

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 24, 1897.

GLIMPSES OF NEW YORK

HOW LIFE IS MOVING IN THE GAY METROPOLIS.

Society Has Flown to Cooler Quarters for the Season and the City is Quiet—A Review of the Thorne and Nack Trial—What Mrs. Nack Looks Like.

NEW YORK, July 14.—How is the weather down your way? Splendid, I can fancy, with the cool breeze from the south and the sun reflected in the blue waters of your harbor. Well ours isn't too bad for New York. Last week was very hot and humid and this week we have been treated to an old fashioned downpour of rain and in the midst of it a gale of wind that has pretty nearly made a wreck of Coney Island and of Brighton Beach, and their apertences.

Society here is nil just now, all of the four hundred having taken to themselves wings and flown away, but outside of their charmed circle, men and women and children pass on as usual, working away and struggling with the heat.

There are two or three topics of interest here just now—first there is a heavy boon in the price of stock in the Sugar Trust which has risen from 112 to 137½, and has had the effect of wrecking an old firm which got wrong "tips" from Washington and sold out in consequence. There was an average of \$83,000 worth of sugar stock sold per hour yesterday at the big price mentioned above and if the firm had just held on to their stock and had not trusted to their false "tips," they would have made upwards of a million. The whole thing was managed in Washington—certain parties were informed of the action of congress and they, of course, made their pile and the others—oh well they did not have a chance to know how their representatives would do, and so they of course lost their pile. The whole thing is a species of gambling that would not be allowed for an instant among gentlemen, or elsewhere, probably, than in the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Another matter of general interest is the breaking of two reservoirs and the consequent damage to life and property. The latter will amount to millions of dollars and there are seven dead and twenty-two or three suffering victims. The reservoirs were cheaply cemented, it is claimed, and in the midst of the howling gale of last night the walls gave way and a torrent of water forty feet in height and sixty feet in width swept down through and over and among the farmhouses, barns, railroads, mills and factories carrying ruin and death in their path. The papers are full of it and trying to fasten the blame where it belongs.

The chief topic, however, is the Nack-Thorne-Guldensuppe tragedy. Beyond all question the Journal brought out the various facts, and thereby proved that the best way to arrive at certain results in a complicated murder case is to take the public into your confidence. Inside of a week all the leading facts were established and Mrs. Nack and Martain Thorne were in prison. It was well worth going to see them when they were called on to plead to the indictment. Mrs. Nack, a heavy visaged, gloomy looking woman, was really ghastly; her black hair formed a marked contrast to her perfectly colorless lips and cheeks and she presented the appearance of a hunted animal. She did not speak, her counsel Mr. House informing the court that a demurrer was filed to the indictment, but she dropped a fan she held, not being able to retain her grasp upon it apparently. On the other hand Thorne looked and acted in a manner quite unconcerned and when Mrs. Nack dropped her fan he stooped over, picked it up and handed it to her with a smile and a polite bow, that did him no discredit. She smiled at him in reply, but it was such a ghastly smile!

As to the outcome of the cause, it is a question whether the state has enough evidence to prove that the body is Guldensuppe's, or that the prisoners are the people that murdered him—The demurrers to the indictment amount to nothing as if they should be sustained the prisoners will be immediately rearrested. But the evidence, while it satisfies every man and woman who has read it that the law has its heavy hand on the right parties, is not such that it is likely to satisfy a jury beyond all reasonable doubt.

The story told by Thorne's re-assant friend Gartha as having been told to him by Thorne, for instance, will not be believed

by any one. Apart from the fact that it is a story told by a false friend who has received, or will receive, a monetary reward for his treason to a lifelong friendship it contained in itself so many statements contradicted by the other facts of the case, and by the theories that these facts have formed, that it cannot be believed. And Thorne's case rests simply upon this story, and a jury would never let him go, and convict Mrs. Nack. The prisoners have the best of counsel, Mrs. Nack having the assistance of Friend and House and Thorne having that of Howe and Hummel, the latter having been especially apigned by Judge Newburgher.

