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LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 3.

Way we bound from Denver, along the crest of the Rocky Mountains, passing many wonderful but always remembered familiar scenes, where nature in her wildest mood had worked wonders which, to use the old saying, must be seen to be appreciated.

When the shades of evening were falling thick and fast around the cheerless looking hills where the snowflakes were falling from the inky clouds and the weird grandeur of the "Mount of the Holy Cross" was flashing its awful and stupendous beauties from the crowning glories of their everlasting hills—through these terrible passes where the gallant and daring Tremont and his patient little band had carved their weary way to the golden shores of the Pacific slope, the iron horse was tugging and screaming, frightening the eagles from the cliffs which for centuries were, in a measure, all their own.

The morning breaks in joyous splendor and the air grows warmer and more enjoyable on these western slopes, but much of the scenic beauties of the trip remain with us, not knowing how much was missed while we slumbered. "Enough," however, "is as good as a feast," and we were surfeited with all and we began to realize the truth of the old saying why it is the tailor or the shoemaker stands up to rest, for however soft and pliant these cushioned and sumptuous luxuries of a railway train may feel at the start, they are not what you took them for at the finish—well, hardly at least.

A beautiful city of fifty thousand people is lying here on the peaceful verdant plain, with the snow-crowned hills in the background, and the saline waters of a lovely lake bathing its restless feet. Wide, sweeping hill-lined streets stretch with majestic pride through the town part; magnificent hotels and houses of trade; while a temple and a tabernacle lie in stately beauty, more immense and gorgeous far than ever the brain and wisdom of a Solomon could conceive or rear; where Brigham Young, we hope, lies in blissful repose amid his many wives whose tongues are quiet now, and Amelia Fowler, his favorite one, does not inspire any longer the pangs of jealousy, their swelling bosoms. The stockings in the back yard, over which Artemus Ward used up the multiplication table, and his head, he said, grew dizzy in trying to find out how many help-meets "poor," dear, old Brigham Young really had, have been taken down long ago, and perhaps are ornamenting the shapely limbs of some unhappy Mormon or profligate and wicked Gentile, who promenade these lovely streets where so much wealth and magnificence was reared to flatter the vanity and pride of this much married man and his numerous better-halts, or one-twentieths or more as the case might be.

The railway magnates gave us a couple of hours to linger there, and, indeed, one could spend many hours very pleasantly and enjoyably amid the wonders of Salt Lake City, but we are compelled to wander on through the smiling valley and sniff the saline air of the lovely sheet of water from which the city derives its name.

After an hour's ride from Salt Lake we halt at Ogden, the end of the Denver and Rio Grande road. Ogden is quite a busy, bustling little town that came to stay with

the completion of the railway across the continent. It was a kind of gala day in Ogden, for if a circus had not struck the town there was quite an entertaining show going on, for Kelley's army, a detachment of Coxey's industrials, had pitched its tents upon the open plain and was mixing up the authorities of the place and the railway officials in a wordy war and legal fight as to what was going to be done with them. We left them there in all their middle and boarded the Central Pacific train for the last stage of our journey towards the Golden Gate. We took supper at Promontory, where there is not much in the way of advancement to speak of. A railway station and a few houses are all that is there to tell you of that memorable event when the last spike was driven there on a bright May morning a quarter of a century ago that spoke with a mute eloquence of one of the grandest achievements of modern times, when the east was linked with the west and the rolling swift-flying beauties of a transcontinental railway went on in a continuous procession of loveliness and pride from the shores of the turbulent Atlantic to the peaceful sweep of the majestic Pacific.

