

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 29 1897.

THEIR FIELDS OF LABOR.

SOME WESTERN WOMEN WHO HAVE NOVEL EMPLOYMENT.

A Bright Girl who Earns a Large Salary as a River Pilot in California—How a Young Lady Became a Deputy Sheriff—Other Fields of Work.

The new woman seems to be having rather a serious time of it on the Pacific coast! That is to say she is being taken very seriously and allowed an amount of latitude in the pursuance of her chosen vocations that would surprise many of her more conservative sisters in the East. No matter what occupation she takes up, no one seems to object or to molest her in any way, so long as she shows that she is in earnest, and attends strictly to her own affairs without interfering with those of her neighbors. It is a broad minded place, the Golden West and men seem to have less time for criticism than they have in our part of the world; and if a woman proves her ability to compete with men in any particular vocation, so far from showing the acrimonious jealousy so commonly encountered by our sex in their efforts for success, they really seem to admire her pluck, and give her a helping hand when she requires it.

Strange as it may seem to us, women have been filling positions in California for years past that with us are considered only suitable for men, railway station agents, lawyers, ministers of the different churches, fruit growers, bookkeepers, barbers, school commissioners and even gold miners, are found arrayed in skirts, and looking just like ordinary women, but at the same time fulfilling their different duties with a zeal and faithfulness many men would do well to emulate.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of woman's adaptability to new conditions is the case of a certain Miss Jennie Vincent who is known as the woman pilot of San Pedro harbor. This wonderful girl, for she is but twenty three years old, believes herself to be the only woman in the world whose regular occupation is that of a steamboat pilot, and she is naturally very proud of her position.

Miss Vincent's history is that of many other women now earning their bread in California, in fact the California New Woman is usually a development of the immigration problem, which bids fair to set that vexed question at rest once for all. Thousands of strong, resolute, self-confident young women have gone out to California from the Eastern States, to make new homes, having accompanied husbands, fathers or brothers, and come to the new county filled with the same determination to succeed that animated the male relatives. Naturally only the stronger and more resolute natures were among the number, as the very fact of their emigration proved. Arrived at their new homes they found the conditions vastly different from any they had ever faced before; and removed as they were from the narrow conventionalities of their former life they dared do many things they could never have done in their native towns, and eagerly embraced opportunities that could never have come to them before.

Miss Vincent is one of these: born at Marblehead, and coming of sturdy New England stock she came out to California to keep house for her two brothers who had embarked in the sardine packing industry. But the brothers failed to make a success of the new business, and soon there was no house for poor Miss Vincent to keep, and she had to look about her for some means of earning a living.

At this crisis of her life the old days at Marblehead came back to her and she thought of the days at a time, that she used to spend with an uncle, on a steam craft, of which he was the engineer, and how she had often tried her hand at piloting for him. The memory came as an inspiration and she resolved at once to become a pilot. From her childhood she had been familiar with the machinery in small propeller steamboats, and the knowledge served her in good stead. She studied navigation learned the laws of pilotage, and while she was prosecuting her studies earned some money to help her along, as pilot on a little tug in the harbor. Last September this brave girl passed the examination required by the State Board of Pilot Commissioners, and in January she obtained her certificate as a second class pilot. During the last few months she has piloted coast ships into San Diego and San Pedro harbors, and now makes from ninety to

one hundred and twenty dollars a month, and her ambition is to become sufficiently expert at her chosen profession, to pass the examination for a first class pilot in San Francisco bay, where she can earn double what she does now.

The old pilots have not shown the least jealousy of this slight, blue eyed, fair haired girl who has so courageously entered into competition with them at their own calling. On the contrary they show her the greatest courtesy, and watch her with a sort of good natured curiosity puzzled to understand how any woman ever become possessed of sufficient skill for so masculine a profession.

But Miss Vincent is by no means alone in the choice of a profession, for San Francisco itself has possessed a woman deputy sheriff for the past two years. She is a Miss May Simpson, and is a bright dark haired girl of twenty five, with large gray eyes, and a very quiet manner and her choice of a vocation was the result of an accident. Happening to be in one of the court rooms two years ago, she saw a young insane woman hustled off to the asylum by two burly policemen, and as she was then looking for some employment out of the usual path of feminine work, a sudden idea came into her mind and she summoned up courage to ask the sheriff if she could not make herself useful as special deputy in woman cases, provided she proved herself worthy, and did not lose her prisoner or insane patient. The question took the sheriff so completely by surprise that he took a whole week to think the matter over and then sending for Miss Simpson and satisfying himself that she had the requisite nerve and steadfastness for the position, he gave her a regular appointment and she has proved her ability to retain it, having proved herself invaluable to the sheriff and court officers in restraining insane and vicious women in court. With the insane her success has been equally remarkable, as she has devoted herself to the study of her work, and the authorities at the Agnew Napa, and Stockton asylums say that she understands better than anyone else how to manage insane patients having the kindness and quick perception of a woman with the firmness of a man. Miss Simpson earns eighty dollars a month at her novel profession.

