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Glimpses of Gotham

AND CITY CHARACTERS



Sam. A. Mackeever

THE WELL KNOWN AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.
Published By

RICHARD K. FOX.

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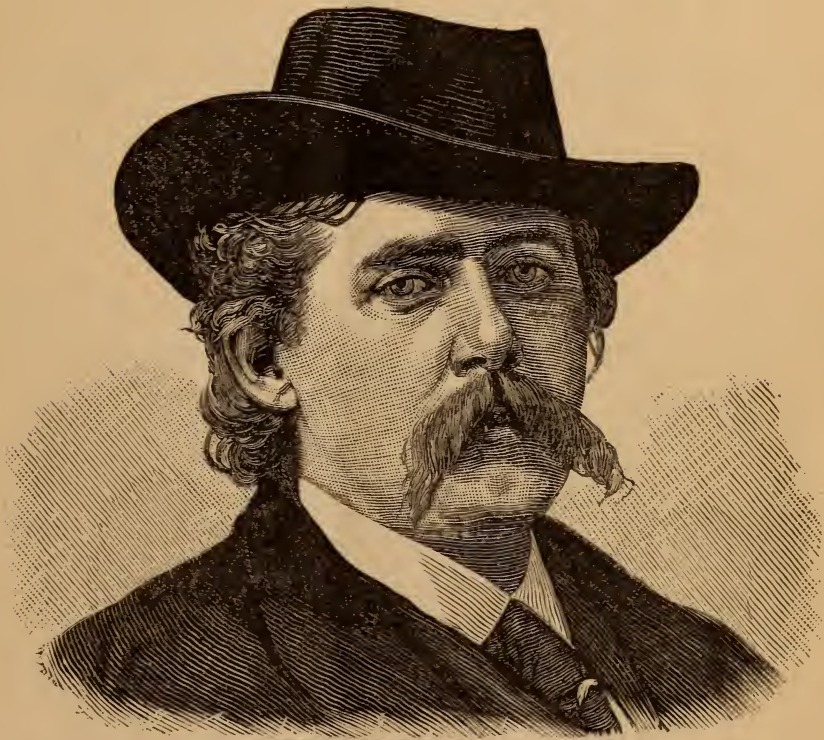
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GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM

AND

City Characters.



BY SAMUEL A. MACKEEVER,
THE AMERICAN CHARLES DICKENS.

PUBLISHED AT THE
NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,
NEW YORK.

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SAMUEL ANDERSON MACKEEVER.

HIS LIFE AND WHAT HE DID IN IT.

In presenting to the public this series of sketches, whose appearance originally in the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE achieved immediate and pronounced success, the publisher is actuated by a desire to rescue from the oblivion into which similar fugitive works inevitably fall, some of the best productions of a pen so full of present performance and of future promise, that its loss leaves a vast gap in local literature. Samuel Anderson Mackeever was a historic figure in American journalism. He was a journalist only in the sense that his labors were in the busy field of newspaperdom, instead of in that superior walk of literature in which far inferior men win more extended fame, and to high rank in which he held the clearest title: that of genius. Although his duties frequently imposed such tasks upon him, he was by no means a reporter, in the accepted sense of the word. He was a thoughtful student of human nature, an artist whose quick eye, keen natural wit and fertile fancy combined to direct a master hand, which gilded all it touched. What Gavarni and Dickens did with pencil and pen for the two great cities of the Old World, he performed for the metropolis of the New. His works constitute a gallery of word pictures which paint New York as it had never been painted before. Beaming with light, sombre with shadow, merry in the May sunshine, shuddering in the February sleet, the varying phases of its teeming life, waking and sleeping, fair and foul, from cellar to garret, from boudoir to brothel, move by in a panorama vivid in local color, strong and symmetrical in form, instinct with the vitality which grows only under the artist hand. Few nooks and crannies of either the town or the ways and doings of its people, escaped the busy chronicler. During the past three years his department in the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE and the third column of the front page of the *Evening Telegram* became the medium through which the general public found daily and weekly introduction to itself. That they did not object to the way in which the master of ceremonies performed his work, the popularity of the sketches proved. It was not, however, till death rang down the curtain, that the world at large knew anything of the man whose pen had procured them so many pleasant hours, and even then it was only through brief and necessarily more or less incorrect obituaries in the daily press.

In consideration of this fact, nothing could be more appropriate as an introduction to this little volume than the story of its creator's life.

Samuel Anderson Mackeever used to describe himself as born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, by the accident of a railway. His father and mother were on their way to Philadelphia, on September 16, 1843, when the event occurred. It cost his mother her life.

His early years were spent principally in Philadelphia, where his father for a long term filled the position of Superintendent of the House of Refuge. From time to time during his life, there would crop up in the publications to which the dead journalist was contributor the names of full blown criminals whom he recollected as mere midgets of villainy when he made the round of the jail at his father's side. Once the writer and himself went into a Nassau street restaurant to invite nightmare with a Bohemian compromise between a very late supper and early breakfast after a hard night's work. A flashily dressed young female with red-rimmed eyes and tear stained cheeks, and two men were eating oysters at the next table. It was a mockery of revelry such as one rarely sees. One of the men, a handsome, though not prepossessing young fellow, was talking very loudly, cracking rank jokes which no one replied to. But he had his right wrist handcuffed to the other's left,

half concealed by the table cloth. They were a western detective and a murderer whom he had hunted down in New York, and captured in the course of a spree in which he and his paramour were squandering the spoil of his crime. The two men were the developments of two Philadelphia House of Refuge boys. One had turned thief, the other thief-taker, and one was leading his old comrade to the gallows. Mr. Mackeever was recognized by both, and over the beer-dabbled table, with the maudlin harlot sobbing as she drank herself into hysterics, the murderer and the police spy toasted the man whom they remembered as their old jailer's son, and whom both knew and admired in his profession. The last act of the assassin's life was to address the rude but graphically written story of his career of crime, on the eve of his execution, to New York, with the expressed hope that Mr. Mackeever would have it published "over my name." The thief's vanity lived still at the foot of the gibbet!

The name of Samuel Anderson Mackeever figured on the roll of the Philadelphia High School at an age when other boys are usually still puzzling their tangled wits over minor studies. He graduated early, and with such honor that his diploma was signed by the entire Faculty of the "People's College," as Philadelphians are fond of calling it. He had applied for a position in the First National Bank of Philadelphia, and when he went to interview the directors carried his diploma in its tin case as the best recommendation he could advance. It proved such. He commenced a commercial career which ended in his becoming receiving-teller of the bank, a post he only left to embark in journalism.

In one of his graphic sketches, "The Bank Clerk," occurs a paragraph which probably is a reflection of his own experience during this portion of his career:

"The bank clerk lives constantly in an atmosphere of luxury. The men he meets during the day are monied individuals, from the millionaire notch down. If he is in the cash department he handles greenbacks so constantly that the bills passing through his hands actually lose their monetary value, and become to him as so much merchandise.

"His work is light and he is well paid for it. The situation is a life one if he behaves himself, and as the old roosters drop from their stools into their coffins he advances along the line of promotion.

"In his leisure hours the bank clerk is a great society or sporting man, just as his fancy determines. He lives up town in a first-class boarding house. He is very particular about his dress, generally wearing the English style of clothes which the brokers affect. If he is not calling upon the ladies in the evening he is at the theatre, or in some billiard hall where he has a private cue. Too frequently he doesn't get home until very late, and when this happens it is necessary for him to have a couple of brandies and soda in the morning before he can get his hand in steady writing trim."

The line of promotion advanced too slowly for the ardent fancied, blonde receiving teller, who found his bright intelligence handicapped by the rigid rules of business. During his clerical career he had two passions. One was the stage, the other literature. To gratify the first he joined a leading amateur company. The other found employment in the production of various fanciful sketches contributed to the local press. His first story which ever found its way into print was identical in plot with the chief motive of Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone." It was the experience of a somnambulist who plays detective on his own identity and hunts his respected self down.

One of the most talented of the amateur company in which the stage struck bank clerk figured as a bright light, was a young lady who on one occasion assumed the part of Columbia in a patriotic burlesque of the literary actor, his first dramatic work, as he often laughingly said. In Columbia Mr. Mackeever found the wife whose tender care sweetened his last hours, and in whose company he made the last silent journey, from among the rustling palms to the ice-bound cemetery in Philadelphia where he found final rest.

His retirement from the bank occurred shortly after his early marriage, and a little while before the birth of his only child. Then commenced his real battle of life, with no better weapon than his pen. At one time, in order to earn the living he required, he was directly connected with four papers and a contributor to as many more as he could find a market in. At various times he figured in the columns of every paper in the Quaker City except the *Public Ledger*. Some of his earliest reportorial work was done on Fitzgerald's *City Item*, then in its infancy. His best labors were devoted to the *Morning Post*, of which John D. Stockton and Major A. R. Calhoun were respectively editor and publisher. An ardent friendship sprang up between the editor and his young subordinate, an amity which ripened steadily until the former's death.

The *Morning Post* did not run a very extended course. Mr. Mackeever then became attached to other papers, chief among them being the *Inquirer*. It was in the interest of several papers, however, that he attended the Presidential Convention which resulted in the nomination of Horace Greeley. There he met John Gilbert, another newspaper man of local fame, now an attache of the staff of the Philadelphia *Times*. After the Convention they went to Washington and thence to Long Branch, on business for their respective journals. There the mad fancy of a vagabond trip to Europe took possession of them. They had hardly money to pay for the passage, but they went on, trusting to fortune, and landed in Liverpool with a single sovereign between them.

During the passage they had made the acquaintance of a young Spaniard of wealth, Senor Santiago De Lima. The young Spaniard had a very imperfect knowledge of English, and was altogether likely to fall an

easy prey to the sharpers of London. He requested his friend Mackeever, in whose vast knowledge he possessed unbounded confidence, to act as *cicerone* for him. It was a burst of sunrise on a dark future. Mackeever, who himself knew London only from the books of his favorite author, Dickens, accepted the responsibility at once. "However little I knew," he used to say, "it was more than he did." From London they went to Paris, whence the *grandee* returned home to Barcelona. The Bohemians were left to shift for themselves in the very heart of Bohemia, ignorant of the language, and within a few francs of bankruptcy.

Thanks to a loan from an American visitor whom they had met at home they managed to reach Boulogne! There the vice consul furnished them with a passage to Southampton. They landed in England with a gold-headed cane and their wits as their only assets.

Gilbert's overcoat had long since found its way into the bowels of the Temple, to figure as a relic in some Parisian old clo' shop. Mackeever retained his, a natty, mouse-colored affair, which a shop-seller consented to sacrifice half a sovereign for. The cane they kept to give them their start in life in London. They set out by the high road for the Capital, nearly 200 miles away. The record of the trip would fill a volume. It was a tramp against hunger lightened only by the most determined hopefulness of two stout hearts.

One of its brightest episodes occurred as they were nearing London. Their money had given out, they were hungry, despairing, almost desperate enough to steal. Mackeever in addition was ill, and scarcely able to crawl along at a snail's pace. A tramp tinker's wife squatted on the edge of a ditch, bathing a bruised forehead and a black eye, her liege lord, having performed the marital duty of inflicting these vigorous caresses on her, was stalking off in the distance, leaving her to follow with his heavy kit.

Sorry as their plight was, the two famishing men found hers so much more sorrowful that they stopped to cheer her. They shouldered her kit for her, and as they strolled along in company she learned their story. Under her grime and degradation burned some of the divine fire of true womanhood, a remnant the blows of her brutal master had failed to extinguish in blood. As they parted she slipped something into Mackeever's hand. It was her last half-crown, and she pushed on, empty-pocketed, to sup doubtless on a beating from her furious lord, and the memory of an act of charity done in good time.

They spent their first night in London houseless, in the rain, snatching a brief shelter in a deep doorway, or under the arch of Temple Bar, always, however, to experience, like Poor Jo, the nudge of a policeman's mace and the command, "Come now, you move on." Next day they pawned the cane and slept with full stomachs in a "thripenny doss." When the cane was devoured and slumbered away they found quarters for a night or two in St. James' Park. Day followed day in the same dreary succession. They wandered about, wearing their hopes out on the stones of London, which they began to think were no harder or more merciless than men's hearts.

