

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

MOTHER AND AUTHOR.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR A PEARL AMONG WOMEN.

At Three Score Years Mrs. Barr is so Over-Flowing With Vitality That She Works Nine Hours and Takes Two Plunge Baths Daily.

Here is a woman who has been the mother of fourteen children, has written thirty-two brilliantly successful books, prepared a professor for Princeton college, and at three score years of age is a superb picture of vitality—as fresh and sweet of heart as a mail. A model truly for all her sex, not an old woman, or new woman, but the woman when at her best.

Although Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is no longer young, and though her life has been one of the busiest that a woman ever knew she still devotes nine hours daily to her work when a story or novel is promised her publishers, and boasts that her health and high spirits would do credit to a girl in her



MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

teens. In a very large measure these pleasant conditions she attributes to her methods of labor, and her determination to be a philosopher, in spite of all discouragements, and if results prove anything, Mrs. Barr's system of work alone, outside the genial cheerfulness and serene good temper she practices, is well worth imitation by ambitious young authoresses.

All the year round she lives in a pretty house, well known as Cherry Croft at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, set well up on the hill overlooking the loveliest stretch of the river. Here she has found that the calm and quiet of the country give her the proper surroundings for her best work. Now, when there is a book to be written, plotted, and completed from cover to cover, Mrs. Barr gives herself up almost wholly to the duty in hand. Unlike most authors she never writes at night, and prefers the very early morning for deciding the fates of lovers, working out graceful counterparts and rounding out strong situations, so that long before the most conscientious of milk-men starts on his early rounds she is up and doing.

By 5 o'clock she has breakfasted, on the veranda, if the weather permits, for like Queen Victoria the author of Jan Veder's wife dearly loves to eat in the open air. The breakfast is a modest meal of dishes easily digested and accompanied by fruit and coffee, but the real morning brazer for the long hours of desk work, is a cold plunge bath taken directly on rising. Winter mornings this is often broken to permit of this constitutional and while the sun is coming up over the opposite shore of the river Mrs. Barr is at her manuscripts, arrayed in an easy gown and always without the confining clasps of any stay.

To impede her progress, she says, both in thinking and writing; but this lady is no dress reformer, she dearly loves good clothes, wears splendidly handsome costumes on occasions, thinks it rather stupid and unwomanly not to devote a great deal of consideration to one's toilet and the good offices of the stoutest corsets are invoked when the writer leaves home, or takes her pleasure.

Now it is a well known rule in Mrs. Barr's household that from breakfast until 12 o'clock dinner is served, she will spend the hours in her study. Over its door is a motto, of the mistress' choosing, setting forth the virtues work and pleasure. The room itself is airy and comfortable, its wide windows look out on the blue stretches of the Hudson but she has established no specially stern laws against interruptions.

There was once a consulting dramatist, who proposing to turn one of Mrs. Barr's novels into a play and closeted with the authoress, stormed and scolded, when the daughter of the house, with the calmness born of habit, popped her head in the door to ask her mother whether vanilla or lemon flavoring should be used in a certain dessert.

"It is vanilla always, my dear," answered the lady gently, firmly assuring the enraged dramatist that to have the dessert properly flavored was quite as important as deciding the next movement of a

character, all of which made it plain that between literature and housekeeping Mrs. Barr's heart is equally divided.

In the more homely province she was once a gifted figure but since book making has become her profession, the domestic end of affairs has been rendered into her daughter's hands and when the hour of 12 strikes the pen is laid aside for the important meal of the day. Her light breakfast and hours of study work have awakened a sharp appetite, and after dining liberally Mrs. Barr goes off to bed. At least there is always a nap two hours long following dinner, and then another brisk cold plunge is in order.

After this all the work of the morning is carefully typewritten down by the author's own hand. She never allows any one to handle her manuscripts and after about three hours' work over the machine labors for the day are done. Late in the afternoon comes tea and callers perhaps, but no matter what guests or engagements the family may have, by 9 o'clock Mrs. Barr is off to bed. Her radiant health and superb virility are the envy and admiration of all who know her. This careful routine is followed until the book is ready to be put in the publishers hands, when its creator gives herself up to rest and recreation for a season, while for a month or two in summer a complete vacation is taken and almost invariably spent in England. Yet after every spell of hard work Mrs. Barr visits New York and while stopping at one of the smart hotels is always made much of by the distinguished men and women of the town.

