

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

## Anecdotes of Famous People.

When the Duke of Wellington first went to the court of Louis the Eighteen, the French marshalls whom he had defeated turned their backs upon him. The King apologized for their rudeness. 'Never mind, Your Majesty,' replied Wellington 'they have got into the habit, and they can't get out of it.'

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins the old time clock maker of Concord, New Hampshire, delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster. 'One morning,' said the old man, 'while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter. I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become great men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side, of course, was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it to me, saying; 'What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'

Ostentatious disclaimers of the patriotic sentiment deserve as little sympathy as the false pretenders to an exaggerated share of it. A great statesman is responsible for an apophthegm on that aspect of the topic which always deserves to be quoted in the same breath as Dr. Johnson's too familiar half-truth ('Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.') When Sir Francis Burdett, the Radical leader in the early days of the last century, avowed scorn for the normal instinct of patriotism, Lord John Russell, the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, sagely restored: 'The honorable member talk of the cant of patriotism; but there is something worse than the cant of patriotism, and that is the recant of patriotism.' Mr. Gladstone declared Lord John's repartee to be the best that he ever heard.

Booker Washington is largely responsible for the increased respect paid to his race, says a writer in the Chicago 'Record-Herald.' 'I heard the other day of an Atlantic lady of Southern birth and southern prejudices who had a northern philanthropist as a guest at her dinner table. He, several times alluded to 'Mr. Washington.' She tried to hold her temper, but finally broke out and exclaimed: 'If you don't stop calling that nigger 'mister' I don't know what I will do. 'What shall I call him?' enquired the innocent northerner. 'We all call him Professor Washington,' she replied. And that reminds me of another story of an old fashioned southern gentleman at Tusgegee, who, referring to the same subject, said: 'We have to much self respect to call a nigger 'mister,' and we have too much respect for him to call him Booker Washington without a prefix, hence we call him Professor.'

Of the great Professor Gregory of Edinburgh University, 'the truly worthy and learned Professor Gregory' who won the 'esteem and veneration' of Burns, this tale is told in the latest volume of the 'Famous Scott' series. One day when he was giving out the tickets for his class he had to go into another room to fetch something. When he came back he saw a student who was waiting for his ticket take some money off his table and put it into his pocket. The professor gave him his pass and said nothing, but just as the lad was leaving the room, he rose up and laying his hand on his shoulder said, 'I saw what you did, and I am so sorry. I know how great must have been your need before you would take the money. Keep it, keep it,' he added, seeing that the student meant to give the stolen money back to him, 'but, for God's sake, never do it again.'

In his book, War Impressions, Mortimer Menpes relates that Cecil Rhodes once started a cemetery at Kimberly, had it elaborately painted with trees, and took a great deal of pains to make it perfect.

Returning some time later he found it empty. 'This won't do!' he exclaimed to his manager. 'What's the meaning of it? The women had an idea that being a new place it would be a trifle solitary. 'Oh, but I can't have that. I'll offer them a premium for the first man burned here.' The proffered bonus to widows was quite a large sum; but of no avail. Eventually one poor woman allowed her husband to be buried there. He was interred with great pomp, and a handsome marble stone erected over his grave. Even then the scheme hung fire; how lonely that one grave seemed! And only when the bonus was greatly increased did the prejudice begin to weaken, and now 'the cemetery is filling up in quite a healthy way.'

In an article in the 'Ladies' Home Journal' on 'Some People I Have Married,' Rev. D. M. Steele says: 'Two foreigners came to me one evening, neither of whom could speak ten words of English. Each was ignorant of the other's language, and neither understood mine. She was a Slav from Bohemia, and he a German from Bavaria. They had come across two months before, she with her parents, and he alone. They had first become acquainted traveling steerage, and now were to be married. The witness asked me to marry them. But how could I? At last an idea struck me, and I asked: 'Comprenez vous Francaise?' They both assented eagerly: 'Wee, wee!' So I sat down, wrote out the best, or rather the least bad, translation that I could, and married them with that. It was a curious mixture. She knew little German, and he still less Bohemian. The only thing cosmopolite appeared to be the 'language of the heart.' They talked between themselves some species of colloquial Latin, and I married them in French.'

On her way out to Australia on the 'Optim' the Duchess of Cornwall and York 'killed time' by taking photographs of anything and everything. On one occasion she expressed a wish to take a snap-shot of a certain picturesque and original member of the staff. One of the stewards was sent to inform the man of Her Royal Highness's pleasure. Presently he returned, and said in an almost tragic tone of voice: 'I have informed Mr. —, your Royal Highness, of your wishes, and begs me to say that he will have the honor of presenting himself in a few minutes.' This is most annoying!' said the Duchess. 'Surely, the man might have put off his business for a few minutes!' 'Well, your Royal Highness, I'm afraid he couldn't,' nervously and apologetically replied the steward. 'Why not?' queried the Duchess. 'Well, your Royal Highness,' stammered the poor steward; 'with your permission, he's—he's—' 'Well, he's what?' asked Her Royal Highness. 'He's just on the point being sea sick!'

