

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1907.

A PERVERSE GENERATION

By Grace Ellery Channing.

(Continued.)
 "Something in that emphasis brought Molly suddenly to her feet.
 "She is paid, mother, and—and she is a necessary expense, too. So are all the other things,—paid, I mean,—and everything is all right. We meant to give you a pleasant surprise, but if you feel this way, we'd better—here!" She drew from her pocket a carefully sealed envelope, tore it open, and laid paper after paper on her mother's plate. "Look! We are saving them for—surprise!" In spite of herself, the indignant young voice broke suddenly.
 "Bills—and receipts!" Mrs. Talbot's thin cheek grew scarlet. "Girls, you have not been keeping accounts!"
 "Mother Talbot!" I should say not! "What do you take us for?" cried three offended voices together; and Molly explained proudly:
 "We earned every cent of it—Louise and I."
 Mrs. Talbot sank back into her chair with a gasp. This tall young creature, flushed and earnest, she no longer recognized as her docile Molly; it was an unknown personality. And to make it worse, a second flushed and young personality rose and stood beside the first, putting an arm about her waist.
 "It's exactly as Molly says," reinforced Louise. "The more we thought of it, the more it seemed a shame to let Anna do it all. And there were those dreadful bills, and those dreadful dishes! And Molly doesn't know how to do a thing but cook, and I can only make things look pretty; so we didn't know what to do. Finally, between the bills and the housework, we got desperate, and made up our minds to do what we could. We advertised that we'd deliver cakes and biscuits, and then Mrs. Arthur's little girl had a birthday party, and I got permission to decorate the table and the room. You never saw anything so pretty, mother! After that we got a lot of orders, and the bell kept ringing till we were afraid you'd notice it and wonder; so we hired a room downtown and a girl to help, and now we have regularly opened a tea-room, and are in business, Molly and I, and making money. I've hung it all in burlap, and decorated it, and we never enjoyed anything half so much, and we don't work half so hard as we did before."
 "It's the difference," Molly broke in quietly upon this breathless statement, "between doing fifty things or one—and getting paid for it."
 And then they fell into a sudden silence, during which each wondered if their mother would ever speak again, and each felt herself a matron.
 "Whether she ever would have spoken, and especially what she would have said, must remain forever unknown to history, for another voice spoke from the back of the room:
 "Well, up I in time."
 Three appealing faces sufficiently answered the doctor, and with a reassuring twinkle at them, he came forward and took Mrs. Talbot's hand.

"Welcome back to life, my dear madam! This is a nice tonic these young scamps have prepared for you, isn't it? Ah, well; we must move with the times, we old folks. The fact is, these plucky daughters of yours have completely captured the town; everybody is admiring them; everybody is saying, too, that it's plain to see where they got their training. After all, what could four women do in one house, anyway? Just get under your heels, as they did before, and next time they might succeed in breaking your neck. It's a shock, of course—that's why these children wanted me to be on hand—but you seem to have gotten ahead of the programme. But, there, with three such blooming evidences of success before you, not to mention any others,—he glanced laughingly at the pile of bills,—there isn't much need of my saying anything."
 Mrs. Talbot was very pale; the girls looked at her in frightened silence, wondering if they had killed her.
 "As you say," she said at last faintly, "it is—a shock. I was not prepared to come back to life only to lose two daughters."
 "You don't, mother," protested Molly between tenderness and impatience. "You will see over so much more of us, and you'll find we are ever so much better worth seeing than when we were all fussing and fretting and scrambling here at home."
 "Possibly," replied Mrs. Talbot, still faintly and rather coldly; "but I—an old-fashioned, I cannot help being glad that I have still one daughter left." She reached out a thin hand to Anna. "At least," she exclaimed sharply, withdrawing it at a sight of Anna's scarlet cheeks and the embarrassed glances of the others, "I suppose Anna is not in the business."
 "The doctor's face was the reddest in the room; he cleared his throat with guilty vigor.
 "Now, my dear madam," he protested energetically, "do you really mean to tell me that, having discovered Anna's light, you would deliberately hide it under a bushel? If there is any one talent that belongs to the whole world, it is the talent of the born nurse. Nobody has a right to deprive the world of it; and you, my dear friend, you, who have just experienced what it means, ought to thank the Lord for your daughter's gift and encourage her to use it as He intended. Encourage! You ought to compel her, if need be, to wound up, with professional enthusiasm."
 Mrs. Talbot's lips were trembling by the time he had finished. She was still weak, and Anna's ministrations came back to her suddenly, with a new poignancy of meaning and remembrance. Slowly she rose, and murmured in a tone which brought Anna to her side with a swift, remorseful tenderness.
 "Mother dear," she said, stroking the thin hand in both hers, "I promise not to leave you until you are quite strong and well."