But England means Lancashire above all things to this lady who proudly relates that she comes of a long line of staunch churchmen and that it was one of her grandfathers, a gentleman in orders but a genuine warrior for all his cloth, who rode out in the sixteenth century to join King Charles's army, with fourteen sturdy sons at his back. Her own father was a clergyman in the established church of England, yet in spite of this fact and that her family were ardent royalists, she married a staunch Scotch Presbyterian.

Looking back on her childhood's days Mrs. Barr remembers how as a tiny girl she went fishing with the great Wordsworth who, she says, was no hero to his neighbor.

They rather resented his top-loftical airs and she laughs when telling how the country folk spoke of the tall, stooped, contemplative figure when the poet passed in his interminable saunterings as "Aye yes, that's Wordsworth, a boo' in' round the hills." It was at that time she was never allowed to go to bed until she had committed, by her father's command, one verse of the Bible to heart, for the good gentleman insisted that a bit of scripture would afford her food for profitable thought should she lie awake of nights. Then it was she little imagined how later she would spend the happiest and saddest days of her life in a Texas city. Fourteen charming children were born to her in the southern state, but the yellow fever robbed her of her husband and sons, and it was not until with a little flock of daughters dependent on her for support, she came to New York in search of employment.

Her first commission was to prepare two young sons of a friend for college, which she did so well that to-day one of her pupils holds a distinguished professorship at Princeton. But when the tutoring was over she wrote Henry Ward Beecher asking for work, which he gave her instantly on his magazine, and so her literary career began.

In the way of pen work Mrs. Barr laughingly relates how she once wrote a poem every week for a New York periodical for eight years, and a vast amount of other literary contributions. In all and up to today, a list of thirty-two highly successful widely admitted novels she reckons to her credit. Wholesome, pure, inspiring, truthful stories of love and life, and now the "Bow of Orange Ribbon" is in process of dramatization for the Lyceum theatre in New York. Besides poems and stories Mrs. Barr finds time to pen innumerable articles, short and long, to subscribe her autograph many times a week, and answer hundreds of letters that come to her desk.

Perhaps if she has a vanity it is of her physical vigor, her wonderful capacity for work, and her abiding relish in pleasure. New people, festive occasions, gaiety and bright minds find this lady, who has turned the three score mile post, a congenial play-fellow. Her bright blue eyes dance with the irrepressible vivacity of 16 summers, when she stops to tell a good story of gossip with a girl whose whole thoughts are of dances and chaffs. Like the veriest girl she loves to visit and entertain, but her bright eyes cloud when she accompanies her departing visitor to the porch and speaks of her dog. He was a huge English mastiff, famous in Cornwall for his great size and adored by her family. A reprobate in the neighborhood poisoned him and she has never been able to give her heart to another of the species. Standing on her veranda, she bows cordially to the village miller for in her town Mrs. Barr is a resident highly prized and well beloved and well known, "though they do say I am nice but queer," she comments with a gay little laugh as though she relished the joke at her gentle eccentricities.

The highest falls are those of the Yosemite, some of which exceed 3,000 feet.

RICH BACHELOR DUKE.

YOUNG MANCHESTER WILL GO A-WOOLING TO NEWPORT.

There will be a score of fabulously rich American Belles for the Young Duke to Choose From—A Bewilderingly Gay Set.

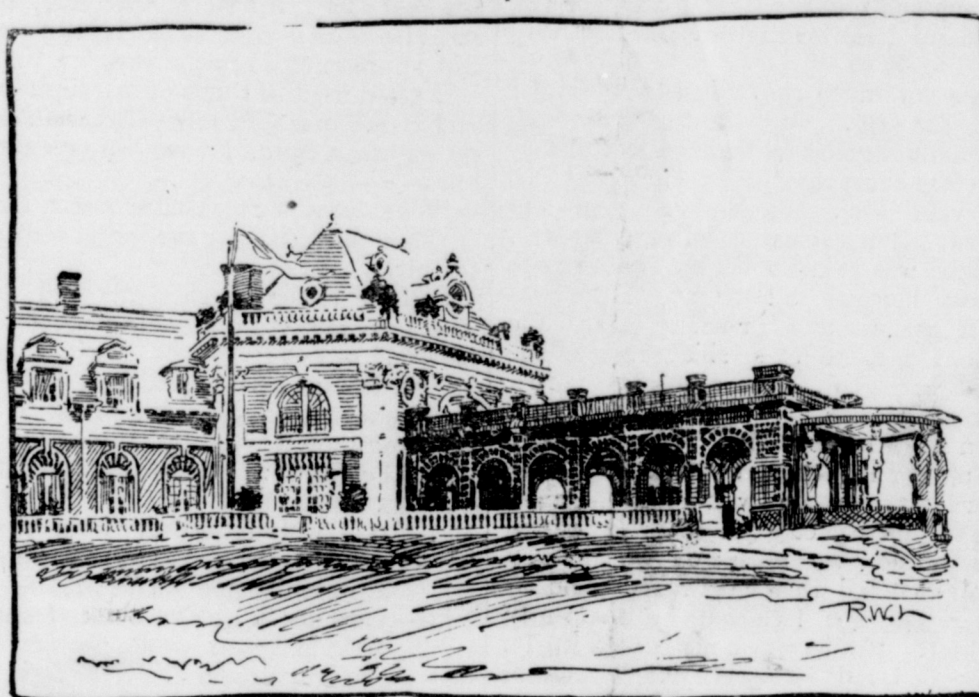
(Special Correspondence of PROGRESS)

