

LARSEN'S BOSTON CHAT.

THE MARKET IN THE HUB AND WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

A Different Kind of Saturday Rush. Monday is Bargain Day in Boston. "Jack" Boden and his Work in New York—An All Around Newspaper Man.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—Going out to Roxbury last Saturday night, the electric car was comfortably filled. Everybody had room enough to change the position of his arms or feet as often as he pleased, and on the West road, that is a privilege seldom enjoyed.

The car stopped. Five or six women got on board, and the shifting privilege became a thing of the past. The women had been to market and were going home, loaded down with Sunday dinners. Everyone of them had a self-satisfied look; a look which said that the trip down town had been a profitable one; that money had been saved, despite the car fares.

I did not know where the women had been shopping, and it made little difference, but, that five or six large families were going to begin the New Year on the contents of those baskets and bundles, covered with brown paper that did not for an instant delude any body as to what they contained, was evident to all in the car.

The contemplation of the bundles carried me back to Quincy market, where I had been earlier in the day, and from there to the country market in St. John and the times when I used to interview Mr. Lynam on the probabilities of a good market for Saturday. It was the same story every week. The market was not what it used to be in the days when every corner grocery in St. John did not have a butcher shop in connection, and a delivery wagon or two to visit the houses, get the orders and deliver the week's provisions, meat included.

Then the grocery men used to get up early and wait for the market to open, if they did not go to the trains and steamers, and by the time the people got to market there was nothing to buy.

So the St. John market is not what it used to be.

Neither is Quincy market, Boston.

The superintendent remembers a time when Market street used to be crowded with people selling and buying; just the same as they used to crowd the St. John market in the days when the boys on the streets sang songs about the people who took up "the big market basket," and went from "Union street down through the market, some cabbage and corn beef to buy."

You probably see the big market basket in these days, but it is not in it with the delivery wagon.

Here in Boston the grocery men go into the meat business, and run things much the same as they do in St. John, but there are meat markets all over the city for people who want bargains. In the smaller markets the dinners are all cut up and labelled in a way that would strike a New Brunswicker as novel. Every piece of beef, every fowl, everything on the counter has the same as a cape overcoat in your own Oak Hall.

Down at the big markets there is none of this. The people who buy there usually know pretty well how much anything is worth, and asking the price is merely a matter of form, for the buyer makes the price and "takes it or leaves it," according to the decision of the seller.

There is much of interest around Faneuil Hall and Quincy markets on Saturday, the buying and selling among all kinds and classes of people in the market and out on the street; women with baskets and hucksters with lungs that would astonish the unsophisticated countryman who stands beside his box of eggs or fowl in the St. John market and waits for people to ask the price. They wish things. But the people who buy on the street are of the kind who go all around the market, before they purchase anything.

Saturday evening there is always a crush in the long passage between the stalls, and Quincy market is not a place where any body could be likely to go for the fun of the thing. It has not Charlotte street at one end and Germain street at the other with red hot stoves about 25 feet apart, a grand place to vary the monotony of Union, Charlotte, King and Prince William street. For Saturday night promenades, it is a place for business, where people go to buy.

Then again Saturday night in Boston is not the great weekly turn out that it is in St. John. Washington and Tremont streets are pretty well crowded, to be sure, but the big stores are closed and the people who come out are those who want something for Sunday, and are willing to pay a price for it. For Monday is bargain day, you know. Bargain hunters stay at home Sunday and read the advertisements. Next morning they swoop down on the stores.

Saturday night is the fakirs night. They are out every evening, but Saturday night Washington street pavement is lined with them, shouting, talking, laughing, joking by the light of kerosene lamps, and every fakir of any account surrounded by a crowd of curious people.

But for a listless sauntering crowd, walking up and down the streets first one way and then the other, going no place in particular, the Saturday night mob of St. John is without an equal.

Boston has had two very cold weeks and

the ponds were frozen over. Skating was the sport, and everybody was in it.

