

## WHERE GIPSIES MOVE.

## THEIR AUTUMN FLIGHT TO THE WINTER QUARTERS.

How their Hasty Pilgrimage Impresses a Stranger—Facts of Interest in Regard to the Ways of Life of a Strange Nation of the Earth.

LONDON, Oct. 24.—To me there is no one thing more picturesquely suggestive of the dying year than the scurrying towards winter quarters in any land by innumerable bands of pilgriming folk, my tawny friends, the Gipsies. From the first of October to the last of November this concerted movement of Gipsies from their wandering merripen or life to the great cities, and with us, to the cities or the southern states, is constantly going on. Some begin to fly from extreme northern localities a month earlier. Others wait with a dogged sort of tenacity until fairly driven from the country lanes by howling December storms. Here in England there are important Gipsy communities in Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester and other provincial cities to which the roving bands concentrate for winter quarters; and even the smaller manufacturing towns of the northern English and southern Scottish shires have their regular Gipsy quarters.

But all of these together will not equal the number, in my judgement more than 100,000, that troops out of London in the springtime and returns to the great metropolis for the winter months. Their remote summer migrations, considering the difference in condition in favor of American Gipsies, are quite as extraordinary as with our own. While I have often known the American Gipsy band of three or four families to travel in sumptuous wagons from central Ohio to eastern Maine, and return the same season; it is truly as interesting to meet, as I have met, London Gipsies, who travel with lumbering vans or donkeys and carts, in the most remote mining villages of Cornwall, among the "statesmen" in the hills of Cumberland, among the moorland villages of Yorkshire, on the reedy shores of the Norfolk "Broad," along the bank of the Till and Tyne, on the southern slopes of the Cheviot Hills, beside the lochs of the far Hebrides, or nested against some old clachan in the misty corries of the Scottish Highlands.

The evolution of the Gipsy, or more properly the rise of the Gipsy, is, though slower, as certain here as it has been in our country. With us hosts have gained or are securing little properties. These largely consist of fine farms, country tavern-stands, toll-gate privileges, tracts of woodland of which they are very fond. Livery and sales stables in the smaller towns and villages, and, not infrequently, extensive town properties, particularly large sales stables in our own metropolitan cities. All who are at all interested in American Gipsies, whatever may be the hasty judgment from the appearance of occasional dusty roadside bands, should know, once for all, that as a class, or race, they have become rich and prosperous; and it must be borne in mind that no human beings so well know how to hide all offensive semblance of wealth.

In a similar degree the last quarter of a century has wrought a wonderful change for the better with a majority of all London and English Gipsies who have been content to remain in their own land. While in England in 1867, I had means of knowing from personal observation that almost universal squalor and wretchedness was characteristic of English and particularly of London Gipsies. No one can make of a Gipsy anything but a Gipsy; but a generation of change here has effected a more marked advancement in a rugged prosperity with this, than with any other lowly class. It has not seized him bodily and in a moment, or a year, or in a decade, put fine clothing upon him and made the Gipsy a man of affairs; but—something, as with the destitute Italians who have landed upon our shores, who we directly find as hawkers, willing laborers, restaurant keepers, newsboys, bootblacks, controllers of retail and wholesale fruit and nut trades, and on the high road to prosperity, because they are quick witted and willing to labor—the English Gipsy has found, along with old makeshifts for livelihood, many new and rude occupations and means of getting on in the world, all after his own mind and heart.

To one not acquainted with the habits and ways of these interesting folk, the old false notion still exists that they must one and all be thieving vagabonds. How else can they exist? is asked by those willing to believe that a ragpicker, or a Russian Jew with a pack on his back, can hoard little earnings until he becomes affluent. Should you follow one of these wandering families or bands from London in springtime into every English, Welsh or Scottish village to which its way is made, and back again to its winter haunt in London, I doubt if you could discover an act of a single member savoring more of dishonesty than fortune-telling or cunning horse jockeying at fairs.