The gayest of gay seasons is predicted for Newport this summer. Without doubt the glitter and glisten and social splendor will eclipse anything ever seen at this smartest of summer resorts.

How can it be otherwise than bewilderingly gay with such a galaxy of fabulously rich belles; with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Marble House, as the guests of the two young bachelors, William R. and Harold Vanderbilt; with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont at Belcourt, and the Duchess of Manchester and her son, the duke, the lions of the day?

For it is, of course, an open secret that the young duke is upon matrimony bent, and eager to offer his ducal coronet and incidentally his hand and his heart to a rich young American girl. It is also whispered that her grace, the Duchess of Manchester may again become a bride, and the aspirant a well-known American gentleman.

What a delightful complicated state of affairs this will be! Mr. Vanderbilt is certain to be at Newport, with his yacht

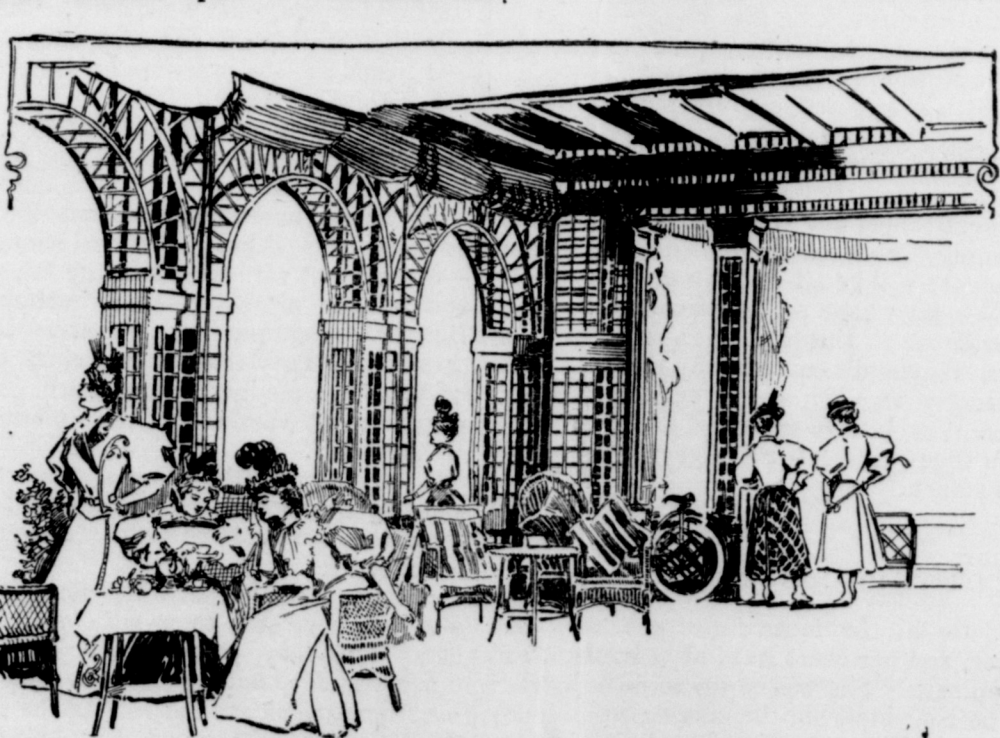


THE CLUB HOUSE

and to entertain in royal and lavish style aboard his floating palace, and among the guests of honor will be the Duchess of Manchester and the young duke, whose coming is creating such a flutter in society, among the young and pretty heiresses.