Donahue's Magazine is a Boston publication, but the Catholics of St. John are familiar with it. They have probably seen the Christmas number before this and noticed a very considerable change both in appearance and matter. There has been a change in the management. Mr. Donahue has given over the magazine to younger men, fully imbued with the spirit of the times, and the first number under the new management shows it. Messrs. D. P. Toomay and S. C. Quinn are now at the head of affairs. Mr. Quinn is a Boston newspaper man, and at one time managing editor of the New York Press. He is a great friend of Jack Boden, who is sporting editor of that paper. Mr. Frederick Stansbury, who is associated with Mr. Quinn in editing the magazine, was also on the New York Press and used to swap stories with Mr. Boden from opposite desks. Both men have a very high opinion of the Boston hall hero, and have no hesitation in saying that he is one of the best newspaper men in New York, and will not name a better one. Jack is apparently as much of a mystery to New Yorkers as he was to the people of St. John where he did considerable work that was talked about and wondered at, and of which nobody knew he was the author. In New York his resourcefulness is also a cause for wonder, for besides having charge of the sporting department and occasionally taking the city desk, he "does" every big event that comes on. He was at the Homestead during the strike, at the Chicago and Minneapolis conventions and so on to the end of the list. He is also one of the best known figures at the press club.

Chief of Police Clarke and Ald. G. A. Vincent have been here seeing how things are done in Boston. Chief Clarke has evinced a great interest in the Boston police department, and according to a Boston paper says it is the best in the United States; he having come to this conclusion from the fact that he has adopted some Boston methods in St. John and has found that they work to perfection. What better evidence does anybody want? R. G. LARSEN.

MAKING A HARP.

The Way to Construct one Described—Can You do it Now?

A correspondent has kindly sent me directions for constructing an Eolian harp, which will, I trust, be of some service to "Jacob" who asked me about it some weeks ago, and whose request I have borne in mind ever since. I must confess with bitter humiliation that I cannot understand the description very well myself as there seems some uncertainty as to what it is that is to be thirty-two inches by six and where the pegs to which the strings are fastened have their abiding place, but still these are obstacles which the mechanical mind will soon triumph over, and I have no doubt "Jacob" will be listening to "the wild, sweet strains of an Eolian harp" of his own manufacture soon after reading this.

Length, thirty-two inches by six; depth, one and three-quarter inches; the strings are attached to the small hooks at the ends, corresponding to the pegs; they must be about the thickness of the first string of a violin; violin strings give the best tone, but if too expensive the small gut used by whip makers may be used. The bottom plank of the harp should be of oak, three-quarters of an inch thick, three feet long by ten inches broad, and the bridges may be made of sonorous wood, but steel will give the clearest sound; they should be half an inch in height, cut angular to a blunt point. They must not be flattened down but must be made to fit very flat to the bottom board or they will jar and fail to give a clear tone; this is the great defect to be guarded against by amateurs, and will destroy the music of the most carefully made instrument. The ends of the harp should be of oak one inch thick and must be fixed very firmly to the foundation but not with metal screws or glue. In these ends pins are fastened for tightening the strings; use violin pins, half at each end. The top of the harp should be of sycamore wood half an inch thick, and may be polished if preferred; it should be very slightly fastened to the lower part, as it must be removed each time the harp is tuned. Common catgut will do almost as well as German, for the strings, get as thick a string as possible for one side and a thin one for the other, and then graduate them from thick to thin, so as not to have any two alike. The strings are generally tuned to E. C., but it is preferable to tune them to low C, then each string an octave higher; this scale can easily be altered if desired. The instrument should be made very strong in every respect as the strain exerted by the strings is almost incredible, and may cause it to collapse at any moment. Place the harp at the window with the upper surface inclined towards the draft of air.

With regard to the strings, I fancy my correspondent refers to the first and last string when he says "they should be tuned to low C, and then each string an octave higher" but I am rather puzzled as to the quality of music one would obtain with such an arrangement, I should be afraid it would be too weird altogether.

For the Season.

Groceries, syrups, and confectionery in almost endless variety can be had at J. S. Armstrong & Bro., grocers, etc., 32 Charlotte St.

Rubber Goods.

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

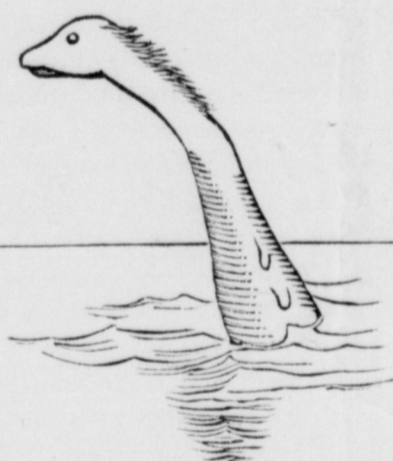
PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "King's Chapel News Stand,"—Corner of School and Tremont streets.

THE SEA SERPENT.

Latest Accounts of the Monster's Recent Appearances.

In distant parts of the world, notably in Scottish waters, the sea serpent has of late been disporting himself in his characteristic horrid and fearsome manner, affrighting mariners and terrifying timid passengers.