Mrs. Olive Mason Strong, who was early left a widow with three little children to support, and whose husband came to California in the last stage of consumption, runs a saw mill and shingle factory in the San Jacinto mountains, working at the mill ten hours a day, and understanding every bit of machinery in her plant so well that she is frequently the engineer. She was born in the pine regions of Maine, and her father and brothers were timber men and shingle makers, so when she had to depend on herself she turned to the business she understood best, and is now a prosperous mill owner and shingle manufacturer. Mrs. Mary A. Costa of San Jose, California, is a bank cashier, and every day that the bank of Costa & Co. is open she is to be found at the cashier's window. She handles thousands of dollars daily, and is noted throughout central California for her nice discrimination between genuine, and forged signatures, can talk business in their own languages to Italian, German, and French customers, say "no" to a man whose credit is doubtful, decline an overdraft, and, in case of an attempt to rob, can be relied upon to make excellent use of a brace of loaded revolvers, that are always within reach beneath her desk.

The cattle ranger who ranks second in importance in Monterey county is a young woman, Mrs. Abrams, and she not only understands her business thoroughly but manages it entirely herself. There are at least a dozen successful orange and lemon growers who are women, and last and most extraordinary of all there is a Mrs. Bailey who was the leading undertaker and embalmer in Pomona, until a few years ago, when she retired from business with an independent fortune. She was the first woman who ever graduated as an embalmer from an institution in Philadelphia where embalming was taught, and in two or three years she had the best business in Pomona. So much for the New Woman and her place in the business world in the land of the "Setting Sun."

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BABOON HUNTS IN AFRICA.

War to the Death Waged by Afrikaners Upon Monkeys.

The South African colonists have got rid of their lions and elephants, but they have not yet been able to get the better of the baboons says the Paris Figaro. A baboon, although some what like a dog, has all the mischievousness of a man. It is the ugliest animal in all creation. The Boers call him Adonis, and never designate him under the official name that has been given to him by science.

Now, this creature is the curse of Cape Colony. He commits depredations for the love of the thing. Any imprudent tomcat that ventures too far from home is sure to be captured and strangled for fun by a baboon. Nearly all the Angoras, the choicest and most costly animals imported by the colonists, have been destroyed by these huge monkeys. Even the dogs share the same fate. The bravest and most pugnacious of the English canine breeds are unable to cope with adversaries armed with just as powerful jaws, and with the immense advantage of having four hands instead of four paws. With a dexterity that conspicuously exhibits his surgical aptitudes the baboon bleeds his enemy in the throat, and in less than a minute the duel ends in the death of the dog.

When the shepherd is away and the dog has been disposed of the flock is left without defence. Although the baboon generally feeds upon lizards and beetles, he does not despise a few mouthfuls of mutton, which he devours seated on the back of his living victim. Unfortunate are the goats and sheep that are attacked by these cynocephali! When Adonis finds his appetite fully satisfied he enjoys at a little distance the contortions of his victim. He frequently attacks cows, but never attempts to get into close quarters with a bull. The ostrich, thanks to its extraordinary speed, can easily get away from the baboon, but it is very much afraid of him, and immediately runs off on hearing his bark. It is noteworthy that nature has given to the baboon not only the head of a dog but also the voice of a dog. All birds that are not remarkable for their intelligence have an insurmountable dread of the cynocephalus.

One of the principal amusements of these big monkeys is to gambol around the wire fences that protect the tame ostriches just to terrify them. The panic among them is so great that they often break their legs in their wild rushes. This is a pastime which the monkeys seem to enjoy hugely. It is known that a broken leg for an ostrich means a death sentence.

A baboon runs away from a man, but he has no fear of a woman. After all there is no good ground for the mortal terror which Adonis inspires among some of the negro women of South Africa. As a matter of fact, the fear of the cynocephali is often merely a pretext among the young Zulu and Basuto belles to get the escorts of their choice to accompany them to the wells. The baboon is a very bad fellow and an intolerable neighbor, but he should not be slandered.

