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The Saturday Gazette.

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THIS WEEK.
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VOL. II.—No. 58. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888. PRICE 2 CENTS.

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A LIFE VOCATION.

A LADY'S VIEWS

Concerning the Preparations that are Requisite to a Useful Life.

Human nature is about the same throughout all generations; and observations tend to prove that the world of to-day, with all its privileges, is no more brimming over with genius, than it was in the days of our forefathers; that now as then, very many of us have about the same amount of ability, yet differ materially in vocation.

Each man or woman excels in some one branch of industry, and seldom in more than one, still, there is wisely and undoubtedly a vocation or calling provided for each one, where he will stand in the sure line for promotion, if he will but earnestly seek to discover it, and afterwards to labor in it with diligence and fidility.

It was my opportunity, some few days ago, to meet with a well-known clergyman who argued that we should not attend church in order to hear the minister preach, but wholly and expressly for the purpose of "Divine Worship," and he also continued that if we thirsted only for sermons, it would be just as well for us to remain at home, and devote our time to reading those of the wonderfully gifted Dr. Talmage. However, while people of all denominations read Talmage's sermons, all must remark how replete they are with interesting and instructive ancedotes connected with historical events from the Creation up to the present time, plainly showing that though this talented preacher has found his calling, yet he has not trusted entirely to his special aptitude and genuis, but has depended to a great extent upon work, for knowledge such as his cannot be acquired without that labor which Carlyle says "is as wide as the earth and has its summit in Heaven."

As a remarkable instance of selecting a vocation, however, and afterward working in it diligently. I might mention "that of the son of a poor shoemaker," born in the most abject poverty, who became so renowned that his name is a household word in every European country, and almost every American home—Hans Christian Andersen—the Danish poet and fairy-story-teller who in "The Story of my Life," says in his own pure and peculiar way; "I have not told it only because a sketch of my life was required for the collected edition of my works, but because my life is the best commentary upon my writings."

It is said that "there is a pleasure in painting which none but painters knew; that there is a pleasure in authorship which one need not be successful in to experience."

Still, however, the world does not require that we should all become poets, painters and authors, any more than it requires that we should all become lawyers, doctors and preachers; in fact, it makes little difference what we do, provided it is decent and honest, if by so doing we contribute to swell the sum of human good and human happiness, and at the same time take into consideration that every occupation, whatever it may be, demands careful preparation. The individual who builds our ships, sells our goods, cuts our clothes, manufactures our watches, superintends our machinery, clips our hair, takes charge of our cattle, our farms and our gardens must know how and, must have been especially prepared for his calling.

A few years ago, it was considered that he whose life was to be spent in manual labor was all the better for not being too highly educated and intelligent, but this theory is being well broken down, and it is now pretty fully taken into account that the whole character of our industries require a general advance in mechanical skill as well as in art-culture; and that the man whether he be manufacturer or merchant, mechanic or farmer, who can quickly or accurately see what is placed before him possesses a decided advantage over the one who does not possess this qualification; and futhermore Ruskin, who is himself both practical and theoretical tells us that "nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than this; always in life or in art knowing the way things are going."

And now in conclusion I cannot refrain from saying to many of our younger people who have a feverish unrest to wander away from home, probably, perhaps because they do not realize that "Happiness is always at our elbow, all one has to do, is to stop seeking it afar, or stop seeking for it at all, and keep so busy that thoughts of self are forced out of sight," and besides our own native province pours out continually for us, her children, very many good things to be gathered and shaped by the hand of steady industry, where in the words of Goethe "one need not go away from home to known that the sky is blue," when the air blows just as fresh and cool over our own magnificent scenery, our Bay of Fundy and our noble River St. John as it does in the far West. Here too a competency may be earned, fame won, and happiness enjoyed if we only practice what Emerson has taught us that, "The first secret of success is self-trust—the belief that we are here, and that the authority of nature has put us here for some cause, and so long as we work at that we are successful."

SARAH J. PARKIN.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A few days since Mr. E. R. Branch of Waterville, Me., in excavating under his hall on Silver street brought to light a skull, and on further digging disclosed all the bones of a human being. The presence of a necklace of copper beads and well preserved pieces of deerthong blanket proves the skeleton without doubt to have been that of some Indian chief buried probably 250 years ago. The remains were found only three feet beneath the surface.