Mrs. Talbot faintly returned the pressure of those kind young hands. "Right!" said the doctor, walking carelessly. "Of course I'm right; I always am. That's my professional privilege. Anna will enter the training class next January,—you will be abundantly able to spare her then,—and mark my words: you'll live to see her my best surgical nurse yet!"
 Mrs. Talbot smiled again at a trifling smile. But whatever she had in mind to reply died upon her lips as she lifted her eyes. That inexorable law which sets the young against the old, the new generation against the elder, forcing it in the teeth of its own protesting tenderness and at the cost of its own aching sympathies forever forward and onward into untold paths, not always to its own immediate good, but always toward the ultimate advantage of more defiant generations yet to come, was printed legibly on the face of each of her daughters. And the mother read it.

Her eyes grew large with dawning apprehension as she consulted each face in turn, only to receive that inexorable answer. Something stronger than they or she was at work here—something against which it was futile to waste; and it was a measure of the woman's real strength of character that she was able to perceive this. There are mothers who cannot. She loved her head with an involuntary gesture of acceptance.
 "Perhaps—in time," she said with something very like a sob, "I shall get used to the idea of having—three sons—in place of three daughters."
 "You will get used to it in a surprisingly short time—to having three happy, independent, useful girls about you, instead of three irritable, dissatisfied old maids," said the doctor, with blunt conviction. "That's the real difference."
 In her vast isolation, Mrs. Talbot spoke aloud to herself: "But I am nearly helpless, and there is the house."
 "There are also the servants," Molly answered brightly. "You will just reign over them like an absolute Czarina of all the Russias. Don't you see, mother dear, with three sons earning money, we can afford servants? They don't seem to mind dishes; Mary says she likes them. And that isn't all; you can afford to have—to do—ever so many things we never could before. Why, life is just going to begin, mother."
 "And you will just have to make up your mind to begin again with it," the doctor added, looking at Molly. "Don't imagine you can shrink it; Molly and I have our eyes on you already for bookkeeper and general manager. You ought to see our accounts! We are as good as dead at that as we are at housekeeping!"
 The three beaming, coaxing faces drew closer; they formed an irresistible column of attack. And, after all, they were here—her daughters—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. She encountered the doctor's eyes a moment, and surrendered her defenses with much nobility.
 "Well—it was only for him that the smile with which she said it held an extreme pathos—"I am glad if there is a place in your world for me; for it is plain you have hopelessly outgrown mine."
 Her surrender was promptly ratified—by bodily captivity. Out of that circle of waving arms and joyous heads it was the voice of "our youngest," privileged in her capacity of personal attendant, which concluded the matter softly and feminine-wise between two kinsmen:
 "Not our world, dearest—the world. That's the difference, don't you see?"
 And Mrs. Talbot tried.
 It is all that anybody can, and counts (God knows it ought to) for righteousness.

