

THEY FOUND A FRIEND.

THERE WERE SAD SCENES AT THE LATE FIRE IN BOSTON.

A Good Samaritan in Ruggles Street Church—How the Fire Compared with that of St. John—Homeless and Friendless—The People See Their Goods Destroyed.

BOSTON, May 22.—Over two thousand people became homeless within an hour last Tuesday. A vast tenement district in Roxbury was swept out of existence, and those burned out were, with few exceptions, very poor people.

It was in many respects a small edition of the great St. John fire of 1877, when the entire south end was laid low, and the city received a blow from which it has perhaps never recovered. The St. John sufferers did not know where to go. It seemed as if everybody and his neighbor had been burned out, and few had friends who could offer them a night's shelter. Thousands of people in St. John today remember the eventful 20th of June, when they were forced to leave their comfortable homes and live for weeks in public buildings and shanties, and turn to public charity for food to eat.

That was the time hundreds wanted the friend in need.

The Roxbury sufferers found one almost before they realized their position and the work of that friend, the pastor and worker of the Ruggles street Baptist church—has been the wonder and talk of Boston ever since.

Every ball crank in St. John who has been in Boston knows the district. Sitting in the grand stand or on the bleachers of the South end ball grounds waiting for the game to begin, they could not fail to see something of interest in the great blocks of tenement houses. Mostly old wooden buildings facing on short narrow streets, buildings in which large families of poor people lived in small rooms, few in number, singular old timber boxes above which the famous Sullivan tower rose majestically—until the base ball managers went to law and compelled the owner of the tower to take it down, and would be dead heads were compelled to either peep through knot holes or pay the full price of admission.

It was a great district for a fire, but when somebody dropped a match under the bleachers and flames shot up, the thousands watching the ball game seemed to forget this. They took the little blaze on the bleachers as a joke until the flames spread, and licked up everything before them, before the fire department could settle right down to work.

But this isn't what I want to talk about. A \$600,000 fire is not much of a novelty in Boston, and in the business district it does not have to burn a very large territory before it reaches that figure. The total loss does not come near the Roxbury fire.

It is the individual losses, the sufferings of the poor that has made the fire remarkable, and the promptness with which the Ruggles street church people go to work that Boston is talking about.

Excitement was intense that afternoon, few people saved anything, and those who did carried furniture and small household effects to Madison Park, a breathing spot about the size of King square, St. John, and situated between Cabot street and Shawmut avenue.

There were sad scenes there about 6 o'clock. The city officials did not see them, did not seem to think of the sufferers till an hour or so later. Then they began to talk about opening the school houses.

When they got ready to do this, they found it was not necessary.

The Ruggles street church is best known by its famous quartette, but I think I have spoken of its charitable work in my letters during the hard times of last winter.

Last week Boston fully realized the wonderful organization of its charitable work. Long before the fire was under control, Ruggles street church was opened and scores of workers had assembled. Some put on coffee boilers. Some printed large signs, telling the sufferers that the church was open for them, and that they could get food, clothing and lodging there.

Some of these were placed outside the building, others were made into banners and the younger members of the congregation carried them through Madison park and the burned district until everybody knew where to go. But that wasn't all. Cans of coffee and baskets of food were carried to the sufferers. Other agents went all over the district distributing meal tickets among the homeless, and before the city authorities and other churches and charitable organizations had made up their minds what to do, all the sufferers had been provided for temporarily. The church was piled with mattresses, the lost children were cared for and steps taken to find the parents; the doctors connected with the church dispensary cared for the injured, and every body was made to feel as much at home as possible. Before midnight the work was going on systematically, and arrangements made to hold meetings on the morrow, so that funds could be raised. Today nearly all these families are in homes, provided with enough furniture to start life anew and a week or month's rent paid in advance. It was a wonderful piece of work.

R. G. LARSEN.

Moon Superstitions.

The tad of the new moon is one of our most popular beliefs in the necromancy of fate. To see the moon for the first time, not through a window, but in the open air, your right shoulder turned facing her, and money loose in your hand, indicates a month of good luck. Put to see her over

your left shoulder betokens sorrow. When looking at the new moon, if you make a wish, it will certainly come true if all the conditions of money, position, etc., have been fulfilled. If it does not come true it will be recorded in the moon in a vase marked with the wisher's name, as everything in the way of mispent time and wealth, broken vows, fruitless tears and unfulfilled petitions is recorded there to be kept until the last judgment. It is consequently most desirable that the wish should be one deserving such a fate.

In certain parts of Pennsylvania the country people cure their children of whooping-cough by giving them a raw egg to eat that has been laid on the last Friday of a new moon.

Money should be turned in the hand in the new of the moon, when it will be sure to double it well invested.

The dim form of the old moon is sometimes seen to outline the new moon, a sign that some believe presages disaster to sailors.

ONE WAY TO COURT TRADE.