The cavalcade at its outset may comprise one or more vans. These are, briefly described, tiny houses upon wheels. They are drawn by donkeys, or often by broken down city tram horses which the Gipsies get in London for a song, and which with care are finally transformed into excellent cattle. Following these may be three or four, or a half dozen, little donkey carts, after the fashion of the costermongers' city carts. These will hold the real resources of the band. An examination of the latter would reveal almost enough material in quantity, certainly enough in variety, to stock a little country store.

This stock in trade has not been picked up at random. In the London Whitechapel district there are great storehouses of "Travellers' Goods." Their owners, who I find include wealthy Gipsies, could not continue in business without the Gipsies' trade. The goods handled are somewhat similar to our American "bargain counter" odds and ends, especially in tinware, and metal goods, hardware, crockery, cheap oilcloths and household nick-nacks, with the coarsest of beads and gilded jewelry. It would be a revelation to ordinary English tradesmen to realize the enormous quantities of stuff annually disposed of in this manner throughout England, Scotland and Wales, and the integrity of these Gipsy wanderers where they ask and receive

credit for their supplies, as they often do. Smaller "Travellers' Goods" stores may be found near the Bull Ring in Birmingham, where carts may be refilled in the lazy journeyings; but small shipments from time to time are forwarded by rail from London.

I have friends in the fruit and nut trade in the Drury Lane quarter of London who have supplied Gipsies in all parts of the provinces for the past twenty years. Half of this trade is done on credit, and the fruiterers all inform me they have never lost a penny at the hands of their thousands of Gipsy small customers. All these goods, fruits and nuts are hawked in little villages and sold at fairs and on market-days. Indeed the English country fair of today would lose all its picturesque and most of its attractions for younger people were the petty Gipsy booths and Gipsy showmen withdrawn.

About the middle of the century, when the British Rural Police Act, which was directed against Gipsies and all wandering folk of the road, came in force, we find Borrow lamenting that the "Gipsy had nowhere to lay his head." The oppressive measure undoubtedly sent America 50,000 English Gipsies within a period of ten years. Indeed it almost exterminated Gipsydom in Great Britain. But the coming Gipsy soon saw a way to mend his fortunes. He took out a license to become a traveling merchant. "Two and sixpence" gives him this right for the period of one year. He could still remain Gipsy in every other particular. Insensibly and by degrees he actually became the fellow whose vocation he originally assumed in order to merely exist.

There gradually followed a system among the wanderers of providing "Gipsy ground" on which to camp in safety from the raids of the mounted constabulary Gipsies here and there who had got a footing and could be trusted, bought or leased bits of waste land, unused lanes, idle tracts at the outskirts of cities and towns, or camping rights in roomy old stable yards. These are in turn sublet to arriving pilgrims at from one shilling down to a penny a day. And thus, with London Gipsies—whose haunts and ways in about London itself I shall describe in my next—can travel from Land's End to John O'Groats' house, or London to Oban, and return, and never upon the road by day, or underneath the tent or the van-roof and the stars at night, be outside the comforting protection of watchful British law.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## GAVE HIM BACK THE CHANGE.

Judge Sanders Only Charged Him for the Actual Time Lost.

When Senator Saunders, of Montana, first settled in the wilds of the then half-civilized West, he was about the only well-educated man in that state. The miners and cowboys recognized that fact, and elected him judge. In that capacity he soon became a terror to evil-doers, as he invariably imposed the heaviest sentence prescribed by law. One one occasion a border ruffian was brought to him on a charge of assault and battery; he entered a plea of guilty, and was fined twenty dollars. The fellow had a dangerous gleam in his eye as he shuffled forward, pulled a bag from his pocket, took from it two double-eagles, and laid them on the bar before Judge Sanders. The judge pushed one of the coins across the counter, remarking:

"You've made a mistake. Your fine is twenty dollars."

"I know what my fine is," growled the man; "and I understand what I'm doing. See? It costs twenty dollars to whip a man in this court, it's cheap enough, I'm willing to pay for the fun. Just keep the other twenty, judge; I'm going to thrash another man."

"Very well, sir," quietly said Sanders, putting the coins into a drawer and turning the key.

"And you're the man I'm going to thrash," continued the pugilistic prisoner, addressing the court.