Westward ho! the Star of Empire takes its way, and away we go again in the same direction, treated en route with a gorgeous sunset and a never-ending panorama of scenic delights. Another night creeps on apace and shuts up the bright joyous look of day. On the following morning we take breakfast at Battle Mountain, where there must have been a fight at some time in its history between Indians or Mormons or other mortals. We knew or cared not, when or how or wherefore. Two or three little towns are passed where the Indian comes down to see us and gaze with all his eyes upon what you would think he had ere this become accustomed to. In a little while we plunge into the desolate looking gloom of the great American desert—not quite so bad, perhaps, as that "abomination of desolation" on the Southern Pacific road lying between the orange laden groves of Southern California and the cactus-embowered sun-scorched plains of Arizona. This, however, is bad enough for many weary miles, until we get into other peaceful, quiet-looking hamlets in Nevada, where the Indian becomes more numerous and his graceful indolence is just as apparent. We reach Reno as the sun is sinking to rest behind the snow-wreathed peaks of the Sierras and halt at Truckee to take in a fresh breath on the eastern slope of the mountains ere we commence to climb their dizzy heights and slowly grope our way down the steep incline over which Hank Monk—the famous stage driver of early days—drove Horace Greeley down their rugged, flinty sides.

It was our last night on board our home on wheels and the long dreary miles of snow-sheds through which the train was plunging steadily on, made the gloom more silent and oppressive. Sacramento, the capital of the golden state, was reached where it was slumbering on the plain below, and away we sped from there in the darkness over the level plain to where the waters of the Sacramento river were surging in among the little creeks and rivulets that made the tall grass rustle with a mournful music as the frowning bluffs overlooking Benicia hove in sight and the stream rushed past into the aqueous glories of one of the grandest bays and harbors in the wide, wide world. On we go into Oakland in all its verdant beauties, crowned with lovely plants and flowers nodding and bending in the glorious morning air, with the majestic morning sun peering from his glistening throne in an unclouded sky, dancing pretty minuets upon the water and kissing the dew-drops from the trees that are ever green and the climbing roses that blossom eternally at their doors. The end is reached at last, as we hurry on board one of the finest ferry boats in the world and are landed safe and sound at the foot of Market street in dear old San Francisco, lying proud and glorious looking, like another Rome upon her seven hills, with the flags of every nation flapping their graceful folds from peak and mast-head and towering spars of many a gallant barque that was lying there in a stately wealth of marine loveliness at her feet, and here we are and there you are, and with all this weary tramp of over three thousand miles in a little over five days and a half. We will leave you now and if agreeable tell you more of what we have seen and heard since we again have struck this wonderful city of the Argonauts, perched in queenly beauty by the bright and bubbling waters of the Golden Gate.

Plenty of Holidays There. The people of New Zealand are a holiday-making race. In almost every month they have some day which is set aside as a holiday. At Christmas, New Year, and Easter, the working class take two or three days extra to carry on their festivities.

At these times all the inhabitants give themselves up to amusements. Horse racing, athletic sports, boat races and excursions are carried on in every available spot, and are attended by a large and almost invariably well-behaved crowd. The chief amusement among the common classes consists of picnics. All the different trades and societies have picnics of their own, to which the general public are welcome upon paying a small fee of admission.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN Not to Lose Sight of the Duty Nearest Them.

I believe this is distinctly the age of fads and it we are not careful, our fossil remains will be decorating the geological cabinets of future generations, duly classified, and labelled as fragments of the "fad period" just as curiosities of the glacial, and the stone age, are shown by collectors of to day! It may be well to have a hobby, and many writers contend that it is the very best thing in the world, for any of us, but when I look around me and see the number of people, chiefly of my own sex, who are calmly and deliberately giving up their lives to some cherished hobby, serene and happy in the present delusion that they have found a mission in life and are doing incalculable good to the human race, I cannot help wondering whether they do not neglect something at home, and whether their extraordinary zeal for humanity at large does not have a bad effect on some individual members of the human race, quite close at hand, who should have the first claim on their attention, and who really suffer for want of the care, so freely bestowed upon human family in the concrete. Everyone is familiar with the story of the small boy who went into a neighbor's house one day and requested a cookie because he was hungry, and liked cookies, but they never had any at their house, mamma was too busy making soap for the poor, to cook any. His poor little trousers were terribly out of repair in the place which was not visible when he sat down, the knees were quite out of his stockings, and he had no collar on and he was altogether such a forlorn little object that his hostess was moved to ask him how he had torn his clothes.