### Chewed By a Lion.

On board a ship returning from Africa, a few weeks ago, was Lieutenant Carpaux just out of the hospital at Domson, to which he had been taken after an interview with a lion. The lieutenant thus describes the meeting, which seems to have been an unusually lively one:

One morning, I started off to see what I could do in the way of lion hunting. We had not gone far when I espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired and he ran further into the scrub. I felt sure he was wounded and went to look for him.

After beating about in the jungle for some time I came to a small clearing, and saw, fifty yards off, the lion facing me and lashing his side with his tail. I dropped on one knee, aimed at the head and fired. The brute, roaring awfully, bounded forward toward us, and my comrade ran off into the scrub.

I fired again and hit the lion, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was then knocked over, and felt my right leg crinkle as it squeezed in a vise. I tried to seize the brute by the throat, but was too firmly held down. The feeling that I was lost came home to me with terrific force.

Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and what seemed to me miraculous, he moved off a few feet, and stood looking in the

direction in which my man had fled. 'If he thinks me dead,' I thought, 'perhaps I may be saved.' While he stood I was able to get hold of my rifle, and rapidly aimed and fired; just as he was turning round to finish me. He fell dead.

My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder; but no bone was broken and no main artery cut. For twenty days after the accident I was in the hospital.

### SWEET SCENTS OF JUNE.

Blossoms of Beauty That Mark the Month in the Suburbs.

With the disappearance of the spring flowers early in June begins a succession of other blossoms, marked, however, with every different character.

Scarcely has the last great star of the dogwood fallen from the green firmament when the old farm lanes and the woodland edges of the suburbs are milky with blackberry blossoms, trail and exquisite flowers arranged in singularly decorative fashion along the sprays. While the blackberry blossoms are not yet all open the tulip popular unfolds its green cones into great beautiful tulip like flowers, almost the handsomest blossom of any native tree in this region.

This blossom of the tulip popular has peculiar distinction both of form and color. No person with an eye for such qualities can look at it without being struck with its fitness as a motif for decorative design.

The pale yellow of the petals, scarcely more than a cream tinted white with a faint suggestion of green, is accentuated by the rich salmon of the bee marks. These noble flowers, starring the glossy green of the foliage, a mass of great broad truncated leaves, give the great trees with their tall rigid trunks of oxidized silver a singularly harmonious color effect.

While the blackberry blossoms are running riot beneath and the tulip popular is unfolding its glories on high, the wild grape is thatching its bowers against the heats of July and putting forth great bunches of bloom that scent the whole thicket with the most delicious wild odor of the season.

It is the coming of such odors that marks the advance of summer. The spring wild flowers are almost scentless, but mid-June and early July form a season rich in balsamic smells. The wild bayfields of the suburbs under the midday sun then give forth a delicious haunting odor, so widely distributed that one feels that it may perhaps be the mere natural perfume of the June atmosphere.

Along with this mere delicious sweetness of the grace flowers and the more pronounced balm of the wild grape blossoms, go the pungent balsams of the young hickory leaves, the tulip popular's own tantalizingly half sweet, half acrid smell, and the hundred and one other odors, as of the hygienic wild cherry, and the mingled balm and spice of the broken spicewood boughs.

All the new wood tangles with life and odor, the latter yielded naturally beneath the heat of the sun, or spilled as it were by bruising accidents, like the breaking of the box or precious ointment for which Mary Magdalen was reproved.

The sunny noon of early summer is rich in odors that suggest heat and moisture, but the quiet after-sunset hour also has its peculiar charm of scent. When a suburban hilltop, with here a chimney, there a garble and between them the dark pillars of motionless trees are outlined against the cool rich purple of the evening horizon, while higher up the ethereal electric spark of the firefly moves in perverse flight across the almost colorless sky, then from the thicket along with the closing vespers of the wood-thrush comes the exquisite fragrance of the wild grape, until it seems sights and sounds and odor are in perfect harmony, each in some sort of mode of expression for the same idea of peace and blessedness.

### Dreadful Depravity.

'Over there,' the Chicago Tribune makes a Montana man say, as he pointed in a westerly direction with his whip. 'Over there are what we call the Bad Lands.

'Abandoned farms, I suppose,' commented his companion, a pale, intellectual young man from the east.

'I do wish there weren't such a thing as politics,' said Gwendolin. 'I don't see why,' answered Marguerite. 'They cause so much confusion. When a young man looks ever so serious and thoughtful and starts several times before he says anything, you can't be sure whether he is going to ask if you think the Constitution follows the flag.'

