

SIZED BY HER TRUNKS.

THE LADIES OF FASHION MUST
CARRY MANY TRUNKS

To sufficiently impress the Hotels—One Way to be Introduced, Cost \$3-A Many Times Millionaire Woman Marries Her Fresco Artist and Leaves Him Her Money.

New York, Aug. 10.—A young Gothamite has found a new way to make the acquaintance of a pretty girl when a regular introduction is not obtainable. He has not patented it. Every young man who desires can try it, except the members of the Y. M. C. A. As it is practically gambling they must abstain.

Its inventor, who resides up-town and has to be behind a certain desk down-town every day by 9 A. M., thought it would be very nice to make the acquaintance of a very pretty girl who always rode down and back on the same train that he did, evidently bound also to a desk or counter somewhere. How to do it without appearing "fresh" was what puzzled him. For some days he pondered in odd moments on the fascinating problem. At last a solution appeared. One morning as he stepped on the train behind her he picked up a dainty little lace-trimmed square of white muslin. "Is this yours, madam?" he asked, proffering it with his best bow. "Oh, yes, thank you very much." He took a seat beside her, made a remark about the weather and the thing was done, but that handkerchief cost him \$3.

A few days ago I accompanied a friend who was hunting for a stray box, into the baggage depot of a great express company in this city. Conspicuous amongst the piles of trunks scattered about, were eight bearing the same initials, each of which would have served very well for a child's play house.

A few inquiries of one of the baggage smashers, who welcomed the chances they afforded him for a little growl, brought out the fact that they were the property of a New York belle, and their destination was Long Branch.

"We got ten more outside belonging to the same party," he said, and he invited me to go and have a look at them, having evidently sized up my modest garb and concluded that I was a "party" who would not be apt to believe that such things could be, unless ocular demonstration was provided. Sure enough there were ten more identical in size and architecture, and stamped with the same initials.

Eighteen trunks to hold the breakfast, luncheon, dinner, walking, bathing, riding, driving, and dancing gowns belonging to one girl! It was liberal to be sure, but a searching investigation revealed the fact that some girls who take as many, can only get their gowns and bonnets into them. Other accommodations have to be found for shoes, under clothing and the thousand necessities indispensable to the making of the half dozen daily toilets that fashion exacts at the summer resorts where she is queen.

A corner of his trunk is sometimes begged of papa, or a big brother who is going along, and when at the last minute man-fashion, he lifts his lid to throw in a few socks and shirts and a toilet set, he finds it packed as if by hydraulic pressure with snowy, lace-trimmed garments.

He swears a little, but bethinks himself how mortified he would be if Maude Matilda failed to cut as wide a swath as any of the girls, and hunts up an old valise into which he squeezes his belongings.

The average number is eight, and no woman can go with less than four. She must take that number if she has to pack them full of bricks or old newspapers, to ensure moderately respectful treatment from hotel employees.

Last summer Baroness Blanc went the rounds of the summer resorts with twenty-one, and the unloading and housing of her "menagerie," as the porters christened it, always drew together an interested and factious crowd. This number stood at the head of the record all last season, and was beaten this season by a bride who went down to Saratoga with twenty-four.

No one who is seeking real, genuine rest goes to these places. They are only for the butterflies of fashion, who must have new backgrounds every now and then against which to display their gorgeousness.

Worn out business men and business women avoid them as if they were pestilential. They go to the Catskills or Adirondacks; camp out beside a pool or running stream, or make their headquarters in some lonely faro house as far from a post office as Gail Hamilton once found herself from a lemon. Books, fishing rods and alpenstocks constitute a large portion of their luggage.

They spend their days fishing the pools and streams, climbing the "everlasting hills," and reading under the shade of great trees, and come back fit to hold their own for another spell in the predatory warfare that in great cities is called business.

Especially do literary workers aim to get out of "humanity's reach" and nestle in the embraces of Mother Nature.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Elizabeth Custer have been especially successful and original in the selection of cozy, secluded nooks in which to do their resting.

The "Poetess of Passion's" "Bungalow," as she calls her summer home, is perched on a lonely rocky point that runs into Long Island Sound. The waves "break, break, break" incessantly at its foot, and when the wind is fierce spray is flung into her verandah on three sides. The prosaic soul to whom "a primrose by the river's brim was but a yellow primrose," must have felt poetic in the midst of so grave a scene. What then may it not be expected to do towards inspiring the poetess of love and passion. No doubt the magnificent melodies to which she is listening night and day will find an echo in any of her future songs.