WOMAN SELLS CHILD FOR ONE DOLLAR CASH

Strange Bargain Made in the Public House of an English Village.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—In the village of Rainford, about four miles from St. Helena, a child was recently bought by a collier named Thompson, working at the coal colliery, for £1. The circumstances were as follows:
 Thompson was in a public house in the village when a woman with a child, accompanied by two men, came in.
 In the course of conversation the woman remarked that she wished some one would take the child. Thompson offered her 75 cents, and the money was promptly paid over and the child given to Thompson.
 He proceeded to his home, but when he asked his wife to sign a paper agreeing to take over the child, she refused, and the woman was thereupon given her child and told to depart. She did so, but when Thompson saw the child disappear he darted out of the back door and gave the woman another 25 cents, and she parted with the child finally to Thompson.
 The men and women then left the neighborhood, and nothing has been heard of them since. Thompson still has the child, who is a little girl, with curly golden hair and about two years of age, and she is being better looked after by Thompson's wife and mother than by the callous woman who sold her. Efforts are now being made to get the child into a home, as Thompson's mother states that they are unable to keep it.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS FOR A SCOW OF MUD

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—A loaded mud scow which was being towed to sea by tug was backed, capsized off the Graves water, throwing one man on board into the water. In picking him up the towing line became entangled in the tug's propeller, rendering her helpless. In this condition the revenue cutter Gresham overtook them, and started to tow the tug and scow off the harbor, when the scow's towline parted and she drifted seaward. The scow was brought up to the upper harbor and the crew were sent in search of the scow, which, if found, will be towed out of the track of shipping.

TWO TRAMPS ENJOY NIGHT OF LUXURY

Break into House Whose Inmates Had Gone on Visit
 Appropriate Suits of Clothing and Money, and Go on Way to Spend It Freely.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—From the secluded Hampshire village of Idsworth comes an amusing story of the escapade of two tramps.
 At Hiberden's Farm, Idsworth, live G. A. Brown and his sister. Last Saturday they closed up their house, and went away for a week-end. Soon after the rightful occupants of the farmhouse had departed there came upon the scene two tramps, who found the house empty and well provisioned, settled down for a comfortable week-end.
 They first of all raided the larder and made a hearty meal. Then they went to bed, each selecting a comfortable room. Next morning the tramps rose, bathed, and shaved themselves. Then they dressed, choosing two of Mr. Brown's most stylish suits, hanging up their own tattered garments in the place of those appropriated.
 The next proceeding was to ransack the house, from top to bottom. They took over \$40 in money, and clearing up all that was eatable and drinkable, the two self-invited guests left the farmhouse and started "on the road" again. Being smartly dressed and well supplied with money, they were looked upon at the public houses they called at as two well-to-do men, the more so as they invited every one to drink with them.
 On arriving in Petersfield the couple went to an inn, where they represented themselves to be sword and watch swallower, who had been performing at Portsmouth. By way of substantiating this one of them swallowed a woman's watch, which he had stolen from the farmhouse, and also a watch lent to him by one of the company.
 Upon returning home on the Sunday night Mr. Brown found that his house had been broken into. He at once gave information to the police, who instituted a search, which resulted in the two tramps who were still wearing the borrowed plumage and passing as well-to-do gentlemen, being arrested at Aldershot. Both men are now under remand in the police cells at Petersfield.

EX-CONVICT WANTED TO BE HONEST

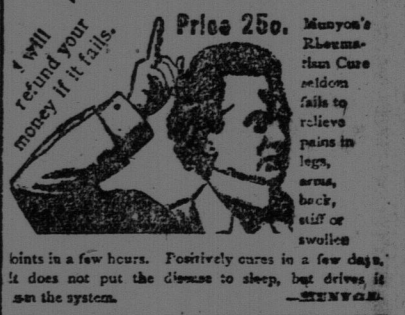
LONDON, Jan. 9.—The following advertisement appears in express today: Wanted by ex-convict, some work to enable him to live honest life; first offense, Box 734, Daily Express Office, 23 St. Bride street, E. C.

STOPPED DRINKING TO GET \$1,000,000

Eugene Anderson to Receive Legacy Having Given Up Liquor
 His Share of His Father's and Sister's Estate Has Been in the Hands of His Brother as Trustee.