In their loiterings they began to haunt the docks, with a vague fancy that they might find one of the whole-souled skippers they had read about, or, at least, obtain an opportunity to work their passage home. None of the skippers seemed to be in London, and they were not promising enough sailors to be jumped at. Among the ships they boarded in their apparently hopeless quest, and now they boarded every one they came across, was an old New York and London packet, the Rhine. The captain, inspired with sympathy by Mackeever's condition, for the merry Bohemian's hard life had told heavily on him, consented to give him a passage to New York, but for himself alone. He refused to desert his friend, and a compromise was at length effected by which he shipped as cook's mate and Gilbert, whose athletic strength stood him in good stead, as seaman before the mast. They signed the papers, received their sovereign advance, spent it in a feast of congratulation in a waterside public house, and went to sea without a farthing in their pockets, but rich in the knowledge that they were homeward bound.

The passage was a long and hard one. The vessel carried a 'twen deck crammed with emigrants of the roughest sort, and the cook's mate had his hands full. Unaccustomed labor and exposure did their work. When the "Rhine" came up New York Bay Mackeever was completely broken down, a phantom, lost to identification in a wild cloud of yellow beard and hair.

They found a landlady up-town with enough confidence in human nature to lease them a room on a week's credit, in spite of their rags and misery. In fact, it was the misery that worked it. Mackeever's solemn assertion that he would die on the doorstep scared her. There was a stove in this room. On it they cooked enough food to keep them alive, procured by some mysterious means known to Gilbert alone, for his friend was too sick to go abroad. While in bed he dictated two articles, describing their trip across the Atlantic and their journey back. These were sent to the *Evening Telegram*, then under the editorial management of Felix J. Defontaine. They were accepted and Mr. Mackeever received \$20 for the two.

It was the first money he had ever earned in New York.

He followed his first articles in the *Telegram* up with others. His winning manner and eminently magnetic joviality made him many friends at once. A very few weeks proved him to be a valuable reporter and an able scribe. The consequence was that he was soon actively employed. His first real reportorial work here was performed for the *Sunday Mercury*, then under the managing editorship of Dr. Wood. It was a practice with the unattached reporters on the daily papers to apply for Saturday night assignments on the

Mercury. On the night John Scannell shot John Donohue, Mr. Mackeever had made his first application for work. There was none. He was lounging in the office alone, hesitating to encounter the inclement night before Gilbert, who had been sent on a mission, returned, when news of the murder was received. "The Doctor looked at me," he said, "and shook his head dubiously. Then he asked me, 'Young man, do you think you could report a murder?' 'I could tell better if I had the chance,' I answered. He gave me the chance and I never heard him say he regretted it. I who had been loafing in the office without car-fare homerattled uptown in a coupe, and with the prospect of a good night's work, which it proved to be, for I made over \$25 out of it."

During his first couple of months in metropolitan journalism, Mr. Mackeever was a space writer on the *Telegram* and *Herald*, and a contributor of random articles to other papers, notably the *Sun*. He was then employed on the *Telegram* at a salary, doing much extra work on the *Herald*. During this period he made his several balloon voyages with Donaldson as special for the latter paper, becoming also a volunteer for the *Daily Graphic* balloon voyage. In connection with Colonel James B. Mix he furnished many letters to the *Chicago Times* during the Deecher trial. The same gentleman was associate editor with him of ex-Warden Sutton's "History of the Tombs." The resignation of the *Telegram* dramatic critic led to his assumption of that post, which he held with honor till he left New York to return no more. He now commenced the publication of a series of sketches on the editorial page of the paper similar to "City Characters" he contributed later under the *nom de guerre* of Colonel Lynx to the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE. The *Telegram* series were styled "Popular Pictures," and were an immense hit. He also began the publication of those spicy editorial paragraphs for which the *Telegram* soon became famous.

In 1874 Mr. Mackeever attached himself to the editorial staff of the late Frank Leslie. He was at various times editor of *Happy Homes*, the *Lady's Magazine*, the *Young Men of America* and last of *The Day's Doings*. His pen elevated this last out of the profoundest mire of feeble lowliness into rank as one of the brightest sensational papers in the world. His co-editors at various times here were Mortimer Thompson, better known as Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. D., whose most intimate friend he was to the last, Mr. C. Edmond Pillot, now of the *Sunday News* editorial staff, and with whom he afterwards collaborated as dramatist in the play of "Nathan Hale," Sydney Rosenfeld, the dramatist, Frank Norton, now proprietor and editor of *The Era*, Thomas Powell, partner of John Brougham in *The Lantern*, and various other of the genial comedian's literary ventures, Bracebridge Hemming (Jack Harkaway) and a score of others equally well known. With one and all of these his relations were of the most affectionate sort. In fact, throughout his life, his acquaintances were ever his friends. He died without an enemy if such a miracle is possible in this politely hypocritical age.

Although he was compelled to relinquish his reportorial connection with the *Telegram* by his labors at Frank Leslie's, Mr. Mackeever continued to fulfil his duties as dramatic critic and paragrapher. In 1872 he severed his connection with Mr. Leslie, assuming the work of providing the *Telegram* with the now famous third column sketches. At about the same time he became a contributor to the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE with his successful serial, "The Phantom Friend." The series of sketches now famous as "Glimpses of Gotham" followed, as did also the "City Characters" and the "Midnight Pictures." It is from these that the selections which follow have been culled. It was Mr. Mackeever's intention to have edited them himself. Unfortunately, fate has called upon a friend's hand to do the work of that which is forever still.

In addition to his regular employment, Mr. Mackeever was continually engaged in various works in which his versatile genius was especially demanded. He wrote lectures and songs, edited books and corresponded with out-of-town papers, notably the *Philadelphia Times*, whose first New York correspondent he was. Although a marvelously facile and rapid writer, a man whose train of thought seemed to run freely, no matter how adverse circumstances were, or what surroundings hampered him, he had but little time for rest, until his increasing illness rendered it imperative. His dramatic work especially entrenched on his time. After a hard day's labor with the pen came the evening at the theatre, the excitement of the play and the *entracte*, so that by bed-time but a few hours of rest remained. A constitution of iron would have been shattered far more quickly than tough flesh and blood succumbed.

About a year ago Mr. Mackeever began to experience the necessity of a change. To avoid the rigor of a Northern Winter, he pitched on Florida as the most convenient place of retirement. His wife accompanied him, their child going to Philadelphia to her grandmother's care. Although his connection with the *Telegram* continued his health permitted little labor, and half a dozen letters made up the sum of his contributions to its columns. His sketches for the GAZETTE continued uninterruptedly, and in such spare time as remained to him between this work and his battle with disease, he added a few chapters to a novel of local life, on which his ambition was set.

As a dramatic critic, Mr. Mackeever made a host of friends in the profession, and nothing but want of time prevented his name becoming a marked one in the list of American playwrights. His dramatic *feuilletons* were among the best of their kind. He contributed them at various times to the Frank Leslie publications, to the *Arcadian*, whose chief writer he was, under Louis Engels' management, and to the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

Mount Vernon Cemetery, in Philadelphia, was the scene of his interment, under the auspices of his

wife's family. His own family are now located in Washington. The funeral was attended by a committee of the New York Press Club, of which he was one of the founders, and members of the Philadelphia press. But one strange face was visible at the funeral. It was that of a hard-featured man of sixty, whom no one knew, and who left the cemetery as quickly as he had come. The presence of this mourner is a reminder of a curious episode in the dead man's career.

Some years ago he became possessed of a fancy to live in a tenement house, to find out, by actual contact with them, something about the poor, whose lives, so full of the hard romance of poverty, he was so fond of picturing. He found a room in an up-town tenement on the East Side. The proprietor was a matter-of-fact Irishman, who was popularly believed never to smile. He made friends with his lodger and was reformed. He learned to laugh, and even to crack jokes on his own account, and, altogether, developed into a social animal wonderful to behold. A year later the writer was invited by Mr. Mackeever to attend a wedding up-town. The bridegroom was the tenement house proprietor. Now that he had discovered what his old lodger was, he worshipped him almost as a Polynesian savage does his idol. He knew more about his works than Mackeever did himself, and was particularly fond of writing to him suggestions for new subjects. It was he who traveled to Philadelphia to pay his last tribute of respect to his dead friend.

It was this charm of spirit and of manner which made Samuel Anderson Mackeever what he was—a Benjamin of literature. Bright as his works were, they were but a reflection of his sunny nature. Sterling as they were, they were no purer gold than his own warm heart.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.



MISS ELIZA WETHERSBY.

LADIES WHO WANT MONEY.

member among other pretty bits of poetry which I in my books at school, was one about the robin and its disastrous effect which the approach of winter was used to have upon him.

There was one verse which began :

The fierce wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
What will the poor robin do then ?
Poor thing !

As of an exceedingly sensitive nature, and the tough look for the robin used to affect me wonderfully, but gradually ascertained that they either went south on the air-line, or put up with relatives in snug quarters, I ceased to worry.

I never pick up a New York paper and read of the robins, more or less extensive, which certain robins are making for the winter but what I think of a bird whose prospective sad fate used to cause my fish tears to flow down my little nose, and thence a sympathetic splash to the page of the book before

to are the New York robins ?

They are the shrewd poor, the sentimental hard-up, the broke men and women who have no money to buy stoves and grate-fires, but who appreciate those as comforts quite as well as the pampered people of the city.

Where do you find these bird-tracks ? In the newspapers' advertising columns.

As Henry Ward Beecher who said that the most interesting part of the New York *Herald* was the advertisements, and I am frequently inclined to believe him. I agree with him particularly, for I have been out shooting, and have a bag full of game for my readers.

Why don't you let the printer make it all into a " pi."

My favorite stamping ground of the robins is the editorial department of the paper.

Just under the head of a *bonafide* advertisement about worth \$10,000 (as if anybody ever had so much money simultaneously), I catch my first bird.

It is a young widow, and a modest one, for she only asks \$100. And she doesn't desire it for nothing. On the contrary she contracts to furnish a handsome room, with a bath, and a private entrance. She signs herself " Discreet." A discreet young widow tendering a handsomely-furnished room, with a bath, is a rare combination of earthly happiness.

It will be no trouble in her getting the money. Hardly as harsh and cynical as the world is, there are dead ends of bald-headed philanthropists just aching to help a worthy person along.

One day we have a gentleman who states that he was once a speculator in gold and silver, and that he is now shining light on the stock exchange. He is free to own that speculation ruined him, but although it robbed him of his diamond studs and his *coupe*, and his credit at the opera, he does not mention his box at the theatre, and his position in the club, it did not, thank God, as it could under any circumstances, take away from him his intimate knowledge of the ins and outs of the street.

It might not have been able to hold on to the colossal fortune he was rapidly amassing for himself, but his very experience has been of priceless value to him, and he

is now ready, being in possession of some exclusive points, to put a man with \$20,000 in the way of making a million.

This is surely a bird. I might spell it a " robin'."

Then to one this lump of sugar lands a blue-bottle. Some back-country yokel, with a whetstone in his pocket, will go in and purchase a vast deal of knowledge, if he doesn't get away with anything else.

Softly ! Here's a nice birdie. It's a young, refined lady who wants a hundred from a refined, honorable gentleman. " No triflers need apply."

She wouldn't take that money from a greasy, unrefined pork-butcher, would she ? Oh, no ! I shouldn't wonder now if she wouldn't prefer the money perfumed, a hundred (scents) to the dollar, as it were.

In the same neighborhood I detect the " te-wcet'" of a young lady of twenty years who wants a hundred until she is of age. She also wants it from a gentleman, Strange, isn't it, that you never see an advertisement like this :

A MODEST YOUNG WOMAN, FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED, would like to borrow \$100 from another modest young woman who has it to lend. Address, " Mock Turtle."

But you never do see such advertisements, whether it is strange or not. I must investigate this branch of the subject.

What have I next in my game-bag ? Another refined bird—refined perhaps in the furnace of misfortune. She has a house, but she's devilish hard-up. You can tell that by the emphasis she puts on her prayer for immediate assistance. Altogether this is a mysterious case. Her gentlemen must be wealthy. She names no amount. Perhaps she wants thousands. I shan't answer that one.

One young woman contemplates housekeeping, and she wants an elderly gentleman to assist her. She doesn't state what he is to do. Perhaps he is to wash dishes, fetch up coal and answer the bell. It would simplify matters all around if these birds who are in quest of winter quarters would be more explicit. I know lots of elderly gentlemen who would feel awkward and embarrassed if they had to call personally and talk over an advertisement like that. She signs herself " Marrion." Ha, ha ! A light breaks upon me. She is a " Marrion" young party, and the elderly gentleman is to assist.

