DIED WITH HARNESS ON.

BOSTON NEWSPAPER MEN WHO STOOD BY THEIR DUTY.

Five of Them Who Have Gone Within a Short Time—Taps Sounded for "Jimmy" Frost—How Joe Barker Perished at His Post—The Suburban Home Idea.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—Last Sunday, the Herald published a list of 31 prominent men whose obituaries had been printed since Sept. 5.

Five of them were newspaper men.

Two were killed, and one died at his home, within an hour after leaving the office, where he completed a long day's work at an early hour in the morning. One of the others died also suddenly. All were well known in Boston.

Had Mr Micawber been in the newspaper business, he would have had to wait so long for something to turn up. Something is always turning up. No one knows what a day may bring forth and the unexpected always happens. It has to be dealt with promptly and effectively, and there is little time to devote to sentiment. When a prominent man dies—the newspapers are as much concerned as the undertaker, and although the reporter with a touch of sentiment in his nature may be able to write a better account of the deceased, his death, his life, and his former achievements—an account with pathos that will appeal to the people, and be in keeping with the time and circumstances—yet it is a matter of business, and in many cases the story in the newspaper is the work of a man who, if he has any pride in it at all, regards it in much the same light as the undertaker does in conducting the funeral with due solemnity, or in the superior workmanship in the style and make of the coffin.

But the five newspaper men!

That is another matter. They were friends, co-workers, their faces were familiar, their voices familiar, their thoughts familiar, their habits and peculiarities familiar. They, too, had written obituaries, they knew how practical the newspaper was. But they belonged to the crowd, were popular among the boys or interesting because well known and of wide experience, there was something about them, no matter what it was, that made them part of the circle.

They left the office. A few hours later the circle is broken. Those who are left to grind out the news of the day and write obituaries can hardly believe it. But it is true.

So it was when Henry G. Trickey, of the Globe, was killed in Ontario, when Major James P. Frost left the office on the 6th of January and died at his home a few minutes later, and last Tuesday when at the fire the newspaper men began to ask "Did anybody see Joe Barker?"

Joe Barker was a transcript reporter, sent out in the morning to do the Federal street fire. When the time came for the paper to go to press he did not appear with his copy. He was a reliable man. Had he met with an accident? No one knew. When night came, all believed that he was dead, buried beneath a heap of ruins, and the next morning his obituary was printed. They were obituaries written by friends who wrote as they felt, and seemed unable to find words enough to express their thoughts and show their regard for the departed; obituaries couched in language which on other occasions they would have been afraid to use, knowing it would not pass the blue pencil of the desk man, but they wrote not the sentiments of a newspaper man, but of a friend. And it was all printed.

Now I do not want to be understood as saying that reporters are under ordinary circumstances a hard-hearted crowd, who look upon the death of a public man as a matter of business, out of which the paper is supposed to make all the capital possible. On the contrary, there is a good deal of sentiment in their makeup, and what they write is sincere. Some member of the staff, if not a number, has probably known the deceased, has met him and interviewed him, perhaps, and in the majority of cases has been a friend. What little remains to be written is a true estimate—the last lines about a man of whom they have written much before.

But in Barker's case it was different.

He was not a prominent man, strictly speaking. He was known by the reporters and among the public men of the city. Hundreds knew his face and did not know his name. He was "one of them reporters." An injured man at the hospital recognized him by his photograph, as "a reporter" who was with him when the wall fell. Policemen "knew him well" when they saw his photograph, but "couldn't have called him by name" to save their souls. But the reporters seemed downcast all that day, and the morning papers echoed their feelings. "He was one of the best fellows on the press," they said. "Poor Joe," read the headings in the papers. He met his death while doing his duty. Twenty or thirty other reporters were working on the fire. He alone was killed. But it might have been any of them.

When Joe Barker died all the sentiment of Boston newspaper men came to the surface, and as much of it went into cold type as the papers could possibly stand.

Some time ago PROGRESS and its correspondents had a good deal to say about cheap houses, but if I remember right the idea was to have them in the city. The same problem is agitating Boston, and something is likely to be done next summer by the Working men's Suburban Home company. They talk of building houses cheap enough for anybody, but I am afraid the small amount of room in them would make a St. John working man shudder. One style of house proposed will have four rooms and cost $700; another five rooms at $1100, and six rooms at $1500; while figures are also given on a four room house at $500. The idea is to depopulate the tenement districts in Boston and get the people to move to the suburbs, paying for these little cottages on instalments instead of paying rent and having nothing to show for it at the end of a number of years.

