MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

TRICKSY WOMEN WHO VOTED WITH MORE ZEAL THAN DISCRETION.

Society Religion at the Hub—Frigid Weather for Capitalists—Some Theatrical Gossip—News of the Day.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BOSTON, Dec. 26.

Stories have gone abroad of large-sized frauds in the recent municipal election in Boston. There is a chance that new balloting for aldermen may be ordered in several wards, and some newspapers have spoken as though there were a chance that the election of mayor might have to be done over. This supposition is ridiculous. The frauds, which consisted of the voting by some women of the whole municipal ticket instead of that for school committee only, were probably confined to the ignorant districts of the city, and doubtless helped one party about as much as another, though in O'Brien's favor was the fact that the Democratic ticket for men and women were alike in appearance. It was easy to carry out the fraud, for all the ballots went in the same box, the election officers had no right to look at the face of the ballot, and the only way they could tell what ticket a woman was voting was by the line printed across the back of the ballot: "For school committee only."

The wardens were kept so busy in attending to the unusual rush of voters that, even if they meant to do their duty, they might easily fail to notice what kind of a ballot was going in the box. And there is no doubt that in some precincts the wardens were grossly incompetent. No doubt some of the women voted the wrong ticket through ignorance, but there is little doubt that some of the poll-workers had prepared beforehand to stuff the ballot box in this way, and that they had instructed some of the women how to play their part.

The professional Woman Suffragists have brought themselves into disfavor throughout this whole business. Not only did they jeopardize the entire women's movement by their bolt, but it now appears that the signature of Alice Stone Blackwell was forged in the circular in which the Suffragists appealed to the other women to follow their leadership.

One well-known Woman Suffragist now openly admits that she voted for mayor, saying: "Why shouldn't I? What right has any legislature to say that women shall not have the right to vote for all officers as well as men? I know the men have the power to enforce the brutal savage distinction against women, but power and right are two different things, and I believe that whenever we get a chance to outwit the law that reduces our sex to the level of paupers or slaves, it is not only our right but our duty to do it. So I voted the straight ticket from mayor down, and I know at least a hundred Woman Suffragists among my acquaintances who did the same."

This last statement should be salted to taste.

* * *

Talking about women, there is one charity in Boston which is unique in that it has no board of managers with monthly meetings, a secretary, and a book of minutes. Dispensing with these formidable adjuncts, the free home for aged women on Common street has existed for ten years with only a "house mother" to manage things. The home accommodates twelve old ladies, and is always full. One of the inmates to-day was once a missionary, and is now a "cheerful saint." One is over 90 years of age and all are past three score and ten.

* * *

One of the curious things about society religion undergoes illustration at this period. High church doctrines are fashionable here, and the ostensible observance of Lent as a period of abstention from gayety is quite common, but the season of Advent is considered by the ritualistic branch of the Episcopal church to be a lesser Lent, and much the same deprivations and fasting are required during the December weeks before Christmas as at the greater penitential season. Yet there is no pretence of respecting Advent; balls and parties have been in full swing for weeks, and conspicuous pillars of the high church do as the other Bostonians do. They won't catch up with the church calendar before spring.

* * *

Boston may have an Episcopal cathedral as soon as New York. Ardent members of the denomination talk of raising a fund by subscriptions throughout the state. With this they would buy the property of St. Paul's church on Tremont street in the neighborhood of the Common, and put up a new building there. Bishop Paddock, it is thought, will endorse this plan when he returns from Europe. The St. Paul's society intends to follow the example of many other churches and move into the Back Bay.

* * *

It wouldn't be odd if Boston's capitalists were not remarkably hilarious at this holiday season. The shrinkage in value of the chief railroad and other stocks mainly held in Boston has been $106,000,000, or over 50 per cent. in the last eighteen months. This is a pretty cold icicle for the Christmas stocking.

This shrinkage doesn't mean ruin for the investors. Most of them bought when the stocks were begging for purchasers. Though Atchison has tumbled about sixty points it is still a satisfying property to those who bought it at about half its present value. People who bought Eastern at $3 a share are not utterly ruined by the shrinkage which has sent it down to 80 or so, a depreciation of $3,000,000. People who got in on the ground floor of Bell Telephone may survive its drop to about 200.