There are any quantity of refined, elegant, handsome, modest widows, married women and young girls who want to sell pawn tickets. In these cases there are many that are of genuine distress, but in a great number of instances the design is to effect one interview and trust to luck for enlisting the sympathy of the caller.

Many a proud woman who once entertained in regal style and flashed through her drawing-room like a bejeweled comet has been forced to realize on her gems and then on the flimsy memorandums of her hard luck.

These are romances of life in New York that have no affiliation with the sharpers and pretty swindlers I have called robins. And yet you can scarcely style them swindlers. There are few of the discreet widows and refined young women but who would like to pay back in coin, if they had it. Not being possessed of that very useful

article, they mint their smiles only too frequently and stamp them with a kiss.

Some try the pathetic, which is business in its way, just as much as the cold advertisement of a lot of pig iron for sale. *Voilà* the case of the "young lady" who is "painfully embarrassed." Ah! I have suffered from this pain myself! It is a deplorable tightness in the chest. She wants a hundred, also, and desires that the lender shall trust to her honor.

Why do they all want a hundred dollars, or most of them? Let me see:

Dress.....	\$40
Bonnet.....	10
Coat.....	25
Shoes.....	5
Stockings (of the right stripe).....	3
Gloves.....	5
Lingerie.....	12
	<hr/>
	\$100

There you are. Now how do you suppose I found all this out? Simplest thing in the world. I gave a lady friend \$100 and told her to see what kind of robin plumage she could get for it.

The more I have reflected upon the transaction the more I am convinced that it certainly was the *simplest* thing in the world. But this is the age of materialism. You must pay for precise knowledge. Then, again, I am a philanthropist.

Not infrequently the sick are appealed to. The pocket is approached, in fact, through the stomach or the liver. One lady of the most appalling culture, who is bang-up on all kinds of chronic diseases, wants a "sufferer" to assist her. This is very fine. Think of gradually getting well and cheering a cultured heart at the same time! In these cases I presume the bleeding process is resorted to extensively.

Just now there are a good many robins who would like to make themselves cosy for the winter by selling their mining stock shares at a tremendous sacrifice. They wouldn't do this under any circumstances if they didn't have to go to the south of France for their health. Is the mine solid? Look at that red-streaked map on the wall and that huge nugget of quartz on the window-sill! Why, the mines of Peru are catch-penny swindles alongside of it.

Some of the ladies are not "cultured," or "refined," or "modest," but only "genteel." They want to go into business in a small way, and would like some honorable gentleman, etc.

I like the ringing tone of the young woman who is not even "genteel," but simply a young woman "who can adapt herself to anything." She wants \$250.

A widow will explain all about it at an interview. One hundred and fifty dollars will take her from the slough of despond and put her upon the pinnacle of happiness.

A matrimonial agency will condescend to take in a partner for \$500. There is a chance. This is certainly the matrimonial season. Everybody, who isn't, should be getting married. My friend Alphy, of Spain, is going to buy another ticket in the amatory lottery, and no doubt his example will be largely followed.

In justice to Emeline, between whom and myself at the present moment there is an honorable coolness, I will state that the matrimonial establishment referred to is not the one in Williamsburgh I wrote of.

It still flourishes. She has enlarged it by adding a divorce bureau.

An inventor asks for means to help him bring to perfection a machine that will just knock the spots out of every

thing. He doesn't say what the idea is, but if you investigated you would probably discover another perpetual motion or a Keely motor.

By the way what became of Keely? He lived a long while on that pint of water. I consider him a boss robin, a regular turkey buzzard.

A dressmaker wants a "Silent Partner." He's to say nothing, and pay the bills.

And so they go on until, the female list exhausted, you come upon the people who have business to sell. These are a very remarkable species of the robin. You can have no idea of the vast amount of wealth that is ready to pour into the coffers of the man who has sums of money ranging from \$50 to \$50,000 to put up, until you read their cards.

That's the amount you pay to see the hand.

The preposterous number of oyster saloon, milk routes, bakeries, gin mills and barber shops, that will just make the eternal fortune of the one starving there now, and the other fellow that ought to come with \$300, are enough to stagger you.

Some of the "ads" are densely mysterious. Such is the case with the one where a man of "nerve" is asked for. He is to have \$3,000, and is to "make an operation" that will yield \$10,000 "immediately."

As if to tantalize these poor robins the same columns are crowded with the blatant offers of capitalists who have money to loan on anything and everything. And yet the man with the gold-mine in the oyster saloon, and the capitalist who is after a gold-mine rarely come together.

In other parts of any of our great advertising dailies you will find the notices of philanthropists, who are on the look-out for poor little robins, and who wish to befriend them.

The Spanish gentleman who wants to meet an American lady for mutual improvement and learn English is of this kind, this very kind.

Do you not remember the case of the pretty shop-girl who taught the rich Spaniard English in a west side restaurant, where they have elegant private supper rooms? Well, she was a robin, working hard week in a store for a pittance; and she seemed glad enough, when the "fierce wind did blow," and it looked like snow to avail herself of the opportunities offered her.

If I remember correctly the father raised quite a fuss and brought the case into the courts, but the weak girl had tasted champagne and quail. You couldn't get her back to pork and beans!

There is no question but that nine-tenths of these feminine pippings of distress in the "Financial columns" of the papers are mere blimps, and bold manoeuvres to get acquainted with men of money.

They will always be so construed at any rate by the men of money who take the trouble to answer them, and if I possess any fair readers I tell them plainly now that if they resort to this method of raising the wind, they must suffer the broadest constriction to be placed upon their action.

I have a friend who took the trouble, "just out of curiosity" he said, to follow up one of the advertisements. The distressed one wanted but \$80 in order to get her trunks from the rapacious landlady, who was holding them as collateral for board had and enjoyed.

The lady was a nice talker, a real fluent one, and interested my friend from the start. Her husband, she said, was not long dead, and she was endeavoring to get along by herself without appealing to that haughty

family, supposed to be rolling in luxury somewhere from which her marriage had estranged her.

This resolute, noble spirit had its effect upon the chivalric gentleman.

"You're an old cynic, Paul," he said to me one night in my rooms, "that's what you are. I'm glad I gave her the money. She's a square woman."

"Yes, she's a square woman," I repeated, "but she'll come round."

He laughed at the *double entendre* and left me. The next time I saw him he wanted \$1,000.

"But what for?" I asked, after giving the address of a man I thought might accommodate him.

"For her."

"For whom?"

"Why the woman that wanted the \$80. Don't you remember? I've got to pay certain bills, you know."

"You don't mean to tell me that the square woman—"

"Came round? Yes. I do." And away he dashed, looking more troubled and careworn than I had ever seen him.

Now, I am going to ask a favor of you. Please insert the following "ad" for me and charge to Profit and Loss:

WON'T SOME GENTEEL, PLUMP, PRETTY, DISCREET young widow come and see a painfully embarrassed Bohemian and loan him \$1,000, trusting to his honor. Address, P. P., Police Gazette.

I want to revolutionize this business and that's the way to do it. Heretofore it has been all one-sided. I too am a robin, "poor thing."

FIFTH AVENUE ON SUNDAY.

There isn't a man in the country—and I'll put \$500 up at the *Clipper* office—which I believe is the usual "toot" when you bet—to back it, who has a greater reverence for the genuine article of Religion than I have.

And there isn't a man who has a greater abhorrence of the fraudulent material which you too frequently have dealt out to you by the metropolitan pastors.

I was led into this train of thought by what I saw and heard as I walked down Fifth Avenue last Sunday just as the matinees were coming out—I beg pardon, just as the congregations were breaking up.

What did I see?

I saw New York female loveliness in all its Fall glory, and an expensive glory it is too. I saw the sun catch up the sheen of the diamonds, and multiply their magnificence until the imagination as to their cost was perfectly staggered.

I saw pretty women, pretty enough to eat, pretty enough to make a man think that perhaps there is something in cannibalism after all, bowing to other pretty women from carriage windows, and kissing their hands, gloved out of sight, to the agony of the young men on the sidewalk, who acknowledged the courtesy with a bow.

I wish I could give you a description of the Fall style of New York bow, but I am afraid that my pen is not equal to the task. It makes me sadder when I reflect upon the vast number of young sports in those rural towns where the *Gazette* penetrates, who would be only too glad to practice it to perfection behind the barn, and then try it in all its full-fledged loveliness upon the Maud Mullers of the vicinity who gather on Sundays at the meeting house.

All that I can remember of it is that the right arm goes up suddenly, like the patent iron hook that snatches the mail bags at unimportant stations, and grabs the hat.

This is carried up about a foot in a vertical line, and held there while "with moderate haste you could tell" a lie, or a hundred, either, to give Shakespeare with a little altering.

While this is being done the body bends at the pelvis (be particular about the pelvis), until the spinal line of direction is departed from at least ten degrees, but not more.

Then the hat comes down, the arm gets to the side again with military precision, and the vertebrae stack themselves up once more like bone chips to be swept in by the dealer.

And so they are swept in, and the dealer's name is Death.

But this is getting into outside business, this is discounting the game. What else did I see?

I saw hosts of young men who were at the Sixth Avenue dance houses, and in worse places, the night before.

A Turkish bath, and two or three stiff brandy cocktails had given them nerve enough to see the girls home whom they are trying to marry, and purely for speculative reasons, but the tell-tale flush of the cheek, and the false lustre of the eye, the nervous, *debonnair* use of the hand and cane, could not deceive so old an observer as P. P.

You can rest assured that they didn't stay to dinner, and that once round the corner from the prospective fathers-in-laws' residences, they made all haste to reach the club, sink into a chair, strike the bell, and scrawl on the pad offered by the waiter an order for brandy and soda.

Since these young men do not go to church themselves, except when an actor or actress is buried, or there is a swell wedding, perhaps my remarks, which are intended to point to the sham quality of the religion of the period—I do not mean religion in its generic sense, but in the red-plushed pew exhibition of it—do not apply to them.

But still they form part of the pageant which makes Fifth Avenue and Broadway so entertaining to me at this season, when everyone is bound to have his or her fall harness on, and the young men who still cling to the straw hat sit pondering in their dismal rooms upon the various ways of blowing out the penny dip of light.

To some it's a chandelier with electric points of flaming beauty. They are the ones I admire, and I am afraid envy, when I see them returning from their devotions.

The horses step out bravely; the well-appointed carriages flash in the sun; the gay throng on the *trottoir* have the seraphic smile of beings who have just been told that their seats are taken in Heaven's best circle. Ah! it is grand, it is inspiring, but it is a terrible masquerade.

What do I hear?

I hear men who have just listened to sermons on the advisability of laying up treasures in Heaven, discussing the sudden rise in stocks in Wall street and making plans for the "puts" and "calls" of the morrow.

Young ladies who are strolling along together gossip about the bonnets and dresses, and analyze the merits of the various matinees they attended the afternoon previous.

It is all the world, the flesh and the devil knows what else beside religion.

There is none of that, no pondering over the text, no going home in quiet meditation. Spiritual duty ceased when the doxology was sung, and the last note of the heavily-salaried soprano floated out from the choir gallery.

What do we find in the choir?

We find a few ladies and gentlemen, some of whom may have been singing "Pinafore" at a 'shneid' theatre on the Saturday night, furnishing a variety of fancy music that ranges from the measured cadences of old-time solemnity to the melodious frippery of the Italian opera.

These are hired people, and it is not their business to pay any attention to the preaching. As a general rule they don't. Those who do not stay awake to flirt, or read a mysteriously produced novel, get behind a music stand, and go to sleep.

I have heard of games of euchre being played in an organ loft, but I prefer not to believe the stories. My opinion of the empty forms of devotion indulged in at present is unfavorable enough as it is.

The singers in big churches are all professionals. They appear in opera and concert, and are always on the lookout to cash their notes into greenbacks. I know two or three church tenors and have always found them jolly good fellows. They like a drink almost as well, but not quite, as they like two drinks, and on more than one occasion I have wondered, as the artist staggered from the Sunday side door of the corner saloon to keep his church engagement, how he ever managed to get through with it.

Sometimes they do make mistakes. There was my friend Dunn for instance, a baritone. He's dead now, and it won't harm him to tell the story, provided Ex-Superintendent Liddle doesn't go repeating it at a seance.

Bob Dunn, in addition to being the baritone of an east-side church was a singer in a Prince street "Free and Easy." Those of the brethren who have attended such entertainments know that Wednesday and Saturday evenings are the occasions when the fun is indulged in.

