

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

HER MONOTONOUS LIFE.

FOR THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER LIFE IS VERY DREARY.

Her Beauty is Unappreciated—Her Home Surroundings are not Congenial and she Longs for the Congeniality and Artificiality of Life as it is Found in the Cities.

The daughter of the farmer sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers. Her bodice is unhooked. Her hair kisses curves and locks. She hardly notices the smell of the kerosene lamp, so closely, so proudly, and so sorrowfully does she look at herself in the glass. No play-actress or model shown in the cheap picture magazines is her equal. The farmer's daughter does not suspect this; she knows it. No summer city boarder, in spite of skillfully contrived costume, could rival or approach her in enchantment of figure. And the girl sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

She thinks of the artist who stopped on the farm last summer. She remembers his careless manners, his ease with himself and the world, his trinkets, his velvet jacket, the smell of his pipe, his pajamas thrown upon the floor. He never wooed her in direct speech, but she recollects the compliments of his eyes.

The landscape chilled her all the day. The wood pile smelled of mortality. Mullen stalks shivered under the leaden sky. The hills watched her ironically. There was for her the treadmill routine of housework. At supper she noticed the shriveled skin of her mother, the untidiness of her mother's hair along the nape of the neck. Her mother is not so very old in years; and yet how tired she is! Her father blew on his tea in saucer. He complained of his daughter's indifference to the storekeeper's son, and then he pulled off his boots, and dried his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. And now she sits, with unhooked bodice, before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

It is not 9 o'clock, and yet what is there for her to do but to go to bed? And what chance or pleasure does she see approaching her for weeks to come! A whistle calls to her far down the valley. She starts up and goes to the window. She peers into the night, hoping to see the lights of the express train as it hurries toward the city. A mist enwraps the house. The daughter of the farmer addresses herself slowly and puts on the light. Of what avail is her sumptuous beauty? Only the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers understands her and appreciates her.

I came across this fragment, the other day in an American paper, and the pathos of it struck me very forcibly. I don't know whether many people appreciate the cold, barren hardship of the life that a farmer's daughter generally leads; I am sure if they did we should hear less of the severe criticisms which it is fashionable to make on the country girl's dislike for the farm work, and her anxiety to fly to the city. The farmer's son leaves the farm as soon as he can scrape together enough money to take him away; then the farm is left on the father's hands, and instead of having his own sons to work it he is obliged to hire help, and lose a large share of the profits. The girls are not content to remain on the old place, work for nothing, and marry young farmers in due course of time, as their mothers were they must needs try to "better" themselves, and in order to do so, they rush to some city and hire out in factories, mills, shops, and, sometimes in private houses to work as domestic servants. They cheerfully endure the close hot atmosphere of the city streets, and are willing to work all day long in the stifling heat of a factory, or shop, sooner than stick to the delightful, healthier, and invigorating occupation of country life breathing the sweet scents of the fields and with the sweet sounds of nature's chorus ever in their ears, the song of the birds, the ripple of the babbling brooks, and the lowing of the kine.

All this is very surprising to the critics I have mentioned, and they utterly fail to understand the wrong-headedness of country lads and lasses. The country is going to wreck and ruin they cry, because the young blood will persist in leaving it, and the result is that while the country is almost deserted and the fields which should be so fertile are lying fallow for want of hands to work them, the cities are congested with over-population and filled with misery and want.

Perhaps if those who sit at ease and write platitudes about the delights of rural occupations and the charms of a pastoral existence, could have a little practical experience in the matters of which they write so glibly, they might change their minds.

A gifted writer once said that he had heard a great deal about the refining influences of farming and the delights of being brought into such close communion with mother nature, but that for his part he could quite understand the refined mind reaching out after more satisfying occupations than the elevating pursuit of hauling manure, or the chaste joy of raising hogs; and he failed to see any charm in being brought close to nature by ploughing. This is just the case with the farmer's daughter, if she lives close to nature, the very familiarity brings contempt and tends to disgust

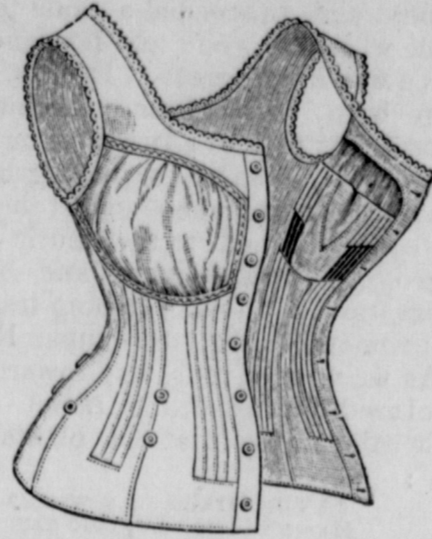
her with it; so she naturally longs for something more artificial and less familiar. Any change must be for the better, she thinks, and she rushes to the city as a blessed relief from the awful monotony, and sordid, unremitting toil of her home life.