"Didn't tear them at all" he answered, "They have been that way a long time, and I guess they is worn out." "But Willie," said the neighbor, who had boys of her own. "Why don't you ask mamma to mend them for you?" "No use," said the urchin with a sigh, "she is so busy sewing for the heathen she hasn't got any time to 'tend to me.'" It is a sad enough little story I think, and it might be true of many women, who have a passion for doing good—at a distance—and are apparently regardless of the duties which lie close at hand.

I may be a poor manager myself and therefore make use of a doubtful illustration when I say that I have never yet found the requisite time for the cultivation of a fad. Even in my earliest girlhood I seldom found the day long enough for all the occupation that had to be crowded into it; and except that I always made my own clothes then, I don't suppose I was busier than most girls of my age.

Since the care of life, and of bread winning have claimed my attention, I wonder more and more how mothers of families can find time to take up physical culture, elocution, natural science, and even the study of the frisky and uncertain bicycle. How they can become members of committees and boards, speakers at public meetings, and active members of more "Leagues" than I can remember the names of. Only a few years ago the word league was supposed to mean the one thing—the Irish land league—and everyone knew what you meant when you spoke of "The League" but now the word has so many meanings that the original one is almost forgotten.

I listened with very deep respect last summer to a man who was giving his reason for not wishing his wife to be one of a committee of ladies who were to manage a mammoth church bazaar.

"I don't want my wife to work hard," he said very decidedly, "and for that reason I keep two servants for her. Our house is not very large, and we have only two children, but in spite of that I can see that if she manages her house properly, and takes care of the children she has more than enough to do. In fact I often think that it is work for two women instead of one, because I know that I am just a little hard to please about the management of a house, and am considered very particular. Now if my wife undertakes the joint management of that bazaar, it means that two of my strictest rules will be defied, my wife will be worried to death, and tired out, and my house will be neglected, because she cannot do two things at once. Therefore I am willing to pay some poor woman who needs the work, and to give you as much as I can afford besides, but I will keep my wife at home, as we need her more than anyone else,

PRACTICALLY PIRATES. Such Were Some of the Ancestors of the American Blue-Blooded.

Sea-stealing, though they did not call it by so harsh a name, was a leading industry with the thrifty dwellers in this town two hundred years ago, writes Thomas A. Janvier in Harper's Magazine. That was a good time for sturdy adventure afloat; and our well-metted New Yorkers were not the kind then, any more than they are now, to let money-making chances slip away by default. Even in referring to what is styled (but very erroneously) the drowsy period of the Dutch domination, the most romantic of our historians have

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and cannot afford to have her worn out before her time. "Sensible man! And still more sensible wife, because she agreed with him perfectly and was only too glad to have the responsibility of the negative answer taken off her shoulders.

I think my opinions on the great question of the day—the Woman Question—are too well known for any one to mistake me and imagine that I am advocating a dependent, stay-at-home-all-the-time existence for woman! Nothing could be farther from my intention, but I think every right-minded woman will agree with me when I say that she owes her first duty to her home, and those dear to her, and then if she has any leisure time on her hands she has a perfect right to devote it to any fad or hobby she chooses to take up.

