

FOR HER PEOPLE'S SAKE.

A BRIGHT RUSSIAN WOMAN WORKING IN LONDON.

Writing for the "Thunderer" and Other Papers—Supporting the Slavonic Cause—Different From Other Women—Converting Englishmen to a More Kindly Feeling.

Russia is extraordinarily modern in some particulars. One of these is her complete system of communication with her European rivals. It is not enough for her to be represented by ambassadors at foreign courts. Persons in a recognized official position are necessarily restricted within a small social circle. They cannot mix freely with other strata of society than their own, and, even if they could, they might not perhaps, have the leisure to do so. But a lady, living in London as a private resident, can do anything she pleases. All doors are open to her; her movements are surrounded by no ceremony; people will express themselves freely in her presence; and she is thus enabled to gauge pretty accurately the tendency of current opinion. Mme. Novikoff, for instance, reads the newspapers most carefully, but especially the organs of advanced ideas, even at times when those ideas are absolutely opposed to her own, as they were just lately during the discussion about the Jews in Russia. It has been by keeping herself thus well posted up that Mme. Novikoff has every now and again been enabled to give an adroit turn to public opinion in the direction she desired.

Visitors to the cosy suite of rooms which Mme. Novikoff occupies at Claridge's are greeted with a cordiality that sets all doubts at rest. Mme. Novikoff encourages people to talk on the subjects they understand best, and even the most taciturn are thawed into loquacity by the expression of an interest which is evidently genuine. But it would be only a vain person who would not prefer to listen to Mme. Novikoff's own conversation, which is full of earnestness, vigor and individuality. Like most of her nation, the Russian lady is an accomplished linguist; her English is fluent, and a slight foreign accent only serves to impart a piquancy to it.

Nobody, probably, now needs to be told that Mme. Novikoff is a fervent supporter of the Slavonic cause. She defined her creed the other day as "a close union of orthodoxy, autocracy, and nationalism." The patriotic Russian loves his country as he loves his family—and the love of family is differently understood in Russia and here. Take, for instance, the case of Mme. Novikoff herself. Married very young (her husband, who was a distinguished Government official in the Education department, died a short time since, Mme. Novikoff did

not enjoy what an English girl would consider the entrenchment of matrimony. She did not set forth on a honeymoon trip, but became, as the last generation termed it, "mistress of an establishment." She simply went straight from her own home to the house of her mother-in-law, at the latter's urgent invitation. What is more, the plan succeeded admirably. A straw shows which way the wind blows, and a trifling incident like this may give the clue to enormous racial differences.

It Mme. Novikoff is proud of anything, it is of being a member of the Kireeff family, and, most of all, to have been the sister of Nicholas Kireeff, the story of whose life and death on the Serbian battlefield, which, as Mr. Froude once said, "resembles a legend of some mythic Roman patriot or mediaeval crusader," is fitly told in Mr. Kinglake's glowing pages. But, whilst Nicholas was laying down his brave



MME. NOVIKOFF.

young life, his sister was doing all that a woman might; working for the Red Cross Sisters, and tending the wounded almost under the guns of the Turkish troops. About the same time she first took up her pen on behalf of her country. Articles which she wrote for the *Northern Echo*, then under Mr. Stead's editorship, certainly made an impression on English opinion. In M. Katkoff's powerful organ, the *Moscow Gazette*, she wrote in favor of an alliance between Russia and England. During the years from 1876 to 1880, Mme. Novikoff labored incessantly to convert our countrymen to a more friendly regard for Russia, and it was probably not a little owing to her endeavors that the general election of 1880 displayed such an extraordinary revulsion in public sentiment.

Mme. Novikoff does not spend all her time in England. Part of every year she passes in Russia, where her only son is now living. At home she finds that she has much less leisure than in London (though even here she rises every morning at six o'clock), and the etiquette of court life, with all its ceremonious visiting, makes great demands upon her time.—*Queen.*

NEW YORK'S NEW AUTHORESS.

"Progress" Correspondent Talks About the Reception of Her Book.

Among the bright and interesting paragraphs of *Progress' New York* letter, which arrived too late for publication last week the following is taken:

We are all reading the notable society story *Mademoiselle Reseda*, by Mrs. Van Reusslaer Crugerhaw running through the *Cosmopolitan*. The authoress is herself a notable society woman, and is undoubtedly the latest and greatest success in the literary world.