The widow of the gallant Custer has built herself a little log cabin amongst the dense foliage that flourishes so rankly on the banks of the Pocono. It is three miles from anywhere and anywhere in this case is Stroudsburg, a quiet little town in Georgia. It is so very small that she has put up a large army tent beside it, and when the weather permits she resides mostly in it, only returning into her cabin when driven by the rain. Here she writes the delightful stories of army life that have brought her fame and a modest competence, and oc-

asionally entertains widowed friends whose husbands also sleep under the national tribute that sentences the spot on Big Horn river where they fell.

Mark Hopkin's widow, who so recently went over to the great majority, was the richest woman in America with the possible exception of Mrs. Hetty Green. The millions he left her came out of the Pacific railway which he built and owned in company with senators Stanford and Huntington and Wm. Crocker, the quartette known as "the big four." About two years ago Mrs. Hopkins employed an obscure artist in interior decorations, by the name of Searles, to decorate the \$2,000,000 residence she was building at Great Barrington, Vt. Long before the work was completed he had become the husband of its mistress and consequently the master of one of the most magnificent private residences in the world.

Mrs. Searles had \$40,000,000 to leave and she left it all to this husband who is twenty years her junior. An adopted son on whom lavish settlements have been made, but who is left out of the will, has already commenced a suit to break it on the ground of undue influence. On the same day that the "grim reaper" forced Mrs. Searles out of the clutches of her young husband and half a dozen skilled physicians, a poor old derelict named Mary Cassidy, who for years has been battered about the east side slums, had to woe him to her release with repeated doses of "Rough on Rats." Such is life even in death.

THE VANISHING HYENA.

Some of the Cowardly Habits of the "Prowler."

Nearly all the injuries from the wild animals that I saw whilst in Africa were caused by hyenas. These animals prowl around every camp, and if they come upon a man asleep away from his camp fire, will at once pounce upon him, secure one mouthful—and a very satisfying mouthful it usually is—and rush away. I remember one hot night, while a number of boys were sleeping on the verandah of a mission house, a hyena came in and seized one of the smallest boys by the elbow, and was making off with him, when, with great presence of mind he raised the war-cry. At once others came to his rescue and he was saved, but not before his elbow-bones had been torn out. However, he made a very good recovery. Another time a boy was brought to me who was suffering from small-pox, and who while in this condition, lying in some exposed place at night, had his ankle badly crushed by a bite from the same powerful jaws; and I have occasionally seen people with part of their cheeks or their ears gone. Cowardly though they are, hyenas will sometimes follow alone behind people at night in the hope that they will lie down. They are said sometimes to follow, walking for short distances at a time on their hind legs, and I believe this is really the case. On one occasion I was walking unarmed at night from a native servant's house to my own, a distance of about fifty yards. As I walked down the sloping path I heard bare feet come pattering after me, and, turning round, saw to what I supposed was the servant, "What do you want, Richard?" My heart stood still, as the only answer I received was the sound of a jump made by some large animal, and a plunge and crash into the bushes by the side of the stream, close to which I was walking. The animal was probably a hyena; had it been a leopard it would have slunk off more quietly. —"The Arab and the African," by Dr. Pruen.

Lost His Game.

Benjamin Hammond, one of the early settlers of Paris, Maine, used to tell a story of the times when wolves were common in that neighborhood. One winter they were especially numerous and troublesome. He set traps and caught five of the brutes. The pelts brought a fair price, and there was also a small bounty paid.

One winter afternoon I went out to inspect my traps, and found the fifth wolf caught in them. He was a big fellow and ugly enough. He showed his teeth and leaped fiercely at me, coming within three inches of my face. I procured a club, and after a struggle, succeeded in laying the old fellow out. I had hurt my right hand in the scrimmage, and decided to lug the carcass home and let my boy assist in the skinning.

I seized the animal by the hind legs, swung him to my shoulder and started. I had gone about half a mile when I heard a wolf snarl behind me. I looked around, but couldn't see anything, and went on again. Pretty soon I heard the same snarling noise close behind me. I jumped, and turned quickly, for I was certain there was a wolf close at my heels!

I looked and looked, but there wasn't a thing to be seen or heard. I was puzzled. But the next moment the wolf on my back, which I had supposed dead, began to squirm and snarl in a way to leave no doubt where the other noises had come from.

I was taken completely unawares, and before I could manage to get a firmer hold, the creature had squirmed right out of my hands to the ground. I turned and tried to grab him, but he was too quick for me, and I had the pleasure of seeing my dead wolf make a clean run for freedom.

Wood That Resists Fire.