Bob at the time I speak of was counted a rival of Johnny Roach in his pathetic rendition of "Muldoon," and on the disastrous Sunday to which I have reference, Mr. Dunn was asleep in the organ loft after the opening services. He had not reached his home until 4 A. M., and even at that hour he had insisted upon Mrs. Dunn getting up to eat a Yarmouth bloater, and a welsh-rarebit which he had brought home for her.

When you find a man about midnight commencing to develop a desire to take home to the "old lady" some pigs'-feet, or a box of fried oysters, you may rest assured that the liquor he has taken has floated his conscience from its moorings.

Mr. Dunn slumbered as I have said all through the sermon. But he was not idle—he was dreaming.

He was in the Prince street saloon again. The tobacco smoke hung about like a yellow cloud shifted hither and yon by the waiters as they rushed around delivering "tobys" of ale, "hot scotches," "shandy-gaff," and other orders. The tenor of the evening had just sat down after singing something about meeting his darling girl

when the little stars were a-shining, and the little birds were a-singing.

It was Bob's turn. It was really Bob's turn in church, and the organist was shaking him by the shoulder. He rose to his feet and looking about him cried:

"Order gentlemen, if you please."

Then clearing his throat he began:

"Come and see me, I'll trate ye decent,
I'll make yo drunk, and I'll fill yer can,
Sure, when I walk the strato
Says each one I mate

There goes Muldoon, he's a solid man."

There was perhaps just as much religious warmth in Mr. Dunn's little verso as in the florid singing which had preceded it, but the management of the church didn't think so, and Mr. Dunn's services were dispensed with.

It is only a question of time when we shall have a full brass band in the church gallery. As long as we are going to depart from the simple, soul-stirring hymns and psalms of our fathers, I am decidedly in favor of it.

What is the use of going half the way as they do over in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where Ar buckle toots on the key-bugle. If the key-bugle has a place in a choir gallery, so has a fiddle, and I am sure that there is as much theology in a bass-drum as there is in a French horn.

There's as much wind anyhow, and that reminds me of Talmage.

If there is a cause for this undeniable sham which we are making of our religious duties, attending to them precisely as we do to mundane affairs, and buying our pews at auction as we buy pools at a horse race, it must be found in the mouthings of such mountebanks as Talmage.

He robs religion of all dignity at the start. Instead of a black-gown hoop on a jester's cap of bells, and where we look for the grave diction of a man impressed with his subject we find the blatant braying of an ass.

The familiar manner in which Talmage alludes to the Almighty, is something that actually appals me even. You might judge that they had belonged to the same fire company together, or had been associated just as intimately some other way.

He would have us believe that his transatlantic trip was a complete ovation. There is no use denying that he preached to immense audiences, but then you must recollect that one fool makes many, and that Great Britain has always been noted for producing an immense quantity of crack-brained individuals who will drop their work and run for half a day after a five-legged mule if one happens along.

The sensible papers saw through Talmage at once, and in some that I have just been reading he received a terrible analysis. There certainly should be a law against such men bringing discredit upon an entire nation by working the game of their own aggrandizement.

I feel so badly about it myself that I shall not go to England for several seasons yet, not until they have forgotten our long-legged friend.

Beecher is somewhat accountable for the mixed condition of affairs in religion, although in an entirely different way from the Tabernacle wind-mill. The Rev. Henry Ward is a man of brains—too much brains in one quarter of his head, and his intellectual strength is undeniable. He preaches magnificently, but when you come to think it all over you find it merely a lecture. He is vague, shadowy and non-committal in his creed. You get a general idea that your duty on this earth is to do good and be happy, and that everything will be squared hereafter.

He preaches among other things, "that you shall love your neighbor."

Now if your neighbor is cross-grained and unlovable, if you can't get your love invested on your neighbor, you must love your neighbor's wife, and the maid-servant within his back-door.

Beecher tried this plan himself. He wanted to love Theodore. No doubt he did. But Theodore was cold and distant, especially his head, which was extremely distant.

So he turned to Elizabeth, and with what results we already know.

Now take the idiocy of Talmage, the heterodoxy of Beecher, and the shoddy atmosphere of nearly all our fashionable churches, and you have a very good theory for the present state of religious matters.

I repeat what I said at the beginning of this article, that I have an abiding respect for true devotion, but I think a small-sized crab-net would be large enough to land all

that could be found in a survey of the crowds that I met walking home from church through the soft sunlight of last Sunday morning.

It is getting to be a question of show, just as the silver plate is trotted out on state-dinner occasions.

Pews are knocked down like horses at "Tattersalls," and are upholstered in opera-box fashion.

The men attend as a matter of social form, and women turn the church into a millinery bazar where the styles can be studied from behind the barricade furnished by a gilt-edged and Russia-leather prayer book.

The choir singers flirt, sleep, go out for beer, or study their lines for next day's rehearsal at the theatre.

And the pretty minister preaches a cup-custard sermon that won't disagree with anybody.

Do you wonder that I prefer to play chess on Sundays?

THEATRICAL "DEAD-HEADS."

One of the most important Glimpses of Gotham to be had just now is that through the opera glass.

The theatrical, concert, operatic and "nigger" minstrel business is in full blast, all the places of amusements are crowded, and if we may believe the managers who have been interviewed, with the exception of Max Maretzek, the future is flushed with golden promise.

As a rule I don't go much to theatres now; I am a little *blase*, and it takes a good play to get me into a black coat after dinner and away from the comfortable chair where I sit and smoke, and ponder upon what an awfully wicked world this is, and how we ought to struggle and strive to make it a little better.

But lately I have dropped into two or three Thespian temples on the first nights, and feel more impressed with the fact than ever that while theatres may burn up, or be torn down and managers may go to the devil through the non-appreciation of the public, the noble army of first nighters will always flourish, and the deadhead system will never lose its grip.

I was at Wallack's, for instance, on the Saturday night when Boucicault presented his *Cremorne Garden* play to the best families of New York. A play so utterly nasty in some of its suggestiveness, although funny, that I couldn't enjoy even the humorous parts of it through fear of losing some of my dignity. For all I knew some of the vestrymen or members of the Committee on Poor Red Flannel—I mean Red Flannel for the Poor—might have been present, and I wouldn't have had them see me laugh for the world.

So I sat all through the evening as if it were a dentist's front parlor, and there were only two more visitors to yell "murder," before it came my turn.

I feel easy in expressing my opinion of the play, because I know it will not conflict with your critics. I met the estimable Marquis there, and we blushed together. We blushed, in fact, several times together.

But I have nothing to do with either good or bad plays. My purpose is to allude to the sameness of first nights, and to the prevalence of the dead-head custom.

For ten years past a certain number of club men have been sure to be around on the initial representation of a play. One by one they dropped in on the Saturday night

I speak of. They always have good seats. Some pay, but others are on the regular list as dead-heads, and although they are willing to stand a bottle of wine after the performance, or even purchase a box for a benefit, the idea of "giving up" for an ordinary night strikes them with a cold horror.

After a while the management accept their first night demands for tickets, just as they would accept the dumb-ague—i. e., with resignation. You can't shake either them or the chills. There is a little consolation, however, in the reflection that they generally come in full dress, and so give tone to the house.

These, then, are the first rank of dead-heads, the impudent fellows with money who think that their presence is recompense enough.

After them come the newspaper men and members of the profession. The journalists can scarcely be called dead-heads since they have already furnished an equivalent by preliminary noticing, and are yet to give a more or less elaborate criticism.

The profession go in by courtesy, but not by right. Sometimes the management will shut down on them like a meat axe.

I don't mean, of course, that Edwin Booth, or Clara Morris couldn't get into the show for nothing, but in their case they would come it in a high-toned style. They would write the note in their hotel and send it around by a nigger. And what is more they would always ask for a box.

It is the fellows who loaf about the lobby and try to pass the gate on greasy cards and handbills, who are sometimes bounced.

Well, you've got to draw the line somewhere. If I was giving grand opera at the Academy at \$3 a seat, I should kick a little about passing a cannon-ball tosser, or the tattooed Greek.

I came across that old story the other day, and it's good enough to re-print, since it bears on the subject, about the song and dance men who were smart enough to get through under difficulties. Here it is:

While Mr. Schoeffel of the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, was managing Edwin Adams the company stopped one night at Utica, N. Y. After looking after all the local

newspapers Mr. Schoeffel quietly sat down on free tickets and said that not another one should be issued. Just before the doors were opened Mr. Schoeffel said to Smith, the agent, "Now, George, I'm too well known in this town to take that lower door. You manage that and I'll go up-stairs, where no one will see me; and mind, now, we've got a full house and not a deadhead goes in to-night. Mr. Schoeffel was quietly pulling in the tickets at the balcony door when he saw two young fellows, about the same age and dressed precisely alike, edging up to the door. "Hul'o, Cully," said one of them. The manager went on taking tickets. "Hullo, Cully," came again. "I don't know who you are calling to," replied Mr. Schoeffel; "If you mean me, my name is not Cully." "Now, look here, young fellow, don't you give us any taffy; I want to know if you're going to pass two blokes in?" "Two blokes?" said the manager; "no, I'm not going to pass two blokes in." "What! you don't mean to say that you are not going to pass the profesh?" "The what?" "Why, the profesh, young feller," and putting his hand on the shoulder of his companion, the two dancers clattered off the "Down-among-the-roses" step. "Well, yes," said the manager; "if I know you, I'll pass you." "Well, I don't suppose you do," the spokesman replied; "we're McGlinigan and McGlanagan." "I don't think I can do anything for you," Mr. Schoeffel said. "Say, young feller," McGlinigan replied, "do you know Mr. Queen, of the New York *Clipper*?" "Certainly." "Well, do you know that he's a friend of mine, and that if I should write him how you've treated us he'd make it unpleasant for you?" "I don't know," said the manager; "perhaps you had better try." "Well, I would if I only knew your name." "There's no trouble about that; my name is Schoeffel." The dancer took out a sheet of paper, and putting it against the wall, began to write. "How do you spell it?" The manager seized the paper and wrote in a large, rolling hand, "John B. Schoeffel," and gave it to the dancer. "Now," said the latter, "I'll give you three-quarters of a column in the *Clipper*." Three minutes later Smith came up-stairs, and, shaking a paper in the manager's face, said, "I thought you weren't going to issue any passes to-night? I sent these fellows up to you, and in ten minutes they came back, threw that pass at me and said that at least the manager of the concern was a gentleman." Schoeffel said, "No, that's my signature; but look at that 'Pass two' written over it. Does that look like my writing?"

When a play don't draw in New York, the extent to which the house will be papered is something appalling.

And sometimes you will never know it, but keep as steadily imagining that the theatre is doing a tremendous business, and that it won't be long before the manager begins to build rows of brown-stone French plats up-town.

And all the time the manager is wondering how he can ever be able to rake together enough to pay salaries on the next Monday. How is it done? It's the easiest thing in the world.

The agent of the theatre takes a pocketful of seats, so selected that they are by no means bunched, and starts out on a distributing cruise. It is his design to dispose of his deadhead tickets to people of the utmost respectability and social position. He wants the occupants of the stalls to be well dressed, and has no objection to diamonds being worn by the ladies.

He manages to secure this exclusive *clientele* without knowing one of them, in the following manner:

Entering a big store like Lord & Taylor's, he goes to the floor-walker and hands him twenty or thirty seats, the best for the walker himself. The man knows what to do.

When Mrs. De Courcy or Mrs. Montmorency roll up to

the door and saunter into the establishment in quest of lace or gloves, the floor-walker, who is on terms of easy familiarity with all old customers, presents the tickets, after ascertaining that the evening is free.

That night at dinner old Montmorency and De Courcy are informed that they are to go to the play. The carriages rattle up to the entrance, and as the deadheads get out and sweep pompously to their gratuitous places the loungers become simultaneously impressed with the high-toned character of the audience, and the success of the attraction.

It is related of Sothorn that he obtained his foothold in London by papering the house for two weeks and turning many away.

Deadheadism is a disease. It belongs to the same fascinating category with free-lunches. I know a gentleman of wealth who will pay cab-hire to visit the opening of a new saloon where something to eat and drink can be had for nothing, and it is equally true that once the mania gets its fangs into a theatre-goer, once he has tasted blood he is N. G. for all purposes of profit, so far as the house is concerned.

