

ST. JOHN WEEKLY SIN.

VOL. 21—NO. 1.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

FIRST PART.

LIKE A WOMAN CHOPPING WOOD!

We are not doing this for fun, we want more business and for some years have been advertising

UNION BLEND TEA,

with the result that it has by far the largest sale of any tea in the Maritime Provinces. But still we are not satisfied and intend to keep a hammering. See

Geo. S. De Forest & Sons.

"Usquebaugh Cream"

The Perfection of Scotch Whisky.
8 Years Old, \$10.50 per case.

Extra Fine Old Irish Whiskey

8 Years Old, a choice old Whisky, \$11.00 per case.

JUST RECEIVED FROM

Donald Macpherson & Co., Glasgow, Scotland

100 cases "Bonnie Lassie," Fine Old Scotch, \$7.50 per dozen.

Goods shipped immediately on receipt of order.

Send remittance by post office order, express order, or enclose money in registered letter.

M. A. FINN,

Wine and Spirit Merchant,
112 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN.

John D. Chipman as a Charlotte Candidate
—Mr. Grimmer May Also Run.

ST. STEPHEN, Dec. 30.—A joint

convention of the liberals and conservatives from St. Stephen and Milltown was held in the council room here tonight to nominate a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. James Mitchell. The names of John D. Chipman and W. C. H. Grimmer were balloted on. J. D. Chipman receiving thirty-two votes and W. C. H. Grimmer sixteen. It is understood that the nine conservatives from Milltown voted for Grimmer and the nine liberals from Milltown for Chipman, so that the choice was really made by the union of liberals and conservatives in St. Stephen. Mr. Chipman was opposed to and did not attend the convention. There are many conservatives in the county op-

THE FAST LINE.

MONTREAL, Dec. 30.—The Star's London correspondent cables: The second deposit of \$50,000 made by Messrs. Peterson, Tate & Co., with Canadian government was made in securities, not in cash, probably with the condition that it may be returned should the negotiations with the ship-owners and others now proceeding here, not go through.

MANITOBA TEACHERS.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 30.—The advising committee of the school board resolved hereafter to recognize no teachers' certificates unless issued by the Manitoba, or Northwest Territories, or the present time the board has held out inducements to eastern teachers.

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JIM TILLEY'S WIFE.

"She Wasn't the Sort to Settle Down in Aroostook County and Farm It Along o' Me."

(Boston Globe, Dec. 28.)

Jim Tilley leaned over the cracked and rusty stove, and coughed and coughed. When he wiped the froth from his lips and his raspy throat, and peered up at his questioner through watery eyes.

"She was a master pretty woman," said he; "she was all-fired transom, and that's the truth of the matter. But she wasn't the sort of a woman to settle down in Aroostook county farm it along o' me. Come to think it all over, I ain't no ways sorry that she left when she did. She'd only a-let me a dance."

Jim Tilley's wife sat on the opposite side of the stove. She leaned her elbows on her knees. She brushed back her hair, and looked across at her husband.

"Well, Jim," said she, "I'm always glad to hear you talk that way. I know you're a hard-headed fellow, and I never was. But you know, Jim, I ain't let you out of my sight a day or a night, especially since you've been took sick, and I've taken care of our children, and I've loved you, Jim, and I do now, even when we are so awfully poor that we can't afford to come along here and kill me and put me out of my misery. What does God want to let such poor people as we are live for? There ain't no hope for us to ever be any better off. I wish we were dead."

The house was but one room. There are no clapboards on the walls without. The roof is only partially shingled. Within there are no plastered walls, no ceiling.

There are cracks through which the sky can be seen. Some old newspapers soaked between the studding serve, in a fashion, to keep the drafts of the family bed.

Perched on a treeless, lofty hilltop in the town of Caribou, Aroostook county, in this little structure but differently situated, the half-don't people who call it home. There are James Albert Tilley, his wife and their children. The winds are shrill in Aroostook, and the thermometer seldom rises in the fall. As one hears Jim Tilley and his wife coughing in a desolate duet, shivering over the old stove, one who knows the story denies that Jim is the profoundest anti-climax of a romance that ever was.

Fifteen years ago all Washington county was agog over the beauty of a woman. She was a beauty, a polished, travelled, sweet in regard to the keenness of which was accentuated by her eccentricities. The distinguished men of the national capital whom she fascinated were her slaves. Nature had made a copy of the model of complete womanhood, beauty in feature, form and complexion. And with her personal beauty was coupled a character no less out of the common course.

And yet who, after all, was she? A woman, who later she the stirring wife of a poor, unlettered, unscrupulous and single shaver in the town of Bridgewater, Me.—and that man Jim Tilley.

And her life? In Westport, Me., a few miles from Caribou, N. B., the illegitimate child of Sarah Ann Shain, a servant girl.