Those who are lucky enough to hold copper stocks have a special consolation in the fact that these are booming tremendously. Calumet and Hecla, for instance, is valued at $10,000,000 higher than it was a year and a half ago.

* * *

It is a sad but real fact that Bronson Howard's play "Shenandoah" has been a failure at the Museum, though few plays have been better presented there. The fact is it is a good war story but a poor play, and the public have so decided. Those who are deeply moved with the pathos which the war scenes recall do not easily understand how dull the play is to unimaginative people. But the latter are the majority, and their dissatisfaction killed the play. The next play at the Museum is to be "Sweet Lavender" which has had long runs in London and New York.

Arthur Falkland Buchanan has been playing Mr. Pitt's part in "Shenandoah" for a day or two while the Museum's stage manager was visiting New York. It is said that Mr. Buchanan's waltz, "Maida," written in honor of his wife, will be played on the first night of "Sweet Lavender."

* * *

Mary Anderson is here this week, and every one feels bound to see her famous dance in "The Winter's Tale."

It is possible that Mary Anderson will not be seen in America next season. It is said that Manager Abbey desires to arrange for an Anderson season of twenty weeks for New York next year, and if he cannot make such an arrangement, will take his star to other countries. Her success in New York has been phenomenal, and Mr. Abbey proposes to make the best of it another season if possible.

* * *

Mary Anderson's sister is beginning to enjoy some of the reflex glory of the young tragedienne. The sister, according to a great many observers, is even prettier than Mary herself, and she is certainly younger and plumper. She is constantly to be seen about the theater, though her manner is very unobtrusive and retiring. When she attends a performance of "A Winter's Tale," she is usually the most soberly and dimly attired young woman in the audience, not that there is any reason for so doing, for the wealth of Miss Anderson's family at this time is very great. They have always been a retiring and modest sort of people, and the characteristic seems to strengthen as the family increases in prosperity.

* * *

Did you ever shave a woman? was the queer question put to an up-town barber by a customer who was being shaved. "Many a time," said the barber, who went on to tell of his experience in that line of business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a moustache, and others who have something like a chin beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I shaved the upper lip of a lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go to a party. She keeps down the growth of hair by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion. Some of them who are troubled as she is pull out the hairs a few at a time, till they get rid of the whole growth, and there is now an electrical way of removing them without pain from any part of the face, but I know of ladies who get barbers to shave them at times, and others who can shave themselves just like men. I tell you there are more kinds of folks in this barbarous world than some people know of."

* * *

A favorite choice with Boston invalids for escaping winter is to take a trip to the balmy Azores islands. A line of sailing barks runs there from this port, and on the winter trips there are always a number of passengers fleeing from the cold. The climate of the islands is said to be delightfully even, and eating oranges is the prevailing pastime.

* * *

A Unitarian minister in a recent sermon made some remarkable remarks upon the Apostle Paul. He said that if Paul were alive to-day he would probably be accepted as the kind of man out of whom an average mayor might be made.

The minister didn't explain whether he meant to be severe on Paul or to flatter Mayor O'Brien.

* * *

The unfortunate suburbanite who lives so far from the steam cars that he has to ride into town by street car devotes about an hour of each day to mentally abusing the economy that prevents a street car company from making its long route cars something besides portable refrigerators. The cars have been newly painted and have some very handsome signs, but inside they are just as cold as they were when first introduced in this city, nearly forty years ago. It does seem that in forty years some means of heating a car might have been found that would make car riding in the winter less of a misery that it has always been. The West End railway requires a good deal of horse flesh. Recently $300,000 worth of horseflesh was bought for use during the winter. Evidently the company regards electric railroading as still an experiment.

* * *

A Christmas eve gathering such as few have ever seen or heard of occurred in the Seamen's chapel Monday night. Despite the common saying that season on shore are a drunken, lawless set of wretches, careless of the ordinary amenities of life, here were over 250 veterans of the winds and waves celebrating the great festival and acting anew the scenes of their childhood. Instead of a Christmas tree they surrounded a full-rigged ship, from whose rigging hung useful presents for every tar. All these sailors were strangers in this port, and most of them were foreign-born, speaking many different tongues. They were a quiet and well-behaved. They were the guests of the chaplain, Capt. Nickerson, who carries on this mission. The mariners often prove eager disciples, and the Sunday prayer meetings are often attended by over 200 of them.