The movement is purely a philanthropic one, or is engaging the attention of philanthropic people, but of course there is a good deal of business behind it all. The idea of selling houses on the instalment plan is not a new one, but the great point is to get the cost of the houses so low as to meet the purses of the poorer people. A good deal of figuring is being done, but co-operative banks, first, second and third mortgages, interest and instalments are all being worked in together in a way that will almost make it impossible for an ordinary working man to know just where to begin if he did want to purchase a house.

Why not have suburban homes in St. John? There are lots of them now, but what splendid opportunities there are to build more of them, when the rents in the city are so high.

One of the newest societies in Boston is called the Sons and Daughters of the Maritime Provinces. There are branches of the order in a number of places in Massachusetts and Rhode Island but Boston has only just fallen into line. Among the members are many whose names will be familiar to PROGRESS readers, and in another letter I will have more to say about them.

R. G. LARSEN.

CHASED BY CARLYLE.

Edgar L Wakeman Describes one of the Old Chelsea Pensioners.

British pensioners in old Chelsea hospital, London, when desiring to be particularly sarcastic regarding the quality of their food, say that "Every sheep killed for Chelsea has nine breasties!"—that is, somehow the officers' messes secure all the legs of mutton, while the pensioner privates get only the ribs and briskets. However this may be, the record is for long life to the pensioner after he enters this noble monument to the generosity of pretty Nell Gwynne. There is one old fellow, William Merrill, late of the 31st Foot, who has seen over forty years' actual service in the British army, and who has been a pensioner at Chelsea for nearly a quarter of a century. He is now in his ninety-third year, and is not only as spry as many youths of twenty, but he also enjoys a peculiar distinction.

He has been chased, so Chelseans relate, more miles by irate Thomas Carlyle, than by any foe afield. These gay old pensioners haunt the shadowy lanes and avenues of Chelsea for new larking-grounds, at public houses, or for grateful gossipings with glib-tongued housemaids; and ancient "uncle William" formed a decided fondness for a red cheeked serving woman employed at 24, formerly 5, Great Cheyne Row, the home of the great philosopher and scold. "Uncle William" took up his station unabashed at Carlyle's house area railing until the grizzled author of Sartor Resartus could stand it no longer. He went down to him and expostulated. The British son of Mars answered in no humble spirit. Beside himself with rage Carlyle grabbed his walking-stick, and chased uncle William to the very Hospital bounds. The next day serene and calm the pensioner was found in his occustomed place. Thereafter until the housemaid was given her wages and a "character" these daily retreats and pursuits were offered as inspirating scenes to Chelseans. "We could almost set our clocks by them," related one good old lady, "and I often thought it was fine exercise for Uncle William and Carlyle, dear souls!"

Had a Few Remarks to Make.

This story comes from Kansas, where the People's party and free silver are still the chief topics of conversation. A man of rather questionable reputation died in a remote part of Waterloo township. The nearest preacher was summoned to preach a funeral sermon. Not knowing the man the preacher contented himself with a few general remarks on the solemn nature of the occasion, and then he said he would be glad to have any of the company present say a word about the dead man if they desired. No one moved or spoke, and again the preacher extended an invitation to the company to offer remarks, but again his invitation met with silence. Finally an old farmer, who sat in the corner of the front room, rose and said: "If no one has any remarks to make about the deceased, I would like to make a few remarks about the importance of free coinage."

Mexico as a Resort.

"Mexico is a queer country," remarked a legal friend who had just returned from a trip there. "The best hotel in the City of Mexico is a poor sort of an affair by the side of our New York hostelries. We couldn't get a room with a bath. I had to use the public bath connected with the hotel. Paid 25 cents. Nearly everything is 25 cents. We paid 25 cents for our beer and 25 cents for our brandy and soda. The waiters are worse than the New York article. They never bring you the correct change. They are natives, and the worst set of robbers out of jail."

DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.

A New York Physician Says They are Responsible for Sudden Deaths.

"I have made a study of sudden deaths," says a New York physician, "and I have become convinced that most of them are due to nightmares and bad dreams. I do not claim that unpleasant dreams are directly responsible for the sudden taking off of a man while asleep, but they frequently frighten the victim so badly as to bring on an attack of heart disease, and the latter finishes the job.

"How often have we awakened startled, confused and in a terrible state of perspiration, the effect of a horrible nightmare? How do you suppose that sort of agitation affects a weak heart? Well, I'll tell you. The victims may survive the shock once only or perhaps a dozen times, but it's going to catch him eventually, and when it does he's going off like a popgun.

"I dare say thousands and thousands of abled-bodied but weak-hearted men have died at night from heart attacks that were superinduced by bad dreams. There's no way of learning positively, but I know and you know and everybody knows, how frightened we find ourselves after awaking from slumber that was interrupted by an unpleasant dream, how in that dream we imagine ourselves as being pushed or thrown over a precipice, in a great shipwreck and drowning, or being crushed or eaten by some hideous monster. There is no question, in my opinion, that death comes in that way.