Her *Diary of a Diplomat*, although only a record of how a beautiful American woman captivated a foreign ambassador at the court of Russia, made as great a sensation in New York as *Robert Elsmere* did in London. It was published under the pseudonym of "Julien Gordon," but Mrs. Cruger had written some short stories for the magazines and she possessed a style of her own. "Julien Gordon" was plainly very much at home in diplomatic circles, and Mrs. Cruger had resided much at foreign courts. This clue and the "style" quickly found her out.

These two books have placed her in the front rank of American novelists. She is very young to have achieved this distinction as her thirtieth birthday is yet to come. Before she became known as a writer she had earned the reputation of being one of the wittiest women in New York, and her brilliant repartees were circulating through all Clubdom. She belongs to an old colonial family, and has enjoyed all her life every advantage that blue blood and great wealth can bestow.

Mademoiselle Reseda is peculiarly interesting, because it gives us occasional peeps into the secrets of the social world in which its author is an acknowledged power and leader. Its heroine is an emotional young society matron, who under extenuating circumstances falls in love with an artist, and finds her punishment in the discovery that he prefers the governess of her children, a girl whom she has rescued from want, to herself. Mrs. Cruger's analysis of the erring wife is without doubt, that of the scientific inquirer who writes with his butterfly under a magnifying glass at the point of a pin. Her method of expression is noticeable for its simplicity and directness, and is pre-eminently what the critics approve of now-a-days.

"That tired feeling" is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

"THE APE THEORY."

A Controversy in Verse on the Theory of Darwin.

A few months ago an anonymous writer resolved to take Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston to task for believing in the doctrine of Evolution, and accordingly addressed him in the following lines:

So you came from a monkey, you tell me?
No kinsman of mine, then, that's flat;
But 'tis few who can grapple with history,
And trace such a birthright as that.

But, indeed, I'm not over ambitious,
And haven't the slightest desire
To take for my mother a monkey,
Or call a gorilla my sire.

It strikes me that somewhere in history,
Recording creation's great plan,
We have it decided and certain,
"God in the beginning made man."

A *Yan*, not a monkey, remember,
But a being of beauty and shape;
No gorilla, or ugly baboon,
Or pitiful, chattering ape.

You may deem me both simple and foolish
But in the beginning I see
God made man in his own upright image,
And that is sufficient for me.

Yet, philosopher, ponder the mystery—
I begin where creation began;
And there, without ape or gorilla,
"God in the beginning made man."

Mr. Savage's Reply.
You are very sincere, madam, doubtless;
So have been people wiser—than you;
And yet they have piously sneered at
What afterwards proved to be true.

The poor, abused bible has often
Been turned to a cudgel, whose blow
'Twas hoped would give a quietus
To all Moses chanced not to know.

Galileo's new moons were delusions;
The earth did not move, and was flat;
And every new wonder of knowledge
Was impious, false, and all that.

But spite of the folly thought pious,
The truth, not of man, but of God,
Still breaks through all clouds, like a sunrise,
Bright alike in the star and the sod!

One line seems to you all-conclusive,
"God in the beginning made man;"
But, pray, can your wisdom inform us
Just when God's "beginning" began?

Can you tell me why 'tis not as noble
To lead life on, up through the ape
As out of the dust, dead and formless,
The great human wonder—to shape.

Sure, the ape is God's work so contemptuous,
To sneer at one part of His plan
Is hardly the best way to honor
Him who, by some process, "made man!"

When I hear foolish people whose title
To decide on so mighty a matter
Is only a prejudice pious,
I fancy I still hear the "chatter."

That hints the ape theory strongly,
But only goes far to suggest
That still there are cases remaining
Where *progress* has met with arrest.

The Sphinx.
I know all about the sphinx—
I know even what she thinks,
Staring with her stony eyes
Up forever at the skies.

For last night I dreamed that she
Told me all the mystery—
Why for zeons mute she sat—
She was just cut out for that!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—*Advt.*

TAKING THE CENSUS.

A CANVASSER'S EXPERIENCE WITH ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE.

Many Invitations to Call Again—Servants Good Subjects When Not Interfered With—Women Who Were Called Upon Often and Others Didn't Like the Idea.

Census taking—A new experience for the ladies of St. John! Why ladies were selected for this undertaking I do not know, unless it is they have more patience and perseverance than the sterner sex, both virtues much required in census taking; or perhaps their predilection for asking questions, or their natural curiosity to know everything bequeathed them by "Mother Eve."

