

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904

"SHUCKS, CHILE, YOU GO 'WAY."

Tried to Drive Old Negro Mammy Away From Stillman Wedding.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—While the last preparations were going on in the residence of Thomas E. Stillman, the millionaire lawyer, of 9 East Seventy-eight street, for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Mary E. Stillman, to Edward S. Barnes, a richly endowed young man, occupied by a white haired negro mammy, and a wee pickaninny, drawn by a horse whose bones almost broke through its mud-colored hide, clattered from Fifth avenue into Seventy-eighth street and halted before the Stillman doorway.

Down the stoop and across the sidewalk an evening had been erected. Underneath a width of soft carpet had been laid. Around the entrance uniformed policemen and detectives stood as a guard against curious loiterers.

As the strange vehicle drew up beside the curb the old negro woman rose to her feet, handed the reins to the little boy at her side and began to smooth out the wrinkles in the gorgeous velvet gown she wore. As she patted her shiny two policeman darted forward. The first to reach her said: "Move on."

Then he moved forward toward the horse as if he would lead it away. "Yo' jey let dat have 'one, mister," retorted mammy.

Before the copper had time to think the old negro had made a leap to the velvet carpet, and grabbed his coat-tails.

"But you can't stop here, aunty," he said.

"Can't stop hyah? Who can't?" she retorted. "Shucks, chile, you go 'way, fun hyah."

"But," began the officer.

"Now, now," droned the old woman, "doan you reckon I knows what I wants, heh?"

"Tommy," she said to the small boy in the wagon, "you take good keer of dat wagon till granmie come back."

Without more ado, still shooting off the policeman, she marched up the carpeted steps and opened the front door.

A liveried servant got in the way here, but his objections were of no avail.

"Doan you tink I knows what I wants?" she repeated. "Ise gwine to see my honey Missey before she gets married, I is."

The first liveried servant called another. The negroess shook both of them away.

About that time Mr. Stillman, hearing the commotion, hurried to the door.

"Why, it's Aunt Celia," he said.

"Bure, 'tis, honey," cried the old woman. "Ise dee came to de wedding an' dere's a little present out der in der wagon fer Missey."

The policemen, detectives, butlers and footman retired, defeated, as the lawyer ordered the door opened to the guest—Celia Johnson, dat's mah name," as she described herself.

Was the family servant of the Stillmans for thirty years until the bride's father bought her a farm over Jersey way.

The present in the wagon was a huge pumpkin.

PUNISHING A POACHER.

An Englishman Who Could Be Both Firm and Kind.

The Earl of Kimberley, when Lord Wodehouse, had a curious way of treating poachers who came before him in his magisterial capacity. More than once, after dining some poor fellow poaching, he would step down and pay his fine. One of the most exciting incidents of this kind was that of a confirmed poacher, who came before him three times. Twice Lord Wodehouse held his fine, but on the third occasion, to everybody's—including the prisoner's—surprise, he sent him to prison. On leaving the court the noble lord went to the poacher's wife and left a couple of sovereigns, with a message that he was to send her husband to Watton Park as soon as he came out. This the man did, and for his trouble Lord Wodehouse made him put his hands up and gave him a thorough thrashing, at the close of which his lordship said, "There! I hope that has knocked the vice out of you; but if you've any virtue left, I've got a good job I can give you. Now, then, come along and see my gardener."—London Hour Glass.

FOR PA'S BENEFIT.

They were seated at the supper table.

"Say, ma," queried little Dolly, "what is a miser?"

"A miser, my dear," answered the diplomatic mother, as she glanced across the table at her husband, "is a man who thinks his wife's hat should not cost any more than his own."

THINGS WILL TAKE A TURN.

Dee—I was very much surprised to hear of your engagement with young Snipkins.

Neil—And why, pray?

Dee—Less than two weeks ago you told me you hated him.

Neil—Oh, he hadn't proposed then.

Robertson, Irites & Co.

(Limited).

Skirts, Ready-to-Wear or Made to Order.

Within the past few days we have made a few additions to our stock of ready-to-wear skirts, some entirely new styles, designed especially for this store. Neatly trimmed, attractive in styles, exceptionally good values, new fabrics, popular colors.

Browns, navy, light grey, dark grey, blacks, \$2.99, \$3.45, \$4.50, \$5.25, \$5.50, \$5.90 each. Any style made to order at a moderate charge.