* * *

The hotel business here is a bonanza. It is asserted that Young's hotel yielded about $130,000 net profits the last year, that Parker's was not far behind and that the Adams house netted $80,000.

Rev. W. F. Davis, the stalwart home missionary who was imprisoned for a year for preaching on Boston Common, is putting in a winter of hard missionary work in those Wisconsin lumber camps whose outlawry and depravity have become so notorious. Mr. Davis has previously labored for the evangelization of this region. He sometimes tramps through the woods from twelve to twenty miles a day in the course of his duties.

The running track in the Boston Athletic club's new building is considered the best in this section of the country. It cost $1000.

There is hardly a place in the service of the city of Boston, even the laborers', that can be entered save after passing the civil service examinations prescribed by the state. Only the department heads are exempt from these examinations.

A canvass of the chosen legislators is said to show that the prohibitory amendment has no chance this year.

Rev. Jo Cook is expected to pitch into the parochial schools in his February lectures.

Architects who think their art is something higher than a trade are disgusted because the commission in charge of the enlargement of the state house advertises for competitive plans. "Think of a bank advertising for the cheapest cashier or a merchant advertising for the cheapest lawyer to take care of his lawsuits" is their indignant comment.

New Yorkers think it unlikely that Theodore Thomas will consent to succeed Mr. Gericke as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Thomas can make more money in New York. The Boston people are trying to get another German musician to come over.

* * *

The leading "public school" newspaper of the city, The Transcript, makes the following interesting comment:

"We have it upon excellent authority that several Boston priests who have been prominent among the propagators of parochial education have expressed themselves in favor of public inspection, on the ground that the official recognition which such inspection would give them, and the improvement which would be forced by it upon the parochial schools, would raise the church establishments to a level so near that of the public schools that the Church schools could more successfully compete with the public schools. The Catholic fathers have no fault to find with the public schools, except that the religious atmosphere is wanting. The relative superiority of the public over the parochial schools is the one thing that troubles them. This disparity removed, either by lowering the standard of the one or raising that of the other, parochialism would have the greatest obstacle removed from its path."

CHARLES CALVIN.

Freddy's Wrath.

Freddy—Cholly, I was the angwiest man this mawning you evah saw. I took a little "want" to the newspapah office last night, stating that I desired a situation—some light, pwofitable job, you know—and I found it this mawning undeh the head of "Flats to Let."

Cholly—What did you do, chappie?

Freddy—I went and told the editah I thought it was a gwievous insult. I said it weal loud, too, Cholly. I told him he'd bettah get a new foahman.

Cholly—And what did he say?

Freddy—What did he say, Cholly? Bah Jove! He, he said he guessed he'd waise the foahman's wages.—Chicago Tribune.

Hadn't Met Robert.

"What do you think of 'Robert Elsmere,' Mrs. Parvenu? That's the particular craze just now;" and Mrs. Alington looked sweetly dangerous as she asked the question.

"Well, really, my dear, I haven't met him yet, though I've heard so much about him. You know that until Mr. Parvenu settles with his creditors and gets back from Canada, I am excluding myself from society, and am meeting absolutely nobody."—Detroit Journal.

Depths of Infinitude.

Mrs. W.—What are you doing, dear?
Mr. W.—Sitting on the infinite.
Mrs. W.—You must stop it. You'll go crazy if you keep your mind fixed on your d—t.—Life.

Lew Wallace and James Whitcomb Riley were the native authors principally read in the 9,000 public schools of Indiana when the birthday of the state was commemorated the other day.

When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and improvished, there can be no health. With these conditions all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

CAPT. ISAAC BASSETT.

NEARLY THREE SCORE YEARS IN THE EMPLOY OF THE SENATE.

Recollections of a Man Who Has Been Among the Statesmen for, Lo! These Many Years—Stories of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, Johnson and Others.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—This holiday month brings to a remarkable man two remarkable anniversaries. Two weeks ago Capt. Isaac Bassett completed the fifty-seventh year of his service in the United States senate, and now he celebrates his golden wedding. This extraordinary career, which bids fair to run on a decade or two yet, is all the more notable from the fact that in all these fifty-seven years Mr. Bassett has been absent from his post in the senate chamber but twenty days. Capt. Bassett is the one living link between the great senators of the past and the senators of the present era. He dates back not only to Douglas, Sumner, Toombs, Chase and Fessenden, but to Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Thomas H. Benton. Indeed, it was Webster who secured his appointment as a senate page. That was in December, 1881. Capt. Bassett has been in the employ of the senate continuously from that day to this.

