

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

GOODS AT SECOND HAND.

THE PLACES IN ST. JOHN WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE KEPT.

Their Lines of Goods and How They are Bought by the Proprietors—Some Incidents of the Sale of Articles—In a Woman's Second-Hand Clothing Store.

To most people the second-hand shop is simply a name, or at most a place where furniture, bric-a-brac and clothing which have seen their day and must be pushed aside for something more up-to-date, may be disposed of, with a little—in the majority of cases, a very little—financial profit to the owner.

There are twelve of these places in St. John and to a large number they constitute the only clothing houses in the city. It is on Saturday night that the second-hand place does its most rushing trade, and when in full blast there is perhaps no better place to study the character of the lower strata of the city's population than inside its doors.

Those who visit the place then do not come to sell, as is usually supposed, but to buy—something to wear on Sunday. The stock of men's clothes as a rule comes from the cheapest clothing stores, though to be sure there are many half worn pants, coats and vests that have been turned over to the second-hand man for a few cents.

The frequenters of these places are from the very poorest classes, though occasionally some well dressed individual finds his way in, and barter his watch and chain, or some other personal belonging for the price of a night's lodging, or it may be for a few drinks. When fortune smiles again he redeems his property; that is if she smiles within eight days. If at the end of that period the owner doesn't appear to claim the article "in soak" it is sold to the first person who wants to buy it. There are no pawn tickets given out in the shops here, and no red tape business in conveniently raising a small sum in this way. The name of the owner is simply entered on a great big ledger and when the wheel of fortune has taken a lucky turn it is only necessary to give the name and a correct description of an article and pay the amount required. The proprietors of places here are very careful not to make themselves amenable to the law by any violation of their license, and as one result nothing is bought from children, or any one under eighteen years of age. Much of the stock of these stores comes from auction rooms and a pretty dilapidated, heterogeneous collection it is.

Occasionally something worth buying is happened across in the general melee like the piece of genuine Belleek ware found under a great pile of old clothes in one of these places the other day. The dainty thing was almost transparent in its fragility and thinness, and its lovely shell-like beauty contrasted strangely with its surroundings.

It had a history no doubt and an interesting one too, if it were but known, for Belleek is rare on this side of the Atlantic, and one could not but speculate on the chance that had so changed its fortunes, and brought it finally to the obscurity, not to say ignominy of a second hand shop. The price asked for it was very small, and as the article was carefully wrapped up the dealer recalled the fact that he had bought it from a woman nearly a year ago, who at the same time sold him a small silver watch and a large revolver.

The revolver has been disposed of but the watch still reposes in the window, though it is one of the higher makes. On the back of the case is the initial "J"—and on the inside is engraved "Barbara from John—Sept. 2, 1884."

People who have something to sell do not always come to the shops. They usually send a postal asking the proprietor to call at their residence, and then they dicker away with as much vim and energy as if they too were in the business for a living.

"See dat posel card," said a dealer in second hand goods the other day as he held out a card to a lady informing him that in house cleaning she had come across some things that she wished to dispose of. "Well she have sent us card like dat for long time. Sometime say furniture, sometime say clo'es. She want big price all de time tho' an' won't give poor man's no chance to live. Sometime we take article for one dollar and have to sell him for seventy-five cent. Lots of business in dat lady an' she ought to be in de second hand business for good. I like de means best to bargain with. Dey don't say nothings when you tell dem price you

give for coat or vest but jus' bundle it up an' take de money. A lady most time she talk talk, an' all de time she say she want more money. We have a lot of swell folk sell us good an' dey always gits de full value of everything."

Sailors and mill hands are excellent customers of those places of business. They never, or very seldom indulge in "beating down." They take whatever is offered first and pay the price asked. Lately trade has fallen off and this the old clo' men say is due to the war which has affected many of their best patrons, through the closing of several mills.