If this month of June is like the average of the seventeen Junes which have gone before, its temperature will not fluctuate as rapidly as the temperature of the spring months, but it will in all probability, be very hot. Though the summer solstice takes place on its 21st day, the month is ordinarily only third in respect to temperature, July and August being warmer. It is, however, the month of greatest summer beauty, when the trees are in their freshest garniture, and the flowers in their richest hues. The warmest days in this month occur in the middle and just before the close of the month about the 17th and 29th.

"Happy Joe" and "Hallelujah Jockey," the Salvation bummers who skipped out of several Piscataquis towns without paying their bills, are still at it in other sections of the State, Castine and Deer Isle being among the localities more recently visited. They used Denslow Hall at Stockton, Thursday evening and engaged it for Sunday evening. They went away Friday morning without paying their hall rent.

Edwin Booth has purchased the building 16 Gramercy Park, New York, at a cost of $75,000. He will renovate, decorate and furnish it thoroughly at a further cost of $60,000, and will then hand it over as a free gift to "The Players" Club. Mr. Booth is the originator and first President of the club called "The Players" which was formed a few months ago.

An American man-of-war was sold the other day at the Brooklyn navy yard for —ten dollars. The vessel was ordered to be built 25 years ago, during the war, and was to have been named the State of New York. She has been on the stocks ever since. At the sale there was only one bid and the purchaser is to tear the unfinished frigate apart and cart away the lumber. Uncle Sam does not count much on his navy.

A correspondent at Hardy Pond, on the Short Line construction in Maine, writes that as Mr. Green was walking along the shore on Friday, the 25th of May, he noticed a large object in the water. With assistance he managed to get it ashore, when he discovered that it was a turtle, measuring 2 feet 6 inches in length, weighing 50 lbs., and able to walk off with a man weighing 160 lbs. on its back.

Closely following the appearance of the hand of flame in the heavens above Ohio, comes a story from Darlington county, South Carolina, of a flying serpent. Last Sunday evening, just before sunset, Miss Ida Daxis and her younger sisters were strolling through the woods, when they were suddenly startled by the appearance of a huge serpent moving through the air above them. The serpent was distinct only two or three rods when they first beheld it, and was sailing through the air with a speed equal to that of a hawk or buzzard, but without any visible means of propulsion. Its movements in its flight resembled those of a snake, and it looked a formidable object as it wound its way along, being apparently about fifteen feet in length. The girls stood amazed and followed it with their eyes until it was lost to view in the distance. The flying serpent was also seen by a number of people in other parts of the country early in the afternoon of the same day, and by those it is represented as emitting a hissing noise which could be distinctly heard. The negroes in that section are greatly excited over the matter. Religious revival meetings have been inaugerated in all their churches, and many of them declare that the day of judgment is at hand.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

A whim of our young girls says a New York paper is to drink milk. Doubtless they have borrowed this habit from their masculine friends, who have taken to the lacteal beverage even in bar rooms. Several dudes of potent influence among their kind, proud of being used up by a winter of alcoholic dissipation, swore off a month or so ago, and have since been ordering plain milk across the bars. Occasionally they say to the bartender, "Just a sprinkle of rum," or "a spatter of gin," meaning that they wish a few drops only of liquor put into a glass of pure milk. The girls have caught on to the notion, and, when they stand in front of the elaborate soda water counters, where they formerly ordered distinctly alcoholic mixtures, they now demand the unadulterated yield of the cow. They affect to be dissipated by a long season of social gayety, not unmixed with champagne, and they are bringing themselves round, if not making themselves plump, by drinking milk.

* * *

The marriage of Prince de Cystria with Mlle. de Trevise was recently celebrated with much pomp at the Church of St. Philippe de Roule, and Mgr. Richard, Bishop of Paris, officiated, the Duke of Chartres being one of the witnesses. On her arrival at the church the bride was received by sixty young girls from Sceaux, where the Trevise family own a chateau. These young girls were all dressed in blue, with long white veils, for they belong to a sisterhood. The bride wore a white satin dress, Renaissance shape, with very long train, the skirt trimmed with a large spray of orange blossoms; the veil, which was old lace, was placed very far back and fastened with a bunch of orange blossoms and a large diamond crescent. The Marquise de Trevise wore a silver-gray dress, with cream silk front, trimmed with Mechlin lace and antique buttons; Italian straw bonnet, with bows and strings of moss-colored velvet. The Princesse de Lucinge wore iron-gray silk trimmed with jet and vieux fer. Comtesse de Trevise, a Louis XV. dress, style Pompadour; the Marquise Pallavicini, dark heliotrope satin; Marquise de Beauvoir, a light gray shot silk; Mlle. de Sesmaisons, one of the bridesmaids, was all in white, the other, Mlle. Nancy de Trevise, wore pink poplin, a wide ribbon sash the same color and hat to match.

