

## MRS. LANGTRY.

Since Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance in a demi-public at Twickenham Town Hall she has, in the course of professional work extending over a very short while, seen a great deal of the world's surface, and heard much of what is supposed to be public opinion expressed concerning herself. At times she will say to her intimate friends, "It is amusing to think how I first graduated from a professional beauty to the rank of an amateur, and finally to that of an actress—except with a few people who deny me that last distinction." The American public have been excellent friends to Mrs. Langtry, despite the onslaughts of purely local newspapers, whose "patriotism" objected to foreigners with "an English accent," as they deliciously put it. She has really seen America from Halifax to New Orleans, and from San Francisco to New York City and Boston. She retains very pleasing memories of her reception "Out West," where she played to enthusiastic audiences at St. Louis, Denver, Cheyenne, and other places associated in the English mind rather with Indians and scalps, conical bullets and "Arkansas toothpicks," than with dramatic entertainments. To the amazement of the entire American nation, Mrs. Langtry eschewed that hotel life so dear to it, and travelled in her own railway car, a lengthy and spacious edifice endowed with a regular suite of apartments, and also with a French cook and other necessary myrmidons. This saved, as she thought, much tear and wear, and permitted the luxury of "eating your dinner while flying through the country to keep the next engagement." But a plan which was the wonder of America entailed, of course, some slight inconvenience at times. Servants born in the United States, or who have resided there for a very short while, acquire habits extremely inconvenient to those who pay and feed them. They have a knack of walking off when they think their day's work is done, and of not returning until they deem fit. Hence Mrs. Langtry once experienced a great fright from a "cowboy." It is fairly well known in this country, or at least it ought to be, that the herdsmen, or "cowboys," as they are locally called on the cattle-ranches of the Far West, are objects of terror to the less adventurous inhabitants of those regions. They live up in the mountains, and only at rare intervals come into the more populated districts, where their wild looks and wilder ways frighten jog-trot citizens out of their propriety. Mrs. Langtry had been taught to dread the cowboy as an incarnate fiend to be fled from at all risks. She confesses, however, that his evil qualities appear to be exaggerated. On one occasion, when her servants had marched off to the groggeries of the neighbouring settlement, she was quite alone in her car, when there came a timid and tentative knock at the door. She opened it at once, and there stood one of the dreaded race, a gigantic leather clad cowboy. His look was strange and wild, but his words were meek and mild. Extending his huge right paw, and raising his hat with the other, he said, "I guess, madam, you are Mrs. Langtry. We are right glad to see you in our part of the country. There's some of us boys who work up in the mountains who don't see a woman, let alone a pretty one, above once or twice a year." Mrs. Langtry made a suitable reply, whereat the cowboy grew bolder, and said, "Might I just ask you, madam, to wave your hankkerchief out of the window? You see that little house down yonder. Wal, there's a gal lives there as I'm dead gone on, and I kinder promised her I would try and get you to wave your hankkerchief to her. If you would do this it might help me a bit." Like any true woman Mrs. Langtry had no objection to advance the cowboy's love affairs, and waved her hankkerchief accordingly in the direction indicated. He was profusely grateful, but still not entirely happy. "I guess," he went on, "you are a kind-hearted lady. Now, would you jest give me a bit of old ribbon, or a glove you have worn, or a torn hankkerchief, to show to the boys around as something that once belonged to you?" There was nothing for it, Mrs. Langtry confesses, but to give him a scrap of pink ribbon, and then, after more thanks and expressions of the devotion of the entire territory, he stalked off. It would have been very unlike her sex if the actress had not looked through a window of her car to see what the Western giant did. He was seen in the centre of a group of admiring cowboys, holding the ribbon aloft and apparently also holding forth on his brilliant and successful interview.

Only on one occasion did Mrs. Langtry experience in the Far West what would locally be called a real rough time, and then it was on the Pacific slope. At the conclusion of a successful venture in Frisco she was persuaded to run down in her car to a place in the Yosemite Valley, and there met with an appalling reception. Showers of stones were hurled at her car by a crowd of unpatriotic, if uncultured, citizens, who "didn't want no foreigners" to interfere with, or forestall the success of, the dramatic stars of the local firmament. As groans and hisses filled the air, and stones rattled against the car, Mrs. Langtry looked around for her male domestics with a very faint hope that there might be one man among the three. There was not. At the first volley, the French cook—to employ the language of the country—had "vamosed." At the second, the nigger who did everybody's work felt unequal to the job before him, and also showed his long heels to the car. At the third, the footman bolted; and when his mistress looked for her body-guard she found herself alone with her maid, the latter, of course, imbecile with terror. Still the stones rattled against the car, and the crowd, coming close up, roared louder and louder. So Mrs. Langtry took a desperate resolution, and, throwing open the door of the car, faced the mob. They were a little taken back for the moment, and desisted from throwing stones; but presently set up another roar. "What do you want?" asked Mrs. Langtry, in her clear musical resonant tones. They did not seem able to exactly formulate their wants, but they yelled and groaned. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" asked Mrs. Langtry again; "Why don't you go home, all of you?" This enquiry

gave them pause, and a prominent ruffian said, "We will, if you'll give us a drink." Mrs. Langtry was quite equal to the occasion, and said, "I will do nothing of the kind. You have had too much already, all of you. Go home directly, every one of you!" And they sadly slunk off. The actress had touched the right cord when she commanded them to go home. Americans are used to being ordered about by womankind, and the Yosemiteers obeyed mechanically, just as the often-beaten spaniel shrinks when one takes up a stick.—*The World*.

## HANTS COUNTY.

No town in the Lower Provinces has a more interesting history than that of Windsor. If considered from a commercial standpoint, the county of Hants, with its beautiful shire town, stands foremost among the commercial and financial centers of this Province.

The following are among the principal Business Men of Windsor and the County.

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WALTER LAWSON, Cashier.

Halifax Banking Co.  
J. RUSSEL Agent.

Bennet Smith,  
Shipbuilder and Capitalist.

Godfrey P. Payzant,  
Capitalist, Pres. Com. B'k.

William Curry,  
Capitalist, Pres. W. C. Co'y.

Shubal Dimock,  
Shipbuilder.

E. W. Dimock,  
Proprietor W. Plaster Quarries.

John Keith.  
Shipbroker.

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St. Croix Woolen Factory.  
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G. B. DAWSON, Manager.

Windsor Cotton Co.  
JOHN NALDER, Sec'y.

Windsor Furniture Co.  
MARK CURRY, Manager.

Windsor Tannery Co.  
Capt. Thos. Alyward, Sec'y.

Windsor Foundry Co.  
Clarence Dimock, Sec'y.

Windsor Planing Mills.  
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Wm. CURRY, Proprietor.

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Clarence H. Dimock,  
Windsor Foundry Co.  
Stove & Ship Castings.

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Jesse P. Smith,  
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M. Ward,  
Groceries and Sundries.

F. H. Chambers,  
Flour, Grain & Groceries,  
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Shipowners Marine Ins. Co.  
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H. Percy Scott,  
W. D. Sutherland,  
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## MEDICAL.

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