The Adonises travel in packs of about fifty or sixty. They always keep out of gun shot range and watch for a chance to do mischief in the absence of shepherds or guards. To get rid of the ugly marauders the colonists some time ago established poisoning clubs, which were subsidized by

the British authorities. All the old poisons and the new discoveries of chemistry were tried, but they proved worthless. A hungry panther or jackal might easily enough swallow a few grains of arsenic or a strychnine pill placed in a piece of raw meat, but a baboon is never deceived by so simple a method. He is a delicate and refined fellow accustomed generally to live upon eggs, fruits, lizards, and different kinds of insects. He becomes carnivorous at rare intervals only, and apparently, in some degrees at least, for the pleasure of torturing the unfortunate domestic animals that may fall into his clutches. His infallible instinct teaches him to distrust man, even when they are offering presents. With a marvelous scent that might well do honor to a professional expect, he detects the presence of a mineral or vegetable poison in the quarter of mutton that he finds by chance as he travels along. Moreover, he is thoroughly aware of the fact that wise apes in permanent contract with barbarians from Europe should never swallow pills.

There animals are possessed of almost human intelligence. It is impossible to get near them in the day time, and at night during their hours of repose they are always surrounded by a cordon of sentinels, whose vigilance is absolute. At the slightest indication of the approach of an enemy, one of the sentinels yells out, "Yah hou! Yah hou!" And in an instant the whole troop disappears. It is unfortunate that, in his dictionary of the language of monkeys, Mr. Garner does not give us the exact derivation of "Yah hou."

It is also noteworthy that the baboons never attempt to fly if the man who comes to trouble their repose is not armed with a gun. Although they exhibit extraordinary power of measuring by instinct the average range of a rifle, and cautiously keep out of the way, they exhibit no fear whatever of cold steel. If they find themselves confronted by a settler with no means of defence except a hunter's knife, they send a shower of stones at him, and the lord of creation is obliged to retreat before a battalion of cynocephali that hurl projectiles at him while keeping him at a distance, because a man, even when he is beaten, never entirely loses his prestige among baboons.

It is in the darkness of the night that the Cape colonists prepare their war of revenge against these enemies whose depredations ruin in a few moments the most flourishing agricultural establishments. A

baboon hunt resembles an expedition against a tribe of Basutos or Zulus. The farmers of a region infested by baboons commence by calling out the rear guard of their shepherds. These precious auxiliaries of African agriculture are Kaffirs who in the baboon hunts play a dangerous and often self sacrificing part. Before sunset they receive an order to form a circle around the ground covered with bushes and pear trees where the baboons have established their camp. When the men are at their post, they begin to march with extreme slowness and caution manoeuvring in a way to force the cynocephali to close their ranks and move toward the high ground, where they are accustomed to take refuge in case of danger. The movement to bring about their concentration requires prudence and caution. The animals must not be alarmed too much.

After having partaken of some of the substantial refreshments for which South African hospitality is noted, the colonists sleep two or three hours, and then start out for their baboon hunt. They surround the hill where the enemy is collected. Each one is separated from his companion by an interval of about 100 metres, with the exception of two of the best shots in the company, who climb to the summit of the hill to cut off the retreat. These marksmen are executed in profound silence and when each man is in the place assigned to him, he has nothing more to do except to light his pipe and quietly wait for sunrise. At about 4 o'clock the crackling of a branch generally gives notice that the animals are waking up. One of them advances cautiously to see if there is anything suspicious in the horizon. After making about three or four paces he receives a bullet which sends him bounding into the air with an almost human cry. Then the rest appear, and the hunters blaze away. Few of the enemy escape. The hunters then advance, but instead of taking scalps they cut off tails, which furnish the evidence of their prowess and entitle them to the reward fixed by the Government. Each tail is worth about 75 cents.

An old Boer, on being asked if he was satisfied with a recent hunt, replied: "Perfectly. We had splendid sport. We killed forty monkeys and two men!" That gives one an idea of the dangers incurred in the pastime. These unfortunate accidents cannot be attributed to any want of skill in the use of the rifle. A true Afrikaner, as each colonist of the Cape, of the Orange State and of the Transvaal calls himself, never misses a shot, but before firing, he does not always take time to reflect. It one of the crack shots in ambush on the high ground makes the slightest movement, he runs the risk of receiving a bullet in his head. But it is among the natives that the bullets of the hunters makes the most victims. In the gray light which precedes the dawn it is not always easy to distinguish a baboon from a Basuto.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

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