* * *

All the summer dresses sent out by one of our extra fashionable manufacturers are scented by some new sort of process. The hint has already been taken by rival dressmakers, and each endeavors to produce some specialty in sweet odor to characterize her wares. As a result, some very delightful new scents have been evolved from the laboratories of the chemists. Experts may soon be able to trace the source of a toilet by its odor, and so we may have inquisitive old woman sniffing at the gowns of their rivals' daughters, and endeavoring to fix their social status by the standing of their dressmakers. This season's fashions are truthfully said to be distinguished by no special characteristic, women who make a study and an art of dressing having come to the conclusion this year that to be well dressed one must have a distinct individuality. This tendency reaches a peculiar development in the lop-sidedness of many customers. One-half of a dress need not match the other in its shape, colors, or even altogether in its kind of fabric. There used to be a female vocalist on the stage who had a high soprano voice and a low alto voice, each about as distinct from the other as though they belonged to seperate persons. Her method of utilizing this phenomenal quality was to wear a dark, rich Spanish dress on one side of herself, and a light, airy German dress on the other. She also halved her hair in the same manner by wearing a wig blond on one side and black on the other. She would come out on the stage in profile, presenting the German side to the audience and sing a German yodel song. Then she would turn half about, surprising the people with the contrasting brunette, and in that aspect sing a Spanish romanza. Our fashionable women do not yet divide their hair and their voices into two individualities, but they do present rather incongruous sections of dress. May this have been suggested by the duality of Jekyll and Hyde?

* * *

Mrs. John Sherwood's statement, that "it is not wise for a girl, on her first entrance into society, to join in every dance at her first balls. She must be reticent, modest, and draw back a little," calls forth this, in the Pittsburg Bulletin, from one who differs: "I have been out eight seasons; in that time I have seen all sorts of debutantes and all shades of manners employed by them to make their coming-out season effective, to say nothing of the very questionable methods of not a few designing mothers and relatives. I am, therefore, vain enough to imagine that I know a thing or two, and hence I believe it my duty to declare that the girl who links the quality of modesty with that of reticence, and adds to these the habit of 'drawing back,' will, in most cases, be taken at her own estimate of herself—if she happens to be dependent for success upon her manners—and be let severely alone. I am too old a campaigner not to know the chief deficiencies in the evolution of a first-class wallflower—and if I had had my first season or two to live over again, well, be sure that I would have practiced then the principles which I now believe in. I would have been modest enough, yet, of course; bnt reticent, jamais!"

* * *

While waiting the result of a search for a negative in a well-known photographer's studio (writes Edith S. Tupper in the Chicago Herald), I looked over the large albums lying on the table. They were almost entirely filled with pictures of women—beautiful women, and women who fancied themselves beautiful. There was a vast difference; women in street costumes, and women in evening gowns, and finally women with no gowns. Not absolutely nude, but the next thing to it. One beautiful head attracted my attention—perfect in contour and with soft, fluffy hair, highly powdered and twisted in a Psyche knot which well suited the Grecian profile. The neck was symmetrical, and so were the shoulders, and—so was the back, of which fully one-half was plainly visible. There was absolutely nothing over the shoulders, not even a strap or bit of filmy lace. There was the marble-like beauty tremendously exposed. I called the bright young woman who takes orders and asked: "Is this an actress?" "No." "A member of the demimonde?" "No." "A society young woman?" "Yes." "Do you often take such pictures?" "Yes, indeed. We have as many orders as we can fill." "Do you ever have applications for the perfectly nude?" "No-o," rather hesitatingly; "but ladies often want their pictures taken down to the waist. Now this picture you see is taken in the corsets—not even a corset-cover over the shoulders. We take ladies almost every day in corset-covers and chemises. See, here is one," and she pointed to a photograph of a young women standing, leaning against a curtain. She wore the skirts of a dark gown, but no waist, save a lace-trimmed chemise. Thrown around her, but with great care taken not to hide the neck, bust, and arms, was a lace shawl. "Last week," went on my informant, "a girl came in and said she wanted two styles of pictures taken. She sat with her waist on, then calmly divested herself of all covering down to her corsets, and handed the artist a small lace scarf to drape her with. Oh, it's only their vanity," she said, good-naturedly; "they would be shocked if you called them immodest. They, of course, think they are beautiful, and are a little vain of their charms."

