

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

The Girl and the Apple Stand.

It seems a shame that in this enlightened age any man or parent should be mean enough to allow his child, a girl scarcely ten years old, to stand all day and a greater part of the night exposed to the weather...

An Exceptional Summer.

The summer that has past has been a very fine one; and we should look forward to a couple of weeks of pleasant weather yet, not so enervating as in July and August...

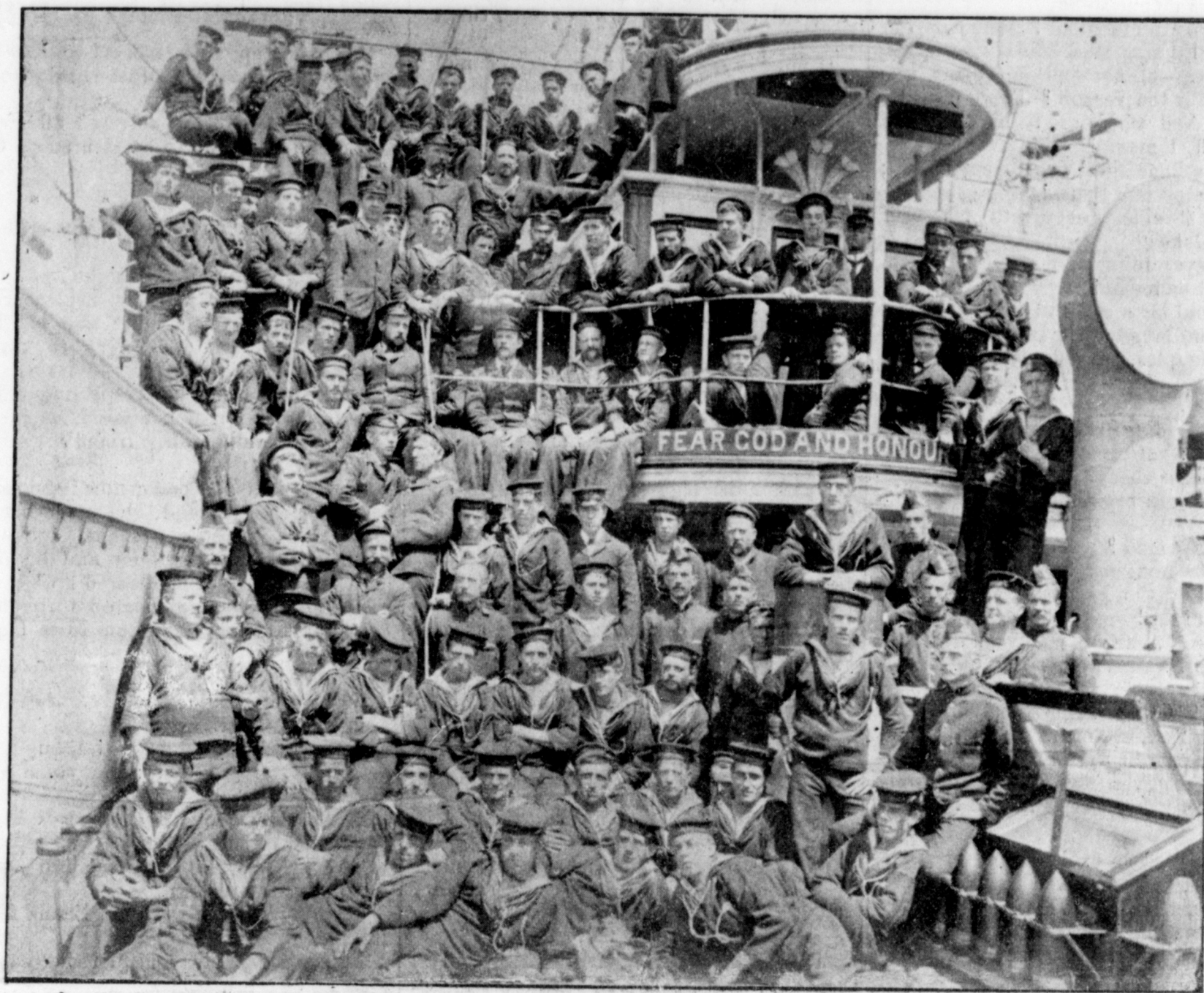
Liberty on the "Instalment Plan."

It may not be a generally known fact that some of the many prisoners sentenced to jail from the police court cannot find the wherewithal to obtain their liberty...

the original fine was \$20, but the release has been secured on the payment of perhaps \$10 and, in some cases, on a conditional promise to do better in the future.

to secure tidings of their lost one. It seems passing strange that in a city the size of St. John, trace cannot be had of a lost person.

duty-bound, divinely appointed to guard the morals of their brethren. For a few Sundays St. John was very, very dry, then all of a sudden the bottom seemed to drop out of the basket...



