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The Saturday Gazette.

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DRY GOODS CLERKRS.

ROUNDER TELLS ABOUT THEIR GLORIES AND DIFFICULTIES.

The Different Classes of People they Meet, and How They Deal with Them.

I never was a dry goods clerk but I have known a great many of the guild; some of them good fellows—others very queer. Like every other class dry goods clerks are made up of all kinds of people—good, bad and indifferent. There are old men and young men. Boys without moustaches—boys with just the symptom of a hairy lip, and older boys who have beautiful blonde moustaches which they have learned to twist to sharp points. There are comely dry goods clerks and dreadful homely ones. There are obliging clerks and discourteous ones. But all of them are interesting. They know a lot of things that other men don't know. They can tell you the name of every thing worn by the opposite sex, and can size up the cost of a girl's wardrobe to a farthing. From the very cut of her garments they can tell whether the clothes were made by a fashionable tailor or cut out from a bazaar pattern and made by the girl herself. The girls know this and never make an enemy of a dry goods clerk. He is too dangerous—altogether too dangerous. If she snubbed him he might tell some of his secrets to her enemy and the result—it would be simply d-r-e-a-d-f-u-l don'tyerknow.

I have often gone into dry goods stores and walked about apparently to buy something, but really to watch the clerks at their work. Some ladies require the clerk to have more patience than Job himself, and our Sunday school teachers have told us that even innumerable boils did not greatly disturb the equanamity of that very patient man Job. But from my limited observation I would prefer the boils to waiting on some of the ladies one meets on shopping days. But the clerk only smiles when after he has piled up two or three bales of dress goods on the counter for a lady to select from, and she goes out without buying. Perhaps the clerk swore inwardly, but his smling countenance gave no evidence of inward wrath. He piled the half ton or more of goods back on the shelves to take them down half an hour later for another customer. The man who thinks such work doesn't require patience doesn't understand human nature.

Then there are the giddy girls whose papas allow them a dollar a week pin money. It is fun to watch them spending it. They make more fuss over it than a man would over purchasing an entire wardrobe. They look over two or three hundred dollars worth of stock and then buy something for a quarter of a dollar. Such young people generally go shopping in threes and fours. The nick-knack counter is their favorite resting place as mamma looks after all the more serious portions of their wardrobe.

But greatest of all nuisances the dry goods young men has to put up with is the sampler. She has a pocket capacious enough to take in scores of packages of samples. She always reads the fashion papers and knows a lot about the latest fabrics. The sampler is a very particular personage and hard to please. One fabric is too expensive, another too cheap, one too fine and another too coarse but she scoops the samples one after another just the same. What she does with them is a question. They are scarcely merchantable and in the course of a year she would have enough quilts to cover a nation if she made them into crazy quilts.

The dry goods clerk meets with another class of persons who are probably the most objectionable of all. These are the very high toned who look upon all labor as degrading. Their own ancestry would be very difficult to trace, but they have money and they spend some of it for dress. As they buy the most expensive fabrics, employers demand that they shall be treated with respect no matter what they may say or do—they may insult the clerk, but he must take the insult or resign his position. As good positions are not always to be had for the asking, the clerk generally pockets the insult and endeavors to be agreeable and to do the polite. All people of wealth are not of this class, but in these days when money is god, and rules the universe people who have it are too apt to forget that others, like themselves, have feelings, and a knowledge of good and evil. I have seen a woman—to say that she was a lady would be untrue—ride rough shod over a clerk and behave in a manner discreditable to a dock laborer, who had never had the advantage of a common school education. But she bought a hundred dollars worth of goods and paid for them with a check which the ledger keeper was not required to initial.