Adopted as his own by Enoch Arden Shain of Bridgewater, Me., a man who forgave the mother her fault and took her as his wife and brought up her daughter with the children afterward born.

At 15 a household drudge for families in the neighborhood. Unable to read or write. Ignorant of all the world outside the woods of Aroostook.

At 17 the wife of hostler Jim Tilley, a rough, coarse, and uneducated man, who was her mother. For six months she remained the submissive drudge of a shiftless squatter and shingler, the vocation Jim adopted to support his wife. Then, on an impulse, she, without warning, turned out of that backwoods nest, and, with all her rudeness and her ignorance, but firm in the faith that her beauty would bring her wealth, she flitted straight to New York.

We all know how those affairs usually end. The story of the simple country maiden in the great city—especially the beautiful country maiden, is an old and a true one. She didn't fall. No, in the Vanity Fair where she found herself she could give Rocky Sharp cards and spears and still win out above that assertive young woman of Theaker's imagination.

Welthy Ann Tilley, the green wife of the backwoodsman, dropped her gaucherie and old-fashioned name and became Welthy Ann Tilley, the Spanish beauty.

She absorbed education on the wing. This one and that one lavished affection and money upon her, but still she shrewdly refused to lose her head and become a victim. She played with those who would have dragged her down. She took their wealth and fooled them. With extraordinary keenness she fathomed the mysteries and the ways of the world. In a few months she had hardened like the diamond, and like the diamond she had many facets, all glittering ones.

She came into the great city penniless and friendless. By sheer innate ability and strategy she won her way. Four years after her disappearance from Bridgewater she was the wife of Albert L. Munson, a wealthy manufacturer of New Haven, Conn.

In a short time divorced, with a liberal alimony, after helping to spend a considerable slice of her husband's fortune.

Then in a year or two afterward the brilliant wife of a man of science and wealth in Washington, courted by the impressionable and associating farm senators and diplomats.

And all this time, Jim, the anti-climax of the romance, was grubbing on his little farm, picked in the Aroostook woods and hearing-for he couldn't read-through the distorted say-so of public gossip, how the runaway wife was progressing in the world "outside," as the Aroostook rustic term the territory without the limits of their county. "Yes," said Jim the other day to a Globe correspondent, who had penetrated to his hillside fastness, "I s'pose she got to be about the prettiest woman there was a-gyp along to the last. She wasn't but 19 when she died. It was that matter she was a good looking girl when we got married, but she wasn't fixed up none, and you know clothes count a good deal in the looks of any one."

Jim glanced down at his wife's face. "I ain't jealous, and I ain't afraid to say that she was the prettiest woman I ever see. I don't blame Jim for marrying her when she was young. There wasn't many men who could resist her. But she did use her wits."

"Yes, she did," that's all," agreed Jim. "You see I didn't have much money, only what I earned by shoving stumps, and tending horses, and her folks warn't over 'n above anxious for me to marry her. They didn't have no money themselves, but they had an idea that Welthy, with her pretty face, would be likely to fetch on to some feller that owned a cleared farm down Houlton way. But Welthy seemed to like me pretty well and she had got tired of being bossed round by people that thought they owned her because she was a dollar a week and give her board. So we got hitched up. We thought we wouldn't go to her home the first of it until the folk cooled down a little, and so as there wasn't any other place to stay we went down to the barn, where I stayed and slept in the double horse stall."

"The next day we went to her folks and stayed there as long as we lived together. 'Twasn't long before she commenced to be dissatisfied."

"Jim," said she, one day, 'ain't I pretty?"

"Fair lookin'," says I. "Well," says she, "I've been told I'm as handsome as they make 'em."

"Who told you so?" says I. "But she wouldn't let on. I found out afterwards that it was a runner and a Boston concealer who had been putting all that sort of stuff in her head and telling her that she never ought to stay up in the country all her life."

Mrs. Tilley broke in. "Twice she come home later than 12 o'clock at night, half frozen, and she wouldn't say where she had been. And still she made believe to love him just the same. Now, I couldn't fool a man in that way," and she leaned her trouble-drawn face on her hands and looked intently at Jim.

"Well, I followed her the second night," pursued Jim stolidly, "and I see where she went. But I didn't say anything to her then, for I knew it wouldn't do any good. When I twitted her when she came home, she said that if I didn't keep still she would go a-roaming, and I wouldn't ever see her again."

"It was right in the middle of the night, but she set right up in bed and says, 'Jim, I ain't got no business in these parts. I've seen visions.' (In later years Washington society heard this woman describe some of her visions on a witness stand.)

"Yes, she said she saw visions, and one of them was her mother. She said it had been revealed to her that her real mother wasn't Sarah Ann Shain, but a Spanish girl, and that her father, a Spanish gentleman, she said her mother told her to go a-roaming and find her fortune."