Of course I do not speak of religious work—church work—as a hobby, that we must always devote a certain portion of our time to, else I fear the churches and Sunday school houses would soon fall into decay, for whatever difference of opinion there may be as to woman's usefulness in other spheres of labor there can be no doubt that she is a power in the church. But I have known women who were such fanatics on the subject of secular philanthropic work, such as temperance, that it not only became a hobby with them but an absolute mono-mania, and they devoted themselves to the work—"consecrated themselves to the cause," they said—with such ardor that the cause of temperance seemed to stand in the place of religion with them, and they were always too busy looking after, sympathizing with, and holding up as a terrible example in their speeches, the families of wretched drunkards, and enlarging upon the evils of the liquor traffic, that their unfortunate husbands and children might well have been held up to the drunkards themselves as melancholy instances of the evils of temperance carried to excess; especially the husbands, who could probably have delivered quite as interesting a lecture on the sorrows of a man with a too temperate wife, as his better half had ever given of the woman with a drunken husband. What is the proper definition of temperance? Moderation in all things I think, and as soon as moderation is lost sight of in anything, it seems to me that temperance becomes a misnomer.

But the temperance cause is only one of the many hobbies that the too philanthropic woman is apt to ride to death, and which while praiseworthy in itself can be easily carried to excess. And speaking of fads, reminds me—but that is another story, and would be too long for the space at my disposal to day.

ASTRA.

Neither of these methods of acquiring wealth on the high seas, the direct or the indirect, seems to have received the unqualified indorsement of public opinion in New York in those days which came and went again two hundred years ago; yet both of them were more than tolerated, and the Red sea trade unquestionably was regarded as a business rather than as a crime. Because of which liberal views in regard to what might properly enough be done off soundings, or at out-of-the-way islands in the ocean sea, it is a fact that at the far-end of the seventeenth century our enterprising town-folk were sufficiently prominent in both lines of marine industry—as pirates pure and simple, and as keen traders driving hard bargains with pirates in the purchase of their stolen goods—to fix upon themselves the illtempered attention of pretty much the whole of the civilized world.

not ventured the suggestion that anybody ever went to sleep when there was a bargain to be made; and in the period to which I now refer, when the English fairly settled in possession of New York by twenty years of occupancy, exceeding wideawakeness was the rule. Nor was anybody troubled with squeamishness. Therefore it was that our town-folk, paltering no more with fortune than they did with moral scruples, set themselves briskly to collecting the revenues of the sea.

These revenues were raised by two different systems, which may be likened, for convenience sake, to direct and indirect taxation. In the first case, our robust tarspeople put out to sea in private armed vessels ostentatiously carrying letters of marque entitling them to war against the king's enemies—which empowering documents they construed, as soon as they had an ciling at Sandy Hook, as entitling them to lay hands upon all desirable property that they found afloat under any flag.

The indirect method of taxation had in it less heroic quality than was involved in the direct levy; yet it was, being safer in a business way and almost as profitable, very extensively carried on. Euphemism was well thought of even then in New York; wherefore this more conservative class of sea-robbers posed squarely as honest merchants engaged in what they termed the Red sea trade. At the foot of the letter, as our French cousins say, their position was well taken. Their so-called merchant ships dropped down the harbor into the bay and thence out to the seaward carrying, for merchant men, oddly-mixed lardings, whereof the main quantities were arms and gunpowder and cannon-balls and lead, and strong spirits, and provisions and general sea stores. Making a course of the southeastward, they would slide around the cape to some convenient meeting-place in the Indian ocean, usually Madagascar, where they would fall in with other ships—whereof the lading was eastern stuffs, and spices, and precious stones, and a good deal of deep-toned yellow-red Arabian gold. No information was volunteered by their possessors, a rough-and-tumble dare-devil busy-bearded set of men, as to where these pleasing commodities came from; nor did the New Yorkers manifest an indiscreet curiosity—being content that they could exchange their New York lading for the oriental lading on terms which made the transaction profitable (in Johnsonian phrase) beyond the dreams of avarice. When the exchange had been effected the parties of it separated amicably; the late vendors of the oriental goods betaking themselves, most gloriously drunk on their prodigious purchases of West India rum, to parts unknown, and the New Yorkers decorously returning with their rich freightage to their home port.

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