Newport will fairly revel in heiresses this summer, all maidens of beauty, wit and culture, with fortunes anywhere from a million to fifteen or twenty times that amount. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, for instance, perhaps heads the list with her vast inheritance; Miss Mary Golet will be another one of the fair bays of rich and marriageable maidens; Miss Golet has not yet been formally introduced to society and one of the most glittering functions of the summer will be the coming out ball, given for their daughter, by Mr. and Mrs. Golet at Ochre Point.

In August, another enormously rich girl will be launched upon the waves of society, at a grand ball given by her mother, Mrs. Mortimer Brooks. Miss Brooks is a niece of the popular young bachelor, Eugene Higgins, who may always be counted upon to contribute his



A MORNING MEET AT THE CLUB.

share to the social festivities, coaching parties being the popular form by which he dispenses hospitality.

Miss Mabel Gerry and Miss Angelica Gerry, Miss Maud Wetmore, Miss Helen Brice and Miss Kate Brice, Miss Marie Winthrop, Miss Evelyn Burden, Miss Julia Dent Grant and Miss Sybil Sherman—all these girls are young and attractive and generous dowries attend them upon their wedding days.

The Duke of Manchester, it will thus be seen, will be surrounded by an almost embarrassing amount of wealth and beauty, and if he returns to England without a bride, it will not be because of a scarcity of girls from whom to select, nor the lack of smart functions at which he will be the lion.

Upholstery Goods and Curtain Department.

THE increased space in our New Premises, together with the desirable north light with which this department is favored, enables us to make more extensive displays and adds materially to the comfort and convenience of customers in making their selections.

LACE CURTAINS—Nottingham Curtains in Madras, Point, Guipure and Brussels effects. Nottingham Curtains, with ruffled edge. Fish Net Curtains, plain or or ruffled edge. Guipure D'art Curtains. Irish Point Curtains, with single or double border to match. Brussels Lace Curtains. Marie Antoinette Curtains.

SIX SPECIALS—Lace Curtains, full size, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.72, \$2.00 and \$2.25—all excellent new designs and extra good value.

TAPESTRY, Silk, and Chenille Portiers and Draperies. UPHOLSTERY FABRICS. DRAPERY MATERIALS and Furniture Coverings. DRAPERY LOOPS and Curtain Poles. Mantel Scares, Lambrequins, Pillows, Cushions, etc. SASH MUSLINS, Ruffled or Fancy Borders. Swiss, Point and Brussels Sash Nets. COIN SPOT MUSLINS. TABLE COVERS, in Tapestry, Chenille, etc.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

Marble House, with its young hosts, the Masters Vanderbilt, chaperoned by their aunt, Miss Smith will doubtless be the bright particular center around which the gayest element will revolve.

Another important factor in the social success of the season is going to be the new Country Club, "the club of the millionaires."

It is a superb building and although in

the arches, with flowers and broad streamers of ribbon will blend them all in one harmonious whole. The souvenirs will be dainty little trifles—but costly as well. A moonstone lace-pin, shaped like a golf "spoon," a scarf-pin representing a golf ball, and various other conceits made expressly for the occasion.

The club house will also play an important part in the bicycle ride by moonlight—an annual function of late at Newport, without which society would be quite at a loss. The meet will be at the club, the Ocean drive the scene of the run, and the grand final, the virginia reel on wheels on the club grounds.

For these gala occasion the moon will be assisted by gayly colored electric lights in charming devices—lilies, roses and tulips—all arranged to look as life-like and natural as possible; the ingenuity of a man nowadays being equal to the arrangement of more fairy-like surprises than Aladdin or his lamp ever dreamed of.

The young Duchess of Marlborough may of course be counted on to create something of a sensation with her Paris gowns and London hats and the sensation will be doubled if she brings her gentle-eyed Nubian servant with her, a young boy whom she picked up on her Eastern travels and who dresses in his native costume.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

A FRIEND OF THE SQUIRRELS.

Little old man in Central Park who drew Squirrels by Whistling.

A crowd of children and nurses had a rare treat in Central Park the other morning. It was in the winding path that leads from the West Seventy-second street entrance over towards the Mall. Here on the bright mornings are always numbers of nurses and babies, attracted chiefly by the gray squirrels which are so tame that they will come to the path and take nuts from the hands of the children.

A little, queer-looking old man came wandering along. He was not more than five feet tall, and was slender almost to the point of emaciation. His clothes were old but neat. His shoes were thin and patched, and on his head he wore a rusty old slouch hat that looked as if it might have seen service in more than one Grand Army parade. His thin, white face was covered with a thick, unkempt gray beard, and his whole appearance seemed to tell of a sick man who had been lured out of doors by the bright sunshine. He came pattering along the path until he reached the group of children who, with cries of delight were feeding the little squirrels which came to them when they offered a peanut.