The rippling of the country brooks may be a lovely sound, and it is much appreciated by tourists and summer boarders, but the farmer's daughter is too busily occupied in regulating the swish-swash of the soap-suds against the washboard, as she toils over the family wash, to pay much attention to it. There is no music in the world sweeter than the chorus of the birds, on a summer's morning, and it is delightful to lie in bed luxuriously and listen to it, but such indulgence is not the lot of the farmer's daughter. Before sunrise, almost before the birds themselves are awake she is aroused from the weary slumber of fatigue by the sound of her father and "the boys" heavily kicking on their cowhide boots against the door jamb, or the clump of their feet as they tramp through the kitchen on their way to the barn to do the early morning "chores." There is no pleasant turning over for another nap, for her, the moment her eyes are opened, it means springing out of bed and struggling into her clothes before she is fairly awake. A hasty wash in the tin basin that hangs by the kitchen sink, and then she joins her sharp-faced faded mother, who is already lighting the kitchen fire, and begins the work of the day.

There is breakfast to get, the milk to strain and set away, the calves and chickens to feed, dishes to wash, beds to make, baking and churning to do, and then before one has time to do more than turn around, as it seems, the men are in again for their dinner, there are more dishes to wash, the house to put in order, perhaps ironing to be done, berries to pick, biscuit to make for tea, the milk to skim, calves and chickens to feed again, and after tea more dishes to wash, more milk to strain and put away, eggs to gather, a dozen and one things to see to before night, and then an hour or two of leisure, which she is too tired to enjoy, before she creeps away to her hot bare little room under the eaves, and lays her weary limbs to rest.

What wonder that such a life fails to satisfy the heart of a young girl, with all a girl's love of pretty things, or that she seizes the first opportunity of breaking loose from uncongenial surroundings, and making a start out in the world! Nothing can be much harder she argues and at least it will be a change, and she will earn a little money, if the farmers daughter was paid even the smallest wage for all her toil, it would be different, but the unceasing round goes on month after month, year after year, and beyond the food she eats, and the clothes she wears she gets nothing in return. She may be the prettiest of girls, but of what use is her beauty with such a setting; she looks at her faded untidy mother who long ago lost the last remnant of interest in her appearance; she notes the haggard face, the parchment skin, the figure bent out of all shape with hard work, and seeing no prospect before her but to marry a farmer and become a second edition of that mother old and faded before her time, is it any wonder that the thought acts as a goad to her, and drives her out into the world where, however hard the work may be she will at least be paid for it; be in a certain sense her own mistress; and where there will be some stir, something to be seen besides the unending green fields and blue skies that have grown positively hateful to her from long familiarity; my heart beats in fullest sympathy with the farmer's daughter, and I admire her independence in getting away from it all. Her brothers have my heart-felt sympathy too, and so far from wondering why they leave the paternal acres and shift for themselves, the only thing which surprises one is, how they ever stay on the farm till they grow up!

When the farmer learns, if he ever does, the advantage of keeping his own children at home and paying them instead of strangers, for the work that has to be done then perhaps he may succeed in solving the problem of profitable farming which has been puzzling him for years, and by giving his children an interest in their work, secure the services which he alone expects to obtain free, while others are willing to pay for them. He could never dream of asking his hired man to work for "his keep" as he calls it, but it seems perfectly natural that his own boys and girls should be willing to slave from sunrise to sunset



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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

Styles Kept in Stock

- 603 - White, laced back, low neck, boned front and back, strong twill d cotton, 8 and 9 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.50
603 C - Drab, same style as 603, but in drab twill, 8 and 8 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.75
Styles to Order only—Can deliver in 10 days.
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603 B - Fine Black Jean, perfectly fast color. Price \$3.25

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING—Take a tight measure around the waist over dress; supposing this to be 24 inch, the size wanted would be one size larger—No. 25.

just for the pleasure of staying on the farm and living beneath his roof.