Knitted Gloves Of All Kinds.

Values better than the ordinary and prices within the limit of fair dealing, an assortment of fabric gloves that has no superior and we doubt if it has its equal in the city.

Cashmeres, plain or fleece lined, Knitted Wools in plain colors.

Knitted Wools in plain colors, fancy designs.

Knitted Wools in fancy, spots and plaids.

Suede Finished Cashmeres in modes and tans.

Suede Finished Wool Lined Cashmeres in plain colors.

Children's Fancy Ringed and Plain Cashmeres, all sizes and shades.

Heavy Knitted Wool Gloves for Boys, in fancy patterns and plain browns, 18c. to 55c. per pair.

Two Special Gloves, 25c. and 35c. pr.

Knitted Underwear

We have said much about our Underwear, but not too much. We have the assortment. Quality the best, prices reasonable.

All-Wool Vests, 25c. to \$1.25 each.

All-Wool Drawers, 25c. to \$1.25 each.

Each garment guaranteed non-shrinkable.

56 Inch Coat and Skirt Cloths

Black, navy, brown, grey, dark green, fawn, garnet and cardinal, in Tweed, Covert, Vicuna and Oxford Cloths, 75c., 95c., \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.20, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50, \$1.60 yard.

ROBERTSON, IRIES & CO., (Limited), 83 and 85 Charlotte St ST. JOHN, N. B.

ODD WAYS OF MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

How to make a living is a problem that confronts all but a pampered few some time during their stay on this earth. Some go in for law, medicine or the ministry; others apply themselves to mastering a trade and not a few trust themselves entirely to chance.

and, Micawber like, await whatever may turn up. The greatest portion of mankind can be placed under three heads, the shrew, the work of the bench or the office. This classification, however, leaves a residue comparatively small in numbers, but interesting to sociologists and the ordinary mortal alike.

This residue is made up of all kinds of men and women with purposes good and bad, varied in intelligence, social

standing and aspirations, but with the common bond of ingenuity that leads them to adopt some queer method of fulfilling the scriptural injunction relative to the earning of bread. They can broadly be divided into two classes, the "graters" and those who seek nothing but what can be honestly obtained. Of "graters" there is no end. There is an adage bred of the streets that "a sucker is born every minute," and the corollary of this is that the work of grating keeps pace with the increase of gullibility and future generations of "easy marks" will never have to face a scarcity of bait.

It is perhaps needless to remark that the second class is much smaller and the corollary of this is that the work of grating keeps pace with the increase of gullibility and future generations of "easy marks" will never have to face a scarcity of bait.

Another character makes his living trading razors. His career was determined by adversity and chance. His awakening was to find himself with no money and nothing of value except a razor.

He considered the razor a good one and came to the conclusion that he could sell it to a barber. He tried a shop, but none of the barbers wanted to buy, although several offered to trade other razors, and offering a small amount "to boot." In the course of a few hours he encountered this proposition several times and finally took another razor and 15 cents in order to get something to eat. He then started with the second razor, and to his surprise found another trade which included a 15-cent consideration. This led to the thought that if he could trade fast enough, getting a few cents every time, the eating question would be settled.

HAS A LARGE STOCK.

By strict attention to business and studying the preference of barbers for different kinds of razors he soon accumulated a stock, and now he travels from shop to shop loaded with keen edged cutlery. Honing and repairing razors that showed signs of wear was the first suggestion, and he became an expert, so that the end of each day

of capital, and the possession of \$5 in cash suggested the idea. What to do with the money was a sore puzzle, and he resolved to think about it, and in the meantime started out to find something to do.

While making the rounds of various places in his quest for work he noticed the sign, "This is my busy day," and other placards of similar import. These kind of ad removed all traces of printer's ink. The stray bit of knowledge he learned that a certain kind of ad removed all traces of printer's ink. The stray bit of knowledge he learned that a certain kind of ad removed all traces of printer's ink.

The ink-removing formula was then put to work and found to be a success. These printed cards are either given away or bought for next to nothing. A bath in the acid follows and they can easily be disposed of at 15 cents a hundred. The renovator now looks up the sender of every card of this kind and it is seldom that he does not find some that are left over, and as there are thousands used annually a brisk business results.

HIGH ART WITH SOAP.