When a clerk has been sat on by one of this class of customers it refreshes him to wait upon some girl from the country who has come to town to buy her summer gown. The transition is great indeed, but it makes the clerk think that after all life is worth living. The customer who has just left him could find nothing good enough for her; the one who has taken her place finds everything beautiful. The great difficulty is to select the most appropriate. The latest fashions she neither knows nor cares. All women have some ideas of what is doing in the world of fashion, but it is only the wealthy who can indulge their taste to buy the very latest articles. These of restricted means have to purchase goods a month or a year old. Our young friend from the country is only too glad to have the opinion of the clerk on what color would be most suitable to her complexion and what is best adapted to her purpose. With her the clerk's opinion, as to what is worn, is better than anyone else in the world she knows of. The clerk feels this and gives his advice freely and without reserve. Some of them I have thought were occasionally a trifle forward. But perhaps it was only the operation of a well-known rule of human nature.

When the stronger sits upon the weaker the weaker will endeavour to find someone who with still less vitality to crush in turn. Thus the world wags so that the under dog in the fight generally has a pretty tough time of it.

Dry goods clerks are no more imposed on than other people. They require more patience than the majority of mankind, but as most of them commence the business early in life, they acquire patience with increasing years.

The dry goods man has a very good time of it when he meets a bashful young man buying something for his girl, or when a benedict has a commission from his wife to send something home as she is too busy to go out that afternoon. It has always struck me that these fellows who know all about female gearing take an unfair advantage of a fellow who isn't posted. If he happens to have a personal acquaintance with the clerk it is all the worse. When a man has a dry goods commission from his wife it is better to dine down town and go home after the female half of himself has gone to bed. If he goes home at the usual hour he is pretty sure to be convinced that he is a born fool before bed time has arrived.

Taken all in all, though, the dry goods clerk doesn't have a very bad time of it. He knows all the young and old ladies, and often when he is showing a leading belle the newest fads of fashion he has an opportunity for a pleasent chat for which some other fellows would give their heads. They know the names and addresses of all the good looking girls and homely ones who have money also.

Being a dry goods clerk all things considered, is not too bad after all.

ROUNDER.

They Speak No Longer.

(Peoria Ill. Transcript.)

A young Peorian has been very attentive to two Peoria girls during the last year. He loved them both, and it was an open question which he would marry, but he has finally made up his mind, and the Munson street girl was selected. Meeting her old rival the other day she could not resist the temptation of crowing over her a little. "Jane, dear," she remarked, in tones as sweet as sugar, "I believe you were a little sweet on Charlie once, weren't you?" "Yes, love," answered the Hurlbut-street girl, in tones equally soft; "he was so useful, you know, in keeping one's hand in." "I deem it my duty now," said Munson street, putting the least dash of vinegar in her voice, "to inform you that Charlie and I are to be married next month." "I expected something of the kind, love," spoke up Hurlbut street. "And why so, may I ask?" "Oh, you know, lovey, that dear Charlie is a little weak, and besides this is leap year." The two girls no longer speak.

AUNT 'LIZA TAYLOR TALKS.

SHE SAYS SHE HAS LIVED FOR 105 YEARS.

A Career of Many Incidents—Born in Slavery in the British Dominions.

"Lord bress you, chile! So you've never forgotten ole 'Liza."

For near seventy-five years, previous to the fire of 1877, Eliza Tayler, the Queen of Loch Lomond, held no unimportant place in the eyes and hearts of the people of St. John and its vicinity. She was more noted for her wit and good humor than for her beauty or grace, (Mrs. Taylor will pardon the remark) for according to her calculations she is in the hunrdred and fifth year of her earthly pilgrimage, and has ceased to entertain the idea of again taking upon herself the yoke of matrimony. But I am led to question if there is anything in my remark calling for Aunt Eliza's pardon. Is not wit better than beauty? Is not good humor better than a graceful carriage? We all have our defects in person or character which are more easily discovered by others than by ourselves. Concealed by the rough and tough exterior of the cocanut we find a delightful draught, and some of the warmest hearts that ever beat have throbbed beneath a ragged vest.

"Lord bress you chile! So you've never forgotten ole 'Liza."