Capt. Bassett is the tall, handsome, grizzled old man with the flowing gray locks and patriarchal beard who sits at the left of the president of the senate, on a floor a little lower than that occupied by the presiding officer, with his eye on the pages, and with the senate chamber and all its ceremonials and arrangements under his immediate charge. It is he who has borne the senatorial mace before more than a dozen presidents-elects as they marched down the center aisles on inauguration day. It is he who has presided over all the solemn ceremonials at the state funerals in the senate chamber for 30 years. It is he who often at the closing moment of a session of congress climbs up and turns back the hands of the big senate clock that a few precious moments may be stolen in which to confirm a nomination coming post haste from the hands of the president of the United States, or to save a measure of importance which needs but the concurrence of the senate to give it life.

* * *

Capt. Bassett carries in his breast a greater number of secrets concerning the habits and personal relations of public men than any other person now living, and though he is not disposed to give many of these secrets to the public he is a most entertaining talker and charming host when I called on him at his home a few blocks distant from the Capitol.

"Yes," said the patriarch, "I have been employed in the senate fifty-seven years, but I have really been there longer than that. In 1839, when I was only 10 years old, my father had charge of the senate chamber, the old senate hall now occupied by the supreme court. I used to play about the senate hall, and several of the senators took a liking to me. Among them was Daniel Webster. The very morning of his great speech in reply to Hayne he took we on his knee and fondled me. He said to me pleasantly: 'Isaac, I am going to make a speech today, and when I get through I want you to come and tell me how you liked it.' I remember that debate very well. Such a scene I have never since witnessed in the senate. The chamber was so full it would have been impossible to crowd another man or woman into it. I say woman because in those days the ladies of the senators were admitted to the floor, chairs being placed for them between the desks. On this day they were crowded in so thick that in passing even in front of some of the ladies I stepped on the toe of a senator's wife and hurt her corn so that she cried aloud in pain. All the people in that part of hall looked around at her and at me, and you may imagine how sorry I was, and what an impression the incident made on my mind. I must have hurt the poor woman dreadfully, for whenever I went near her during the day she looked at me reproachfully, and there was an expression of pain on her face; but she would not leave the hall while Mr. Webster was speaking, nor did any one else. Of course I was not old enough to be a judge of oratory, but it seems to me I have never heard such speaking since.

"I was in the senate all that winter, and the next December Mr. Webster took me with him to one day and asked me how I would like to be a page. That was about the happiest moment of my life, but I remember that I made a great effort not to let my father appear too eager. At that time there was but one page in the senate, and Mr. Webster had some difficulty in convincing the other senators that another one was needed. He told them a page was needed on each side of the hall, one for the Whig senators and one for the Democrats, and finally carried his point. The pay of a page was then $1.50 a day, and some of the senators thought it a little extravagant to hire another, but finally yielded. Now we have sixteen pages at $2.50 a day, besides the private secretaries for each senator."

* * *

"Then you are not so very old, after all?"

"No, I am not as old as I look. That is on account of my gray hair. I am only 63, and expect to stay in the senate at least ten or a dozen years yet, unless they turn me out. I don't believe they will if I behave myself, and I am now too old to learn any new tricks. My hair has been gray a good many years, and I blame Mr. Webster for that. One evening about dark, while I was still a page, he called me to him in the senate and told me to get a carriage for him. I went out and looked all around for a carriage, but there was not one in sight. There were not so many carriages in Washington then as there are now. I went down to Pennsylvania avenue, but not a carriage could I see. So I went back and said: 'Mr. Webster, I can't find a carriage anywhere.' He raised his two arms high in the air, looked at me in an awful way, took hold of my shoulders and gave me a shove which nearly sent me off my feet. 'Go and get me a carriage,' he thundered, 'and don't show your face to me again unless you have one, even if you have to go to Georgetown for it.' I ran away, crying, as fast as my little legs could carry me. I was never so frightened in my life, and have always believed that fright hastened the turning of my hair.