A Blacksmith of Years ago Hit upon a Happy Plan.

We are apt to think that people of fifty or sixty years ago, were not up to the tricks of trade as they are at the present day. But the following anecdote will show that they were quite as sharp and shrewd as the men who are now trying to outdo and over-reach each other in business circles.

Mr. B—, who was living in the little town of A—, and carrying on the blacksmith business there, found trade in that section rather dull, and as the place was small could not see very promising prospects for the future. Being an ambitious man, he determined to move his business to the thriving town of Wilmington. Not being well known there, of course, work did not come in very fast, and matters began to look serious; for his capital was very small and would not admit of a heavy drain upon it. Clearly, something must be done, so he set his wits to work, and soon hit upon a plan, which he proceeded without delay to carry out.

He was not, as a general thing, one of the church-going kind of people, but the following Sabbath, dressing himself in his best, he appeared at the congregational church of that town. The minister noticed the new comer, and after he had attended there a short time called upon him, and at last brought his horse there to be shod. He offered him the usual price for his services, but was somewhat surprised upon being told by Mr. B. that he always shod minister's horses free, and as a minister's salary in those days was not as liberal as it is at the present time, he was very much pleased. In the course of a few weeks, every minister for miles around came to Mr. B. to have their horses shod, and having heard of his liberal terms, and as he did his work well, of course, the members of the different congregations many of them followed suit, and it is needless to say Mr. B— succeeded in building up a large and lucrative business. L. C. H.

LOCAL MILITIA OUT OF STEP.

Episodes in the 63rd Rifles and the 66 P. L. F. of Halifax.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The 63rd Rifles are not with the remainder of the volunteer forces and the imperial troops in celebrating the birthday of the queen. The demonstration today will prove a success without them, and the greatest losers by their absence from the common are the 63rd themselves. After the split among the officers, which left with Col. Egan the responsibility of ordering out the battalion, and which he accepted by declining to order a parade, and when it was seen what a big success the review was bound to become an agitation arose among many of the officers to join their forces with the other battalions on the 24th, even though it was done at the eleventh hour. But Colonel Egan would have nothing to do with it. Officers hinted that the colonel might unfortunately be out of town, and allow the major to take command, if he did not care to do so himself, but all such hints were unheeded. Colonel Egan had made his bed; his "loved" officers had helped him to make it, and in that bed he was bound that both himself and the battalion should lie on the 24th of May. The 63rd Rifles are now finding out what it is to be "conspicuous by absence."

HALIFAX, May 24.—The end of the "little unpleasantness" between Drummer M. Kelly and Colonel Humphrey of the 66th P. L. F., came early this week. Colonel Humphrey, by a curt note to the drummer, succeeded in doing what Lieutenant Kelly Johnston and his escort failed in accomplishing by force of arms. They retreated before the drummer, so to speak; but when Kelly received a note from the Colonel, directing him peremptorily to return to the armory the drum and his uniform and accoutrements, under severe penalties, the whole fit-out was quickly deposited at the drill hall. It has not been learned yet whether the lieutenant has been censured for his defeat at the Academy of Music; nor has it transpired whether the colonel has concluded that, instead of sending lieutenant Johnston and two men, he should have sent a corporal's guard after Kelly and his drum. At all events, Michael Kelly is out of the 66th band and the drum is now carried by another man, who can't beat it so well as Michael could.

Woman leads the world. She used smokesless powder for ages before men ever thought of adopting it.

ABOUT MOUNTAIN LIONS.

Another Western Man to the Front With a Wild Yarn about Them.

"As to grizzly bears," said a Montana man the other evening, as he lifted his feet a peg higher and took a long pull at his cigar—"as to grizzly bears, we've got plenty of 'em left in our country, but unless you are looking for them you might travel the trails and byways for five years and not get sight of old Ephraim. As big and savage as they are, they avoid mankind when it's possible. I've heard 'em roving off in the thickets many a time as I rode along a wild trail, but in fifteen years I have had a fair sight of only one, and he was anxious to get away."

"How about the mountain lion?" was asked.

"Ah, you've struck quite another field now," he replied. The mountain lion of the far West is not a lion at all, as you probably know, but is the beast known in the East as the panther. I think, however, the Western panther is larger and fiercer. At any rate, all things considered, I'd prefer to face a grizzly."

"Ever had any experience?" "Yes, just one, and it makes my hair stand on end to think of it. I'm half-owner of a good, big herd of steers, but I wouldn't go through that experience again for a thousand of the fattest, juiciest steers ever rounded up in the cattle country. You want to hear about it, but it's no use to get out your book and pencil. My experience was very brief, and there are no names and dates to put down. Look on the map some day and find Flat Head Lake. Between it and the Rocky Mountains is a beautiful valley thirty miles wide. I've wintered cattle in there, and had them come out as fat as butter in the spring."