In a recent western fire it was demonstrated in the clearest manner possible that California redwood as a building material comes nearer being fireproof than almost any other material of which buildings are constructed. In this instance a fire broke out in the upper part of a one-story building while the wind was blowing a gale that was recorded at the United States signal station as moving at the average rate of thirty miles an hour. But notwithstanding this and the fact that it was several minutes before water was got to the building, the fire lashed under the plaster were turned downward nearly to the floor, and whole squares of the side plastering were thus loosened and fell in before the fire had burned through the thin redwood shingle roof.

It was a most wonderful illustration of the fire-resisting qualities of redwood. Had the whole building been as combustible as the laths nothing could have saved the city. The roof was old and as thoroughly ready for the flames as redwood ever becomes, yet the fact remains that it resisted the ignition, and bystanders could see a seething furnace of flames through the apertures, under the eaves, while nothing but smoke issued through the roof

A TRAGEDY.

Londoners were not then used to living in the atmosphere of hades, and the deepening height of the day seemed strange, almost startling to Esther. When she turned into the hazel coppice behind Peterborough house, the shadow of the foliage, which was thicker than usual at that season, made a kind of dark-green twilight all about her. The way was short from thence to the garden-door, and the path ran straight till it came to a kind of a small clearing, such as commonly occurs in coppices. That is, it was a clearing below, where there were some dozen square yards of bare brown earth, but above it was almost roofed in by the hazels and the meeting boughs of two large ilex trees. Just at this point the path took a turn round a great straggling bush before crossing the open space. Walking fast and absorbed in her own thoughts, Esther was close to this bush before she perceived with a start that there was something unusual passing in the open space beyond it. The day was very still, and as she quickly and silently drew nearer and peered through the leaves, she could not only see but hear the struggle that was proceeding; yet it was in a sense a silent one. There was neither word nor cry audible, only the loud irregular breathing of men wrestling hard for the mastery, the slip or stamp of heavy feet on the sticky earth, and the occasional sound of a severe blow delivered with a heavy hunting "crop." The victim of these blows was Francis Earle. As he came out of the narrow path into the open space, two men had leaped on him from the thicket, and seizing him on either side without giving him the least chance to pull out his sword, held him fast in spite of a desperate resistance. The one on his left, who appeared to be a groom, brought his heavy whip down on the head and shoulders of the young man as hard and as often as he could do so without running the risk of being tripped up, while a powerful negro in a silver collar held him fast on his right. Passively fronting the group, and leaning on his walking cane, with his back to Esther, stood a tall, graceful figure which she recognized at once as that of Lord Mordaunt! The negro, though going through all the pantomime of strenuous exertion, was perhaps not altogether in earnest; for Francis at one moment succeeded in getting his hand about to the hilt of his sword. But Mordaunt stepped forward, snatched Francis's rapier out of the scabbard, and, with a curse, dug the point into the negro's leg, deep enough to make a clean cut in the stocking and cause the blood to flow down into his shoe.

"Hold on, thou black dog," he said, "till I bid thee leave go, or thine own back shall smart for't, I warrant thee."

Then he threw Francis's weapon on the ground behind him, and returned again to the passive contemplation of his enemy's chastisement and unavailing struggles. Esther had now pressed very close behind him through the straggling bush, though still sufficiently hidden by a veil of trailing foliage with which it was overgrown, to escape notice. She had paused in horror and uncertainty what to do, as owing to the morning hour and the threatening weather, Tuthill Fields were deserted, and Peterborough House stood so far back behind its walls and trees that she might have screamed for a long time without attracting the attention of any one there. But when Lord Mordaunt threw away Francis's rapier, it fell at a very little distance from her. Quickly and cautiously Esther took hold of it as many of the twigs and trailers before her as she could take at once, so as to pass through them as freely as possible; yet as she sprang through it was with a sound of the cracking of twigs and rending of garments. Fortunately, however, Mordaunt stood too close to her for this noise to warn him in time of her entrance on the scene. Before he could lift a hand to prevent her, she had snatched the fallen rapier from the ground, and rushing on the negro, by the impetus and unexpectedness of her attack caused him to loose his hold of Francis, into whose right hand she immediately thrust his sword. Then was there something like a reversal of fortune in the battle, for Francis, whose quickness of eye and hand made him an excellent swordsman, began to lay about him with such fury that the two servants very soon thought more of escaping unharmed than of obeying orders, and leaping in among the brushwood, disappeared, leaving their master to fight his own battles. If long and successful study of the art of fencing could fit a man to do that, Lord Mordaunt should have been able to do so. He had practised it with real perseverance; but when the bright steel without any button on it began to fly this way and that, he did not do more than draw and make a distant ineffectual thrust or two, shouting angrily to his servants to disarm the rascal. When the groom and the negro had been put to flight, Francis, infuriated, thirsting for revenge and heedless of the consequences, rushed straight upon their master with a deadly look, and Mordaunt felt for the first time the shock of swords crossed in good earnest. Then with the desperate consciousness that his only hope lay in making a cool defence, came the power to make it. That assistance would come before long was more than probable, and meanwhile pale as death, with head thrown back and dilated eyes intent to follow the fierce, varied, lightning-quick attacks with which his adversary pursued him, he retreated step by step across the little clearing. But just as he had almost touched its extreme limit he gave a low but exceeding bitter cry, his sword sprung to the ground, and as he threw forward his left hand and arm to catch at Francis's weapon and shield his body from the coming thrust, a spurt of blood crimsoned his lace cravat. His cry was scarcely over when it was echoed by a much louder one from the lips of Esther.