It is high time the horny handed one was instructed on this point, and the sooner his eyes are opened, the better for himself, and his hardworked children.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THE CABLE CAR JOKE.

He of the Jaded Taste Tells Why It Does Not Appeal to Him.

'I have never been told by my friends,' said the dyspeptic man, 'that I lacked a sense of humor.' His manner was earnest although it was perfectly plain that anybody who had attributed such an amiable quality to him had flattered the man unconsciously. 'I can see a joke, and I have occasionally got off a few myself that have made my friends laugh because they did not happen to like the other man. Usually they were about a man I didn't like, come to think of it. But at all events people laughed, and I have never been accused of lacking a sense of humor.'

'But I refuse to laugh at the one thing which is most frequently presented to me in the light of a joke. I refuse even to smile at circumstances which seem to me deficient in every element of humor. But, perhaps, three or four times every day I am asked, if not by word, at least by manner to exhibit hilarity over one particular incident of the kind I mean.'

'It confronts me usually in its most aggravated form at Fourteenth street and Broadway, or at the corner of Fifty-third street and Broadway. Then it is liable to occur at any other point along the cable line when a person of inferior mentality and an untrained gripman come into temporary conjunction. What they want me to smile at comes about in this way: The cable car dashes around the curve. A man thrown violently forward tramps all over my feet, or dashes headlong at me, knocks off my hat, and leaps into my lap. Then he looks at me and smiles at the joke with a geniality that plainly invites me to laugh with him. 'It's very funny,' says his manner unmistakably, 'and we'd better laugh together.' I am asked to laugh because my toes are crushed, my hat mashed or my clothes mused. Naturally I refuse to respond to any such invitation. When I go into any joke of that kind I want to do it voluntarily, and if I'm to be subjected to any such physical strain, I won't laugh unless I'm allowed to have as much of a chance at the game as the other fellow. If I'm allowed to jump on his feet, mash his hat, and otherwise damage him, I'll smile back and think the joke just as good as he does. But I see no humor in the thing when I'm reading a newspaper and he goes at me without a word of warning. The game is too one-sided to amuse me but one of the men that is in it.'

'Every time they look into my face and expect me to laugh at anything of the kind, whether it be a man or a woman, or only a ninety-pound cash girl going home from work. I can't help thinking of the magnificent prospect for a philanthropist's efforts that very question opens up. Think of a generous-hearted citizen who would give some of his millions toward the establishment of a branch of kindergarten learning by which people would be taught to ride in cable cars. No more sudden and disastrous rushes from one end of the car to the other, a finish to the desperate clutching at elusive straps and the resulting

SHORTS "DYSPEPTICURE" acts like magic in all stomach troubles, cures chronic dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness, chronic disorders, etc 35c. and \$1.00 at all druggists.

tumble into the lap of the passenger beneath. What a saving of harrowed tempers, strained nerves and damaged feet. Possibly some people would never be able to learn, but the younger generation might take it. What an achievement for a philanthropist! What generous use of money!—N. Y. Sun.

HALF ROUND THE WORLD.

A Turtle from New Guinea Coast Now at the Aquarium.

Coming down the China seas and making for Gilolo Passage between Papua, or New Guinea, and the island of Gilolo, the ship Manuel Llaguno, Capt. Small, of this port, homeward bound from Hong Kong, was boarded by natives from the Yowl, or Aiou islands, which lie at a little distance to the northward of the western extremity of New Guinea. It is a common thing in many parts of those waters for natives to board passing ships in light weather, bringing fish and vegetables and fruit and so on, which they trade for tobacco and food and various things aboard ship. These Yowl islanders brought aboard the Manuel Llaguno two fine hawk-bill turtles, which Capt. Small brought, with intention to eat them. In the course of time one of the turtles was killed and served on the Captain's table. By that time the other turtle had become so tame and so much of a pet that Capt. Small decided not to kill it, but to bring it home.

It was kept in a box in the boat's locker in bad weather, and in smooth weather, when it could get around without being washed about, it was allowed to roam the deck. It would come at the call of the captain, or of Mr. Nolan, the mate, or of the steward. It was fed principally on bread or fish; it would come across the deck to be fed. Some big turtles would bite off or spoil a finger if they got a chance; this turtle liked to have its neck scratched, and it would run its head out so that it might de.