Marines and Bluejackets on Board H. M. S. Crescent.

if not the unlucky one must linger on in the confines of the fetid, frigid jail. Progress gives this advice free, it ever says of its readers should, by accident make the acquaintance of the domicile on King street east...

That Missing Boy. Some weeks ago an advertisement appeared in the local papers to the effect that a boy named Harrington had been missing from his North End home. The lad has not yet been found, though his relatives have done everything in their power...

From a different source, still no clue as to the whereabouts of young Harrington. There is something "rotten in Denmark" about modern Sherlock; some of them have indeed missed their vocations and would be more at home taking care of horses and shovelling snow than vainly endeavoring to terrify out lost children or chasing a phantom prisoner.

This is the moral age. For the past few Sundays it has been the sad to watch the continuous performance given in this city by an organized body of ladies and gentlemen, self-constituted, who considered themselves in

prescribed list of lubricants, beer in any shape could not be obtained. One could not buy a cigar. How moral a point would have been reached can never be explained.

The aroma of a Sunday bought cigar would not be tolerated, and a ride in the street cars, "the poor man's coach," was on the black list. The fallacy of these and several other matters of 'Sunday de-secration' was discussed pro and con in the daily press. The result has been a reaction, a permanent one, perhaps. However, the fact remains that St. John has made itself look ludicrous in the eyes of other metropolitan cities. The question is

not solved yet by any means and it is sometimes said,—but tell it not in Gath—that liquid food can be obtained in our pure and moral city on other days than the one set apart for Sunday observance.

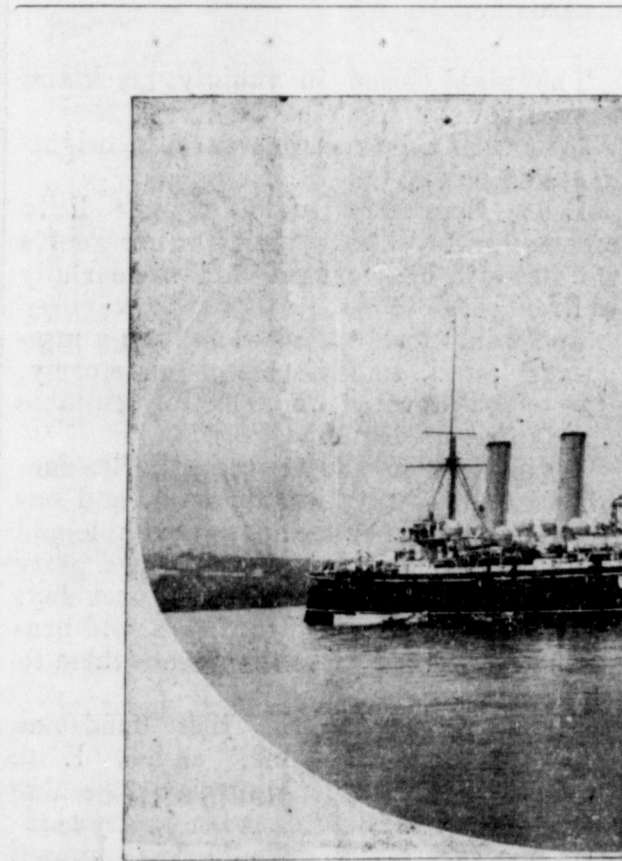
Every one in St. John knew the old hermit who, prior to his demise, occupied the old hut on Queen street, near Prince William street. It was generally supposed that the old man was a provident sort of a body, and much speculation was indulged in at the time of his death as to the number of dollars which his "stocking" contained. But this was another case of the public being wrong in their surmises. It was given out at his death that the old hermit departed from this vale of tears without leaving any of the filthy lucre behind him. Circumstances have since arisen which go to prove that the public was pretty near right in that which they at first suspected. It has been learned from pretty good sources that a relative of the deceased went through the but a short time after the funeral, ransacking every hole and corner; his search was rewarded. Under the mattress he discovered, so the story goes, some two hundred dollars in coin of the realm. The other relatives have not been apprised of the fact, and they, like the public are wondering where the hermit's money went to.