The unusual spectacle of a woman imprisoned for debt is seen in Bangor at present, for the first time in many years. Thomas C. Stevens, a lawyer at Newport, had a lady client with whom he failed to settle, and therefore took out an execution, and on Friday morning imprisoned her in Bangor jail, putting up cash for several week's board for her. The woman is a widow, comes from Etna, and declares she is being wronged and swindled and will live in her present abode for years if necessary rather than pay more.

The small boy and girl are to be brought to time in Waterloo, Ontario. At a meeting of the council the constable was authorized to ring a bell at 9 o'clock, as a signal for them to be at home, and if they are caught out after that hour, other measures will be resorted to.

FAIR PLAY.

A WORD ABOUT THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Theories That Appear Fallacious May Merit Investigation.

One of the GAZETTE'S most notable idiosyncrasies is a a profound veneration for fair play. It never kicked a cripple. It never whitewashed a villainy because its author "stood well in the world," or, which means the same thing, was backed by money. The GAZETTE smiles, but its contempt for fraud and wrong borders on the unrighteous. In every community a thousand petty wrongs are perpretated every day; petty, but nauseating because of their meanness—exasperating because of their littleness. If a man is bound to commit a crime the GAZETTE honors him, in a degree, if he commits it above board and by daylight. But for the assassin who sneaks about in the dark and uses a poisoned knife, its detestation is unbounded. All men are frail, and for frailty the measure of sympathy is always overflowing, but for meanness there is nothing but abhorrence and contempt. It is strange how natural it is for us to boost the man that is well up the ladder and kick the man that is struggling at its foot. It seems as if men had more of the brute in their composition than the lower animals. Seneca once said, in effect, God pity the lower animals if they are lower than their masters. But it is folly to fall into misanthropy. There has been "trouble in the family" ever since there arose an unpleasantness in Eden, and as long as men and women are made of flesh and blood, the trouble will continue. This is prefatory to a few words the GAZETTE has to say about Christian Science. What Christian Science is the GAZETTE does not pretend to say, but one thing is certain: many of its advocates are honest quite sincere in their faith, and have unbounded confidence in the grounds on which their faith is based. In Christian Science, as in everything else, there is a certain amount of fraud—no profession and no creed is free from pretenders, and the more firmly based a creed or profession is the more numerous are its black sheep, for no one finds it profitable to counterfeit a thing that is without merit. In America, with its population of about 90,000,000 people, the annual death rate is not far from 2;250,000, nine-tenths of whom most likely are attended in their last hours by reputable and educated physicians. Death is the fate of man, since sin came into the world, and absolutely nude, but the next thing to it. One beautiful head attracted my attention—perfect in contour and with soft, fluffy hair, highly powdered and twisted in a Psyche knot which well suited the Grecian profile. The neck was symmetrical, and so were the shoulders, and—so was the back, of which fully one-half was plainly visible. There was absolutely nothing over the shoulders, not even a strap or bit of filmy lace. There was the marble-like beauty tremendously exposed. I called the bright young woman who takes orders and asked: "Is this an actress?" "No." "A member of the demimonde?" "No." "A society young woman?" "Yes." "Do you often take such pictures?" "Yes, indeed. We have as many orders as we can fill." "Do you ever have applications for the perfectly nude?" "No-o," rather hesitatingly; "but ladies often want their pictures taken down to the waist. Now this picture you see is taken in the corsets—not even a corset-cover over the shoulders. We take ladies almost every day in corset-covers and chemises. See, here is one," and she pointed to a photograph of a young women standing, leaning against a curtain. She wore the skirts of a dark gown, but no waist, save a lace-trimmed chemise. Thrown around her, but with great care taken not to hide the neck, bust, and arms, was a lace shawl. "Last week," went on my informant, "a girl came in and said she wanted two styles of pictures taken. She sat with her waist on, then calmly divested herself of all covering down to her corsets, and handed the artist a small lace scarf to drape her with. Oh, it's only their vanity," she said, good-naturedly; "they would be shocked if you called them immodest. They, of course, think they are beautiful, and are a little vain of their charms."