The people who went away to England for a glimpse of the jubilee procession are coming back again and the steamers are crowded. Everybody appears to be satisfied and more than satisfied for once—On all hands it is admitted that the great procession that ever took place on this earth took place in London June 22d., at all events that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Beside it our triumphal march to the tomb of our great national hero seems very commonplace and bare. I have heard several expressions of admiration for the soldiers and their uniforms and among these have heard most complimentary remarks upon the Canadian militia and their healthful appearance and splendid marching. All that we saw of it here, however, was "the flag that's waved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" upon the spars of more than half the ships in the harbor and on the roof of the British consulate and while I watched from Brooklyn bridge the "red ensign" waving its folds to and fro from peak of many a gallant craft I felt within myself that the heart could never be outlawed and that to me that flag would ever be the symbol of all that is dearest on earth. S.

A JOURNALIST'S WOES.

How His Life is Made a Burden by Friend and Foe Alike.

In the heart of central Africa there is a tribe which is chiefly remarkable for one of its extraordinary marriage customs. I am not prepared to describe the peculiar ceremonies which signalize the wedding itself, but they are doubtless more conspicuous for simplicity than elaboration, and probably merely consist of the bridegroom knocking the bride down with a club, and dragging her to her future residence in his filthy hut by the wool of her head, or some equally effective way remarkable only for its simple directness, and absence of all ostentation. The singular part of the affair comes later. As soon as a dusky belle forsakes her maiden estate, whether voluntarily, or otherwise, and takes her place amongst the honorable matrons of the tribe, she is provided with a collar of brass, artistically finished with long spikes which project from it at intervals and give her very much the appearance of one of the savage mastiffs sometimes seen sporting a similar decoration. This is securely rivetted around the hapless bride's neck, and as long as she lives it never leaves her. There is no removing it at night, as the high-born dame removes her diamond necklace, there it is, and there it is going to stay until the wearer lays down her burdens forever and it is removed to grace the neck of her successor. I don't know how her spouse would ever manage to kiss her, if he wished to do so, and the tender ceremony of putting his arm around her neck, must ever be a forbidden joy to him, but as it is not likely that he ever felt the least inclination to indulge in either of these little endearments he is quite unconscious of missing anything. The wearer of this badge of matrimony misses a good deal though, especially in the way of sleep, and when I add that the collar sometimes weighs nine pounds, if the husband is prosperous and can afford to give his wife the very best, the misery this poor creature is condemned to, will be apparent. It gets heated by the tropical sun too, frequently burning her neck into blisters, and galling it as the collar of a hard worked horse galls the animal. Often during her long hours of toil, the African matron pauses for a moment, lifts her collar with both hands, and supports it for a

few moments in order to get a brief rest from the intolerable burden; and on the long marches she frequently undertakes, she carries it in this manner most of the time to avoid the chafing and burning it causes. But at the same time it is as much a badge of honor as the wedding ring worn by her civilized sisters, and her pride in it is such that nothing could induce her to part with it.

Now it has always seemed to me that the profession of journalism was very like the African married lady's necklace—it is highly honorable, but you can never get away from it! For the man who deals in pork, the man who speculates in flour, and the man who has adopted the curing of hides as a profession, there is succor from "the shop," and complete forgetfulness of business cares the moment he locks the door of the office or the warehouse; but the journalist enjoys none of the privileges which belong to others. He is supposed always to wear the trademark of his profession, on his back in plain view even as the snail carries his house, and Sinbad had just about as much luck in shaking off the old man of the sea, as the journalist has in leaving the shop at home.

It would be considered a shocking breach of good manners amongst people of decent breeding to ask a member of the company who happened to be a wholesale provision merchant, at what price green hams were quoted in the market, especially if the query was made during a pause in the conversation at a dinner party, or in general conversation at an At Home. I scarcely think the perpetrator of such a lapse in good taste, would be asked again to the house where he distinguished himself in such a manner. Neither would the woman who delicately chafed the wine merchant at the top of her lungs, during some social function about the enforcement of the Scott Act injuring his business, or teased the lawyer in a sprightly manner, about making his living out of the misfortunes of others. But at the same time quite as horrible breaches of ordinary good breeding are committed every day toward the journalist by people who consider themselves quite above reproach so far as good taste and good manners are concerned.