Its most recent appearance was several weeks ago in the North Sea, and practically within sight of the Scottish coast, just off Peterhead. The correspondent of the North British Daily Mail at Peterhead sends to his paper a most thrilling story of the "extraordinary experience with the unknown monster of the deep," and avers that the parties alleging to have seen the ocean horror vouch for the entire and unvarnished truth of his narrative. His vessel was the good herring boat Harbinger, and she was lying to by her nets about four miles from land. The log of the event is most circumstantial. Three members of the crew were on deck and three more below at tea. Suddenly a dreadful monster made its appearance on the port side, "greatly alarming those on deck." The account continues: "The monster deliberately placed two fore feet on the gunwale of the boat at a distance of about thirty feet from each other, the one resting plump aft, while the other was placed on the fore block. The weight of the animal was the means of causing the boat to list to one side to a depth of three planks. One



MR. ARMIT'S SERPENT.

man sought refuge in the hold. The Leviathan made a sudden dart with his head at one of the two remaining on deck, who was immediately seized by his companion and pitched into the hold, he himself quickly following. The curiosity of two men below had by this time been aroused by the shouting of those on deck, and they came up the companionway in time to see the monster disappearing beneath the waves. The crew state that the animal remained by the side of the boat for fifteen minutes. The head and neck, they say, were similar to those of a griffin, and were covered with a thick coating of hair in black and white patches. Its mouth contained two sets of powerful looking teeth, and was sufficient, as one of the men said, to swallow an ordinary sized omnibus. The ears were of extraordinary dimensions and resembled those of a water spaniel. The length of the animal cannot be accurately stated, but it must have been some hundreds of feet in length.

This awesome and circumstantially related tale encouraged a gentleman named Mr. Robert Grigor, of the boat Star of Comarty, of Dunbeath, to pluck up courage and tell his story to the Aberdeen paper. He and his boat's company encountered his horror in the Moray Firth, about thirty miles off the coast of Buckie. A strange commotion was observed in the sea, and "uttering a fearful cry, there arose out of the water such a fearful monster as made our hair stand on end." Mr. Grigor continues: "For a time we were speechless, every one of us. To our great horror the monster shaped toward our boat and placed two heavy fore feet, with big claws, onto the stern. We all flew forward, leaving the after part of the boat in charge of this terrible monster, whose eyes shone like green fire and whose mouth, with large, white, shining teeth and lolling tongue, struck terror into our very hearts. It was observed that George Simpson and Gerald Robertson both had fainted away. The enormous weight of the animal had the stern of our large craft quite submerged, and we really thought that every moment was our last. Our skipper rushed aft, carrying with him a long boat hook with an iron shod on it. This he sent into the monster's mouth at least fifteen feet, and to our great relief and surprise, the animal sank back, boat hook and all. The monster must have weighed many tons, as it would take at least twenty tons to put our wood down by the stern as it did. It had long, seaweed-like hair, and was dark in color. Its head was not unlike the unicorn of fiction, with large and fearsome mouth. Its fore claws spread out over several yards of the after part of the boat, and the five deep scratches of each still show where it rested. Such an animal could have swallowed ten boats' crews."

Mr. T. M. Armit, of Leith, a reputable and responsible citizen, promptly identified the grisly terror as the self-same monster that appeared to him in the South Pacific, off the coast of Ecuador, some sixteen years ago. He wrote to the scoffing papers and told them that whatever they and the public might think of the anecdote related by the fishermen, he was not in any way incredulous.

"The creature they describe," he says, "resembles greatly the beast or fish that I and six others stood and looked at, in broad daylight, for fully ten minutes. We were on board the disabled ship Colombo, of Greenock, and were towed from Panama to Callao in July, 1876. The sea was very smooth, and when nearly abreast of Guayaquil a solitary wave arose alongside six or eight feet above the main rail amidships. While wondering what could have caused such a phenomenon, we were greatly surprised to see a creature rise slowly-five to thirty feet above the sea at a distance of three lengths astern. The neck appeared to be three or four feet in diameter and gradually swelled toward the water to double that size. We gazed at it for fully ten minutes, when it slowly retired below. We saw nothing in the shape of fins or feet about it,



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nor could we discern whether it was provided with double rows of business-looking teeth, but since that day I have always been convinced of the existence of unknown sea monsters."

Mr. Armit backs up his statement with a sketch of the monster, which is here reproduced, and which should be cut out and pasted in the hat of every ocean traveler for purposes of comparison.—New York Sun.