When the Manuel Llaguno arrived here on Dec. 5, Capt. Small took the turtle to the office of I. F. Chapman & Co. in South street, the consignees of the ship. He thought that Mr. Albert G. Ropes, the head of the firm, might like to send it over to his house in Morrinstown to be made into a soup. It was morning when the Captain brought the turtle in, and that day the turtle roamed the office of I. F. Chapman & Co. Here it would put its head out to have its neck scratched, just as it had done aboard ship, and before night Mr. Ropes had decided that the best thing to do with the turtle was to send it to the aquarium at Battery Park, which he did, and where it was welcomed by Dr. Bean.

The hawk-bill is the turtle from whose shell combs and various ornamental articles of tortoise shell are made. This turtle which came from the other side of the world, is of the same genus, though it may not be of the same species, and the hawk-bill turtles found on the Atlantic coast from North Carolina to Brazil. It is plump and in good condition. Its shell is about 10 1/2 inches long and about 9 3/4 inches broad. The divisions in the upper shell are proportionately larger than in more ordinary turtles, the shell less arched and smoother the markings are fine. It has no claws its flippers are long and thin, its front flippers very long, thin, smooth, tapering and graceful. It is a very handsome turtle.—N. Y. Sun.

When making preparation for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest "Odorama" the perfect tooth powder.—Druggists 25 cents.

HIGH PRICES FOR RARE COINS.

Sale of the Third Part of the Montague English Collection.

The third portion of the collection of English coins made by the late Mr. Hyman Montague has just been sold in London, the sale taking seven days and bringing in \$43,919. The first two portions of the English collection had fetched \$19,498, while the Greek coins sold for \$66,000. The gem of this sale was the Juxon medal, for which \$3,850 was obtained. Among the other coins that brought high prices were a ryal of Mary I., the queen, standing in a ship holding a sword and scepter, \$210; an angel of Philip and Mary, \$108; a half crown of the same, \$180; Elizabeth, a half crown, the queen with long hair, \$182; a spur ryal, \$260; a half crown of James I., \$177.

There were many pattern pieces and unique specimens of the coinage of Charles I, and the Commonwealth. The Oxford silver pattern crown, with the king on horseback, brought \$640; a siege piece, the Pontefract gold unity, \$600; another, a Scarborough silver five-shilling piece, \$300; a Bristol gold unit \$126; an Oxford gold three-pound piece \$230, a Sarsbury silver pound \$177, a Beeston castle silver eighteen pence \$100, two pattern broads \$150 apiece, a silver half crown, with the king on horseback, \$205; a pattern penny \$36, a crown by Briot \$222.

Cromwell's coins were nearly all pattern pieces. Simon's crown of 1658, with the bust of the Protector and the inscription, 'Has nisi periturns mihi adima nemo,' brought \$760; a fifty shilling gold piece, 1656, also by Simon, \$367; a half broad of the same year with milled edge, \$250, a silver two-shilling piece, \$150; a sixpence 1558, \$100. The Simon petition crown of Charles II., 1663, fetched 1,550; the silver crown with the inscription, Reddite Quae Caesaris Caesaris, \$500, and the same in pewter, \$275; a pattern crown by Roellier, with the arms of England and France quartered, 1653, \$150; another, with the arms on separate shields, \$200; a five-shilling piece by Simon, \$172; a two-guinea piece of 1675, \$222. The highest price paid for a coin of James II. was \$83, for a five-guinea piece of 1683 with elephant and castle; \$125 was given for a sixpence, and a shilling and a half of William III.; \$144 for a five-guinea of Queen Anne before the union with Scotland, and \$174 for a guinea of the same period, while a shilling of 1709 brought \$86.—N. Y. Sun.

Eels Stop a Cotton Mill.

Quite a remarkable occurrence happened at the Trion (Ga.) cotton mills. Just before quitting time in the afternoon that portion of the mills which is propelled mainly by water power was shut down because of some deficiency in the power. The water in the for bay was shut off and workmen were sent down to examine the large turbine wheel to ascertain the cause of the trouble. When the men got down to their work their astonishment may well be imagined when it was found that the powerful wheels, which run under a 14 foot head, were literally choked down with an immense swarm of eels. Many too large to get through the wheel gates were taken out, and how many smaller ones there were that got away no one knows. The eels weighed 278 pounds.

Well-Meaning Stranger (meeting Languid Leary)—"Say, there's a farmer down that road who wants to hire men to help him thresh wheat." Languid Leary (gratefully)—"Thankee sir! thankee! I might have gone down that way, accidental like; but now I kin avoid de locality."—Puck.