Then there is another subdivision of this class, whose stock in trade is what is commonly called a "knack." The "soap artist" is one of the most successful of these. All he requires is a piece of soap and a mirror or plate glass window and he starts to work.

The "soap artist" as a rule is a man with a natural bent for drawing, or else some artist or sign painter who has "gone wrong" via John Barleycorn. His favorite studio is the saloon frequented as a general thing by patrons who have no fine conceptions of technique. He is a cheerful soul, and as he hobs into a likely looking place something like the following dialogue follows:

"Morning barkeep. Better let me spread a word of art across that nicely polished mirror of yours."

"On your way, pal, fade, fade, hike, travel along, vamoose, get out before I tie in with you."

"Give me a chance, I'm up against it. If you don't like the work I'll rub it out, and it won't even cost you a drink."

Under these conditions the "barkeep" grows a reluctant consent, and the artist, having a sense of new value, walks and a host of other by Jeffries and Munroe in flaccid attitude, surrounded by immortelles, boxing gloves and such other trimmings as may suggest themselves. It is all done in a flash, and in a few moments the proud dresser is found in his saloon and immediately becomes a magnificent portion of art to the extent of perhaps a

dollar cash and several "What'll it be's."

HAS OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The saponaceous Turner may be ambitious, and if so will have several signs of a similar character. He will have a stock of ornamental designs which he can execute with blue and sign will be pasted some poster figure clipped from a theatrical bill. Or again, he may have mastered the art of printing backwards, which is one of the most lucrative. Characters printed on the inside of a window in the regular fashion are illegible to the onlooker on the outside, but if the letters are reversed everything is easy. To do this successfully the artist must be a man of wit, full of new gags with which to please the crowd he invariably draws before the window for the benefit of whatever business may be going on within. One of these all-round men who makes St. Paul his headquarters has stepped out in the van of his profession by adding tattooing to his repertoire. His work would hardly appeal to the fastidious, but he can affix a big eyed maid in short skirts to the forearm so that it will last for life. Anchors and American flags and initials are simple and bring in many an odd dollar when it is most needed.

A few weeks ago a "weight guesser" was on the streets of St. Paul, and he apparently thrived while he made the salinity city his home. His entire stock in trade is his ability to guess the weight of a person on short notice. Being a student of human nature, he saw that man takes a pleasure in the secret of his weight and likes to discuss the question. Wherever men are gathered together, and even women, it is an easy proposition to start an argument along these lines.

This "guesser" had been in the British army for years and, being attached to the recruiting service, became an expert in telling what a man would weight when he appeared before him ready to step on the scales. He quickly learned that clothes were deceptive and then acquired the faculty of telling a man's weight by feeling his arm and shoulder. Adrift in the world without

a trade and with a strong inclination to avoid hard labor, he turned his knowledge of human weight to account. His object in life is to start an argument on the question, during which he agrees to tell within four pounds of a man's weight. If he does he is to receive a dime; if not he gets nothing, and the subject's word is always taken. Four times out of five he gets the money. Experience has taught him that tall men are deceptive and he rarely has anything to do with a person whose weight consists chiefly of bones.

PATIENCE A PAYING VIRTUE.

The man who builds elaborate houses or ships inside of bottles is rare, but always successful. Patience to an unlimited degree appears to be his most valuable possession, and anyone who has seen him tolling hour after hour with his little blocks of wood, his wire and glue, is apt to think that Job was not so great a martyr after all. Thus he miniature builder whittles out blocks of wood that can be put together in the form of an elaborate miniature of a house. He then selects a bottle with a narrow neck and a large body. With his wire and glue he buys each piece of wood in place carefully and exactly until his work is complete. The joining of the blocks is so skilfully that they look like one piece, especially if the blocks are colored, and when complete the whole presents a mystery to the uninitiated onlooker, who cannot imagine how the house or ship was forced through the neck of the bottle.

There is the itinerant glass blower, the boy chalk artist who scratches pictures of famous men on the sidewalk, and a host of other by their wits just out of reach of the police. Why they turn their talents to these queer angles even they do not know.

They call the small chinks of life and get the small money for the pains, and are apparently well satisfied with nature for endowing them as she has.

LIFE OF LUXURY OF A BEGGAR.

The Story of Cecil Brown De Smith—He is Similar to Sherlock Holmes—"Man With the Twisted Lip."