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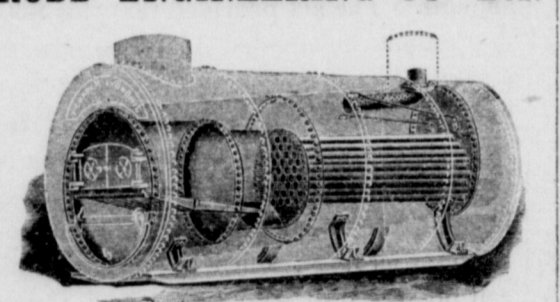
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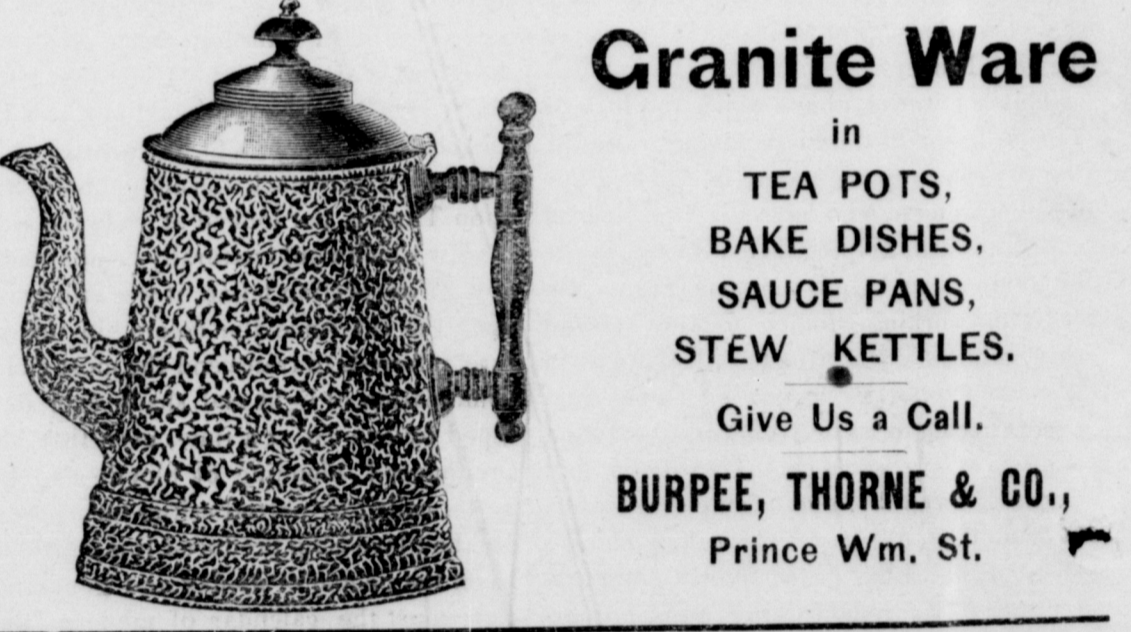


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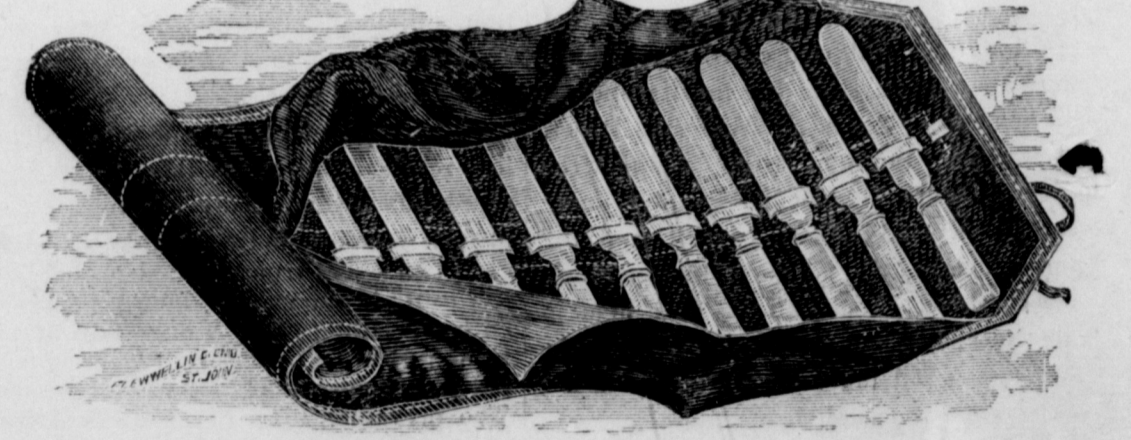


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