## The Cause of Women.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Naramore, the Massachusetts woman who last spring killed her six young children and tried to kill herself, could hardly do otherwise than find her insane. She will be committed to an asylum, and the case will fade from the public mind until recalled by a similar one in the future, as it will surely be. It is not an uncommon thing for mothers to kill their children and then themselves. The surprising part of it is that this does not happen more frequently, and it is not always caused by insanity. There is not a sadder page in all history than the record of this Mrs. Naramore, as carefully gathered and made public by a minister of Boston, and it is duplicated today in thousands of homes. It is the story of an honest, virtuous, kind hearted, industrious girl who marries a man that gradually develops into an idle, drunken, immoral and cruel husband. She brings children into the world with deplorable frequency; she struggles against ill health, increasing domestic cares poverty, abuse. She sees her children half starved, beaten, denied every right of childhood, outcasts in the neighborhood. She faces the absolute certainty that this state of affairs is going to continue. In Mrs. Naramore's case the last blow was struck when she learned that her husband was about to give away all of her children to strangers, as the laws of Massachusetts afforded him the unquestionable right to do. Then she decided to go out of life herself, and take them with her. Perhaps she was insane, but mothers everywhere will agree that, under these circumstances, a woman need not necessarily be insane to come to this decision. And yet in all such cases let the mother be put to death or imprisoned in an insane asylum, but let the father go scot free—for such is the law!

In Rochester, N. Y., a few weeks ago a

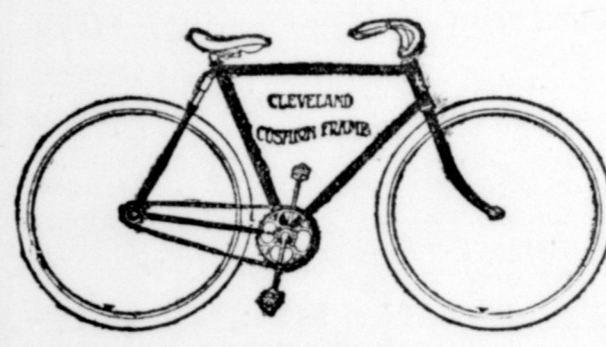
mother, 45 years old, committed suicide leaving ten little children. Their father, her husband had run away with another woman and left not a dollar for their support. There was undoubted evidence that she was insane, for she did not attempt to take with her even her youngest baby.

These are not exceptional cases. They are merely individual instances from the daily record which we find lying fresh by our plate when we go down to breakfast each morning. Sometimes, by way of variety, the husband kills his wife, wholly unrestrained by thought of leaving his children motherless. The Chicago Bureau of Charities reports nearly two thousand families under its care who have been deserted and left penniless by the fathers. The number of divorce cases on the dockets of the courts in all the large cities never has been equalled, the wife in the vast majority of them being the plaintiff. In view of these dark facts is it surprising that women are beginning to show a decided disinclination to marry?

The laws always have placed every possible obstacle in the way of the married woman. All this long struggle for more than half a century to secure changes in the property laws has been wholly in behalf of wives. Single women fifty years ago had practically the same independence regarding property as they have to day. It was only when a woman became a wife that every personal right was swept away and every vestige of individuality destroyed—her name, the power to hold property, the control of her earnings, even the custody of her own person. Fifty years ago a minister of the gospel asked Susan B. Anthony why she did not marry and have children, as was every woman's duty, and she answered; 'I believe it is better for me to try to secure

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## YOUR WHEEL

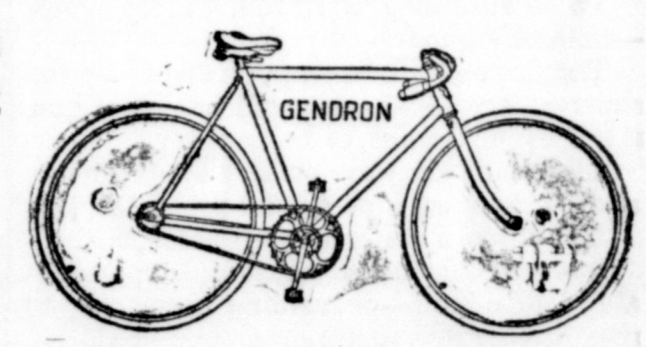


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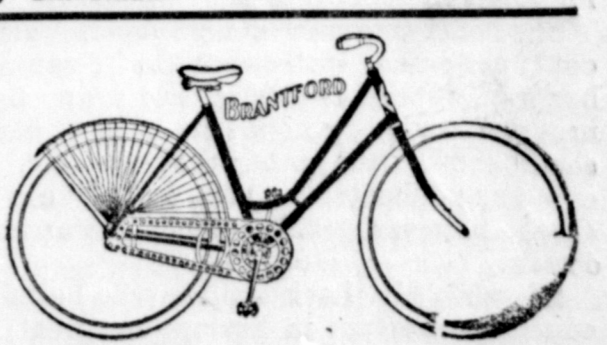
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