You can't call it meanness. When I was dramatic critic of the *Missionaries' Beacon of Light*, a paper published many years ago in the Bible House, I had a chum whom I used to take to the theatre.

He was always intoxicated with delight, (later on in the evening it was rum and molasses) at the prospect of getting something for nothing, and insisted upon my having supper with him in the Old Tom's Chop House, in Thames street, now gone.

That and the grog between acts, together with the Welsh rarebit and the Scotch ale at the old Shakespeare saloon on Broadway, below Thirteenth street, before we went home to dream that our dead and gone grandmothers were throwing back somersaults on our stomachs, used to make his dollar and a half seat cost him about \$10.

But he was none the less convinced that he was a devilish lucky dog, and that to get ahead of the theatre was about equal to winning a battle.

You see the same spirit among railroad deadheads. The man who has been stung by a pass never recovers. If he has to pay for a ticket he is almost mad enough to wish there might be an accident, so that he could get mashed and go in for damages against the company.

The bill-board and window lithograph tickets have their especial nights, but as with the papers, it is a case of fair exchange with their holders.

In the country the pressure is terrible. T. B. Pugh, the veteran manager, tells the following story. I clip it from the *Philadelphia Times*:

"The Fosters, of Pittsburg, were playing at Eucyrus Ohio. Richard III. was announced, and when 8 o'clock came a single man sat solitary and alone in the middle of the orchestra. There was, of course, the usual collection of country youths before the door, and the manager looked into the empty hall and said: 'Come, this won't do; we might as well throw open the doors and invite them all in.' The company were called together in the meantime, and, after some discussion, it was decided that the townspeople should not come in free. It would encourage deadheadism, at the same time establishing a dangerous precedent in the town. So the audience of one chose an eligible position, and, cocking his feet on the seat in front of him, waited for the performance to begin. The curtain was rung up and the play commenced. Never did the actors do better. The audience applauded vigorously at different points, and at times insisted upon an encore, which the company, impressed with the ludicrousness of the situation, gracefully responded to."

There is a very neat idea just gotten out by an enterprising lager beer man on Fourteenth street. In addition to selling good beer, he furnishes a concert every evening. To obtain an audience he issues regular tickets with "Admission—One Dollar" prominently printed at the bottom of the card. Across the face is stamped in red figures the word "Complimentary."

Now the joke is this, one of course which was not intended by the proprietor: You take a handful of these tickets and have them always with you.

Knowing that you are a newspaper man, Mr. Deadhead on the street, or Mr. Deadhead in the hotel or boarding house, swoops down upon you with:

"Got any tickets about you? I'd like to go somewhere to-night."

"How are you on concerts?" you ask.

"Bang-up concerts?"

"Dollar a ticket."

That lands him. He eagerly replies:

"Certainly. A fine concert is one of the most enjoyable

entertainments in the world. How many can you spare?"

"I'll give you two."

"Couldn't you make it three? that's a good fellow. My maiden aunt, a prim old lady, who has money and a diseased liver, is on making us a visit. She wouldn't go to the wicked theatre, but a concert—"

So you squeeze out the third ticket. The delighted gentleman rushes up stairs to get his ladies ready.

Your plan then is to get to the beer saloon in advance, and, concealed behind a post or the harmonium, calmly await the moment when Mr. Deadhead, Mrs. Deadhead and the aunt with the liver complaint come sailing in.

The first thing that strikes them will be the *Schweitzer kase*, and then—

But why continue the picture? Let us pause here and cipher on how much the aunt will leave the young man when the liver has done its fell work, and the maiden aunt has gone to join the shadowy deadhead audience that crowds the dim theatre of the Future, watching the play that has no last act—the drama of Eternity.

HOTEL HORRORS.

I was sitting in the lobby of the Sturtevant House the other night, waiting to hear from the bell-boy who had taken my card to a political friend who had lately arrived from the South, when my mind got running on the Walworth tragedy, which, as you know, occurred in this hotel.

Frank Walworth is now living in the strictest seclusion with his mother in Saratoga, and since she, a most estimable woman, sanctioned both at his trial and since, the taking of a father's life by a son, I have no editorial opinion to express on the subject.

Mansfield Tracy Walworth was a literary gentleman who appears to have been in the habit of abusing his family. This is a peculiarity of some literary gentlemen. In the case of the Walworths, they did not take kindly to it, and young Frank, suffering under the greatest excitement, visited New York, put up at the Sturtevant, sent for his father, and in the quarrel which ensued in the room, shot him.

He was tried, brilliantly defended by Charles O'Connor, convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

His mind gave way under the affliction, and he was removed to the insane asylum, from which he was subsequently released by gubernatorial clemency.

While pondering on this case, it suddenly struck me that nearly every metropolitan hotel of any importance has had either its horrible murder or shocking suicide.

I purpose to write in this sketch of two or three that occur to me now, and may hereafter, if I feel in the gory humor, continue the crimson list.

A hotel murder that has almost been forgotten, and one that was opulent with all the elements of romance, was the assassination of the beautiful Virginia Stewart, who was shot to death on the steps of the Brandreth House, Canal street and Broadway, on the 23rd day of July, 1859, by her lover, Robert C. MacDonald.

The murderer was a North Carolinian of good family. He was elegant and dressy in his appearance. By successful cotton speculations he accumulated a large sum

of money, and when chance threw him in the way of Miss Stewart he was a man of considerable means.

The passion was a mutual one, and all would have been well, if MacDonald had not taken to drink. Miss Stewart naturally "soured" on him, and when she in the South saw no promise of reform she left her tipsy sweetheart and came to New York.

MacDonald discovered her flight and determined to follow her. He did so. Reaching New York he put up at the Metropolitan hotel, but frequented the bar a great deal more than his room. Naturally enough he soon arrived at a state of delirium, and became the possessor of an imaginary snake foudry.

In this delectable condition he roved the streets of the city, searching for his false mistress.

At that time Taylor's saloon with its pier glasses and gilded columns, was at Broadway and Franklin street. It was the *bon ton* place of resort for the thirsty and hungry. Staggering in there one day Mr. MacDonald sighted his beautiful quarry, lurching at a table with a lady friend.

Taking a seat at a table opposite, he called for a bottle of wine, which he drank in two or three bumpers, watching the women attentively all the time.

When they had finished their lunch, he arose too and followed them to the corner of Broadway and Canal street.

I here quote from an account of what happened then:

They turned a corner to go into the Brandreth House, and just then MacDonald stepped up to Miss Stewart and importuned her for an interview. She refused and told him to go away and not annoy her. He then said excitedly:

"I am told you are living with another man. Is that so?"

No reply save a contemptuous glance, and Miss Stewart turned to go.

With that MacDonald put his hand in his breast and drew out a Colt's navy revolver. Divining his purpose, Miss Stewart cried aloud for assistance, and ran towards

the entrance of the hotel. MacDonald bounded like a panther after her, and, placing the pistol almost against her head, fired. She fell senseless upon the step, her beautiful hair all dabbled with blood.

A Mr. E. Van Raust, who was standing there, immediately threw himself upon MacDonald. A deadly combat now ensued for the possession of the pistol, it being evident that the murderer intended to take his own life. Assistance was finally procured and MacDonald was overpowered and removed to the Tombs. Miss Stewart was taken to a hospital.

She lingered eight or ten days imagining herself in Richmond. Then she died.

While in the Tombs MacDonald lived in a regal way, having a colored waiter from the Metropolitan in constant attendance upon him.

In his possession was found the following letter:

"John W. Smith, Mobile, Ala.:

"DEAR SIR—I am about to commit that which will astonish you and most of my friends in Mobile. I have left some instructions with Messrs. Simeon Leland & Co. in regard to my body, but have since drawn \$300 of the amount I first wanted, leaving \$1,500 in their hands, which, after deducting my expenses, will be remitted to you. Affectionately yours forever,
Bob.

"P. S.—And to you who find my body here my trunks opened, and you will see a letter addressed to the Messrs. Leland in regard to the disposition of my remains. Bury me with my beard on.
ROBT. C. MACDONALD."

He engaged splendid counsel, and boasted that he would never be hanged.

Among his visitors was a lady who talked through the grated door of his cell. By means of a powerful letter she obtained an interview with him. Undoubtedly she gave him the bottle of Muir's Elixir of Opium with which he committed suicide.

That was twenty years ago, but the hotel tragedy business has been kept up pretty steadily. It is too warm to recollect some of the old timers, but I will hunt them up.

The killing of Samuel Adams by John C. Colt was done in the building at the northwest corner of Broadway and Chambers street. It is a clothing store now, and since the murder has been used by Delmonico. It was not a hotel at the time of the dreadful deed—Friday, Sept. 17, 1841—but at one time the building had been used for hotel purposes, and so it comes in the list.

Colt was a writing master. He also taught bookkeeping. He owed Adams a bill for printing, and on that Friday afternoon Adams went to collect it.

They quarreled, and Adams called Colt a liar.

The latter picked up a hammer, and in a few moments the printer was as dead as a door nail.

The choice of weapons would seem to suggest that perhaps Colt mistook him for one.

The story of the after attempt to escape detection by packing the body in salt and shipping it to New Orleans, the discovery, arrest, trial, conviction and suicide while they were rigging the rope to hang him, are too well known to need repetition.

If Ned Stokes, who was strolling down Broadway on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 6, 1872, hadn't seen or imagined that he saw a pretty woman waving her handkerchief to him at a parlor window of the Grand Central Hotel, he might never have crossed the street at that time and place.

Naturally he would not have been at the head of the private staircase just as the boy opened the door to admit Colonel James Fisk, Jr

And he would not have shot the dazzling operator as he did.

It was highly probable, however, that the murder would have taken place somewhere. New York city at that time wasn't big enough to hold Josie Mansfield, Jim Fisk and Stokes all at once.

It was a moral certainty that Fisk was armed, but the position of the two men gave Stokes the advantage.

Stokes was just in the act of descending the stair. Seven steps from the street is a platform, and Fisk had reached that when, glancing up, he discovered Stokes. One account says:

"There was a mutual movement. Stokes leaped swiftly to one side, as if to avoid something, ran his gloved hand into the pocket of his coat, produced a four-barreled revolver and fired, quick as thought, at Fisk.

The ball struck the Colonel in the abdomen, two inches to the right of the navel and three above it. As soon as he felt the perforation he staggered up against the wall and made the single exclamation, "Oh!" Another flash, another report, and his left arm fell, shattered. He turned to run, staggered and fell. He was carried to room 213. Stokes went down stairs and surrendered himself to Mr. Powers, the proprietor.

We know the rest.

The last time I heard of the handsome Stokes he was out West engaged in mining speculations. His hair is almost white.

If the Gilsey House had never been built William Foster might never have committed, on the 26th of April, 1871, the murder for which he was subsequently hanged in the Tombs yard.

Why is this statement true?

No Gilsey House and there would have been no illuminated clock, shining high in the ornamental tower like a painted moon.

No clock and William Foster, who on the night in question was riding on the front platform of a Broadway car, in which were Avery D. Putnam, Madame Duval and her daughter, would not have alluded to the time piece in some insulting manner, first attracting the attention of the young lady.

He would not have come in and sat down beside the ladies, making himself generally objectionable.

Mr. Putnam would not have had cause to remonstrate with him, and then of course the following question would not have been addressed by Foster to the unfortunate Mr. Putnam.

"Say, how far are you going up?"

There was no reply to this drunken query. After rocking in his seat for a moment and leering at the women Foster added, as if it were the result of reflection upon the matter:

"Well I'm going as far as you and before you get out I'll give you hell."

When the car stopped at 46th street, Foster watched his opportunity and coming behind Mr. Putnam with a car-hook crushed in his skull at a single blow.

Not only was Foster ably defended, but when he was sentenced the most strenuous exertions were made to save his neck. I remember that a Mrs. Bishop went around the city with a petition to the governor that had about a mile of names to it.

I signed mine, but it was the heart and not the reason that dictated the act. If ever a man deserved to be hanged it was Foster.

If we cannot go out with ladies in the city of New York without having them insulted and our own lives endangered by the attack of drunken beasts in human form,

then civilization is indeed a failure, and the Caucasian had better hand the belt to the moon-eyed Mongolian.

I saw Foster hanged and want to call attention again to the unseemly torture to which he was subjected by some clerical ass, who read dreary prayers and interminable bits of scripture while the doomed man and everybody else was perishing with the cold.