"Welthy," says I, "would you leave me?"

"I don't want to, Jim," she says, "but if you twist me my Spanish mother will come and take me away from you. She says that if I will go I can always ride in my carriage, and never need to walk again."

"Well, I didn't take any stock in that, for Welthy always had been a sort of a queer girl, with notions. But when I come home from the woods next night she was gone for good, and she had taken everything with her."

"Yes," broke in the wife, "I even look Jim's new necktie he bought for his wedding."

Then Jim went on to detail the rest of this curious romance as Jim himself had been able to surmise it from the remoteness of an Aroostook backwoods settlement, and entirely through the medium of "hearsay."

"I never seen her again for four years and over. She didn't write, but I heard about her—what a great swell she was getting to be and all that. I knew she wouldn't come back, and I didn't know how to go to work to get a divorce, so I got married to marry over there."

"We went to live over Portage way. One night after dark there was a rap on the door of our log camp. We

didn't go at first, for we thought that the boys were around playing tricks. Folks up this way allus walked in without knocking. Then in a minute the door opened and in walked Welthy. Thunder! She did look handsome. She had come into the woods on horseback, and she had on some sort of a green velvet dress with a long tail to it, and a broad-brimmed hat with a long feather, and long gloves and all that sort of fixing, and she was the prettiest sight I ever did see.

"Well, I didn't know what to say. My wife—I mean this one—gus-sed in a minute who the woman was, for I had told her about Welthy—now she had dark hair and black eyes and red cheeks and all that. So my wife—this one—up 'an' says, 'Do you want my husband?'

"He ain't your husband at all—he's mine," says Welthy, and she said it in a way that showed she had got book learnin' since she left Aroostook.

"But you needn't be frightened," she says. "I don't want him, and I wouldn't have him. I've found better."

"I s'pose you think he's better because he don't have patches on his pants?" says I.

"Look at him and see," says she, and then she opened the door and called in a handsome gentleman whom she introduced to us as her intended husband. Right behind was another man whom she said was an officer who had papers of divorcement to serve on me.

"The man who accompanied Welthy as her accepted lover was Albert Munson, who married her a few days afterwards at Houlton, the shrewd divorce was granted by Judge Kent, the justice presiding at the term of court then in session. The farcical charge named in Welthy's libel, according to the court records, was desertion, and she described Tilley as an idle, dissolute fellow, who had no means of supporting her."

"When she said she was going to get a divorce," continued Jim, "I told her that since she had run away from me and got me laughed at by all the neighbors, I was going down to Houlton to appear against her in court and tell the people what she was."

"When I said that, fire seemed to come right out of her eyes. She pulled a little revolver out of her pocket and jumped at me.

"If you do that," she said, "I'll shoot you like a dog."

"She looked savage," broke in the wife, "and I was scared for Jim. I pulled him back and jumped in front of her. If you are going to shoot anybody," said I, "you can just go ahead and shoot me. I love Jim too much to see him hurt."

"Then Jim spoke up to Welthy and said, 'Hold on, you catamount, and I'll sign the papers.' So he signed, and she and the man sat down and stayed until daylight. We spent the time talking, and Welthy told us of her travels. She had been across to Europe. I believe she told me she had been to nine different places in the world, wherever they were. When she went away she gave us a pressing invitation to the wedding with Munson."

"She said if Jim and me would come she would send a coach and four horses after us. But we wouldn't do it."

"She was an awful pretty woman, and I was glad I had chance to see her, but—and here broke out one flash of jealousy—"I told Jim after she had put red paint on her cheeks to make them look so pretty."

Therefore Welthy's movements were followed by Jim as best he could through the obscurity of his retirement. According to him, he never looked on her. He philosophically regarded on her as a bird of too bright plumage for his cage. He was grateful for her short stay with him while she was planning her wings, and afterward dutifully watched her flight without feeling that any one had cheated him of that which was his own.

"I'd rather live as we are now," said Jim's wife, throwing a comprehensive glance around the poor interior, "than to have Welthy's money and the convenience that must go with it. They do say that she died an awful hard death. She never left us any of her money. We didn't want what had come in the way she got it."

Tilley says that a few years before her death she wrote a letter to him and asked him to come back to her, and she would support him in comfort the rest of his days. "She said I wouldn't ever have to lift my hand again," said he.

"In that letter," continued Jim's wife, "she said I might come, too, and bring the oldest girl, and she would employ me as a servant. I asked Jim why he didn't go, for he could get the money, and rest of us would live the best we could in Aroostook. He was sick and couldn't work. But he took the letter and he listed up the stove cover and put it right in, and never answered it at all. That's the kind of a man Jim is."