A few days since a GAZETTE representative found Mrs. Taylor at the residence of her grandson, Henry Thompson, No. 256 Duke street. By the infirmities of age she was induced to leave her rural home, at Willow Grove in May last where she had passed quite 80 years of her life, and remove to the city, that she might be near her white friends, and enjoy the attentions of her grandson and his wife and her five great grandchildren, who, with a little daughter of murdered Cassie Hughes, make up the household.

I remember Aunt 'Liza as she was many years ago. With an ox and a cart or an old horse and a cart, she drove into town with a load of brush brooms, a pair of chickens perhaps, or in their season, a few pails of strawberries, raspberries or blueberries, and in a few moments she was always the centre of a rollicksome crowd, happy as the day was long—exchanging the gossip of her little kingdom for the gossip of the city, always turning the tables on those who attempted to get the better of her with a joke, and selling her wares one or two marks above the prices ruling in the market. And Aunt 'Liza was something of a belle. She delighted in brilliant colors and fashionable styles of dress. There are some among us who remember how sometimes she was at the van of the giddy votaries of fashion in the matter of attire. Then her step was elastic, her voice as clear as a bell, her heart as light as a thistle down, and the cares of to-morrow never cast a shadow over the pleasures of to-day. When I think of Eliza Taylor, in the old time, I am reminded of tales that have been told me of the unsophisticated inhabitants of some far off islands in the Southern Seas, where toil was play, and where never came any sorrow other than that which is everywhere occasioned by the stroke of inexorable death.

"Lord bress you chile! So you've never foregotten ole 'Liza."

Eliza Taylor was born in Richmond, Virginia, and in 1787 when four years and four months old, she left that place on a man-of-war, with several hundreds of her race, for Halifax, Nova Scotia. But little was then known of our winter ports, and it was not deemed safe to approach them as the winter season was near at hand. Moreover Eliza Taylor, and all the other picaninnies, of whom the human cargo was largely composed, had but one garment, a coarse gray cotton shirt, and for them to survive the winter here was deemed impossible.

"Were you ever Sou'f?" asked Aunt Eliza.

"Several times before the war, and once or twice since," answered the GAZETTE representative.

"Lord bless your soul!" answered Eliza Taylor: "Den I needn't till you nuffin about it. I was the slave of Massa Royal Dobbins who lived right in the city and had a family of two hundred and fifty slaves! And so you come to look after this poor ole body! Bless God! I've been sitting here all the afternoon praying that somebody might come and talk to poor old 'Liza! and now he has sent you! Bless God! Bless de Lawd!"

"As I was telling you," continued Aunt Eliza, "our destination was Halifax, but we sailed right away to Bermuda, for the winter was before us. We staid there till spring, living all the time on the vessel, and I remember very well, how I with others went in a small boat every day to a little island near where we were anchored for firewood. I was small, and I was lame, but bless de Lawd! I was mighty peart, and the captain took a great liking to little 'Liza. At Bermuda information came to us that Halifax was full of colored folk and in the spring we were ordered to St. John. Before we got here the captain was so taken with little 'Liza, that he made up his mind not to part with me, but they smuggled me ashore and I was taken by Squire James Peters, with whose family I lived fifteen happy years, and den I runs away, oh Lawd! and got married privately to Jas. Taylor by Parson Willis, who lived on Prince William street. Did I tell you my maiden name? No? It was Eliza Fisher. When we were married James was living with Master Golding at French Village, near Gagetown, and we went right up there, but bless your heart, chile, we didn't let anybody know we were married, and Massa Golding, he had another servant, Jim Scully, and he wanted to marry 'Liza! Oh Lord! and 'Liza was married all the time! If my old Master Peters had known that, he'd a killed that Jim Scully, sure as you're born. Three months after we came back to the city and moved out to Loch Lomond or Willow Grove, as folk call the place now, and have lived there ever since up to last May. I was often in the city when the cholera was raging and was much among the sick, but God was good to 'Liza, and her health was never better than it was during that terrible season. F'amily? I've one son living, James William Taylor, and six great grand children at Willow Grove; here I am with my grandson, Henry Thompson, and he has five children—they are my great grand children, and that little girl," pointing at a bright little child that was playing about the floor, "is poor Cassie Hughes' daughter. Henry adopted Cassie when she was an infant and it was at his house at Willow Grove, that she was so brutally murdered by her husband. Poor Cassie! She was a sweet child and a good woman and perhaps it is best that she is at rest Her little girl, who looks just as she did when she was a child, will have a home as long as Henry has. My husband died in '86 and old 'Liza never thinks now of marrying again."