* * *

"How do the senators of the present compare with the great men who were here when you were a boy?"

"Well, it is not right for me to make comparisons. I make it a rule never to say anything about senators. But I can say that there has been a change in the manners of our public men. They used to be more dignified and courtly than they are now. Perhaps we had greater senators in those days—it seems so to me—but we have two or three now who would compare favorably with the best of them. I think Senators Sherman and Edmunds are more like the old time senators. Mr. Calhoun was like Webster, in that he was sometimes very cross and at other times very affectionate. Andrew Johnson was one of the most uniformly kind and considerate men we ever had in the senate. So was Mr. Conkling, notwithstanding his general reputation for austerity. I never saw Mr. Conkling anything but polite and courteous to everybody, and his was particularly so in his demeanor toward the employes of the senate. In my book of reminiscences I mean to do justice to Mr. Conkling. Mr. Toombs was another senator I used to be a little afraid of, though, of course, I was a man grown when he came to the senate. I think the most sensational incident I ever saw in the senate was when at the outbreak of the civil war Mr. Toombs flung his arms wildly about him, cried out at the top of his voice, 'Good-by, senators, good-by. I go, never to return,' and strode out of the hall. And he didn't come back neither, though he could if he had wanted to.

CAPT. BASSETT AT HIS POST.

Mr. Douglas was still another man who used to be rather cross. The trouble with Mr. Webster and Mr. Douglas was they visited the Hole in the Wall too often."

"Tell me about that hole in the wall."

"Well, it was one of the famous institutions of our early days. I'll give you a full history of it—something that has never been told in print. It had its origin in ham and bread. One of the senators suggested to John Beall, who was sergeant-at-arms away back in the thirties, that it would be a good thing to have a little luncheon set near by the hall, where hungry senators could run out and get a bite to eat. So Beall's wife boiled hams and made bread and Beall brought them down and set them up in a little circular room just north of the rotunda and on the east side of the corridor. Soon he added pickles, nuts, salads and such little delicacies, and the place became very popular. Then somebody suggested to Beall that there ought to be a bottle of whisky there, and after the whisky had been procured there came a demand for gin, rum, brandy, wine and all sorts of things. In a little while the place became a regular saloon. There was no bar, of course, not even a sideboard, the bottles and demijohns being set in rows on the shelves. For a long time the senators used to go in there and help themselves to whatever they wanted, and the expense was run in under the contingent account as horse hire or something like that. After a time the stock got so large and popular that it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen senators and their friends in there drinking and having good times. The little room, not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and taking its name from the fact that it was simply a hole in the wall, lighted by only one window, was often badly crowded and a good deal of confusion resulted in the arrangement of the stock, so that the senator who had a favorite brand of liquor had much trouble in finding it. This it became necessary to put a man in charge, and after a time the expense became so great that it was not easy to work it off in the contingent account. Then the senators were required to pay for what they got, and after this was done the popularity of the 'Hole in the Wall' fell off very rapidly. But it was kept up till some years after the senate moved into its present chamber in 1859. It is a good thing, I'm thinking, that the walls of that dark little room are dumb!"

Hero Capt. Bassett drew from his pocket a gold snuffbox, which the senators presented him on the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as a page.

"I learned snuffing," he said, "from Henry Clay. In handling the snuff box for him I fell into the habit of taking a pinch now and then, and have never quit. Mr. Clay was an inveterate snuff taker. Dozens of times a day he used to motion to me to get the snuff box which we then kept on a little stand near the vice president's desk. More than once did he stop in the midst of a speech and beckon to me for the box, not continuing till he had taken a good pinch in the leisurely way. I have seen him pause in a speech, walk down the aisle, which, perhaps, was so crowded that ladies would have to get up to let him pass, go to the little stand, get his pinch of snuff, and then return to his seat before resuming his speech. One day I asked him:

"'Mr. Clay, why don't you bring your own snuff box?'

"'I'll tell you why,' he replied. 'If I were to bring my box here I'd have it on the desk in front of me all the time, and being thus tempted I'd take too much snuff. Now I can't get it without troubling you boys, and, as I don't like to do that, you see I use it in moderation.'