Let it once be known that a man is connected with anything in the shape of a newspaper, and he becomes on the instant an object for the refined chaff of all his acquaintances, male and female; his notebook is supposed always to be in evidence, and he is popularly believed to spend all his waking hours in taking notes of the most utterly trivial and uninteresting occurrences under the sun. Nothing is too silly, in the estimation of the intelligent public, to engage the attention of a literary man and cause him to take copious notes. In fact I sometimes think the public at large imagine that newspapers employ but one person outside of the printing staff, and that he is supposed to be perfectly omniscient and almost omnipotent, knowing everything that takes place within a hundred miles, and attending to every department of the paper himself. You may be the theatrical editor, and never touch a pen except to describe and criticize what takes place before the footlights of the different theatres, but at the same time if your neighbors dog has a difference of opinion with another gentleman of the canine persuasion, and you look over the fence with languid interest while the neighbor sepa-

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ates them, he thinks it is quite the proper thing to remark, as he mops his steaming brow after the performance—"I suppose you will make quite a story out of this" and expects you to join in his inane chuckle over his own cleverness. You may have nothing on the face of the earth to do with the paper beyond looking after its business interests, and extending its advertising patronage, but just as surely as you are enjoying a quiet flirtation in some sheltered corner, or listening appreciatively to a good story well told, at a cosy little supper; some inspired idiot will poke you sportively in the ribs and ejaculate archly—"Now don't put all this in the paper you know."

Perhaps you are the literary editor pure and simple, and devote your exclusive attention to the renewing of books and magazines, the writing of more or less dull essays, and the general filling in of odd corners in the literary department, but even that fact will not protect you from the friendly advances of some officious acquaintance who persists in attracting attention in some public place, by forcing upon you the details of a runaway he has just witnessed, and who is manifestly offended because you do not produce a notebook or the inkstand, and take down his burning words as they fall from his lips.

Not very long ago I myself attended a fashionable wedding, to which I had every reason to suppose I had been invited for the pure pleasure my society would afford to my entertainers. We have an ample supply of society editors on our staff whose duty it is to look after such functions, and the idea that my presence could possibly be connected in any way with profession never occurred to me for a moment. During supper I was seated beside a young lady upon whom I flattered myself I was making an impression, and I was enjoying myself thoroughly, when suddenly a relative of the bride leaned smilingly across the table and with the air of saying the most agreeable and appropriate thing possible, remarked in sportive style—"I suppose you're taking lots of notes, aren't you? The only reason I did not fall upon that man and rend him was because I hated to annoy the bride by making a disturbance and—incidentally—because he was a much bigger man than I was!"

I have a lady friend who writes fashions, and who could not put two sentences together on any other subject if her life depended upon it, but who was electrified one day at a football match by having an

acquaintance call across the grand stand to her—"Going to write this up I suppose? That's right, mind you make a good story story out of it!" I am fond of my profession, and like the lady of the brass collar, I am proud of it too, but I confess I often wish it did not cause me to thirst for the gore of my best friends so often, or else that those friends had better taste, and more good sense. I dislike very much when I am listening to some amusing story in a room full of people to have some well meaning friend tap me playfully on the shoulder, and remark in a confidential whisper that is audible in every corner of the room—"Food for an article! Eh old man!" And I also dislike particularly to have some acquaintance suddenly adopt a demeanor of injured hauteur towards me, and to find out afterwards that his attack of dignity is caused by something he has read in the paper which he fancies is intended for him, and as I am on the staff, he feels convinced I am responsible for.

I suppose all journalists have a somewhat similar experience; but how I do wish that people would bring a little more intelligence and courtesy into their intercourse with newspaper people, and get over the idea that a person connected with any sort of journal must necessarily be engaged in a perpetual hunt for news. That they would, in short let us forget the shop once the office door is closed, and enjoy the privileges accorded to other private citizens. I sometimes wonder if any of us will be allowed to enter Heaven, should we be so fortunate as to reach our just reward—without being greeted by a chorus of inquiries as to whether we have come to stay, or merely dropped in to gather material for a forthcoming article on the joys of Heaven.

One Way to Find Out.

They were sitting on the sands side by side, looking out over the ocean. "How peaceful it looks!" said he. "Yes," said she, "but how very wet!" "True," he observed, "and yet how calm and restful it appears! With you by my side I could sail on forever." "Yes," she queried. "Yes," he affirmed, "forever. Will you, dearest?" "On one condition," she replied. "I am a cautious girl, and I do not wish to be over hasty. But I will let you make the test, and when the test is made and you say it is successful, I will go with you." "And that test, love?" he cried. "You take a boat and sail on forever, and after you have sailed on forever tell me how it works," she answered. And she left him meditating.

How Old are You?

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