"As you please, sir," was the calm response, as Sanders stepped from the bench.

The fellow made a most savage onslaught upon the judge, but Sanders ducked, and before his antagonist could recover his equilibrium, he received a blow which sent him spinning half-way across the room, where he fell as limp as a rag. Two minutes later the erstwhile terror scrambled to his feet, looked about the room in a dazed manner, and slowly staggered towards the door.

"Here, sir!" thundered Sanders, who had resumed his place upon the bench. "Come here!" The man obeyed. Sanders slowly counted out nineteen dollars and a half, and pushed them across the bar. "There's your change," he remarked, gravely. "You didn't commit assault and battery. Under the circumstances, I do not feel justified in asking you to pay anything for your part of this performance. Of course, I am compelled to charge you for the actual time I have lost. Good afternoon! Call the next case!"

## The Queen's Horses.

The queen sets great store upon her eight cream-colored horses which appear on high state occasions only. Juliette day was the last time they were driven, splendidly caparisoned, and they have been invariably used when her majesty has opened parliament in person. One peculiarity of the breed is their great stature. Inbreeding during many years, however, has tended to reduce the commanding size of the horses. In all the world there is but one other similar stud of creams. It was possessed by the late King of Hanover. Not long since, after much negotiation, the present owners agreed to exchange with her majesty two of these fine animals, but when it was discovered that one of the mares to be sent from Buckingham Palace was blind of one eye, the Hanover people declined to proceed with the bargain, and consequently the proposed interchange of blood has not yet taken place.—English Paper.

## Travels Like a Flash.

Experiments were recently made at McGill college, Montreal, to discover the length of time required for a telegraphic signal to pass from that point to Greenwich by the Atlantic cable. Two hundred signals were sent, and it was found that the average time taken by the current to cross the Atlantic and back, a distance in all of 8,000 miles, was exactly one second and five-hundredths of a second.

## HER SIDE OF THE STORY.

## A DOMESTIC SERVANT TELLS HER TRIALS AND TROUBLES.

Many Different Kinds of Mistresses—The Irregularity of Servants' Meals—Threats to Refuse a Character—No "Followers" Wanted.

My first place was that of a general servant to a boarding-house keeper. In the country I had become inured to the arduous work of a farm-house. I was therefore prepared to undergo the hardships and trials of a "slavey's" life. In my first situation I had to toil and slave from six o'clock in the morning until eleven and sometimes twelve at night. During these hours if my mistress caught me sitting down doing a bit of sewing for myself, she would peremptorily order me to get up and go on with the housework. With remarkable inconsistency the lady required her servant to be at all times neatly dressed and spotless in her attire, while doing the drudgery of the boarding-house of which she was the proprietress.

No regular meal time for the servant was observed in this place, and during the twelve months I slaved in this woman's service I do not remember ever having sat down to dinner or tea in a civilized way. I afterwards found this to be the rule rather than the exception in respect to a "slavey's" meals in business houses and small families. You have to get them the best way you can, and be thankful that a minute or two is permitted for you to take the food necessary to keep you alive.

I stopped with this lady slave-driver as long as I could. At the end of twelve months I was completely worn out and had to leave. The lady, resenting my giving notice, kindly assured me that she would make it warm for me during my last month.

"In that case," I said at the time, "I think I am justified in leaving you at once."

"You can please yourself about that," she replied, viciously; "but if you do go before your month is up, I shall neither pay you your wages nor give you a character."

The latter threat frightened me completely. This is the only country of the civilized world in which a master or mistress can legally refuse to give a servant a hard-earned reference. You can make a lady pay you your wages, but you cannot compel her to give you what is of far greater value than the price of a few months' service. I know from my own experience that many so-called ladies, who, for some reason, or maybe for no reason at all, bear an animosity against girls who have served them well and faithfully, will take a mean and cowardly revenge by persistently refusing to give them characters. And what can a poor and friendless girl do then?

During my quest for a second place in London I had interviews with many ladies, all of whom I found to be influenced by more or less senseless fads and whims, and so on. "We do not allow followers," the greater part of these dames averred. "Have you any relations? We should like very much to have girls whose mothers and fathers are dead, and who have no brothers, no sisters, no aunts and uncles, and no cousins."