In one place where ladies cast off garments are a specialty a thriving trade is done all the year round. It is much neater, than most other places of the kind, and its contents are a study. The one window is given up chiefly to showy kinds of garments. A white satin bodice heavily trimmed with pearl embroidery, a pink silk waist, a grenadine evening dress over green silk, a white embroidered muslin, a pale yellow china silk and various other things were laid out with the greatest care. Some of the dresses had seen better days, though the greater number were fresh and bright looking; but all had had their day, served their time of usefulness and though they can scarcely be said to have reached old age, have been relegated to a place in the second hand clothing store. The gowns are very frequently recognized by passers by as having once belonged to some particular member of swelldom, but evidently the ladies do not mind this in the least for there is seldom any change in the trimming or arrangement of a gown, or in fact any effort made to conceal its identity.

Who buys this cast-off finery? When this question was asked lately, the proprietress gave a shrug of the shoulders, elevated her brows and smiled a significant smile. She wasn't just sure where they went but she had a suspicion.

The commoner kind of clothing is eagerly bought up by the women and girls who work in factories and mills and by many in domestic service, who are always on the lookout for something cheap and serviceable.

The dealers in second hand stuff say that there is very little in it for them; in fact that they eke out only the scintilla of an existence. This statement would seem to be borne out for the most part by their surroundings which do not betoken any great financial gains in their chosen work.

WHO THE CARLISTS ARE.

How They Base Their Present Claims to the Spanish Throne.

The talk of Carlist risings in Spain, and particularly the rumor that the person known as Don Jaime de Bourbon proposes to put himself at the head of the Carlist party, may incite a curiosity in some to know who the Carlists are and what they stand for in Spain. Ferdinand V., who came to the throne of Spain after the earth had settled from the Napoleonic earthquake, married for his fourth wife, Maria Christina, daughter of the King of Naples, a sister of the Duchess de Berri and a niece of Queen Marie Amelie, wife of King Louis Philippe of France. Ferdinand, always a miserable creature, like most Spanish monarchs, became more miserable after his fourth marriage. He fell completely under the domination of his handsome, energetic, ambitious and thoroughly unprincipled wife, says the Kansas City Star.

Queen Maria Christina was determined that the crown of Spain should descend to her family. But governing the descent was the decree of Philip V., which had been law in Spain for 120 years and which declared that no woman could reign in Spain while there lived a male descendant of Philip IV. In default of male heirs from the marriage of Ferdinand V. and Maria Christina, the lawful successor under the decree of Philip V. was Don Carlos, Ferdinand's brother. As it turned out, the first child born to this couple was a girl, Isabella, who fourteen months later, was followed by a sister. Even before the birth of Isabella, the Queen Maria Christina began a movement for the setting aside of the law of Philip V. Ferdinand, for a considerable period resisted, but yielded at last, and on April 6, 1830, ordered that an incomplete decree by Charles IV., in 1789, which appeared to repeal the Salic law, should be published and made perpetual. All the Borbons protested, and the King endeavored to undo his action by what was called a "de-

creed of derogation," but on his deathbed he declared that his act was, therefore, null and void. This restored his act intended to make his daughter Isabella his heir. When Ferdinand died Marie Christina was reigning as queen regent and the little girl Isabella was the heir apparent, just as the Marie Christina reigns in the name of the little boy known as Alfonso XIII.

The brother of Ferdinand, usually known as Don Carlos, but who indulged in the name and title at home of Carlos Maria Isidor de Borbon-y-Borbon, infant of Spain, entered his protest before the death of Ferdinand against all the proceedings setting aside the Salic law admitting the female line, and declared himself the lawful heir-apparent to the throne of Spain. Immediately on the death of Ferdinand the northern provinces of Spain arose and declared for King Charles, as he was styled, and these people were called Carlists a name which continues to exist. Those who adhered to the existing government, of the queen regent, were popularly called Christians.

