

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895.

HAPPENED IN HALIFAX.

THE LORNE OLIVE REGATTA MAY LEAD TO ANOTHER ONE.

Something That Failed to Pay—The Short and Unsuccessful Career of a Venture in a First in the Interests of Decency and Good Order.

HALIFAX, August 8.—The banker's regatta of the week before last, was followed on Saturday by the Lorne club regatta. The interest in the former event is the greater, probably on account of the better opportunities of witnessing the contests and the fact that society attends it. Most excitement centred round the triangular contest between the Wanderers, Lornes and Crescents, in the four oared lapstreak race. The Wanderers won at the banker's regatta and the Lornes at the Lorne regatta. It was an instance of each crew winning on the course with which it was best acquainted, though even on their own course the Lornes won by the slight margin of half a length. The Lorne course is shorter than the Arm course. The Wanderers are now anxious to have a third race, on a neutral course, to establish the supremacy. There will probably be no difficulty in arranging such a race. Let it come off on Bedford basin, and a hot contest between yellow-and-blue and red-and-black will certainly be forthcoming.

The journalistic career in Halifax of H. N. Nesbitt was short and uneventful. He advertised a new publication to be called "Nesbitt's Weekly," to sell at ten cents a number. It came out once, its first and last appearance. But though not long before the public as a journalist Mr. Nesbitt has since attained the prominence which a cap as for a \$25 board bill affords. A constable was at the wharf before the steamer Bridgewater sailed the other morning. Nesbitt soon after put in an appearance accompanied by a lady and gentleman. They were his prospective father and mother-in-law, Nesbitt was on his way to Lunenburg to carry their daughter when so rudely interrupted by the officer of the law. He had not more than \$12.50 in his pocket, and the coming paterfamilias was appealed to for the balance. It was forthcoming, after a slight twitch of countenance and the three took the boat for Lunenburg as if nothing had occurred.

Last week's sensation from the Northwest Arm is followed by another, on this occasion from a different part of the lovely place. The situation, in fact, has hardly yet reached the reaction stage, but it is in a fair way to do so. It is said there is a certain house on the shores of the Arm where some of the young people do not conduct themselves as they should, either within or without the mansion. The conduct is so questionable that not only would the services of a lynx-eyed chaperone be advisable but the police might well be called in to aid in the preservation of "decency and good order." It is blue-coated officers of the law have not already been called upon they should be, and if there is not an immediate improvement they certainly will be. It is earnestly to be desired that this lamentable condition of affairs should at once cease, for an exposure either by the police or the press would be a most disagreeable duty. The chances are that the hint hereby given will have the needed effect, and that the misconduct complained of will have an immediate end.

MARTIN AS A MARRIED MAN.
The More Practical Side of the Life of the Editor of Butler's Journal.

Butler's Journal for August is at hand promptly on time this month, which would show that everything is running like clockwork in the domestic and business arrangements of the peddler-poet editor. We make liberal extracts from the Wayside Warbles:

Martin Takes to the Road.
All the necessities and formalities in connection with my marriage having been observed—the wedding tour to Kingsclear, the removal of the bride and her belongings to the city, the removal from the West End to the Scots Barracks, corner Charlotte and Regent streets, the necessary arranging and final settling down to housekeeping being accomplished, I began to think of another trip. It must be borne in mind that all these arrangements made heavy calls on my already depleted exchequer, and that I was to get the necessary wherewithal to pay my rent and Jim Crockett for publishing the August number, I must "get a wiggle on" and endeavor by ridding the gauntlets of the thousand and one shoddy and shabby peddlers who infest the country, and try and win at least a portion in Journal subscriptions and regular trade.

The Family of Dolby.
After reaching Penniac Bridge and spending the night there, Martin resumed his journey and reached the house of Richard Donald, where he was made quite at home. He continues: In the evening I accompanied the hired boy, Willard Pond, who was going out as usual to see his girl, over to the mercantile establishment of old Isaac Dolby and his interesting family. Since my last trip the old lady had so long shared his joys and sorrows has been gathered to her fathers, and Mr. Dolby, unlike

the kitten that got scalded and would not again go near the water, soon became fond of living alone, and as he was blind and could not go out and hunt up a wife, some of his neighbors took pity on him and hunted up a certain Mauderlyville matron with a numerous progeny of kids and brought them to his door and he took the whole lot, box and dice, and domesticated them in his brown stone mansion on Penniac Park where they live as happy as pigs in clover, and but for the occasional howls of the wolf of famine which keeps hovering around the door and their anxiety as regards the future of the eldest girl their happiness would be complete.