"Oh! Don't kill him!" she shrieked, catching Francis's arm.

So for a few seconds the three stood motionless together. Mordaunt with his bloody hand still clutching his opponent's blade, and staring at Francis's frowning face with the horror of death fixed on his own. Then quite suddenly the tension of his nerves and muscles relaxed, his head fell back, he staggered a minute and fell heavily backwards among the hazels.

Esther took hold of him, as though to lift him out of the bushes.

"O Heavens! Do you think he is dead?" she asked.

Francis wiped his brow with a handkerchief and dropped his sword back into its sheath.

"Not he," he replied, and at first he was so hoarse that he could scarcely speak. "I've spoiled his fine hand for him, that's all. Why the devil must he try that old trick with the left?"

And he proceeded very unceremoniously to drag his fallen foe out by the legs and leave him lying on his back on the sticky earth. Esther looked in horror at the gashed left hand and arm.

"'Twas a mercy you did not kill him," she said.

Francis made a face, with a kind of shudder.

"'Twould have been downright murder. I have killed men, as soldiers must, but to kill such a coward wretch as that would be but a butcher's work. Yet being so blind with anger I might not have stayed my hand in time. Had you not caught it; so you have my thanks. Hess, if not his—and thanks too, Essie, for your coming in the nick—you were always quick-witted. You couldn't save me a beating, but you have helped me to my revenge for't—and I won't pretend to be so good a Christian as I don't to value that extremely."

"O Frank, 'twas a shameful, cowardly deed! See, your coat is split, and your forehead terribly marked."

"No matter, Hess. He'll not go boast of my bruises, as soldiers must, but to kill such a coward wretch as that would be but a butcher's work."

Esther kneeling on the ground, began to raise Mordaunt's head and undo his cravat, but Francis pulled her up impatiently.

"Here's no wound worth naming," he said, "'tis a pretty deep swoon he is in; no more than that. Run now to Peterborough House, and bid his own people come to his assistance, and I will go and find a hackney to take us to St. James's, for I believe I am no figure to walk with a lady. Make haste—it begins to rain."

The black cloud overhead was lower than before, and as he spoke there was a tossing and whispering in the tree-tops, and even through the sheltering foliage a heavy drop fell on his upturned face. Esther hurried away to the house and he, after picking up and giving a knock or two to his hat which had suffered in the encounter, walked off in the direction of Tuthill fields.