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There is an imported gold galloon, said to be untarnishable, which is used for trimming coat basques and skirts made of white bengaline or faille francaise.

CAN A DEAD MAN FEEL COLD?

The Remarkable Story Told by a Soldier at the Stone Creek Battle.

The night of December 31, 1863, was an exceedingly cold one in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tenn. The first day's battle at Stone River had been fought, resulting in disaster to the Federal army, which had been driven from its original ground at every point except its extreme left.

The weary troops at this point lay behind a railway embankment, which had served them during the last hours of the fight as a breastwork to repel repeated charges of the enemy.

Behind the line the ground was open and rocky, says the San Francisco Examiner. Great bowlders lay about everywhere, and among them lay many of the Federal dead, where they had been carried out of the way.

Before the embankment the dead of both armies lay greatly thicker, but they were not molested. It was not a very dark night, being clear.

Among the dead in the bowlders lay one whom nobody knew—a Federal sergeant, shot directly in the centre of the forehead. One of our surgeons, from idle curiosity, or possibly with a view to the amusement of a group of officers during a lull in the engagement (we needed something to divert our minds), had dropped his probe clean through the head.

The body lay on its back, its chin in the air, and with straightened limbs, as rigid as steel, frost on its white face and its beard and hair. Some Christian soul had covered it with a blanket, but when the night became pretty sharp a companion of the writer removed this, and we lay beneath it ourselves.

With the exception of our pickets, which had been posted well in front of the embankment, every man lay silent.

Conversation was forbidden; to have made a fire or even struck a match to light a pipe would have been a grave offence. Stamping horses, moaning wounded—everything that made a noise had been sent to the rear; the silence was absolute.

Those whom the chill prevented from sleeping nevertheless reclined as they shivered, or sat with their heads on their arms, suffering but making no sign. Every one had lost friends and all expected death on the morrow. These matters are mentioned to show the improbability of any one going about during these solemn hours to commit a ghastly practical joke.

When the dawn broke the sky was still clear. "We shall have a warm day," the writer's companion whispered as we rose in the gray light; "let's give back the poor devil his blanket."

The sergeant's body lay in the same place, two yards away. But not in the same attitude. It was upon its right side. The knees were drawn up nearly to the breast, both hands thurst to the wrist between the buttons of the jacket, the collar of which was turned up, concealing the ears. The shoulders were elevated, the head was retracted, the chin rested on the collar-bone. The posture was that of one suffering from intense cold.

But for what had been previously observed—but for the ghostly evidence of the bullet-hole—one would have sworn the man had frozen to death.

SELLS HIS HAIR FOR RELICS.

How General Boulanger Becomes a Source of Profit to His Barber.

General Boulanger's barber has been discovered by an energetic and enterprising person with a taste for flashing figurative bull's-eye lanterns on the private lives of remarkable people. The great man's coiffeur lives near the Louvre and the Theatre Francais, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, and he naturally prides himself on being allowed to trim and anoint the "sacred beard" which makes such a fine effect in the multitudinous and highly-colored portraits of the "brav' General" which abound in this capital.

Unlike Louis XI., however, General Boulanger does not make a confident of his Olivier le Dain. The Elected of the Forth, we are told, walks quietly into the shop like an ordinary statesman, clerk or shop boy of the locality, takes his seat in a comfortable arm-chair which has been reserved for his use, and awaits operations. The coiffeur then proceeds to work in person, for the General is too important a person to be handed over to a perhaps perfunctory or an unskilful debutant in the histrionic art of hair-cutting.

There is no such thing as keeping M. Boulanger waiting while M. le Coiffeur "blows up" his assistants or tries to press a bottle of bay rum or a pot of new pomade on a reluctant customer preparing to depart. The Cesarian hair and beard are quickly and skilfully cut with a pair of scissors of the best Sheffield steel.

During the operation the General does not speak a word, and on its conclusion he pays ten francs to the coiffeur and five to the lucky assistants who have perhaps turned the brushing machine or assisted in the shampooing.

All this takes place at a regular hour weekly. The same authority who is responsible for all this interesting information assures us that the coiffeur has a fertile source of profit and perquisite in the hairs which have been cut from the skull, jaws and chin of the possible "Dictator."

These capiliary relics he carefully collects and sells to the General's admirers, many of whom it is of course averred by the lively Gaul hail from England.