How Mr. Wade Scored.
The next day I reached Mount Hope and stop for the night with my old friends, Mr. Wm. Grant and family, and on the next, which was Saturday, return and come clear back to the home of James, John and Lemuel Wade on the hill, where I remain over Sunday. Among all the friends that it has been my good fortune to make (and they are many) in all my travels I have never found kinder, truer, or less pretentious people. The first night I slept soundly, being greatly fatigued, but on the second having slept late in the morning and the old gentleman having got his nasal probois turned up in perfect order he snored all night, while I laid awake an unwilling listener, nor did the last melodious notes of his "basoo die away" until the sun had risen above the eastern horizon and the k.d.s came to call me to breakfast. If Mr. Wade was not the most generous and free he rted man in the world I should call him selfish for wanting to do all the sleeping himself and making me lie there and listen to him.

Martin Gushes Truly.
Continuing his journey, Martin reaches Mr. Jeremiah Bell's, where he has dinner and tea. Then he makes some calls. Here is how one of them effects him: I called up for a while in the evening to see Mr. John McNabb and his flower garden which is indeed a marvel of beauty; but there is no flower I did not see, that is sweeter than all—a good buxom housewife, with ripe red lips, bright, sparkling eyes and full rounded bosom; just the one who would come and meet you after the work of the day and throwing her big brawny arms around your neck would nearly smother you, while her ruby lips would give you such a smack as would go vibrating through the air and make the woods ring; while you would lift her up in your arms and give her such a hug as would snap her corset springs if she was foolish enough to wear one. This is what I call life in its truest and most natural sense. No "single-blessedness" for me, no washing dishes, scouring pots and pans, no cream to rise, and worst of all sleeping alone at night, when you roll over in an uneasy manner and reach your arm over the vacant spot alongside of you that should be tenanted by a mate and get up in your sleep and bug and kiss the bed post, dreaming that it was the lady to whom you were paying your attention on the previous evening.

The remainder of Martin's journey is without special incident, and he reached home in due season with his cart and boxes, "where a welcome awaited me from my good wife and all the rest of my friends."

A Matter of History.
All these long years in which I have travelled along the Nashwaak notwithstanding the great divergence in religious and political opinions between these good people and ourselves there has not been over two per cent, of our subscribers who have gone back on us and not one of those even who has withdrawn his friendship.

Wants a Trip to Montreal.
With the help of God and the railway companies, we hope to be able to visit Montreal sometime in September. Although the C. P. R. have condemned us without a trial or hearing of any kind we have still staunch friends in the C. P. R. and I. C. R., whose genial and obliging superintendents, Mr. Thomas Hobbs and Mr. D. Pottinger, have laid us under lasting obligations for favors received at their hands; which will carry us safely to Quebec and return, and we ought to be able to arrange with the G. T. R. or the St. Lawrence steamer for a pass to Montreal. It has been a long while since we have taken an outing of this kind, and as it is absolutely impossible for us to pay our fare, we ought to be able to arrange with those who still consider us worthy of the courtesies readily conceded to all the rest of the Maritime editors.

Is a Base Fabrication.
If it is of any interest to the mischief makers of the city and country, we might mention the fact that the story they started and spread broadcast, to the effect that my wife had separated from me, is from beginning to end a base and malicious fabrication, unworthy the attention of respectable people and worthy only of the mind that conceived it.—[Editor Journal.]