My name among those was handed in to the committee as a canvasser, and all canvassers were requested to meet at the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. for further instructions. Receiving all the necessary information, as they thought, we were paired off, a district allotted us, a book provided, and our marching orders were, to visit every house in our district, and obtain as accurate answers as possible to the various questions in the book; such as name of family, number of inmates between five and seventeen attending Sunday school; number of inmates over seventeen attending Sunday school, or church? Then we must further question them, as to what denomination they belonged or preferred? And finally how many church members were in the family? To all of these questions we were to obtain answers, and write them down in the book.

My friend and I set out joyfully; we had often gone together soliciting money, and always found the people very pleasant and generous, but now as we were only going to ask them a few questions, we expected to be received with open arms.

On the morning we began our canvas, the sun was bright and warm, and shed his cheering beams on all. They had heard of the census movement, and were prepared to answer all questions put to them. The first day we got on splendidly; the second we began to experience a little difficulty in seeing the lady of the house, or some of the family. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to ring at a door which possessed a plate bearing the inmate's name, in which case we generally asked for "Mrs. Smith." The invariable answer was, "she is engaged, call again." After we had been thus unceremoniously dismissed a number of times, we found this calling again involved a great deal of trouble and time. To wait the convenient time, for a certain number of ladies, we became more persevering in our efforts to obtain answers; we determined to put the questions to any one who could or would answer them; we rang another bell, the door was opened by a very intelligent looking servant, our usual query, "could we see the mistress?" the usual answer, "she is engaged." Putting on our sweetest smiles we asked her would she kindly answer a few questions. We found her very capable, and obtained very satisfactory answers to all our questions, and were delighted with the success of our plan. A few more kind receptions brightened and cheered us on our way. We congratulated each other that our difficulties had all cleared away like the mist of the morning. Before long we were doomed to another disappointment. In answer to our ring came the lady of the house. After explaining to her the object of our visit, she coolly asked us with a defiant air, "was it compulsory to answer those questions?" "Certainly not," we said. "We have no authority to compel you to answer them, if you wish to make yourself disagreeable."

Thinking the matter calmly over, reading over the questions several times, she concluded she would answer them. Thanking her for her condescension, we obtained the answers, and walked out. In answer to our next bell, came the mistress of the house, a nice tidy little woman, who owned six children. She evidently took us for Sunday school detectives, giving us the answers so timidly; while she stroked down the little curly head of a four years old, nestling close to her, assured us she would send her to Sunday school in summer. Others were so eager to answer our questions that they seemed to know intuitively what our visit meant, assured us all her children were attending Sunday school, and was about to leave us into the information, when we tried to detain her as we had some more questions to ask and she kindly answered them in the most gracious manner.

Another door was open, and we rang gently to bring somebody down, or up. No answer, a louder ring, a voice called out from some unknown region, "Who do you want?" We looked in every direction, but saw no one. Summoning up all our courage, we talked and explained to vacancy our business. The voice then appeared in person, and answered all our questions very willingly. At another home the door was opened by the servant. The usual catechising began, and all went smoothly until the number of church members was asked. After thinking some time she said, "Master Teddy and Master Freddy, both danced, and smoked; therefore she was sure they were not church members." So, accordingly, Masters Teddy and Freddy did not swell the church membership of that family.

As our orders were to call at every house, we sometimes found ourselves twice in the same house. When the back entrance happened to be in the same street with the front, we felt a little non-plussed when in answer to our ring the same person appeared whom we had been quizzing a moment before. Of course all we could do was to apologize, and march off. In one house we found ourselves at the extreme end of a very long hall, a flight of stairs leading to the habitable part of the dwelling. A continued knocking at the stairs soon brought down number one, who informed us she had answered these questions a week ago to someone else. We tried to explain that this was our district, and we would feel obliged if she would answer them to us. Then Nos. 2 and 3 appeared, each remaining a step or two behind the others, so that they had quite an imposing effect, as they looked down from their elevated position on us poor querists standing at the foot of the stairs. Each question was answered by all three, in three different ways, but eventually we got all answered, after a few alterations. The parting shot was, "I suppose I will have to answer the same questions to somebody who will call next week. I think our house will be well taken down." We told her we were not accountable for what somebody might or might not do, but that she might rest assured we would not call again next week.

In another house we had the greatest difficulty to get any answer on the religious query. The woman did not know to what religion she belonged, and our next query was, where did her husband go on Sunday? She answered, "he went out," but where she did not know.