The cause of Don Carlos, dear to the Spanish heart as standing for bigotry and despotism, seemed at one time likely to triumph, but was betrayed by one of its generals, Morotto. Don Carlos fled from Spain, and in 1844 abdicated in favor of his son, the second Don Carlos. Cabrera invaded Spain in 1849, but he neglected his former practice of murdering and mutilating his prisoners, and his efforts were not supported with the former enthusiasm. The second Don Carlos attempted to enter Spain in 1848 and again in 1860, when he was arrested and signed a renunciation of his claims to the Spanish throne. The present pretender is a third Don Carlos, grandson of the first, a son of Don Juan. He has made several attempts to overthrow the government of Spain; the most formidable beginning in 1873 and lasting until 1876. The Don Jaime, who is described as desirous of mixing in Spanish affairs as head of the Carlists, is the son of the third Don Carlos. It is a notorious fact in Spanish history that no real curse ever permanently departs from Spain. One of the permanent afflictions of Spain is what may be termed Carlianism. In no other country is such a party as the Carlists possible. It is a party willing to shed its blood for a government of the worst type of the fourteenth century. There have been many Carlist risings, and they are perpetually expected.

A FIREMAN'S PATRIOTIC HEROISM.

How He Refused to Squel in the Hearing of Spaniards.

No incident connected with the loss of the Maine and her gallant crew exceeds in tragic pathos the fate of Mike Malone, second-class fireman. It is vouched for by three officers, all of whom were eyewitnesses.

Malone was the finest specimen of physical manhood on board the ship. Six feet in height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, a giant in strength and a child in gentleness, he was the idol of his shipmates and enjoyed the respect of all his superiors.

The fireman was sleeping in the berth deck.

The explosion hurled him up from below. A frightfully mangled mass of humanity. One arm had been torn from its socket, both legs were broken and his throat had been torn open.

He staggered to the rail and clutched hold of one of three sailors who had escaped with less serious injuries. They were shouting for help in terror-stricken tones.

Dying as he was the big fireman begged them to assist.

"Don't let these Spaniards hear us squeal," he gasped. "Let us die like men."

The spectacle of this Spartan standing amid that terrible wreck was inspiring. His comrades were instantly shamed into silence.

Poor Malone's agony became so great that he begged the sailors to kill him. "Knock me on the head," he cried. "For the love of God put me out of my misery. Don't let me linger like this, boys. It is only a question of a few minutes. Kill me, somebody, for God's sake; but don't let the Spaniards know I weakened."

A boat put out from shore was being rapidly rowed toward the wrecked battleship. It came alongside as Malone made his pitiable plea that he be killed. Those in the boat scrambled aboard the shattered deck of the Maine, with the assistance of the sailors who were not badly hurt. The dying man was lowered down. His tremendous strength and vitality still sustained him and the relief that he begged for would not come. Again he implored them in the name of humanity to end his sufferings, and then, finding no response, he leaped backward and threw himself into the waters of the harbor. He sank at once.

METHODS OF INDIAN CRIMINALS.

Robbery by the Use of Drugs Reduced to a Fine Art.

Judging from a passage in an interesting report on the police administration of the central provinces, which has just been issued, it would appear that while introducing Western methods of government into Asia we have also brought into the East some of the choicest growth of Western crimes. It is recorded that at Khandwa a guileless cooly employed on the waterworks was accosted by a friendly fakir, who expressed a desire to see what government rupies were like. The unsuspecting innocent handed over a couple of specimens to the fakir, who dexterously substituted false coins for them when handing them back. Surely this is an Oriental version of the old familiar "confidence trick," which is played in various forms in the purlieus of London every day! But in this instance the cooly was able to turn the tables on his deceiver. He did not discover the fraud for some time after, when he found he had been duped he "lay low and said nuffin." One day he again met the fakir, who this time asked for change for a rupee. He promptly seized the holy man and gave him into custody, and a false rupee being found in the fakir's possession he was deprived of his liberty for the space of two years.

But the pages of the criminal records of the central provinces also contain examples of numerous crimes which are peculiar to the East. For instance, at Jubbulpore recently a man felt highly indignant at the severe treatment he had received at the hands of his landlord. Accordingly he seized his own child by the legs, and dashed it on the ground, killing it instantly in the belief, it is supposed, that its blood would be on the head of his persecutor. Such appalling attempts to secure revenge by vicarious sacrifice are, happily, unknown to the Western world nowadays.