An Old-Time Woman.
Not all the women of the last generation were mindless dolls. There was, for instance, Miss Phoebe Brown, of Matlock, England, as noted by William Hutton in 1801. Her common dress was a man's hat, a coat, with a Spencer above and men's shoes. She could lift 100 weight with each hand and carry fourteen stone. Her voice was more than masculine, it was deep-toned, and with the wind in her face, she could send it a mile. Yet she had no beard. She could sew, knit, cook, spin, but hated them all; she accepted any kind of manual labor, but her favourite avocation was breaking in horses at a guinea a week. She was an excellent judge of a cow, and shot accurately with a gun. Her civil, and she was fond of the Milton, Pope, and Shakespeare. This admirable female also performed nearly all the flute, violin, harpsichord, and base viol. She could cover easily forty miles a day, and when a gentleman at the New Bath shared her rudely she said that "she had a good mind to have knocked him down."

HE WAS CALLED A DUKE.

LUCIEN MAXWELL'S HIGH LIFE ON A WESTERN RANCH.

He Lived Like a Prince and Had a Home Like a Fendal Hall—His Retainers Were in the Way of One Another—Death in Time to Escape Poverty.

Lucien B. Maxwell, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., and later of New Mexico, was known as "The Duke of Cinarow," and the story of his striking life is told to a Santa Fe correspondent of a St. Louis paper, by Col. Bergman, who knew Maxwell. It is thirty eight years since Col. Bergman became a resident of New Mexico, and at that time Maxwell was a man of far-reaching influence in that region.

"He must have come out here," said Col. Bergman, "as early as the twenties. For a long time he was the companion of Kit Carson. Together they hunted and trapped all through the mountains. And the information they had gathered in their years of wandering subsequently made John C. Fremont famous as the Pathfinder. The most notable period of Maxwell's career, however, came when he married the daughter of Don Carlos Beaubien and settled down. Don Carlos was fond of his son-in-law. He gave him a part of the great Beaubien and Miranda land grant and stocked the tract with cattle and horses. From that time, which was about '45, until after the war, Maxwell wielded great power all through this country, and Maxwell's ranch was a famous place. The hospitality of the owner was without bounds. Everybody who came that way was entertained. Maxwell never thought of charging for such a small matter as board or lodging. He had a large rambling house, or rather, a collection of houses, for the kitchen and the dining rooms were separate from the sleeping rooms. Then there was the store, the mill, and the stables, and other buildings, giving to the place the appearance of a town. But Maxwell owned all, and the country as well for miles and miles in every direction. He had so many sheep, cattle, and horses that he did not know within thousands the number of them."

The standing order at Maxwell's was that the table should be set for thirty. This was the daily provision for the Duke and his guests. The women of the household had another dining room. Transient comers and goers saw very little of the women. Even the waiters in the dining room were boys. The table service was of solid silver. Across one entire end of the house was a room big enough to be called a hall. In that the Duke held his receptions, sitting in feudal state, and transacted business according to his own peculiar methods. In this hall the furniture was very plain. It was limited to a few chairs and tables. In the diagonal corners were huge fireplaces, where the logs crackled winter nights. But the chief object of interest in this room was a great bureau, which stood against one of the side walls. It did duty as the receptacle of the Duke's cash on hand.

Many a time, said Col. Bergman, "I have seen Mack—that was what we usually called him—go to this bureau, pull out the lower drawer, and toss in a roll of bill. Gold, silver, paper currency, vouchers, and drafts went in there altogether, and the drawer was left unlocked. It was said that the bureau drawer often contained as much as \$30,000, and I have no doubt of it. But money came easily, and it went freely. At the time we were partners in the Aztec mine I used to bring down to the ranch every Saturday night from 400 to 500 ounces of gold to divide with him, and at that time it was worth \$22 an ounce. He furnished supplies to the government, ran a mill and a store, had flocks of sheep, from which he got a great wool clip, and drew on herds of cattle which were unnumbered. Yet he was always more or less embarrassed financially."

In Maxwell's retinue of servants there were white cowboys, Mexicans, Indians, and half breeds. In some way he maintained harmony among them. Perhaps it was by the other excitement he furnished. Something was always going on. If there was nothing else the Duke would plan a trip, and away he would go with his coaches and buck boards and calcade, making dashes of hundreds of miles, and for no apparent purpose other than the entertainment of motion.

He had a code of morals of his own—that Duke. If he liked a man he could forgive much.