AMITYVILLE, L. I., Jan. 8.—For thirteen years a patient in the Bushwick Home, Eugene Anderson has come into a fortune estimated to be more than a million dollars, which is to be divided between himself and one brother, James M. Anderson. Eugene Anderson, who is about forty years old, resides in Katonah, N. Y. Had it not been for his love for liquor he would have come into his own some time ago.
 Failure to exercise sufficient will power, however, stood in the path to his fortune, as trustees of the estate refused to deliver the money to him. A long period of total abstinence won for him the much longed for fortune. As soon as the formalities regarding his fortune are completed, Anderson will go South, where he will reside.
 When James M. Anderson, of West Second street, Mount Vernon, brother of Eugene Anderson, of Bushwick Home, Amityville, L. I., who is about to inherit a million dollars and at the same time gain his freedom, after fifteen years of confinement, was seen at his home tonight in relation to his brother's affairs he was reticent about giving out the family secrets.
 "It is true," said Mr. Anderson; "as trustee of my brother's estate I have made application to the Supreme Court to have him released from the Bushwick Home and to restore to him that portion of his father and sister's estate that he is entitled to. My father died in 1835, and my sister, Mrs. Lizzie A. Benedict, died at Mount Kisco, Westchester county, in March or April, 1891. I believe it was the same year my sister died that my brother Eugene was committed from White Plains to the police hospital, where he has remained ever since.
 "Since his confinement he has led a simple and sober life. It is not true that he has only abstained for the last sixteen months. He is now a man about fifty and a bachelor. His mind and health are perfect, and when I told him the other day that I was about to apply for his release he was joyful. My application for his release has already been made, but I refrain from mentioning the name of the Supreme Court Justice before whom it is pending.
 "I am of the opinion that his freedom is but a few days off. My brother intends to make a tour of the world when released. His property is worth \$1,000,000."

RHEUMATISM



Price 25c. Many a Rheumatic Case seldom fails to relieve pain in legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints in a few hours. Positively cures in a few days. It does not put the disease to sleep, but drives it out the system.

"INFANT" SKIPPED

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 9.—Mr. Johnsen, captain of the steamship "Valdemar," a Danish company's vessel, which trades between Parkenton Quay and Esbjerg, claims to be the "infant" skipper of the North Sea, because he was born on February 29, 1848, and therefore has had only thirteen birthdays.

BANANAS GROWN IN IRELAND

DUBLIN, Jan. 9.—Bananas grown in the Duke of Manchester's gardens at Killybegs, County Galway, were on sale in Dublin Fruit Market on Saturday. They are fully equal in size to the Jamaica fruit.

CONSTIPATION AND SCOUR STOMACH

Are Quickly and Surely CURED WITH

HERNER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

Pleasant to take, and being put up in Liquid Form it acts more quickly than tablets. Has cured hundreds of others, will cure you.

HERNER'S Is not simply a remedy but a CURE

DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT CO., LTD

Price 35c, \$1.00

Supply the Clothing Wants of Yourself and Boys at This Great Stock Reduction Sale and Save Big Money

Prices Are 1-4 to 1-3 Less Than Regular

Even at first glance this is a big opportunity, but there's more behind it than appears on the surface. In order to fully realize what a really Great Chance this is, you must remember that 1-4 to 1-3 off our regular prices is the same as 1-2 off other prices, because our prices are unquestionably 1-4 to 1-3 less than other stores. This is because when you buy Oak Hall Clothes you buy direct from the maker and save the middleman's profit. At all other stores you must pay the middleman's profit—hence the difference between our prices and theirs. During this sale you may expect to clothe two boys or two men for the same money usually paid for one.

Men's Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers.

Regular \$6 00 Overcoats Reduced to	\$3 85
Regular 8 00 Overcoats Reduced to	5 90
Regular 10 00 Overcoats Reduced to	6 85
Regular 12 00 Overcoats Reduced to	8 75
Regular 15 00 Overcoats Reduced to	10 00
Regular 8 00 Ulsters Reduced to	5 75
Regular 3 75 Reefers Reduced to	2 85

Men's Suits

Men's \$ 6 00 Tweed Suits Reduced to	\$4 50
Men's 8 00 Tweed Suits Reduced to	5 75
Men's 15 00 Tweed Suits Reduced to	10 69
Men's 28 00 Tweed Suits Reduced to	12 69
Men's 20 00 Tweed Suits Reduced to	13 50
Men's 10 00 Serge Suits Reduced to	6 85
Men's 12 00 Cheviot Suits Reduced to	8 75
Men's 15 00 Cheviot Suits Reduced to	12 00

Reduction Sale Prices On Men's Furnishings

Sharp reductions throughout the entire Men's Furnishings Section. We'll let the prices talk.