LONDON, Nov. 22.—About 300 people battled at the doors of the Guildhall yesterday morning in order to catch a glimpse of Cecil Brown de Smith, the man who is alleged to have made a comfortable income by feigning paralysis and begging in the city.

The police, however, had not completed their case, with the result that comparatively little fresh evidence was offered and Smith was again remanded.

Still, it was something to be able to look upon a man against whom such remarkable allegations were made, and who, should the statements of the police prove correct, has lived a life almost similar to that of the "Man with the Twisted Lip," whose fraud was discovered by Sherlock Holmes.

Dressed respectfully, but by no means smartly, de Smith mounted the dock staircase unaided, and then leaned casually against the rail. He betrayed no symptom of paralysis.

He has a sallow complexion, a dark face, and an aquiline nose divides a pair of close-set and rather vacant-looking brown eyes. His forehead runs back into his dark hair, and his receding, unshaven chin droops so that his mouth is left open in somewhat foolish fashion.

But when it comes to talking, Smith is in no way foolish. He is self-possessed and keen, and he cross-examined the detectives in an educated voice and in a manner which plainly left the magistrate in no small degree astonished.

In answer to the charge that he "did go about collecting alms by false pretences," he quietly answered "Not guilty."

The two detectives, officially described as "plain clothes patrols," had their former evidence read over again to them by the clerk.

They had seen the prisoner moving slowly about the streets of the city, with his head wagging on one side, and dragging one leg painfully along.

Passers-by frequently dropped silver into the cigar box containing a few matches, which Smith carried. Poor charwomen, too, often stopped on their way to work to give him a penny.

One of the detectives then went on to describe how he had followed Smith home in a second-class carriage to the Crystal Palace station, where the "degraded" man was paralyzed no longer, but ran up the steps two at a time.

At a shop outside the station, Smith refreshed himself with oysters, and then walked briskly home to his cozy £20 villa, his wife, it was said, knowing nothing of how he came by his money.

On the way home he met a young woman to whom he lifted his hat, and with whom he shook hands, using his "paralyzed" arm for the purpose.

It was at this point that Smith took up his cross-examination. He lifted his hands from the dock rail, revealing a sheet of closely written notes, and shook a warning finger at the detective.

"Now, remember," he said, "you are on oath. Which hand did I raise my hat with?"

"The right hand," was the reply.

"On which side of the lady was I standing?" asked Smith.

"On the right side," Smith with the gesture of a specialist pleader, threw out his hands. "Devilmenten," he exclaimed, "I appeal to you. How?"

Here, however, the clerk cut him short with, "Never mind about that; you can make your statement afterwards." And Smith subsided with a quiet, "Very well, sir."

But Smith's statement was not to be heard, for Inspector Penton went into the box and asked for a remand, saying that he had heard that morning that Smith had been previously convicted, and that he had not found time to go into the matter.

At this point, therefore, the magistrate remanded Cecil Brown de Smith to the next Tuesday.

They told him that if he had any witnesses to call, he should bring them forward then.

"I have not asked for any legal assistance," said Smith, "because today I intended to read a statement in which I have written the whole truth. I have written to my wife asking her to bring my local doctor here, but I have had no reply."

He made an application that such money and valuables as he had upon him at the time of his arrest should be sent to his wife, and then with almost graceful inclination of his head to the magistrate, he walked briskly down the dock steps.

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length fur scarf free of charge, when she orders a new dress from us. The scarfs are made of the finest fur, and are very warm and comfortable. They are also very stylish, and will give you a new look. The scarfs are made in a variety of colors, and are suitable for all seasons. They are also very durable, and will last you for years. So, order your new dress from us, and we will give you a handsome fur scarf free of charge.

The Latest Style

Handsome Ladies or Girls Fur Scarfs. We have a large stock of the latest style fur scarfs, and we will give you one free of charge when you order a new dress from us. The scarfs are made of the finest fur, and are very warm and comfortable. They are also very stylish, and will give you a new look. The scarfs are made in a variety of colors, and are suitable for all seasons. They are also very durable, and will last you for years. So, order your new dress from us, and we will give you a handsome fur scarf free of charge.

600

Cures all Coughs

Doesn't it stand to reason that as Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has cured consumption, it will naturally cure that cough of yours? Your money back, if it doesn't. Try it to-day.

25c., 50c. and \$1.00