* * *

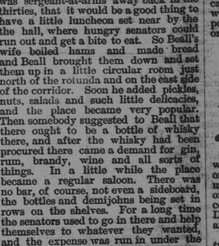
"And your book of reminiscences?"

"I am working at that now. I have a big box full of memoranda, and a writer is helping me put this mass of material into shape. I had originally intended bringing out my book at the end of fifty years' service, but now I intend waiting three years and making it an even three score years in the United States senate."

That will surely be a book worth reading.

WALTER WELLMAN.

Christmas in a Restaurant.



Mr. Wayback (spending his Christmas in town)—Waiter, for gracious sake bring me something to break up this turkey with.

Waiter—We'll yer have, dynamite or an ax?

The Next Best Thing.

"I can't lend you the money, old fellow, but I'll do the next best thing."

"What's that?

"Why, I will circulate the report that you have won $10,000 on this election, and that will give you big credit."—Philadelphia Press.

A Hardship.

Minister—You don't look at all well this morning, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—No, sah, I'se feelin' de want ob sleep; we's gwine ter hab chicken today fer dinner; 'twas nigh on ter 2 o'clock dat dem chickens was delibered.—The Epoch.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

SOME CHEAP PRESENTS.

OLIVE HARPER TELLS OF DAINTY CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A Very Pretty Arrangement Can Be Made with an Old Worn-out Hat and a Tomato Can—Decoration for the Back of Pianos. Fashion Notes.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—I have just made a discovery, and one which I am sure will please my sister women, as it is one which will show them how to make some lovely Christmas presents out of their old discarded straw hats, and which are certainly very lovely. The coarser and commoner and older the hats the prettier is the final result. One of these when finished would be a suitable present for any friend from whom you might expect a diamond bracelet in return. The way to make them is, first take the old hat and rip off all the old trimming and then buy four dollars' worth of worsteds and colored silks, which you sew all over the hat until it is one mass of composite coloring in any pattern that best pleases you. The crown and outside of the brim is decorated as well as the inside. A handsome cord is then fastened so as to balance the hat when it is hung up. Another economy is also to be made by the use of an empty tomato can, which is set inside the crown. The cans can be found in any ash barrel, while a dish large enough for the purpose could not be bought for less than 10 or 15 cents. This can is then to be filled

ECONOMICAL PRESENTS.

with water and cut flowers, or if a lady is handy she can make artificial flowers out of paper, and they do not cost so much money and last longer. Dried grasses are very pretty to use among the flowers.

The other old hat is set upon a little tripod of bamboo filled with flowers and has the addition of two bows of rich ribbon. The bamboo legs can be painted with liquid gold paint and the ribbon should be pale blue or pink or scarlet. It is true that the mounting of this hat for a flower stand is rather a costly matter, but the fact stands that the hat never cost more than six bits when new and isn't worth anything now, and that without that it would not be possible to make the jardiniere; so, of course, it is cheap if not altogether necessary.

* * *

But there is a thing which ought to be found in every well regulated family, and no family making claim to respectability can afford to exist without it. It fills a "long felt want" and is a crying need, and so, of course, I present it, saying that it is for a drapery to hang on the back of the piano. The front already being provided for by the manufacturers, and the top with a plush covering to deaden the sound, the back has heretofore been left to a bare and naked neglect by the decorator, who has painted, bedecked, bespangled and cross stitched and Kensingtoned everything else in the house from the attic to the ash barrel. But now, there being no other places to decorate with buzzards or sand hill cranes, the back of the piano must be dressed up, and for those who wish to direct their missionary efforts in that line I present the piano back drapery.

I doesn't matter that no one will see it.

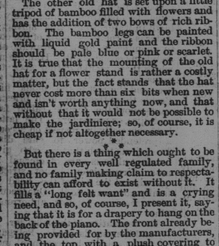
There can be an indefinite amount of labor and stitches lavished upon this, or it can be made quite simply. The picture of the pilgrim father standing on a chunk of sand and watching out for a multiny can be painted, embroidered, or can, if desired, be bought ready done. The drapery is to be of plush, the right half being sewn with spangles and the other having a band of Persian embroidery, and all finished with worsted ball fringe and a heavy cord. This idea could also be utilized to cover the front of a fireplace, and to the impartial observer would seem to have more "reason for being" than it has now. Still there are women who must decorate or die.