Mrs. Taylor paused a few moments to regain her breath and then continued: "Old 'Liza was a flyer when she was young and no mistake. She's been through everything, drinking rum on the road, sleeping in the ditch; whooping it up generally, but she's all over that now, bless the Lord! and there's no more moving for her except out to the old graveyard in Willow Grove." Mrs. Taylor is troubled by rheumatism and shortness of breath, but her sight is good and her memory seems unimpaired. She closed the interview by saying: "Through all these years I have held to my principles and hope to do so till the last, for we are all born for eternity. Remember old 'Liza in your prayers, chile, and old 'Liza will always remember you in hers."

The reporter has not attempted to verify any of Mrs. Taylor's statements; he tells her story as it was told to him.

The Jury:—Mr. Wm. N. Ritchie having associated with him Mr. Edwin B. Dow, of Boston, is completing arrangements for re-issuing the Jury. It will be issued every two weeks regularly, and published for subscribers only at five cents a copy payable on delivery of each paper. All parties residing in St. John, Portland or Carleton, desirous of becoming subscribers upon the above easy terms, may send their name and address to the Jury, St. John N. B. The Jury will be thoroughly independent in politics, and deal with live issues only.

ABSALOM IVORY may be addressed by merchants and manufacturers, care of the SATURDAY GAZETTE, Canterbury St.

THE HARBOR QUESTION.

A REVIEW OF ALD. ROBERTSON'S HARBOR STATEMENT.

Some Figures Which Show Vastly Different Results From Those Read before the Council.

Ald. Robertson in his report on the revenues and expenditures of the harbor for 1886, claimed that there was a surplus of revenue over expenditure of something over $10,000. In last week's GAZETTE it was pointed out that while the figures presented by Ald. Robertson seemed to show a large balance in favor of the harbor the balance was really a myth and in point of fact the harbor owing to the revenues from the most valuable properties being mortgaged to pay interest and other things against them instead of lightening the burdens of taxation really increased them. It was further pointed out by THE GAZETTE that Ald. Robertson had chosen a very favorable year for his comparison. The expenditures for repairs, etc. last year were far below the average while owing to the full rates of wharfage being collected from vessels while loading instead of half rate as formerly the revenues were much enchanced.

This week we propose to go more fully into the question of harbor revenue and expenditure and that there may be no mistake it is proposed to give the more important details of the accounts so that citizens may work out the figures for themselves and test their correctness.

One of the claims made in our article of last week is that had it not been for the increased wharfage and increased tonnage dues on steamers the harbor revenue of 1887 would not have exceeded $28,000. That this statement is approximately correct is proved by a comparison of the revenues of 1882 and 1887 as given below.

EAST SIDE ACCOUNT.

Revenue	1882.	1887.
Harbor Masters Fees,	$3,522 25	$3,597 75
Anchorage,	3,480 25	3,888 75
Charlotte st. Ex. wharfage,	1,060 75	722 99
Vessels loading in stream,	518 88	1,537 60
Buoys,	1 08	112 50
Market Wharves,	2,224 10	2,336 00
Sundry Small Slips,	135 50	512 50
Fisheries, East	2121 25	1,924 36
Pettengill Property Rental,	450 00	365 25
Pettengill Property Wharfage,	1,900 62	1,627 93
Piers property wharfage,	1,431 16	2,244 30
Piers property rental,	2,050 00	2,500 00
Reed's Point wharfage,	1,090 53	2,070 08
Reed's Point rental,	2,525 00	3,500 00
Adams Wharf wharfage,	.....	974 65
WEST SIDE ACCOUNT.		
Rodney wharves and Slips,	1,389 18	1,201 20
Sundry Small Slips,	.....	286 62
Fisheries, West,	4,286 10	2,192 84
Adams Wharf, half revenue,	.....	100 00
Totals,	$28,186 15	$31,663.32