By the death of that popular police officer, John McFadden, a vacancy has been caused on the "regular force." Chief Clark, for reasons best known to himself, has appointed Special Policeman Crawford to fill the vacancy. The appointment might be all right from the Chief's point of view but it does not do justice to other members of the force. In all matters of promotion, it is generally the case to advance the person longest in service, viz if said person shows that he is capable of fulfilling the duties assigned to him. It is to be presumed that every member of the police force is capable of active police duty, otherwise Chief Clark would not retain him. Officer Napier has been longer in the service than Officer Crawford, and has conducted himself in a manner that has met with the approval of the public, but perhaps not up to the standard demanded by Chief Clark. That family up in King street, east, is not a very happy one. Everyone knows their secrets, and oh, how they do hate publicity. 'Would you like me to be a shirt waist man?' he asked tenderly. 'I think so,' she replied. 'Coats are made of such rough cloth, you know.'

"OWNED BY HIS SERVANTS." The Way Some of the Negroes Lived in the South. 'Well, massa,' answered a negro, on being reproved for having stolen and eaten a turkey, 'you see you got less turkey, but you got dat much more niggah!' A similar sentiment was held by the slaves of a Virginia plantation described by Miss Burwell in her 'Girl's Life in Virginia.' An old gentleman, a widower, over whose house no lady presided, said to his negroes: 'You supply my table with plenty of good bread, meat, cream and butter, and I don't care what becomes of the rest. The negroes ran the plantation, and managed the house. The master's table was furnished with the choicest meats, vegetables, cakes and pastries, and in their own cabins were spread sumptuous wedding-feasts and party suppers. The master had an ample fortune and a generous heart. He was good natured, very easy in his ways, and cared not that the well-lit barns, the stores of bacon, lard and flour practically belonged to his negroes, who kindly allowed him a generous share. He once planned a dairy, and when it was built, put on the door a lock, the key of which he determined to keep in his pocket. There were no keys in his old, rambling house—even the front door had no lock upon it. But he soon forgot to keep the key of the dairy although he had ordered that the fresh Southdown mutton should be hung therein. One day Miss Burwell, while visiting the old gentleman, listened to a description of his new dairy, and was invited to visit

it. 'Boy, bring me the key,' said he to a small African, and they went down to look at the dairy. 'I'll show you a fine piece of mutton,' said the old gentleman, turning the key in the lock. There was no mutton to be seen, but instead buckets of custard, cream and blanc mange were visible. 'Florida!' he called to a negro woman, 'where is the mutton I put in here this morning?' 'Nancy, sah,' answered the woman, 'took it out, an' put it in de ole spring-house. She say dat was cool enough place for mutton, an' she gwine have a big party to night, an' want her jelly an' custards to keep cool!' Miss Burwell's hearty laugh at Nancy's cool assumption that her jellies and custards should have the 'right of way' in preference to her master's mutton, calmed the old gentleman's irritation. This was one of the cases, not unusual on Virginia plantations, where the master was 'owned by his servants.' A phase of plantation life not often seen by Northern visitors was exhibited to the present writer, three years before the war. He had travelled from Boston to North Carolina to visit a college friend. The night of his arrival he and his friend sat up talking over 'Princeton' incidents, and among them the fact the writer, although the only pronounced anti-slavery man in a college controlled by Southern students, had been elected to every office that the undergraduates could give him.

During the talk the servants passed in and out of the room. The next morning, at the breakfast table the host as he sat down exclaimed to his guest, 'Sam, stay here for six months. I haven't had such a breakfast for ten years. Every nigger on the plantation knows you are an abolitionist, and we'll live like fight-



H. M. S. CRESCENT

ing cocks as long as you're here. But take my advice—don't go into the cock's quarter. You'll be shot if you do. I haven't been in there for ten years!' Mrs. Latham, the wife of the landlord

o Oak Lodge, Indian River, Florida, discovered that there was not much danger in meeting a wild black bear, provided an open umbrella was interposed. St. Nicholas reports the meeting. There is a cleared trail leading from the lodge to the beach, half a mile away. It runs through a jungle of cabbage palmetto,

live-oak and saw palmetto. Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone one day, armed only with an umbrella. When a quarter of a mile from the house, she heard the rustling of some animal coming towards her through the saw palmettos.

Thinking it must be a raccoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack the animal over the head the instant he emerged. All at once, and with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big black bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. Latham was scared, but she stood her ground and said nothing. The bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do something Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times. 'Wool!' said the bear. Turning about, he plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as fast as she could. Tooting. The brakeman's functions, although manifestly monotonous, are occasionally diversified by a little fun. An inquiring old lady, according to the Sacred Heart Review, enlivened a railway journey 'downeast' by asking an obliging brakeman a good many questions. 'How long does the train stop here?' she asked, as the train drew in at a certain station. 'Stop here? Four minutes. From two to two to two two,' replied the brakeman. And he smiled as he passed along, remembering the expression of the old lady's face as she vainly tried to repeat 'two to two to two' without whistling.