Underwear	
Piece Line Underwear, regular price 60c. per garment	SALE PRICE 37c.
Heavy Ribbed All Wool Underwear, regular price \$1 per garment	SALE PRICE 59c.
Lamb's Wool Underwear, regular price 65c.	SALE PRICE 37c.
Pure Scotch Wool Underwear, regular price \$1.65	SALE PRICE \$1.13
Top Shirts	
Men's Top Shirts in knit and flannel, regular price 60c.	SALE PRICE 38c.
Regular price 85c.	SALE PRICE 59c.
Regular price 95c.	SALE PRICE 69c.
Cardigan Jackets	
Regular price \$1.25	SALE PRICE 79c.
Regular price \$2.00	SALE PRICE \$1.29
Regular price \$3.00	SALE PRICE \$1.98
Sweaters	
60c. for the 85c. kind; 75c. for the \$1.25 kind; \$1.19 for the \$1.50 kind	
Hosiery	
Heavy Ribbed All Wool Socks, regular price 25c.	SALE PRICE 16c.
Heavy Ribbed All Wool Socks, regular price 30c.	SALE PRICE 19c.
Black Worsted Socks, regular price 40c.	SALE PRICE 27c.
Mitts	
Heavy Wool Knit Mitts 19c. for the 30c. kind; 27c. for the 40c. kind. Bronko and Horseshoe Mitts, lined, 60c. kind for 37c., 85c. kind for 59c.	
Suspenders	
30c. kind for 19c.; 50c. kind for 29c.; 75c. kind for 37c.	
Neckwear	
30c. kind for 19c.; 50c. kind for 29c.; 75c. kind for 37c.	
Umbrellas	
Self-Opener Umbrellas, regular price \$1.25	SALE PRICE 79c.

Boys' Sailor Suits

Ages 3 to 10 years.

Regular \$1 25 Sailor Suits Reduced to	98c.
Regular 2 30 Sailor Suits Reduced to	\$1 80
Regular 4 50 Sailor Suits Reduced to	3 55

Boys' Norfolk Suits

Ages 6 to 15 years.

Regular \$2 50 Norfolk Suits Reduced to	\$1 89
Regular 3 50 Norfolk Suits Reduced to	2 75
Regular 4 50 Norfolk Suits Reduced to	3 55

Boys' Three Piece Suits

Ages 12 to 17 years.

Regular \$3 50 Three Piece Suits Reduced to	\$2 65
Regular 4 50 Three Piece Suits Reduced to	3 55
Regular 6 75 Three Piece Suits Reduced to	5 40

Boys' Reefers and Overcoats

Regular \$2 50 Reefers Reduced to	\$1 90
Regular 3 50 Reefers Reduced to	4 25
Regular 3 75 Overcoats Reduced to	2 95
Regular 15 00 Overcoats Reduced to	11 00

Special Offering in Blanket Coats

Our Boys' Pure All Wool Blanket Coats at \$4 50 Regular are the equal of any \$5 00 Blanket Coat in St. John. During this sale we have marked them at \$4 00 to clear and will give free with every sale a Wool Sock—consisting of Toque, Sash and Mitts.

You can make no investment that will pay such a handsome dividend as to buy Clothing and Furnishings during this Great Stock Reduction Sale. It's a Glorious Opportunity. Remember, sale commences Saturday, January 12th, and remember, also, that it will positively end Saturday, January 19th.

OAK HALL - - KING STREET COR. GERMAIN - - SCOVIL BROTHERS, LTD., St. John, N. B.