In another house we had gained admittance to, the servant was giving us all the information we wanted, and we were just asking the question "Number over seven attending Sunday school," when a voice called down from above, "Who is that?" "What is that about?" "What do you want to know that for?" To all of which questions we could give but vague answers.

Finally we got through our district, with this determination: We would beg, borrow or collect, but never again go "Census taking."

A REST IN THE COUNTRY.

Sights and Scenes to Lazily Dream About and Ponder Over.

To that *blase* individual who finds his or her doll stuffed with sawdust and the grasshopper a burden—only it is not the season for that interesting insect—I would say "take a trip into the country." Choose no half-way place where callers do congregate, and one has all the boredom of town without its excitement, but hie to a spot where houses are few and far between, and their inhabitants possess the individuality that comes from semi-isolation. The mere getting to this Arcadia may have its peculiar charm. Certainly it did in my case.

Did you ever travel in a box car, lighted and ventilated by the big doors, usually dedicated to the admission of crates and kindred objects? A tired looking stove, with pipe trained through the doorway, was supposed to furnish heat, but the contract was much larger than it could fill. However, one was too interested in indulging in the proper study of mankind to feel cold. My admiration was centred upon a gay young man who had evidently been seeing life in the city. Perchance he had been over to St. John! With what accustomed grace does he smoke his black Jack, and such very black Jack! quite undeterred by the fact that several ladies are casting indignant glances upon him. His extremely tight black clothes, and shiny "hardshell," albeit of somewhat antique shape, excite the undisguised envy of his young fellow travellers, who have not been to the city. Ah me! why cannot we all travel, and acquire such a beautiful swagger?

At last, with a jerk that throws us into each others arms—this car being furnished with seats in a very promiscuous manner, we come to a full stop, and take a flying leap to the platform. It lacerates our feelings to say farewell to the gay young man, but it must be done, and with weary limbs we wend our way to a friend's house. There is something about the journey to awaken excitement in the breast of the most habitually tired mortal, I think, and the interest does not end there. One seems to get at human nature *an naturel* in these lonely regions, divested of the artificiality with which man repels his fellow man.

Such funny things one hears! A neighbor who frequently drops in to unbosom her woes, is troubled by a son who has a very bad complaint. She can't believe one word he says. It might be measles, she seems so convinced of its unavoidableness. It is a complaint not confined to the country, I've noticed; but one seldom hears the case so leniently put. Though I have heard it called, when applied to those in high places, "a great talent for managing people."

One does not live fast in our retreat. At first it may seem trying to hear no whisper of the world for several days in the week; but after all what does it matter if one does not know the result of an election, or the latest news from Europe, until five days after? It only postpones one's emotions. I fancy after a little while one would hardly care whether there were any outside world at all, and learn to find in a passing team, matter of extremest interest. It is very restful to over-

worked brain or body, this sojourn with nature, nevertheless. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and one hies him to his work, glad to take up the burden again, and to run his race with his fellows.

He Could Whistle.

In a church where the minister was in the habit of leading the psalmody a stranger clergyman officiated for him one Sunday. Having read the psalm, an awkward pause ensued. The minister asked who led the singing, and, learning the cause of the hiatus, requested some member to start a tune. At this point a farmer rose and addressed the minister. "I dinna ken if there are any great singers in the kirk, but Tam McNab, in the back loft, is the best whistler in the parish"—*Ex.*

A Model Teetotaler.

There was once an old gentleman who was fond of entertaining his friends, and who gave them wine of the very best. He himself would drink with them, but only from a particular decanter, which he kept before him. An inquisitive neighbor at his table contrived to help himself from the

same bottle, and discovered that, under a colorably imitation of sherry, his host was drinking an abominable concoction of toast and water. He was a total abstainer from principle, but he was also too courteous a gentleman to flaunt his convictions in the face of his guests.—*Spectator.*

A Bad Bargain.

"I say, Cholly," said Gus de Jay, "I wish you'd tell Jack Chinkinton that I—aw—cawn't go to the reception. I have changed my mind, don't ye know." I remarked to Jack only last night that you changed your mind quite often."

The Remedy for Nightmares.