"One spring, eight or ten years ago, I was driving in some 'strays' from the foothills. When cattle begin to shed their coats they like to get into the timber and rub themselves. About ten o'clock in the forenoon I was riding along an Indian trail on the slope of a hill. It was in the timber, with lots of brush covering the ground. I saw cattle tracks on the trail and had no thought for anything else. My mustang was on the walk and I was taking it easy in the saddle when I was suddenly jumped out of my boots. Something screamed in my ear, and out of the corner of my eye I saw something in the air. No doubt I ducked, but it was instinct. In the same breath there was a great crash in the top of a bush to my right and below me, and just as my mustang started on a wild run I made out what the object was."

"A mountain lion, sir?" "Yes, and a whopping big one, and the snarl, growls and screams he uttered lifted me in my stirrups. He landed in that bush on his back, with his legs sticking up like posts, but I don't reckon it took him over five seconds to turn right side up. He may have started to follow me, though he was more apt to sink away, but the mustang would have given him a hard race. He was wild with fright, and the way he did smoke along that trail and get down into the valley would have made a jack-rabbit wonder how the wings were fastened on. I held he wasn't going fast enough for me."

"The lion had jumped for you?" "He had my boy. I went up and figured it out afterward. The beast had crouched on a big rock eighteen feet above me and about twenty-four feet from the trail. Just how close he came to me I can't say, but I'm certain that he brushed my hat as he passed over. The duck probably saved my life. If he had struck me with the momentum of such a spring I'd have been carried out of the saddle into the bushes. The cuss was lying low for beef or deer, but when I came along he thought he had a better thing. As he missed me he turned over in the air, and, as I told you, he landed wrong side up. I don't know how mountain lions feel about such things, but I've always had the idea that this fellow went off kicking himself over the way he got left. He had overjumped a good dinner and couldn't blame anybody but himself."

Very Early on the Stage.

Victoria Vokes began her professional career at the Royal Surrey Theatre, London, when, scarcely two years old, in a drama entitled "The Avalanche." Her sister, Jessie Vokes, also appeared at the Surrey Theatre at the age of four, and subsequently played there a round of juvenile characters. At the age of three, Miss Katie Terry (Mrs. Lewis) made her first appearance on the stage to sing a character song as an old lady of ninety-five. Miss Minnie Terry made her first appearance at the age of four at the Haymarket, in "Partners," and at the age of six was able to earn £10 a week. At that age she acted as "Mignon" in the dramatized version of "Bootie's Baby." The clever little actress, Miss Empsie Bowman, made her first appearance on the stage at the age of four at the Stratford Theatre, where she danced a hornpipe. Mme. Jane Hading, the French actress, at the age of three appeared at the Marseilles theatre as little Blanche de Caylus in "Le Bossu." Miss Patti Rosa, the wealthy American actress, appeared on the stage at the age of four, and continued to play children's parts for over twenty years. Miss Kendal began to perform nearly as soon as she could walk and talk. Her first appearance at the age of four was at Chute's Theatre at Bristol (where her mother was acting), as an angel in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the last census report there included 409 males and 260 females of less than fifteen years of age who are classed as actors.

He Did Not Advertise.

Not long ago a Chicago man cut into a pound of butter which he had purchased at a grocery whose proprietor does not advertise, and found therein a small tin box, which contained a piece of paper bearing the following, written in a neat feminine hand:

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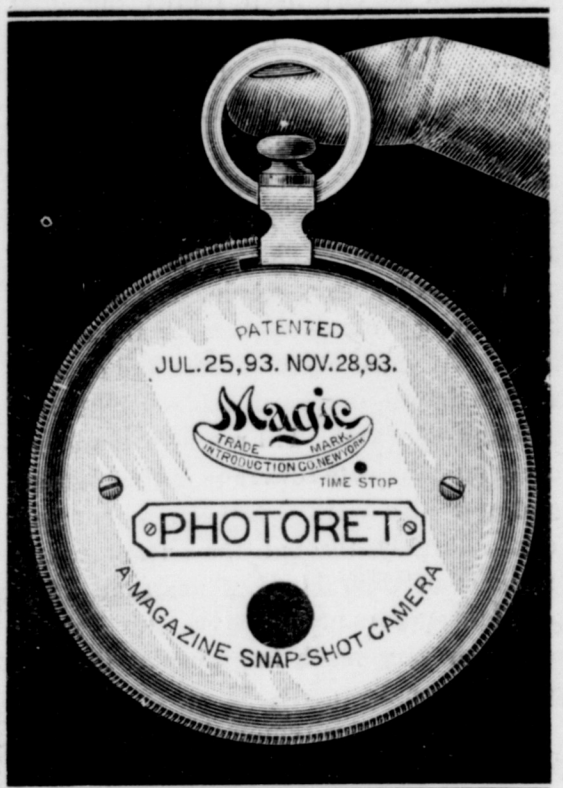
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