The old man watched the children for about five minutes, then, without saying a word, dropped on his knees and began to make a series of queer chirrup-like whistles and held out his hands toward a couple of the little gray creatures. The squirrels rose on their haunches and looked at the old man with their black beady eyes. Then slowly they began to go toward him. The children gathered about the queer old fellow, scarcely breathing, lest they should disturb him. He continued his chirruping and the two squirrels came forward a couple of steps, then stopped, then advanced a little more until they were within a couple of feet of the old man, who still kept up his whistling. Suddenly as if banishing all hesitation, they leaped into his arms and lay there quietly. Then a little tot with a shriek of delight went up to fondle them.

Away the two squirrels shot, and in a trice they were out of sight in the brush. Then the old man got up, patted the baby on the head, and walked slowly away, without having said a word. As soon as he had gone every youngster who could whistle tried to bring the squirrels back, but the animals came only a short way, and sitting on their haunches seemed to wink at the children and say:

"You can't fool us with your whistle. Give us some nuts and we'll come."

New York Sun.

Where Spectacle is Stored Aboard Ship.

In these days of heavy gold shipments, the specie room on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place amidships, under the saloon. Few of the passengers know of its existence, or of the valuable treasure that is carried across the ocean with them. The room varies slightly on different ships, but is usually about 16 feet long by 10

feet wide and 8 feet high. It is riveted together. The floor, ceiling and the walls are all steel plates. There is a heavy door, also made of steel. It is provided with a variety of combination lock that is said to be burglar-proof. The gold and silver are usually in bars, but occasionally a quantity of coin in bags is shipped.

FIDDLING FOR TURKEYS.

A Hunting Device for Those Who Have Not A Wild Turkey Trained.

A Forest and Stream correspondent writing from Greenville, Miss., tells how he went turkey hunting with a friend. They got off the cars at Anguilla, and Paul Denkens met them. With a pair of stout mules and a heavy wagon loaded with camp duff they travelled sixteen miles over a rough road, finally camping near Darling Bayou on a high cane ridge. They took a live wild turkey gobbler that had been trained, along with them in a box. The next morning before daybreak the two sat out with the turkey which was named Fox.

"We took our way through a most abominable thicket," he continued. "After passing through the cane we got into briars and tangled vines. In the darkness we floundered over logs and through water, at times waist deep, for four or five miles. We tethered Fox to a stake in the open and took our station by the root of the trees at a good shooting distance from him. Wash, the teamster, who toted the gobbler for us, was afraid the panther would sure get him and refused to go back a little ways where he would not alarm the game.

"At daybreak Fox gave a mighty gobble, whereupon every bird, owl included, made answer, and among others was a wild gobbler's defiance. If a gobbler hears a gobbler he feels that he is obliged to see what the row is about and that was the death of the gobbler that answered Fox. One day Fox was making a lot of racket in the camp. A couple of other hunters heard him and they spent several hours trying to call what they supposed to be a wild gobbler. They were very sheepish when they learned of their mistake."

The turkey fiddle is an instrument used by those who haven't a live trained wild turkey. It is a cedar box bored out of inch stuff six inches long by two inches wide, with thin sides. The bow is a piece of slate one inch wide and three inches long. This bow is clasped between the thumb and forefinger lengthwise, and the furthest edge of the fiddle is drawn toward one across the slate. Like all other turkey calls, this one is declared to be positively the best made. With such an instrument as this a man went out turkey calling. Just as it got a little light he began to fiddle turkey songs in a way that set all the turkeys to clucking in low tones, and the gobblers to yelling defiance, battle cries, and other things. One of the gobblers did not yell very much, but came charging at the man. The man had laid himself down behind a log, thinking that the turkeys would come up before him to be shot. That gobbler didn't say much but evidently did a lot of thinking for, for all of a sudden the man heard a "putt, putt" behind him so close that he made a discord like a wildcat's shriek. Before he could get his gun the gobbler was behind a three-foot tree, and scoting for dear life. All the fiddling the man did after that failed to fetch a fether.

Are You Moving?

No doubt this question has been answered a great many times during the past week, and we have had our share of the fun with those who would answer in the affirmative.

Our Dyeing and Cleaning Department has been very busy during this moving season, but we know that there are lots of people who have overlooked some articles to be cleaned or dyed. When you are setting your house to rights look them up and send to UNGAR and have a first-class job.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,

28-34 Waterloo Street.