Dacoities, of course, form a prominent feature in the report, and in at least two instances clever captures of dangerous gangs were effected by the police. Robberies after administering drugs, though by no means unknown in Europe, are practiced in a far more systematic manner in India. One particularly daring offender was brought to justice in the central provinces last year. He "wandered about the district poisoning people right and left," and afterward relieving them of their belongings. His usual method was to strike up an acquaintance with a traveler, and surreptitiously to introduce drugs into the food. His most bare-faced exploit was carried out right in the center of the market place at Hinganghat, where he drugged three men with dhatura and got clear away with their valuables.

The Hinganghat outrage, however, was his last, for his career as a poisoner came to an end directly afterward in a remarkable manner. In his disguise of respectable traveler he had driven around the Wardha district in a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks. After the robbery in the market place he appears to have concluded that he had accumulated enough spoils to warrant him in retiring into private life, and he disappeared, leaving his cart behind him. A constable drove the conveyance round the district seeking the owner. While on his wanderings he came to a place called Khapri, and as he was passing

through it a woman rushed out of a house and declared that the bullocks belonged to her husband. The constable discreetly retorted that they now belonged to his uncle, and quietly went to an adjacent railway station and telegraphed to his inspector, who came by the next train. By a singular coincidence the poisoner joined the same train at the point nearest his native village he was recognized by the inspector owing to a curious bracelet he wore. He had the proceeds of the robberies in his possession and his wife's innocent exclamation will cost him fourteen years' imprisonment.—Times of India.

BISMARCK AND THE SERGEANT.

The Iron Chancellor Declares That he Does not Intend to Die Just Yet.

On the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Prince Bismarck's entrance into the Prussian military service, the Second Regiment of Foot Guards, of which the Iron Chancellor is an honorary Colonel, sent him a present and an address. The person selected to convey the regiment's greeting was Sergeant Karl Sielhoff, an interesting account of whose experience is given in the Berlin Borsen Courier. The Sergeant presented himself at the Castle in Friedrichstrasse at 9 o'clock in the morning of March 25 and announced his errand to Dr. Schweninger. While waiting for a reply in the hall the Prince's body servant came to him, and in the course of the conversation found out that the Sergeant came from the neighborhood of Varzin. He told the Prince of this, whereupon Bismarck exclaimed: "If he is a fellow countryman of mine I must have a look at him," and Sielhoff was admitted to his presence.

Bismarck was sitting on a lounge by the fireside. On seeing Sielhoff, who is a broad-shouldered fellow 6 feet 2 in height, enter the bedroom, he cried out: "Donnerwetter, these Pomeranians are all stout fellows!" Then he beckoned to the sergeant and told him to take a seat while he examined the present and read the accompanying letter. He then began to write an answer, interrupting it with questions about Sielhoff's Colonel, his captain, his family affairs, and so on, till Dr. Schweninger warned him that he must not talk too much. The Prince kept on, however, speaking of the pains in his face, from which he had never been free during forty-three years, and saying that now gout in his legs had been added to them, but his body was still sound and for the present he had no intention of dying.

When he had finished his reply he called for one of his photographs, wrote on it his name and the date, and presented it to Sielhoff, asking him to greet his commanding officer and the Second Footguards for him. As the sergeant rose and fell in position for the salute, Bismarck nodded to him and said, "Come here and give me a good, strong handshake as a good-by," after which he gave orders that Sielhoff should have breakfast in the castle before leaving.

Explained.

Are you a native of this town? asked a traveller of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet.

"Am I a what?"

"Are you a native of the town?"

"Hey?"

"I asked if you were a native of this place?"

At that moment his wife, tall, sallow and gaunt, appeared at the open door of the cabin, and taking her pipe from between her teeth, said, acidly:

"Aint ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you was born, or wuz ye born before you begun livin' here. Now answer him."—Harper's Bazar.

Dr. Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been curing people right along for nearly 50 years. That is why it is acknowledged to be the sovereign Sarsaparilla. It is the original and the standard. The record of the remedy is without a rival,—a record that is written in the blood of thousands, purified by its power.

"I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."—Mrs. A. P. TAYLOR, Englewood, N. Dak.

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