It will be noticed that in the above statement we have given the revenue of the entire harbor including the fisheries. We do this because in estimating the value of the harbor as an asset of the city it has always been done by capitalizing the revenues we now publish. Ald. Robertson omitted the West Side wharves from his statement altogether for the reason probably that the East Side has no share in these revenues whatever; they being applied entirely to the West Side. Without any desire to question Ald. Robertson's reasons for omitting these revenues it is only fair to the citizens to point out that both the West Side revenues and the proceeds of the fishery sales were each below the average last year while the other revenues of the harbor for the reasons already given were higher. Ald. Robertson in his statement of revenues adds in the revenue derived from the Hooper lot, a lot of land situated on the east side of Water street, the revenue from which belongs more to Eastern lands than the harbor and which if the harbor were sold to-morrow would be retained by the city. Another examination of the Adams' wharf account will convince Ald. Robertson that the expenditures on account of this wharf should be $349.89 instead of $48.71 he amount the gives.

That there may be no question as to what the revenues and expenditures of the harbor are we submit the following table showing the gross revenue, the expenditure for repairs, caretaking, etc., and the net revenue from the harbor for the past six years:—

Year.	Gross Rev'ne.	Expenditure.	Net Rev'ne
1882	$28,186 15	$ 5,825 87	$22,360 25
1883	26,523 43	5,873 34	20,650 09
1884	29,192 80	6,106 43	23,086 37
1885	30,476 89	11,608 07	18,868 82
1886	31,779 09	4,640 51	27,138 58
1887	31,663 32	3,968 91	27,694 41

But the expenditures for repairs are but a small part of the total expenditures on account of the harbor. Without taking into consideration how much of the old city debt is chargeable to the harbor the following indebtedness was incurred on harbor account and is at present outstanding:

$21,000—At present included in the old city debt. The loan was made many years ago to repair the Market Wharves, and until three years ago was in the form of a special mortgage on the wharves. Refunded in 1883 and now bearing 4 per cent. interest.
$20,000—A loan effectad for repairing Market Wharves. Bears interest at 6 per cent.
$23,600—Loan effected for the erection of a wharf on the Pettengill property. Bears interest at 6 per cent.
$50,000—Loan effected for the purchase and erection of Pettengill property. Bears interest at 6 per cent.
$50,000—Loan effected for the erection of a wharf and pier. Bears interest at 6 per cent.
$25,000—Loan for the restoration of wharves destroyed by the fire of 1887. Bears interest 6 per cent. per annum.
$30,900—Loan on account of the city Hall and sinking fund paid of sales of fisheries (east side). Interest 6 per cent.
$ 4,300—Loan to build and repair West Side wharves. Interest at 6 per cent.
$ 2,870—Loan to repair Adams' wharf. Interest 5 per cent.

The interest charges against the revenues of harbor would therefore be as follows:—

Interest at 6 per cent on.....	$203,890	$12,233 40
" " 5 "	2,870	144 00
" " 4 "	21,000	840 00
Total interest,.....		$13,217 40

Besides the interest chargable against the revenues of the harbor there are three sinking funds also to be deducted. They are as follows:—

Pettengill property assessed on the citizens,.....	$1000 00
Restoration debentures also assessed,....	645 16
Market Wharves paid from General Revenue,.....	300 00
	$1,945 16

Lastly the charges for the salries of the harbor master and other officials must be deducted from the revenues. These, like interest and sinking fund, do not vary much, and may be stated as follows:—

Harbor Master's Salary,.....$1200 00	
" " Clerk's Salary, 300 00	
" Inspector's " 500 00	
Commissions,..... 400 00	
Rentals and Sundry charges,.... 400 00	
	$2,800 00

We have said and still maintain that it is unfair to make a statement of the revenues and expenditures for any one year and claim that the surplus for that year is the annual profit of the harbor. If an examination be made of the gross revenue for the past six years it will be found that the average annual revenue of the harbor of St. John is $29,636.94, and the average annual expenditure for repairs, etc., is $$6,337.68. The average net revenue deducting the repairs alone has for the past six years been $23,299.75.