"I have under my care some forty business men of this city who are suffering from what is called smoked hearts. That is they have heart affection as the result of too much indulgence in smoking tobacco. I wouldn't give five coppers for their lives if they got a bad attack of nightmare. Their hearts are so weak from cigar and pipe smoking as to make them entirely susceptible to an attack of heart trouble.

"Several of these have become so convinced of the wisdom of my theory of bad dreams and heart weakness, that they never retire until they fasten some knotted ropes or bed linen to their backs, that they may not roll on their backs while asleep and thus invite bad dreams and nightmares. A man dreams more rapidly, graphically and tragically on his back than on his sides.

"I am aware that the truth of my belief will be questioned by some, but I cannot understand why it should be. My advice to a man with a weak heart is not to dream. That, in my opinion, is the only way to stop a sudden death."

Torture in Modern Times.

The Chinese make use of torture in their courts of justice; the kind most commonly inflicted being flogging. The obdurate witness is laid flat on his face, and the executioner delivers his blows on the upper part of the thigh with the concave side of a split bamboo, the sharp edges of which mutilate the sufferer terribly. The punishment continues until the man either supplies the evidence required or becomes insensible. Numberless other forms of torture are occasionally resorted to, such as tying the witness up to a beam by his thumbs and big toes, squeezing his fingers between pieces of bamboo, etc., and these, of course, vary both in kind and severity according to the disposition of the presiding mandarin. The slow death of stabbing is also inflicted for the crimes of treason, parricide, and incest. Securely tied to a post the head of the condemned convict is placed in a kind of pillory, while the magistrate delegated to witness the execution of the sentence draws from a covered basket a knife, on the handle of which is written the part of the body in which it is to be inserted. This horrible torture is continued until chance selects the heart or some other vital part. In Russia the knout is still popular, while in Turkey the bastinado torture still prevails. In Persia a common form of punishment is burying alive with the head left above ground, exposed to the sun and attacks of birds and insects.

The Last Shot.

There was probably no incident in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, says a writer in an English paper, more dramatic than that which marked its close. Herr Forckenbeck, the president of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, was sent with a colleague to Versailles to congratulate King William upon his election as Emperor.

Bismarck, who had just concluded the terms of peace with France, invited them to supper, and in the course of the meal said:

"This night, at twelve o'clock, the last shots will be exchanged between our troops and the French, and I have conceded to the French the honor of the last shot."

Forckenbeck and his colleague left their host before midnight, drew out their watches, stood underneath a lantern of the Hotel du Reservoir and waited. First there was a cannon shot from the German lines; then a solemn stillness. Then followed the last reply from Mont Valerien. The tower clock at Versailles struck twelve; the French war had ended.

Chocolate is the Best Beverage.

An enthusiastic lover of chocolate, affirms that for those who wish to keep the imagination fresh and vigorous, chocolate is the beverage of beverages. However copiously you have lunched, a cup of chocolate immediately afterwards will produce digestion three hours after, and prepare the way for good dinner. It is recommended to every one who devotes to brain work the hours he should pass in bed; to every wit who finds he has become suddenly dull; to all who find the air damp, the time long and the atmosphere insupportable; and, above all, to those who, tormented with a fixed idea, have lost their freedom of thought.

For the Season.

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Rubber Goods.

Estey & Co, have everything in the line of rubber goods suitable for this season of the year.

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at Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young and old can come. First Prize, $40.00; Second Prize, $20.00; Third Prize, $10.00; Fourth Prize, $5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes, afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than $2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of $2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys $2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 5th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin,—positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs.

Private classes can be formed day or evening.

New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 5th., Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices.

Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation.

I will give a guess on every 50cts. paid for dancing, hiring costumes, wigs and whiskers, or goods mentioned as above.

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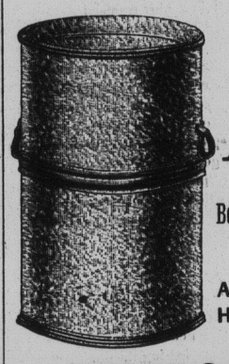

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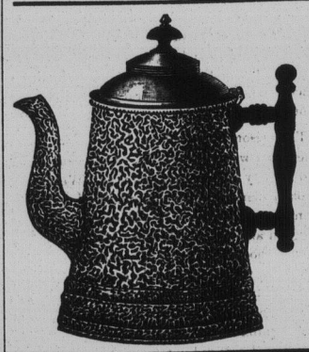

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