The Coleman House has not had its murder, but it can boast of a shooting scrape. "Birdie" Bell, it will be recollected, attempted the life there of Washington Nathan.

The papers were full of romantic accounts, but the transaction never amounted to much. It was probably a sentimental "tiff," which the young people had no difficulty in arranging. At any rate it never got into the courts.

Speaking of this incident reminds one of the Nathan murder in Twenty-third street, directly opposite a window of the Fifth avenue Hotel at which Montgomery Blair was sitting at the time.

The Metropolitan had its recent murder in the death of a policeman at the hands of a maniac boarder to disarm whom the officer entered the room.

At the Brunswick a young Hollander, rich, with lots of money, in perfect health, committed suicide because he

fancied some one had insulted him on the voyage from Europe.

P. S.—Apropos of the Cincinnati affair and my mentioning Washington Nathan's Coleman House scrape I clip the following from the *Sun* of Oct. 15th. For the shooting in the Coleman House Justice Murray granted a warrant for Mrs. Barrett's arrest. Soon afterward Mr. Nathan went to Europe, and nothing further was heard of the complaint until yesterday. Washington Nathan then appeared in the Yorkville Police Court and conversed privately with Justice Murray. A summons was made out demanding the presence of Mrs. Barrett, who was living under the name of Mrs. T. B. Black at 300 East Fifty-third street. Mr. Nathan said that he apprehended personal violence from Mrs. Barrett. The summons were served by Policeman Foley. Mr. Nathan advised him to act carefully, as Mrs. Barrett might use firearms. Mrs. Barrett accepted the summons calmly, and said she would be in court. At 3 P. M. Mr. Nathan and his lawyer, ex-Judge Cardozo, were in Justice Murray's private room. Mrs. Barrett arrived soon afterward. Half an hour later Justice Murray stepped from his room and said: "There has been a strange scene inside. Mrs. Barrett is crying and Mr. Nathan is standing over her. He has given her money. It is all settled. No complaint was taken."

PRIVATE GAMING ESTABLISHMENTS.

A friend of mine used to surprise me by the elaborate nature of his dress and the unfailling yield of his pocket money.

It wasn't, of course, a remarkable thing to be well appareled and to always possess a \$20 bill; but the singular part of it was that, while enjoying no income, while being in the receipt of no set sum from lawyers and trustees, he nevertheless did no work, didn't toil, didn't spin, but laid way over Solomon on suits of clothes, shoes, hats, gloves, canes, etc.

So he said to him one day in my usual romantic manner: "Prithee, my brave boy, how is it that you do this thing? Give me the office. The wink, tip him to me. I would fain the labor give him up, the shovel and the hoe, throw them down."

So he took me into a place where they sold May wine, a charmingly seductive beverage with strawberries floating about it, and gave me the points. I shall quote his exact words as near as I can recall them:

"You know," he began, "that I have nice rooms up town, and that no one bothers me in the house. Some of my married gentlemen friends and a few bachelor acquaintances like a quiet game of draw-poker occasionally, say one night in a week. They can't play very well at their homes on account of their wives, who always imagine that when a man bets a dollar on a card, provided there is a brandy decanter near, he is going straight to the devil.

"In this dreary desert of despair my rooms loom up as an oasis. I have plenty of liquor. I have cards, and a set of regular red, white and blue chips. So they form a little club, after getting my permission, and on Saturday evenings we play. Owing to the wear and tear of the apartment—for they all get drunk—and the cost of the rum, I am allowed a certain small percentage of the pools."

He stopped as if he had finished. I looked up and saw him gazing intently at the ceiling.

"But that don't account for a life of gorgeous idleness, for going about like an animated fashion plate, and for always being flush."

"Well, you know, Paul," he added, slowly, "that I never drink anything on such occasions but sherry?"

"Yes."

"And that I am a pretty good poker player? Fortune seems to smile on me."

"Not always."

"No; but I am tolerably sure of her gracious countenance when I have the deal. It's a mere coincidence, of course, but it's a remarkable one."

The ideas gained over two or three glasses of May wine explained to me the existence of several other gentlemen whom I knew, and by pursuing the subject I found that there was then—it was only last spring—as there is now, a perfect system of private gambling in this city, which seems an appalling spectacle of sin when considered in the aggregate.

I do not refer to the clubs. I belong to several of those seductive institutions, and know that the most solid of them are houses of cards. But I allude to private houses, or elegant rooms like those of my friend, where it is possible to hear the rat-tat tat of the roulette ball and the click of the faro checks. In many instances there is no idea of the gentleman who backs the game making a cent out of it. He is content with the natural mathematical advantages. Quite frequently, too, the dealer is changed every night. The prime object is to have a den where the tiger can be fought without the noise of the combat reaching the ears of the outside world.

By special invitation I was present during the summer at one of the sittings. The lady of the house, with her

children, was at Newport, where the husband couldn't join her on account of having to take off at night an account of stock at the store. At least that is what he wrote in the postscript of one of his letters.

The players met at dinner, the expense of which was mutually contributed. It was a fine dinner, with at least two quarts of the "widow" to each man.

In this prime and primed condition we began to play, selecting the library for that purpose. I went in for \$10 worth of chips, just out of courtesy to the host, and with a sneaking desire, which a man always possesses under such circumstances, to pay for my dinner.

I knew I had no staying qualities that would compare with those of the jolly old bucks about me, and soon let myself out of the game.

Then I took a glass of brandy, and getting a book, sought the corner of a luxurious sofa that had been wheeled up near a shaded lamp.

I fell asleep, and when I awoke the grey of the morning was coming through the windows. The lamps and gas jets, mixed with the daylight, gave a spectral hue to the apartment and to the haggard faces of the men, who, with blood-shot eyes and feverish hands, were still bending over the cards.

They knocked off at nine o'clock and we had breakfast. But how different from the dinner. Even the winners were cross and snappy. One young man breakfasted on brandy alone, and left the house hurriedly.

He had lost \$1,500 during the night—his savings for years toward marriage. He had filled up a check on the bank where he kept his account, for the amount, and had then rushed from the house to do what?

To commit suicide?

No, my friends, not to commit suicide.

This was a pious young man who had been brought up to believe that it was wicked to take one's life.

He resolved to bear the burden as best he could.

What did he do upon emerging from the house that had been the scene of his ruin?

He went to a barber's shop, got dosed with 'bay rum, and then jumping into a *coupe*, reached the bank just as the paying teller was letting down his little glass window.

That pious young man drew another check for \$1,498.76, and got the money. He was married that afternoon.

But if you want to hear a man inveigh against the evils of gambling; if you want to listen to an eloquent denunciation of the vice, go up to his little Harlem flat and take tea with him.

No gambling there.

"There isn't a card in the house," says the wife; "John won't even play 'old maid.'"

"No, sir," John hotly answers, "it's a terrible mania, and is dangerous in its blindest disguise."

In the meantime the winner of the \$1,500 has still in his possession a check for that amount.

It is a pretty check, with the vignette of a handsome woman in the corner, and a regulation revenue stamp on it.

But there is one peculiar thing about it; some one has stamped across the face "no fens."

Short card games are naturally the mode in private houses, but there are respectable members of society here, who give largely to all charitable purposes, who are so fond of the sport that they have regular faro lay-outs, keno wheels and other expensive machinery.

I, myself, have sat in the parlor of a sugar merchant, who is one of the most responsible in the business, played keno at 25 cents a card with his wife and daughters, and gentlemen, who, like myself, had dropped in for the evening.

"There can't be any harm in it, can there be, Mr. Prowler?" asked of me a pretty miss of some sixteen winters and four Saratoga summers.

I said not the slightest. It's the correct thing to say.

"I knew it all along," she continued; "it's too much like 'Lotto' to be wicked."

But all the same you see your quarters disappear, and I never knew a person who had gone broke on "keno" derive much consolation from its resemblance to Lotto.

It's a good game, however, to play when women take a hand. If it is euchre or whist, at so much a corner, the average male player is fool enough in a chivalric sense to let the little dears win.

But at keno you are safe, because it's a community fighting for a pool.

It must not be imagined that New York does not possess establishments where ladies can gamble real hard.

Just as there are dressmaking shops where sherry helps on the tight fit, and sends a woman home with fire in her eyes and Satan astraddle of her tongue, so there are gambling resorts for ladies—for ladies, mind you—exclusively.

One of them, the most prominent, has been but lately broken up.

It was a gigantic affair, run by a firm of man milliners.

They did a tremendous business with the best people in town. Stylish turn-outs were always at their doors.

The rooms up-stairs, over the immense sales and fitting apartments, were fitted up luxuriously and evidently by a female upholsterer with a good eye for color and effect in the drapery and pictures.

No one could enter these chambers save by a pass-key obtainable down-stairs under the rose.

There was never any noise. All the servants were women who could be trusted. And there the fair ones gambled to their heart's content, playing against each other with a recklessness that you rarely see in men.

Many a woman has been forced to cancel an order down stairs owing to the unfortunate run of the cards.

As I said, this place was broken up, and in what I consider a mean manner. The scamp of a journalist who made the exposure should have remembered that all work and no play—cards makes the woman a dull girl.

But he didn't. Having got an inkling of the fact, he saw only the sensation article within his grasp.

It was of course utterly impossible for him, in his personality, to obtain any information.

You might as well attempt to smuggle a steamship stoker into the sub-committee appointed by Sorosis to determine how long a dutiful wife should mourn for a husband who never earned over \$5,000 a year.

So he utilized his sweet-heart.

She got into the confidence of one of the club, and on one occasion was admitted, under guarantee, to the rooms. She was a close observer, and had a quick ear. All she heard and saw she gave dead away to the journalistic miscreant, who not only published a full account of the games, the money lost, but gave a list of the names of those who were present.

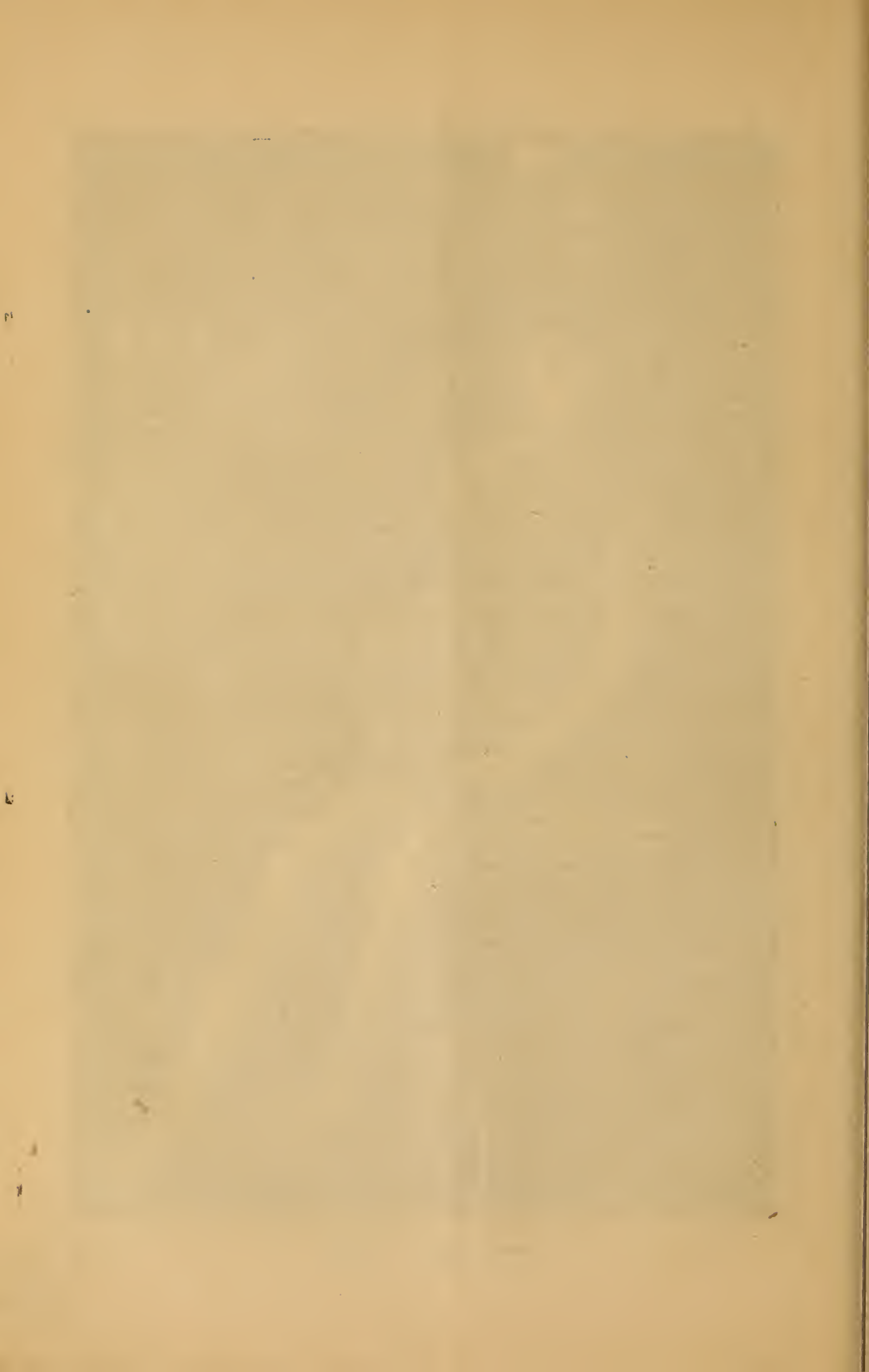
Great grief! maybe there wasn't trouble in some families on Murray Hill! Husbands began to understand why a costume that used to cost \$150 was now worth \$500.