Accepting the average of the past six years as a fair average of the harbor revenues the balance sheet of the harbor will be thus:—

Average Revenue (gross).....	$29,636 94
Average Repairs,.....$ 6,837 16	
Salaries and other Expenses, 2,800 00	
Interest,..... 13,217 40	
Sinking Fund,..... 1,945 16	
Average Surplus,.....	$5,336 70

We have already shown that this surplus so far as affecting direct taxation was of no benefit to the present generation. The reasons are that the revenues from the Pettengill, Reed's Point, Public Wharf and Pier, Adams' Wharf, and fisheries are all mortgaged for some years ahead. They must therefore be left out of account in considering the value of the harbor to the tax payer of the present generation. Without going to the trouble of making up an average statement (which would not differ materially) we take our figures from the returns of last year to show the revenue the present taxpayer gets from the harbor and what he has to pay out on account of it.

REVENUE.

Harbor Masters fees.....	$3,597 75
Anchorage dues.....	3,888 75
Charlotte street.....	722 99
Vessels in stream.....	1,537 60
Buoys.....	112 50
Market Wharves.....	2,336 00
Sundry 5small wharves.....	512 50
Total.....	$12,708 09

EXPENDITURE.

Repairs on the above wharves,	$2,519 81	
Interest on $21,000 at 4 pr cent,	840 00	
Interest on $20,000 at 6 pr cent,	1,200 00	
Inteest on $40,000 at 6 pr cent,	3,000 00	
Interest on $25,000 at 6 pr cent,	1,500 00	
Sinking fund market wharves,	300 00	
Sinking fund Pettengill wh'f's,	1,000 00	
Sinking fund Restoration b'nds	645 16	
Management of Harbor,	2,800 00	
Total.....		$13,804 97

Literary Notes.

Max O'Rell, it need hardly be said, is gathering "impressions" while in this country, for his next book.

It is understood that Lord Lyons has left an interesting diary of his diplomatic life at Washington and Paris.

The death is announced of Mr. Braumuller, one of the most important publishers at Vienna. His house has existed since 1783.

Mr. Edgar Saltus, whose pen has been remarkable for its activity during the past year, has written for a prominent magazine a study of insanity, entitled "Eden."

The collection of stories, sketches and verses in the February number of St. Nicholas, is most entertaining for young people, and the illustrations are at once dainty and spirited. How many thousands of little eyes will look in wonder at the drawing of a diamond-back snake "At Home!" And no grown-up person will read without pleasure "She 'Displains' It," by James Whitecomb Riley. Jack in the pulpit is as sage and as entertaining as ever in this number.

The contributors to the February number of Lippincott's are all women. Belva A. Lockwood writes "My efforts to become a lawyer;" there is a sonnet, "Sere Wisdom," by Helen Gray Cone: an anonymous contributor discusses "Our Old Maids;" Charles L. Adams describes "Life at a Working-Woman's Home;" Amelie Rives contributes a story entitled "The Man of the Golden Fillet;" "Fancy in the Mist," by Edith M. Thomas, has all the grace of that writer's best verse, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox utters a very touching plaint in a poem, "Unrest."

The Century for February promises its readers many good things. One of Uncle Esek's "Wisdom" pearls, to appear in the February number is this: "Literature is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on the unwritten things." In this same number there will be a paper by Ernst von Hesse Wartegg on the European "Craze for decorations." The writer says, among other things: "To be able to wear all their decorations, Prince Bismark or Count Moltke, for instance, would require a breast thirty feet in breadth."