I knew one who gilded the wires and sewed velvet on the family mouse trap. She afterward put plush around the rolling pin and painted a beautiful sheaf of wheat on it and tied it with a gorgeous yellow bow, and then was astonished to find that the cook wouldn't use it to roll pie crust with, and thought it showed a reprehensible lack of artistic taste.

* * *

I saw a very pretty stand for a plant made out of four willow furniture beaters tied together with cords finished with worsted balls. The handles were tied together in such a way as made four feet. Inside the top a large pot was set, and in this a plant. The whole cost about $4, but was extremely handsome and would have cost $10 at a store.

I have given these hints above to assist ladies to get up some handsome and most practical as well as useful presents, and now I must do my duty in the way of keeping them fully



LATEST IN HAIR DRESSING.

up to the times in the styles which make them prettier than their neighbors who don't read these letters. The winter mode of dressing the hair has changed greatly from that for the summer and is fast approaching the old, old fashion of knots and twists.

To achieve the results in the upper two heads of the illustration of hair dressing, the lady must either have a very thick head of hair herself or wear a switch at least twenty inches long. In the back it is twisted over and brought up to the top of the head and then turned over and under the hand and fastened tightly and finally held upright by a comb with very long teeth.

For the other two styles the hair is divided and rolled into two very loose twists, and these are tied at short distances until the end of the hair is reached, when it is all gathered in a close bunch, standing high on top of the head. Switches often come into play with this style also. There is also what is called the London basket braid, which has many strands and is closely woven and then set up high on the top of the head. With this style are worn little, old-fashioned side combs. Indeed, there is a great variety of combs worn now, and the older in appearance the better. The styles are those of old days revived, with the one difference that they have long prongs. Some are jewelled, some of silver, but more are of real or imitation tortoise shell. Some are set with Rhine stones, some with real jewels, and there are many Italian filagree combs.

On many bonnets are a whole nest of birds set in a forest of long slender wings, sometimes five wings and no tail to each bird, and these wings stand up in a crusty manner as though the birds were warning trespassers off. Then, again, you will see a bonnet with a pretty bird lying on its back sown tightly to a velvet crown with its poor little claws reaching helplessly up into the air. This is realism in millinery as realism in art, literature, and millinery is in the ascendant just now. Many felt and velvet bonnets and hats have a band of feathers all around the brim, and several kinds of bird feathers from ostrich tips to duck's wings are seen on one stylish hat or bonnet. Veils are worn very long, more like scarfs, and are dotted with chenille and velvet dots. They cover the whole face and cross in the back, and are then brought back in front and are tied under the chin.

I saw a very handsome dress yesterday which had just been finished for a Washington lady. It was of dark green ladies' cloth of superb quality, and around the bottom was a wide band of chamois skin, dyed to a rich tan color. This was worked all over in arabesque designs with green silk and gold threads, and the designs were cut out inside of the work, showing the dark green material through. The skirt was straight in front, but gathered full in the back, over a moderate tournure. A directoire jacket had vest, collar and cuffs of the

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

chamois worked in the same way. The effect was very beautiful, but I think it would have been more artistic had the whole been in browns.

I must here mention that the street dresses for the winter are to be very short, reaching scarcely to the instep, and in many cases hardly to the tops of the boots, and they are full three inches higher than the boots have been. The effect is certainly neither graceful nor modest, especially on a windy day. But the more one preaches against a style the more the women will wear it. As it is now the young ladies look like overgrown schoolgirls, and the demand for the new stockings will be great. These stockings, by some peculiarity in the knitting, are made considerably shorter in inch thick. They are warm though.

* * *

The tea gowns are gaining, one might say, hourly, and nobody now can afford to be out of the fashion. The leading beauties of this gown are the loose comfort and the flowing grace. There are many possibilities for delicate and dainty effects, which can be turned into distinct, individual styles, that they are such favorites.

Nearly all of them have loose crepe, lace or soft surah fronts, and an endless amount of lace in cuffs, collars, jabots, ruffling like that. After a time the stock got so large and popular that it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen senators and their friends in there drinking and having good times. The little room, not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and taking its name from the fact that it was simply a hole in the wall, lighted by only one window, was often badly crowded and a good deal of confusion resulted in the arrangement of the stock, so that the senator who had a favorite brand of liquor had much trouble in finding it. This it became necessary to put a man in charge, and after a time the expense became so great that it was not easy to work it off in the contingent account. Then the senators were required to pay for what they got, and after this was done the popularity of the 'Hole in the Wall' fell off very rapidly. But it was kept up till some years after the senate moved into its present chamber in 1859. It is a good thing, I'm thinking, that the walls of that dark little room are dumb!"