All this is shameful. I do not believe in exposing petty foibles of pretty women. Their brutes of husbands play billiards for drinks down town, buy lottery tickets, and belong to draw-poker societies. Why should they not divert themselves?

If I had a wife I would rather she lost my money playing cards with a woman than that she should save it by taking luncheon at the expense of a gentleman.



MISS LIZZIE KELSEY.



And we shouldn't throw stones anyhow. We should remember that no matter how humble our homes may be, there is a good deal of the Crystal Palace about all of them.

Another species of semi-private gambling is the hotel "racket."

A man with the capital approaches the proprietor of the house—the one I have in my mind now used to be in Courtland street—and arranges for a couple of rooms.

"For what purpose?"

"Business purposes"—and they are explained.

"I shall have to charge you more than schedule rates."

"I am willing to pay them."

Under these circumstances the game is opened. Salesmen stopping at the hotel, and down-town merchants and clerks are the patrons.

To go into an Ann street, or a Barclay street day-game is to become a marked man. But to walk into a reputable hotel, and go to the third or fourth floor by elevator is something at which no one can cavil.

These games frequently do a big business. Many a salesman sent out by a Philadelphia firm to disseminate their patent combination cigar-holder sleeve-button gets no further than this faro layout.

There he's laid out.

You will notice, nevertheless, that the backers of those games are generally willing and sometimes anxious to advance enough of the victim's original plunder to enable to get him a hundred miles in some direction or another.

The game in Courtland street was knocked among the sky-scraping kites by a young man losing all he had, even to his head, and then blowing his brains out.

The proprietor of the hotel thought it was a strange transaction on the part of the young man.

I fail to see anything strange in it.

If you have lost your head, what good are the brains?

Now, to have a head and no brains is quite a different affair.

Plenty of men whom we all know are in that predicament, and experience not the slightest annoyance.

The situation is certainly no bar to political preferment and social success, while a man like me, who is all brain, has a difficulty sometimes in negotiating a short loan.

If you don't believe I'm all brain, come and see the heads I have on me in the morning.

DIVORCES WITHOUT PUBLICITY.

In an article which I wrote some time ago I described, it will be remembered, the facility with which people could get married, thanks to the ingenuity and enterprise of Emeline.

You will pardon me, sir, if I pause here a moment to weep. Tracing that name has brought the bright eyes, the saucy mouth and bewitching smile before me, and for a moment P. P. is not himself.

There are chords as you know—cords of them, and we must be careful how we do the vibrating.

You may be surprised that I so seldom mention my gifted and erratic friend. Ah, if you did but know all. But I cannot lay my heart bare—at least not during the prevalence of a low temperature. The slight misunderstanding between us may yet be arranged, and then you will share with me, through these articles, the wit, the keenness, the pleasing style of that most remarkable woman.

She promised once to tell me her life, so that I could weave a romance from it for the *GAZETTE*. If she only would!

But I have stopped long enough for one weep. *Au revoir*, Emeline.

I repeat that it is the easiest thing in the world now-a-days to get married. There is only one thing easier—to get divorced.

And you don't have to know anything about it yourself, if you are the one from whom the divorce is obtained. That is, it is not absolutely necessary. The other party, the one seeking the divorce, man or wife as the case may be, can keep the legal document as a gentle surprise, a nice little arrangement to trot forth when circumstances are ripe for it.

It was only a few weeks ago that the papers had the case of a man who obtained a divorce from his wife, locked it up in his desk, said nothing about it and lived with her ten years.

For ten years she was his mistress and didn't know it!

Pleasant, isn't it? And yet it all comes from the extreme facility with which the decree of separation can be obtained. If you look carefully through your paper you will find scores of lawyers who advertise in the most flagrantly public and aboveboard manner that their speciality is putting asunder those whom God has joined together.

"Without Publicity" they promise, and it is this "under the rose" part of the business which brings them so many clients.

Let us imagine ourselves in the office of a prominent firm down town. They are on Broadway, and have elegant parlors. Although the law business in its generality is their profession they have in some manner drifted into untying matrimonial knots almost altogether, "without publicity," of course.

The spirits in the cabinet of the Davenport Brothers do not disentangle more silently the cords binding the mediums than do these gentlemen the silken chains, too frequently turned to gyves of iron, of matrimony.

While we wait an elegantly dressed lady, closely veiled, enters. The clerk motions her to a seat and vanishes to see if either of the principals is at leisure. He returns to report that Mr. So-and-so will see her immediately, and so she disappears into the luxuriously furnished office set aside for just such *le-tel-a-tel*.

If we could follow there we would hear the fair one, her beautiful face uncovered now, pour into the confidential ear of the legal luminary a tale of domestic woe, the upshot of which is that she is tired of her husband and wants a divorce.

"But on what grounds, madame?"

"Ah, sir, I am so unhappy."

"Is he false to you?"

"I do not know—I hope so. I fear not. But cannot you ascertain?"

"Certainly; the easiest thing in the world. We'll

attend to that. Don't you feel the slightest uneasiness on that score, madame."

"You are so kind."

"Not at all. Has he ever beaten you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor attempted to?"

"He once picked up a cologne bottle from the dressing table in a very threatening manner."

"Ha! ha! he did, eh? Made an attempt to dash your brains out with a bottle?"

"Sir, I did not say—"

"Madame, it is the same thing."

The lawyer makes copious notes and then says:

"Nothing more is required at present. This direct attempt upon your life is very satisfactory, and will weigh with the judge out in Nevada, if we have to go so far. It may be possible to find that the monster has a mistress. If that is the case we needn't cross a ferry."

So she pays the retainer fee and goes down to her carriage. The monster, all this while, is utterly unconscious of the net that fate has commenced to weave about him.

I may have cited the visit of the lady in a slightly exaggerated way, but I mean every word of it in all seriousness. Just such business calls are made every day. Sometimes it is the husband who is the applicant.

In either case, where there are no grounds alleged, there is always a desire to be free in order to be at liberty to enjoy the society of some one else. A man or woman in the back-ground is doing the prompting.

This you can gamble on every time. In many instances the woman simply finds it impossible to live longer with her husband. He abuses her, but in one respect resembles "Old Dog Tray."

He is ever faithful, but never kind.

These are a tantalizing sort of husband, and it is to fix their flints that the divorce bureaux are established with connections out West with wild-cat juries and judges that would grant anything for five dollars and a drink.

The first thing to do, however, is to endeavor to get the dead wood on the old man here in New York—to prove him guilty of adultery. If that can be done it is all plain sailing.

But there are some men who are virtuous simply because they are too "cussed" mean to be otherwise.

In order to handle this variety the legal firm resort to that branch of tactics known as "putting up a job."

One of the firm's agents happens to make the acquaintance of the gentleman, who is all unconscious that the wife who poured him out his coffee that morning is digging the ground from under his feet and preparing a mine that will blow him up "among the little stars and all about the moon."

When they know each other right well the representative of the lawyers proposes an evening about town. Perhaps in an evil moment the old gentleman accepts. The agent has plenty of money and does the champagne act until he thinks it sure to propose dropping around to see some ladies.

If the game is very wary it is a little supper that is arranged and the ladies happen in. They know their business, and the one who succeeds in capturing the enemy is sure of a handsome price from the high-toned lawyers.

It isn't at all surprising under such circumstances if the obtaining of evidence became a very easy matter. All the agent, the spy, has to do, is to keep his eyes open and take notes. He knows, also, that if it is necessary he can at any time obtain the affidavit of whatever beauty the poor, deluded victim of the horrid plot eventually determines to fancy.

Nice commentary on the legal profession this, and yet every word of it is true. They will sometimes go to still greater lengths and suborn witnesses to swear away a man's character for fidelity when no overt act of adultery was ever committed.

The divorce must be obtained at all hazards.

Where the husband is a jolly, good-natured fellow, who goes frolic about town, all this evidence business is very much easier. It is here that the special divorce detective gets his lace-work in.

He does not make the gentleman's acquaintance as in the other case. He simply becomes his shadow. When he starts down town the detective is on the front platform of the same car. He is at the next table in the lunch-room; he is in a beer saloon opposite the club; he is more faithful in his attentions than the person's real shadow, for there are scientific reasons for that impponderable counterfeit leaving us occasionally for long seasons.

If there is a screw loose anywhere the detective is sure to ascertain it. He is not hasty even then. He waits patiently until facts have been accumulated that will bear but one significance, however skillfully used by the lawyers engaged to fight a dissolving decree.

What show has a man got when he becomes the objective point of such systematic villainy, for I can call the collusion of the legal profession and the encouragement it gives the applicant by no softer name? Evidently no show.

He is not aware of the approach of the enemy until he sees his buttresses flying in the air and hears the crash of his falling citadels.

In France just now they are endeavoring to introduce divorce, which, singularly enough, is not permitted in a country whose entire dramatic literature teems with rare opportunities for its proper application.

And while a little divorce would probably do France good, I think that some restricting limitation should be applied to its wholesale granting in this country. This popping into a railroad car, going out west, becoming a citizen, etc., of another state, and then eventually obtaining a decree of separation between man and wife, one of the separated parties being too frequently in absolute ignorance of what is going on, is a deplorable instance of the facility with which things can be accomplished in a free country.

Rather than this system, and the hundreds of specialist lawyers in New York it breeds, the well-defined and thoroughly understood system of matrimony *a la convenance* of France is much preferable.

There, for instance, husband and wife, who occupy separate apartments, meet over their breakfast chocolate and the following dialogue ensues:

"*Bon jour, madame.*"

"*Bon jour, monsieur.*"

"I saw you at the opera last night."

"Indeed—why did you not come to the box?"

"It was too crowded. By the way, who is that Spanish-looking gentleman I see you with so much lately?"

"He? That is Sekor Ortella Maria Jose Infanta y Aguililla los Esperanza. He is just too sweet for anything."

"So I should imagine. He is of the complexion of a chocolate caramel."

"Oh, you are jealous."

"I? On my honor—no."

"I also have to ask you a question, monsieur."

"I listen, madame."

"I saw you dining in the Bois yesterday. You did not have that opera singer with you. Who is the blonde who pleases your fancy now?"

"She is a danseuse of the grand opera—a *premiere*."

"Keep on, monsieur—you are descending bravely. First it was the director's wife, then the prima donna, now a dancer. Soon it will be a coryphee at five francs a week."

"Now, you are jealous."

"Not I. It is my interest in you which prompts me to speak. I do not forget that you are my husband."

"*Au revoir, madame.*"

"*Au revoir, monsieur.*"

Now, that is the way they talk in a country that has never thought it needed the institution of divorce.

While conversing on this subject the other day with a young lawyer, who says he wouldn't touch a divorce case of any kind, he told me incidentally that the specialists in the business are not altogether content to wait until clients come to them in the natural order of events. If trade is dull they drum it up, precisely as a patent medicine man is sent out by a New York house to introduce the "Famous Shake-no-More" among the ague-stricken people of the far west.

I laughed at this—it seemed so absurd, but he assured me that such was the case, and proceeded to give me the details.

