing over such women as Florence Nightingale and Sister Dora, who have done more good in the world than most married women, and also admitting that a woman's life is incomplete without a husband, even then, it is wise to educate a woman to be self-dependent. For in nine cases out of ten she may never marry, for though we may not take into account that men are in the minority, yet there are often various other reasons in the way.

Death may come as it did no later than last week to the affianced of a young lady in New York formerly well-known to some of us in this city. Some may prove false, or there may be outside interference as in the case of the Princess Victoria, and though the prince still says "we shall be married"—lookers-on consider the chances doubtful.

After all, a woman may know all the arts, sciences, languages and accomplishments possible, and still be imperfectly educated if she has not been taught from her earliest childhood to use the needle skillfully, or at least to mend or darn neatly, for though every woman may not have a home, every woman has to some extent a wardrobe to keep in repair, "and the apparel of proclaim the man."

SARAH J. PARKIN.

Whistling Jugs. The silvadors or musical jugs found about the burial places of Peru are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silviro in the William S. Vaux collection of Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the open-necked vase, the air is compressed in the other, and escaping through the narrow opening, is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sounds.

Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds; one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia imitates the notes of the robin or some other member of the thrush tribe peculiar to Peru. The closed neck of this double vase is modelled into a representation of a bird's head, which is thrush-like in character. Another water vase in the same collection representing a llama, imitates the disgusting habit which this animal possesses of ejecting its saliva when enraged. The hissing sound which accompanies this action is admirably imitated. A black tube of earthenware, ornamented with a grotesque head in low relief, to which short arms are attached, pressing a three-tubed syrinx to its lips (Clay collection), deserves special mention, as it suggests the evolution of this instrument from a single tube to more complicated forms.

Peruvian woven tissues, often dyed in brilliant hues, are unsurpassed by the textile productions of any other ancient American people. Their jewelry of gold and silver is remarkable. Statuettes in the precious metals are even more wonderful; they represent monkeys, birds with their feathers, fish with their scales, etc., modelled in relief or intaglio. Human figures were also cast in precious metal, the artists even attempting groups. Beads were made of gold, silver, glass and earthenware. Wood was used to furnish objects of daily use, and an example may be seen in the beautifully ornamented combs that are sometimes found placed beside the dead in the tombs.

It is yet to be shown that the ancient Peruvians possessed a system of coinage, or of recording their ideas by a system of writing, either hieroglyphic or phonetic. It is supposed that some system of communicating ideas and recording events existed by means of quipos or strings of varying length, on which were knotted a certain number of threads. The knots thus enabled to transmit his orders by messengers over the roads starting from the capital at Cuzco. Relays of runners were stationed all along the imperial highways at distances rarely exceeding five miles, and in this way orders were forwarded to all points in the kingdom with great rapidity.—Swiss Cross.

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