Hero Capt. Bassett drew from his pocket a gold snuffbox, which the senators presented him on the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as a page.

"I learned snuffing," he said, "from Henry Clay. In handling the snuff box for him I fell into the habit of taking a pinch now and then, and have never quit. Mr. Clay was an inveterate snuff taker. Dozens of times a day he used to motion to me to get the snuff box which we then kept on a little stand near the vice president's desk. More than once did he stop in the midst of a speech and beckon to me for the box, not continuing till he had taken a good pinch in the leisurely way. I have seen him pause in a speech, walk down the aisle, which, perhaps, was so crowded that ladies would have to get up to let him pass, go to the little stand, get his pinch of snuff, and then return to his seat before resuming his speech. One day I asked him:

"'Mr. Clay, why don't you bring your own snuff box?'

"'I'll tell you why,' he replied. 'If I were to bring my box here I'd have it on the desk in front of me all the time, and being thus tempted I'd take too much snuff. Now I can't get it without troubling you boys, and, as I don't like to do that, you see I use it in moderation.'

* * *

"And your book of reminiscences?"

"I am working at that now. I have a big box full of memoranda, and a writer is helping me put this mass of material into shape. I had originally intended bringing out my book at the end of fifty years' service, but now I intend waiting three years and making it an even three score years in the United States senate."

That will surely be a book worth reading.

WALTER WELLMAN.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON direct; and the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave Boston every Monday Morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

THE NATIONAL,

22 Charlotte St.

Choice P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS served in all Styles and shelled to order.

CHOICE LUNCHES

Served at all hours. Dinner from 12 till 2 o'clock.

CIGAR COUNTER, SHOOTING GALLERY, BILLARD and POOL TABLES.

Telephone Communication.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas E. Burke, of the City of Portland, School Teacher, has this day made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned trustee, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, who may assent to the Trust Deed within three months from this date. The Trust Deed now lies at the office of Currey & Vincent, (Chubb), City of St. John, Barristers: for inspection and execution. No preferences.

Dated November 14th, A. D., 1888.

JOHN L. CARLEY N. Trustee.

CURREY & VINCENT, Solicitors.

A. B. SMALLEY,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER

91 Prince William st.,

Saint John, N. B.

EDWARD F. LAW,

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

For Thirteen years Watchmaker at the late SHEFFIELD HOUSE.

A full line of CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELLRY, at reasonable prices.

No 3 Coburg Street (near Union).

Saint John, N. B.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WASSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the *Double Washboard.* We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article. W. W.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,

DEALERS IN

Crushed Corn and Oats, Buckwheat Meal, Flour, Oats, Feed, Corn Meal, Oat Meal and General Groceries.

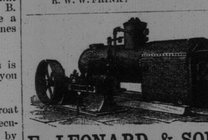
No. 12 and 16 SIDNEY STREET.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of "The Saint John Opera House Company" will be held at the office of Alfred O. Skinner, No. 58 King street, in the City of Saint John on Thursday the 3rd day of January, 1889, at eight o'clock p. m., for the purpose of organizing the said Company, the election of a Board of Directors thereof, and for the transaction of such other business relating to the affairs of the Company as shall come before the meeting.

Dated the 19th day of December, 1888.

A. O. SKINNER, M. W. MAHER, A. H. HELL, P. A. MELVILLE, R. W. W. FRINK, Provisional Directors.



E. LEONARD & SONS

Steam Engines and Boilers

—for all purposes.

WOODWORKING MACHINERY, TURBINE WHEELS.

Dodge Wood Pulleys etc.

SAW AND PLANING MILL outfits furnished.

New and Second hand Machinery in stock.

62 Water St., - St. John, N. B.

GEORGE H. EVANS, Representative.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after **MONDAY, November 26th,** the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	18 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 29th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Dec. 31st, 1888. Leave St. John (Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

7.00 a