"I remember," said Col. Bergman, "one who came out into New Mexico as an Indian agent. His name was Jack, and he formed the acquaintance of Mack, who took a liking to him. Jack spent much of his time at the ranch and was engaged in some mining enter prizes with Mack. One day he asked for a horse, saying he wanted to go down to Santa Fe on some business. Mack gave him a horse. As Jack was starting off, Mack went to the bureau, drew out some vouchers, and said: 'Here, Jack, take these vouchers along with you and get them cashed for me.' 'Jack took the papers and rode off. In

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the course of a couple of weeks he returned and handed Mack a roll of bills, saying:

"Here's the money on those vouchers." "All right," said Mack. He didn't stop to count the bills, but just crumpled them up in a bunch and threw them into the lower drawer of the bureau.

"Some days after that a visitor came to the ranch. He was sitting under the portal talking to Mack, when Jack passed by. 'Who is that?' asked the visitor.

"Mack told him." "What does he do?" "Mack explained that Jack was an Indian agent.

"Ah," said the stranger, "that accounts for it." "What do you mean?" asked Mack. "I saw him in a game at Vegas the other night," was the reply. "He dropped \$2,000, and he didn't turn a hair."

"Mack sat there reflecting a few minutes, got up, went to the bureau, pulled out the drawer, picked up the roll of bills and looked at it. Coming out of the door, he called to the man who followed him.

"Jack, come here." "Jack responded." "Jack," asked Mack, "how much money did you give me the other night when you got back from Santa Fe?"

"I gave you \$3,000. There should have been \$5,000, but I used \$2,000," was the ready reply.

"Huh," said Mack. He put the roll of bills back in the bureau, returned to the conversation with his guest and never referred to the \$2,000 transaction again."

Great sums of money slipped through the Duke's fingers. He played at cards, but it was for amusement rather than for gain. His favorite games were poker and old sledge, but he was not a gambler and he did not play with gamblers. It might be supposed that a man so careless in money matters would be reckless in his stakes. Here was where one of the peculiarities of the Duke came in. No matter what the limit or who the players were, Maxwell would insist on the strictest accounting of the game. He exacted to the penny all he won while the game was in progress. The next day, if applied to for loan, he would hand out perhaps five times what his opponent had lost the night before.

The time came when Maxwell could no longer maintain the pace of a New Mexican Duke. Settlers were crowding in and encroaching on the great estate. Capitalists saw the opportunity for a profitable deal. The far-seeing Beaubien and Miranda grant, when Maxwell set up his dukedom, was magnificent in its measurements, but land was worth very little. Maxwell had gradually acquired the interests of other heirs. Toward the end he went in for mining. Gold, silver, and copper were found on the grant. His interests in the mines are said to have yielded the Duke \$20,000 a week at one time. But he wanted still greater returns. He joined in a scheme with lesser lords of the land grants to wash out the placers in the Moreno Valley with water from the melted snows from the old Baldy Range. A ditch, big enough to carry a river, was dug forty miles through mountain and plain. And when it was finished there was no snow left for that season.

Then came the tempter telling the Duke how much more comfortable he would be if he turned his dukedom into cash and lived on the interest of his money." Maxwell hearkened. He parted with all his interest except a homestead for \$650,000. The homestead he sold a little later for \$125,000, receiving \$75,000 in cash. And when he gathered up his belongings and followers to move out it was like a caravan taking the road.

The men who brought out Maxwell went to London and sold the title to the block of land fifty miles across and sixty miles long for \$5,000,000. And the English buyers went across the channel and took in Dutch investors at Amsterdam on a basis of \$10,000,000.

Maxwell went to New York to close the deal. He received credit for \$750,000, as he started to leave the bank the cashier asked:

"Mr. Maxwell, would you like some of this in currency for immediate use?" "Yes," said the Duke, turning back.

"How much will you take with you?" asked the official.

"You may give me \$50,000," was the reply. The cashier looked at the Duke a moment and then handed out the packages of bills. Maxwell stuffed them into a pair of saddle bags hanging on his arm and walked out on Wall street. He went up to his hotel. Placing the saddle bags on the counter, he asked the clerk to put them away for him. That functionary, with a careless glance at them, took the bags and buried them under a desk. Ten days went by. One morning Maxwell came down stairs from his room, ran his thumb and

forefinger into his vest pocket, and found it empty.