Cholly Bullseye—Did you ever dream of me, Miss Ball?
Miss Minnie Ball—Yes, two nights running; and the third—
Cholly Bullseye—So delighted! And the third?
Miss Minnie Ball—I took an opiate!—*Puck.*



A PRETTY GIRL

Always likes a pretty bonnet; in fact a pretty bonnet makes any girl look pretty. Anyhow the Hats we have just opened—the latest New York Styles—are the handsomest we have ever had, and you're sure to look fine in one of them.

MME. KANE,
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.



Get Your Fine Work

Done now. Your frescoing and inside work. We do

Kalsomining

in first-class shape. It's a transformation worth the trouble, to have your rooms Kalsomined.

A. G. STAPLES, - CHARLOTTE STREET.
CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,
60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases
We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of
FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET

HOLMAN & DUFFELL.

1891 PAPER HANGINGS. 1891

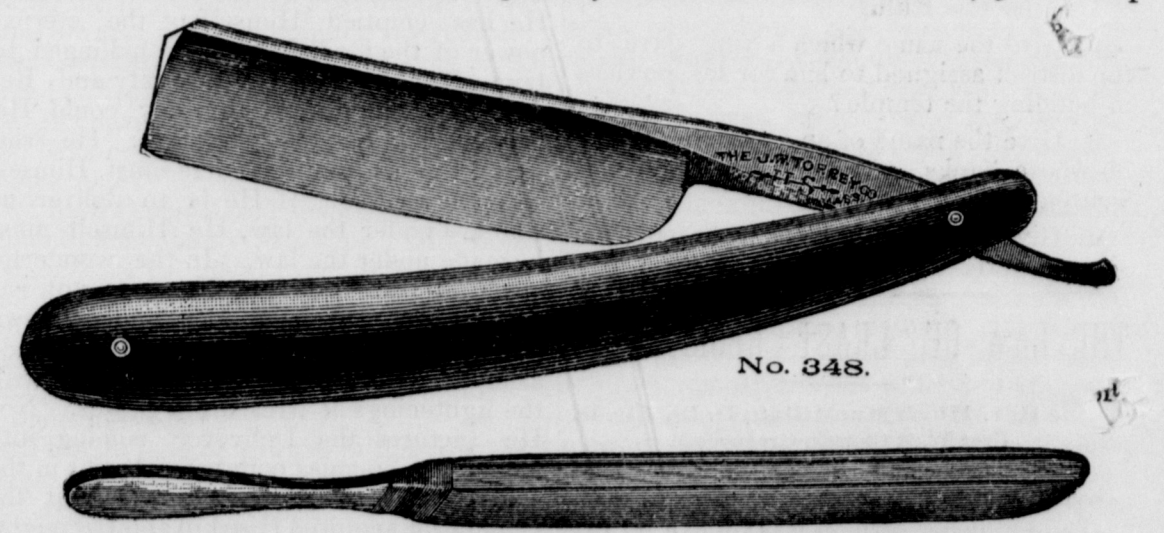
Our New Stock is now complete in all grades. Call early, while the variety is large. No trouble to show goods.

- 48 KING STREET. -
SENT BY MAIL

FOR

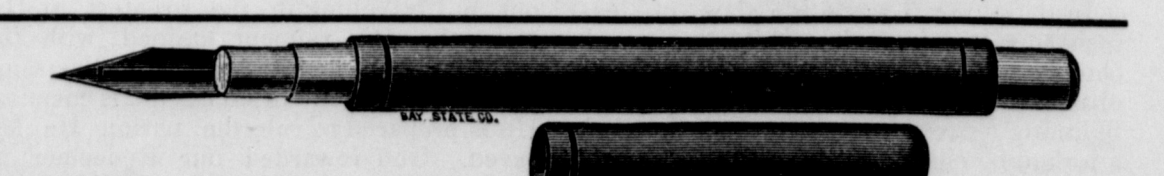
\$1.25.

A Genuine Wade & Butcher Razor, Hollow Ground, Round Point, Silver, Steel, Tortoise-Shell Handle, Silver Mounted, retails for \$1.25 everywhere. The Strop is equal to any; it is calfskin, cushion, extra fine quality, does the work of a 75c. strop



STAMPS OR P. O. ORDER.

H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.



A FOUNTAIN PEN for 35cts.

THE PEN is the very best on the market; can use most any common pen in it, when the one in use gives out. It writes as well as any pen you would pay \$2.50 for. Solid Ebony handle, nickel-plated fountain, and glass filler—everything complete.

AGENTS WANTED! Young men make money. It sells fast—good margin. Send 35cts. in stamps, for sample pen and filler.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.