Now Lord Mordaunt lay there alone; but not really alone. No sooner had Francis and Esther gone their several ways than the black head of Tully the negro appeared, raised cautiously from behind a bush. When he saw his master stretched out on the ground before him, he stole out and stared at the prostrate figure, and some secret fascination drew him nearer and nearer to it. A negro face is apt to seem an inexpensive thing to an unaccustomed eye, but as Tully looked at Lord Mordaunt the growing ferocity of his gaze was unmistakable. He passed his hand up and down his own leg, where Mordaunt had stabbed it. His mind was filling itself with vengeful memories of other blows, of countless curses and degrading words which had fallen to his lot since Mordaunt owned him. Tully had been kindly brought up in his West Indian home, whence he had been sent as a present to Peterborough's son. His father had not tamed the fierce blood that he inherited from naked warriors whose sport was the death of their foes. There was a strange look of the wild beast about him as he crouched at Mordaunt's side, peering in his face with low guttural noises and hissing whispers. His eyes rolled and glittered, as showing his strong clenched teeth in a grin of rage and hate, he seized a fallen sword, which lay on the ground close to his hand; it was his master's weapon, a strong, two-edged rapier. Laying his left hand on the young man's thick, brown hair, Tully drew the sharp edge of the blade lightly across his bare throat. At the touch of the cold steel Lord Mordaunt opened his eyes. For an instant those eyes must have looked at the black eyes hanging over them, threatening, distorted with mingled passions of hate and terror and revenge, and at the green overshadowing boughs beyond it. Then Tully again drew the blade across his throat, this time in savage earnest. Whether the impulse that caused the negro to kill his master originated most in his hate or in his terror at suddenly seeing Mordaunt's eyes open, the deed was done before he could realize the consequences of his act. He remained a minute or two beside the inanimate or almost inanimate body, staring at it in unteigned horror; his face turned a yellowish color and his knees knocked together with fear. He did not consider his chances of escaping suspicion; flight was all he thought of. Throwing the blood-stained sword away from him, he felt with trembling fingers in his master's pocket, found his purse, emptied it into his own pouch, then slipped in among the bushes, and vanished again more noiselessly and completely than before. Within ten minutes of the time that Francis and Esther had gone their several ways, Lord Mordaunt was again lying alone. So quickly and silently had all this passed, so little altered the position of the body, that had there been a hidden spectator of the drama he would almost suppose it had been a dream; a vision such as some monkish painter might have imagined, showing the foul unlovely spirit that had its habitation in that beautiful form, hanging over it like an emanation before it vanished for ever from the earth and departed to its own place.—From "Esther Vanhomrigh," by Mrs. Woods, in Murray's Magazine.

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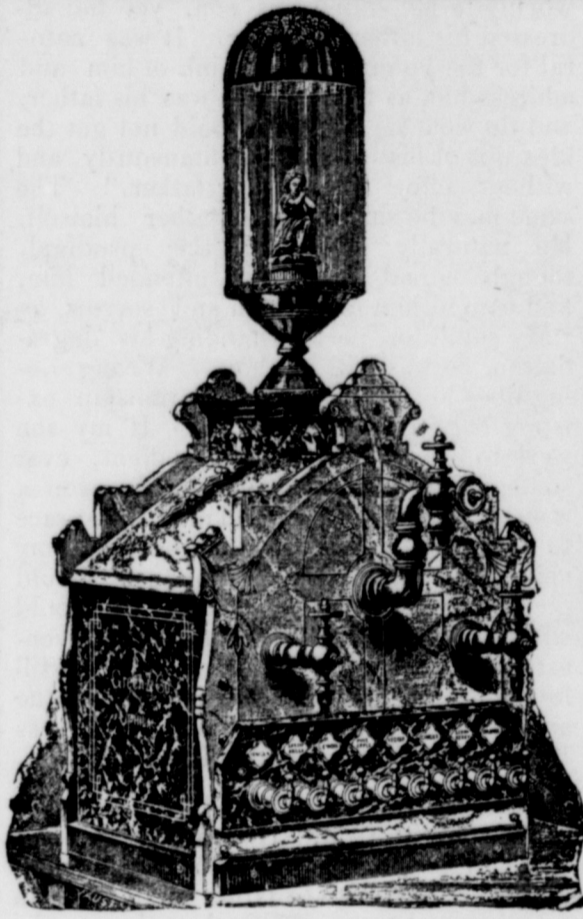
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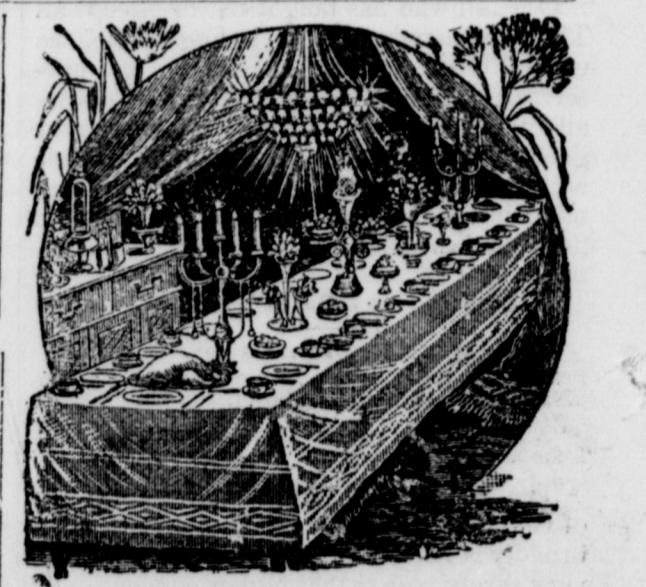
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