"Give me those saddle bags will you?" he said to the clerk.

The bags were fished out from under the desk and put on the counter. Maxwell opened them and drew out package after package of bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk. Then he handed back the bags. Before he left New York city he had spent \$30,000 in presents for friends in New Mexico.

"How long do you give him to spend that money?" a brother-in-law of Maxwell asked Col. Berryman when it was known the sale had been made.

"Five years," was the response.

"He'll get rid of it in less time than that," said the relative, with a shake of the head.

And he did. From the day the Duke had \$75,000 put to his credit, and walked out of the bank with \$50,000 in pocket money, it was less than five years until he had sold all that belonged to him. He had lived another year he would have died a pauper.

ORIGIN OF THE LIFEBOAT.

The First to Build one was a Man who Knew Nothing About the Sea.

About the year 1784 there lived in Long-acre a coach-builder, Lionel Lukin by name. This honest man, knowing very little of the sea (he was born and had spent his youth at Dunmow, in Essex), but hearing much of the great number of lives lost upon it, by the oversteering and sinking of both sailing and rowing boats, and being something of an inventor, gave up his spare time to the design of a boat which would be, as he called it, 'unimmovable.' The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., not only encouraged his experiments, but offered to pay the expense of them.

So Lukin purchased a Norway yawl, and along the outer frame he added a projecting gun-wale of cork, nine inches amid, ships, and tapering off at bow and stern. Inside the boat he rigged a watertight compartment reaching from the gunwale to the floor. The little vessel was found to float like a cork; so Lukin ballasted it with an iron keel to give it stability. Finally, he fitted up two extra air-chambers—one in the bow, and the other in the stern. The boat was now tried again, and found to be indeed 'unimmovable.'

Lukin took out a patent for his invention on Nov. 2, 1785, and the specification will be found in the third volume of 'Repertory of Arts.' He now had to press it upon the attention of the Admiralty and the Trinity House. With the usual experience, of course. The red tape gentlemen would have nothing to do with it. They had never heard of a scientific attempt to save life at sea, and that was enough for them. In spite of the Prince of Wales's interest, only one lifeboat on Lukin's plan was built, and this by a private gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Shairp, of Bambergh, who sent an ordinary fishing-boat to be altered on Lukin's plan. During the first year of its new career this boat was the means of saving several lives. Lukin retired from business in 1824, and went to live at Hythe, in Kent, where, ten years after, he died. The inscription on his tomb in Hythe Churchyard says that he was the first to build a lifeboat.—The Story of the Sea.

Swiss Watch Schools.

The famous Swiss watch schools are said to be the most exacting industrial institutions in the world. In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least fourteen years of age in order to enter. After being admitted the student is first introduced to a wood turning lathe, and put to work at turning tool and this by exercise lasts for several weeks, according to the beginner's aptitude. This is followed by exercises in filing and shaping screw drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools. He next undertakes to make a large wooden pattern of a watch of about a foot in diameter, and after learning how this same is to be shaped, he receives a ready cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil directing him with the greatest care. The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them. This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the

stem winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand. Later on he learns to make the more complex watches, which will strike the hour, minute, etc., and the other delicate mechanism for which the Swiss are famous.

Breaking it Gently.

Some time ago a troopship was returning from abroad, and among the passengers was an old lady who had a favorite parrot, which she placed under the special care of one of the sailors. On going to attend Polly one morning, the latter was surprised how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favorite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face, and touching his cap, he said:

"I don't think that ere parrot of yours will live long, marm."

"Oh, dear," said the old lady. "Why?"

"Why, 'cos he's dead," was the comforting reply.

His one Little Fault.

A Bostonian of mark has lately distinguished himself greatly, and letters and telegrams of congratulations have been pouring upon him from various parts of the world. These have been the subject of conversation at the breakfast table, and the Bostonian's little daughter has heard of them. The other day she said to her mother, with a pathetic air of concern: "Mamma, do you suppose all those people would think so much of papa if they knew that he sometimes put his elbow on the table."—Boston Transcript.

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