The court records at Houlton show that Mrs. Tilley was married to Munson at that place in January, '71. Three years later she met Prof. Emmons, who became infatuated with her, and begged her to obtain a divorce from her husband and marry him. The divorce was secured, and in 1876 she and the professor were married. They visited Europe and were happy for a time, but disagreements resulted in separation, but no divorce.

The final sensational chapter in her life occurred in 1888, when Prof. Emmons endeavored to have her committed to an asylum for the insane. There was a trial at Washington to prove her sanity, and it was the sensation of the day. Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides, and the whole country watched the contest through the newspapers. All of the woman's eccentricities and traits were paraded before the public and some of them were even exhibited in



the court room, for Mrs. Emmons was irrepressible. She never recovered from the strain of the trial, and died in Washington Feb. 13, 1888.

SHE WAS CURIOUS. She was a giddy little thing. Not forty summers old. And when she met Alaska Joe she wanted to be told:

"Junesu the way to Klondyke gold. Up where they mine out brass? Then tell me how does Norton sound? Who let the Chilkoot pass?"

"Tell me, in Mr. Behring's straight? And tell me if Yukon. What makes the Mountain Wrangle so?—Alaska Joe was gone!"

—Indianapolis Journal.

A THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS.

(New York Star.)

She lay there in the solemn midnight hour, Her babe upon her breast, Her gaze in rapture upon the infant's face, And striving in the dim recesses of her mind To understand the mystery!

The wonder of the angel's voice yet sounded in her ear. Tremendous power and awful light that had encompassed her. Lived in her memory still.

She had a girl as lately with all her youth's fair dreams. Now a holy mother!

And one looked at this wondrous pair, While solemn silence filled his heart; They went so far apart from him, They towered so high!

He knelt and held them both in his embrace, And thus he held his God!

"JACK TAR."

By Tenyson.

They say some foreign powers have laid their hands upon the island's face, To break the pride of Britain, and bring her on her knees.

There is a treaty, so they tell us, of some diabolical fellows, To break the noble pride of the Mistress of the Seas!

Up, Jack Tar, and save us! The whole world shall not brave us! Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas!

We quarrel here at home, and they plot against us yonder. They will not let an honest Briton sit at their heads together.

Up, Jack Tar, my hero, and the D— I take the parties! Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas!

Up, Jack Tar, and save us! The whole world shall not brave us! Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas!

The lazes and the little ones, Jack Tar, they look to you! The deprecate overboard, let 'em do what they please!

God bless the noble isle where a man may still be true! God bless the noble isle that is Mistress of the Seas!

Up, Jack Tar, and save us! The whole world shall not brave us! It will save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas!

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

Blended not in song or story for some great and famous deed. Not proclaimed from the house-top in the basis of her creed.

Neither fame nor subtle logic hath she chosen for her battle-axe. Her religion, like her being, finds its centre in the heart.

In the midst of service, scattering truth's eternal seed. That shall yield abundant harvest in immortal thought and deed.

Firm of purpose, clear of vision, pure of heart and fair of face. With a quiet of minor mirth, and her manner quiet grace.

With a meekness born of courage, brave but gentle, strong but good. Stepping in the spotless grandeur of her gown her womanhood.

Though men wander, slaves to custom, serve her through inveterate fear. Brads she never in dissemble, seeming to be sincere.

Wears she on her face the record of a rich and well-stored mind. Treasures of the living present with a sacred past combined.

Bearing in refined tracing mark of high and cultured thought. Blessed with a heavenly unction by the Holy Spirit wrought.

Noble in its quietly aspect, yet with soft and tender touch. Shining through the mobile features that doth glorify them such.

Not by garbs on the beauty of unclouded womanly grace. Comes its unflinching, steady gazing of her calm and steadfast eye.

Not from gratified desires, or the thrill of human pride. Shines that smile of melting sweetness—but from sorrow sanctified.

Walking with her Lord and Master where the titter waters flow. Conspicuous as her lot to him, where the living pain their crew.

True unto the holy vision that her womanhood receives. Soeth she beside all waters, and the resplendent golden sheaves.

Let her highest mission, pointing heaven's way to God. From her serene truth and honor evil spirits shamed and awed.

Walking onward with her brother, hand in hand, with even gaze. Dropping flowers of peace and plenty o'er earth's dark and devious ways.

Serene in a narrow circle for the boundless of her sphere? Lift aloft by steadfast vision, it is neither there nor here.

Whosoever to her is given by Eternal Just. Becomes planned. Lendeth she the willing service of effulgent, ready hand.

All the world doth not encompass the resource of woman's mind. Only in Eternal wisdom will her "sphere" be truly defined.

Would you seek to slay her progress, turn from her accustomed path. Blazing sun in yonder heavens, check the storm-cloud's burst of wrath!