I noticed these ladies were particularly antagonistic to the last named, for the simple reason that cousinship does not prevent a man and woman from becoming engaged. Ladies are dead set against lovers. "Have you a sweetheart?" one smartly-dressed and much bejewelled middle-aged lady inquired, sourly.

"No, madam, I have not."

"Very good," she said, a shade more graciously. "Now, if you'll promise me that you'll not 'walk out' with a young man while in my service, I think we can come to terms."

As I refused indignantly to give such an absurd promise we failed to come to terms, and the lady, much to her disgust, had to seek a girl whose conscience would permit her to tell the lie she asked for.

The chief inducement that influenced me to stay so long as I did in one lady's service was her daughter's serious illness. There was trouble in the house and while it was there I had more than my share of it. I had been a mere mercenary or time-serving menial, this would have been a stronger inducement for me to leave than to stay on to toil and work for an ungrateful and bad-tempered woman. I did stay on to do what I could for the sick girl. In addition to doing the almost endless work of the household, I nursed the young lady for close on four months. Night after night during this anxious time I had to sacrifice my few hours of rest to do what I could to alleviate a very painful lot. And when death released my young mistress from a suffering existence, the mother never gave me one word of thanks or commendation for what I had voluntarily done.

I have already spoken of the facility English law gives to women of one class to drive their sisters of a lower class down to the lowest depths of degradation. I speak bitterly. I am aware, because the dread experience of seeking a situation without

a character to fall back on has been mine. My third mistress, when I left her soon after her daughter's death, refused to give me a reference. She would neither say anything in my favor nor anything against me. That is what the law should compel employers to do; so that a servant, unjustly deprived of the means of obtaining a situation, may have a remedy in a court of justice.

The reader may object that I am placing the matter in a light too favorable to myself—in other words, that as likely as not my mistress was right in refusing to give me a character. Well, I have a conclusive answer to such an objection in the fact that my previous employer, hearing I was out of place, sent for me, and made me an unsolicited offer to return to my former situation in her service. What I should have done had this not occurred I shudder to think. A girl must live somehow, and it is another woman's whim can prevent her from obtaining a respectable livelihood, what is she to do? Let the reader answer the question in the light of what does occur in this so-called christian land.—Tid Bits.

## Character in Handshaking.

"I form my estimate of a man the moment I shake hands with him," said A. M. Carter, of the Southern. "If he frankly gives me his whole hand and with it a cordial grip, at the same time looking me fully in the eyes, I would not hesitate to lend him money, or appeal to him if I was in trouble. Men who shake hands that way usually mean what they say. They are manly men, big hearted, brave, brotherly and will do to bank on. The man who reaches out his hand as though the exertion worried him, and lets it lie in your grasp like the flipper of a delinquent catfish, is the kind of a creature who sits up nights to plot petty treason. The man who shakes hands with three fingers would steal from himself if he knew how. Whenever I reach out my hand and find that it has closed down on three fishy fingers I instinctively look to see if my purse is safe. The man who grabs your hand and pumps your arm up and down as though it was the handle to a hand car is usually a well meaning fellow, but is seldom troubled with a plethora of brains. The ladies also reveal themselves in the handshake. There is no danger of mistaking the shy yet magnetic touch of native modesty for the icy salute of unfeeling formality. No woman who shakes hands as she might touch a dead mouse ever played much havoc with masculine hearts."—Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Weathered: "By jove! but these Melissa Coats are the proper thing. You would scarcely believe I had been out all day in this blooming storm; and here I am, quite dry and jolly comfortable, don't you know?"

Miss Drencher: "O, Yes! I have worn my Melissa for more than a year, in all kinds of weather; and the beauty of it is, there is none of that clammy, air-tight feeling about it, nor that horrid smell one gets from other waterproofs."

Mr. W.: "There seem to be several poor imitations of this Melissa Cloth on the market, so one has to be careful, you know, and always look for the Melissa Trade Mark on every garment or piece of cloth."



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## Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

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