"You understand, of course," he said, "that society is not happy in all its honors. All the brown-stone houses have to have new closets put in every year in order to accommodate the skeletons. Still many a woman and man, if let alone, would bear her or his connubial burdens

meekly rather than face the scandal and publicity of a divorce trial. Our special divorce lawyers know this and so they invade society. They transfer the base of operations to the drawing-rooms. How? By using swell members of the fashionable world to first find out where there is a canker in the rose, and then to deftly set forth in a perfect Mephistophelian way how divorce is the only cure. Nine-tenths of this delicate diplomatic business is employed in persuading hesitating wives. Husbands could hardly be approached in their own homes with propositions to break them up. Take an impressionable woman, already unhappy, who has once been thinking of divorce, and the case is different. She is clay for the moulder. The serpent whispers of how nice it will be to bank her alimony, tells her lies about the old man, induces her to believe that the firm down town will put in no bill if they don't succeed, and so the affair is arranged."

"And this high-toned guest of the husband who abuses his hospitality to blast his life, what can be his motive for enacting so despicable a role?"

"Ten per cent. of the fee paid. It's precisely like patent medicines or boots and shoes."

"More like boots and shoes."

"How so?"

"Because the individual getting the divorce so frequently puts his or her foot in it."

SOCIETY'S "SWELL-MOB."

It was my fortune the other day to be present at a police court trial which was held with closed doors—in fact it was more of an examination than a trial—and so the particulars did not get into the newspapers.

I have no intention either of publishing names and residences, in face of the fact that mercy on one side, and repentance on the other, effected a sensible compromise. I merely take the circumstances as a text for my weekly homily.

Briefly stated, the case was as follows: A lady belonging to that vague and mysterious organization known as our best society had given a party.

I cannot tell whether it was a "German" or a "Kettle-drum," but I was given to understand that it was a very "tony" affair.

The house was brilliantly illuminated. An awning stretched from the door to the curb, and there was virgin Turkey carpet covering the muddy pavement, and so allowing Beauty's satin slipper to reach the spacious parlors unsoiled.

"Niggers" stood around like pedestals, directing you to the "gents' cloak room," the "ladies' dressing room," etc., etc. Everybody was there; everybody of course in the exclusive set. I was not. If I remember correctly I was playing pool that night in a German beer shop, eating vile sausages the while, and talking philosophy to the bald-headed proprietor.

Notwithstanding my absence, which you would naturally imagine would be a most serious drawback, the entertainment went off with great *eclat*.

The usual amount of nonsense was talked, and an ex-

traordinary quantity of wine, salad, ices and cake was consumed.

Carriages began to be announced as they had been summoned, and then it was discovered that while the dance was in progress in the parlors, and the feeding was going on in the drawing-room, some one had been busy upstairs ransacking drawers, examining overcoat pockets, and quietly purloining articles of value and portable objects of *virtu* that happened to be about.

One lady lost a diamond clasp which she had foolishly allowed to remain in her wrap.

The hostess missed bits of plate and any quantity of jewelry that had been on dressing tables and in easily rifled drawers.

Nothing could be done then, and nothing was done for some little time, except to place the mystery in the hands of a skillful detective. He worked at the case, and finally ran his man down.

It was one of the "niggers" of course, you say.

The thief was nothing of the kind.

He was one of the guests.

A proper, dapper young man of most excellent family. He holds a responsible position in a large concern down town, where the prospective honors are supposed to be a recompense for the rather small salary he has been receiving.

When he was arrested he confessed everything, and threw himself upon the mercy of those he had robbed.

It came to light then that he had been doing this sort of thing, with the help of an outsider, for some time, sup-

plying himself with spending money by pawning the plunder.

His mode of operation was to slip out for an ostensible smoke, while the festivities were at their height, and, carefully watching his opportunities, to ransack the various rooms. If confronted by any one, he was looking for the smoking room, and "could you kindly tell me where it is? Oh, it's down stairs! Thank you."

It is easily seen that under the protection afforded by being one of the invited, this system of thieving could be carried on with the utmost impunity. Servants would get the blame, or it would be put down to some of the men from the caterer's place.

The detection of this young man opened up the fact that scores of other houses had suffered in just the same way. There are many to whose spoilation he will not confess, stating most emphatically that he had nothing to do with the crimes in those particular instances. Since he has no object in lying, and has been allowed to go scot free out of respect for his family, the natural conclusion is that there are thieves, petty purloiners, among our best people. Heretofore society has always furnished dishonest characters of the awfully swell order. A guardian does away with his ward's fortune. A banker negotiates his paper when he knows he is on the eve of failure. The president of an insurance company affixes his oath to a false balance sheet. These are all big fish.

It must be a huge consolation, then, to the regular low-down thief who has done time for stealing a pair of shoes, to know that in the brown-stone world of magnificence up-town there are those of his kidney. They wear good clothes, and are curled and perfumed, but they belong to the crooked fraternity all the same, and if justice had its full swing, and every dog got his due, their classic countenances should be among those which make up that wondrous album at headquarters—the Rogues' Gallery.

After the charge had been withdrawn and the examination ended, I asked those at the court if this sort of thing was rare, and was told that it was by no means an infrequent occurrence. In one or two instances during the year there was no let up. The cases were taken to court, and there are delicate hands breaking stone at Sing Sing now because they were too dishonestly active under such festive circumstances as I have described.

Further investigation has shown me that no experienced lady gives a party now without having among her black-coated gentleman guests a regular detective, whose duty it is to look as if he were enjoying himself intensely, and to watch all the others at the same time,

You can't blame the practice, although it does take the bloom off of hospitality, and makes the amenities of fashionable life a rather ghastly farce. If those you invite to your house number among them men and women with the instincts of foot-pads, it becomes the duty of the entertainer to protect his or her property, and the property of the guests, at all hazards.

One of these detectives was introduced to me, and I had quite a talk with him upon the subject. It is new work for him, and he is mightily pleased with it. His first captive was a woman, a handsome, accomplished widow, who was invited as regularly to every swell affair as they happened.

This is how he caught her:

"It was about the first of October," he said, "that a lady living on Sixty-first street issued cards for a very elegant reception, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage. She had been one of the sufferers from the fashionable stealing we have been talking about, and she

resolved this time that she would set a trap for the mice.

"So she drove down to our office the day before—I be long to a private firm of detectives—and asked that some one be detailed at her residence for that evening.

"I was selected by the head of the firm, who presented me with regular cards of invitation that the high-toned lady had brought with her. I was not a little embarrassed, you can well imagine, for ten years' knocking about among dangerous characters, and being constantly engaged in putting up jobs on the most brilliant member of what we call the 'swell mob,' had rather unfitted me for contact with members of the upper ten thousand.

"And I didn't have a dress suit!

"But that was easily managed, thanks to a costumer on the Bowery, and when I presented myself at the brown stone mansion at about half-past nine, I flattered myself I was quite the correct thing in my get up.

"Necktie, kid gloves, suit, boots, all proclaimed me the proper kind of guest. One thing I am certain of; I wasn't half as awkward as some of the gawks about me, and I hadn't been in the parlors ten minutes before I felt perfectly at my ease.

"The hostess introduced me as a friend of her late husband, and passed me over to a heavy old swell who turned out to be in the grain trade. He got me in the corner, and kept buzzing me for nearly an hour about the crop failures in England, and the immense exporting advantage it would be to this country.

"All this time while I was listening to the aged cove, and trying to do my level best in replying to him, I didn't forget what I had come for. My eyes went up and down the room like a patrolman, studying each face and watching keenly if any of the guests disappeared from the rooms, after formally entering them. There was no reason for anticipating any dishonest operation, and my position was looked upon, both by myself and the lady of the house, as a sinecure; but, nevertheless, I could not drive it from my mind that something of a sensational nature would turn up during the course of the evening.

"And it did.

"There was a very stylish, vivacious, handsome widow present to whom I had been introduced. It struck me then that she talked too much; that she surrounded herself with a cloud of conversation which concealed from every one but myself a certain restlessness, which was a sure indication of a project being evolved in her brain.

"The wedding presents, which were very handsome, were all arranged in a sort of brilliantly illuminated room up-stairs, which, when the survey of them was finished, was left in charge of a faithful negro servant belonging to the establishment. Among the collection was a handsome, rare old point lace fichu. This was very valuable, and in proportion to its size, really the most valuable of all.

"It was shortly after we entered the refreshment room that the widow complained of feeling ill. A chocolate ice had not agreed with her, and the apartment was too hot. She would go into the parlor and rest awhile. The time she chose was when every guest was more or less occupied with the cheerful task of eating and drinking, when all the servants of the house, excepting the one guarding the presents, were employed down stairs.

"I looked steadily at the lady of the house, and with all the significance that I could command. This was to prepare her for what I was about to say, which was:

"'Hadm't I better take Mrs. ——— a glass of wine?'

"'Certainly; it is very kind of you,' she replied, 'and

tell her I will be there in a moment to see if she needs anything else."

"As I had anticipated, the parlor was empty, and what was more remarkable, the front door was open.

"I went up the stairs as swiftly and as silently as I could. When I reached the door of the room containing the presents, I detected the odor of chloroform.

"The door was partially closed. I pushed it open, and it was easily seen from whence the scent came. There sat the darkey insensible in his chair, his head thrown back, his face covered with a handkerchief. The widow was in the act of pocketing the fichu, the position of the two parties in the room clearly showing how she had stolen on the negro unawares. I could have arrested her then, but I had a great curiosity to see what her future movements would be like; so when she made a motion to turn, I stepped closely back in the shadow of the landing. She brushed past me, and floated down the stairs like a silken sigh, I after her.

"All this hadn't taken more than five minutes. Instead of going straight into the parlor, she passed to the front door, which, as I have said, was open. I crouched down, and not sufficiently in range of vision to see her beckon her coachman, who was, singularly enough, in the neighborhood at so early an hour. He came to the stoop, and she passed him the fichu.

"Then she entered the parlor again, and when I, in about ten seconds, followed her, she was the most beautiful sick woman, lying among the satin cushions of a sofa, that I ever saw.

"I went to the mantel where I had placed the glass of wine, and said, in my most engaging manner, 'Mrs. ——— sent me to you with this, and her compliments. Try it; it will do you good.'

"There was no deceiving her. She saw at once that something terrible had happened. How came the wine to be in the parlor? I must have been there during her absence. Still she did not give herself up to confusion. She shivered a little, and said, 'Is there not a door open somewhere?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'the front door. Since you did not close it just now when you spoke to your coachman, I thought you desired it open. Fresh air is a good thing after chloroform!'

"This ended it. She looked up at me and swooned. In the meantime the hostess and the guests began to arrive. They crowded about the widow, and I, taking an advantage of an opportunity which presented itself, told the lady of the house what had occurred. Just as I did so, a servant discovered his chloroformed companion, and came shouting down the stairs.

"All was confusion. Four or five other ladies fainted in convenient corners, and in a few minutes the theory was that the establishment had been entered by means of a skeleton key, and that perhaps even now every closet was jammed with burglars and murderers. I know that we had a jolly good search all over the house. The bride was at first terribly annoyed at the loss, but when her mother told her the circumstances, dumb horror and surprise took possession of her.

"If I hadn't been there the plan would have worked beautifully. The front door was opened for three reasons—to communicate with the coachman, to start the theory of a sneak thief, and to have blown away whatever delicate traces of chloroform may have clung to the widow's dress.

"I saw the pretty widow home that night in her own carriage. When we were a block away from the house, I made her get the stolen article from the driver. He was thunderstruck at the request, and was very much worried at my presence. I returned the loot, and that's all there is to the story."

"Didn't they prosecute her?"

"No; what was the use. They got the fichu—the fish-hook as I always call it—but they let the fish off. Such things are not stealing among the way up—it's kleptomania."

"But the coachman?"

"He wasn't a real coachman, any more than she was a real widow. They were man and wife, but he could work better as coachman."

"Then this was their regular business?"

"Been at it for years. I squeezed Mr. Coachman on my own account, and got over one hundred pawn tickets from him, making quite a neat 'spec' by offering to return goods to parties if no questions were asked. Altogether my first evening among the 'lum-tums' panned out well."

BOOK-MAKING AND POOL SELLING.

We all remember "Doc" Underwood, the great American pool seller, and it isn't so long ago that the little theatre on Broadway, where they have been giving "Pinafore" by the Church Choir Company, was the regular pool-room of the late John Morrissey.

That was in the time when the law allowed or winked at the sport, and when the locality at Broadway and Twenty-eight street was marked by a degree of betting activity which you look for in vain now.

There is just as much betting going on, however—more, in fact, but the American pool system has gone to the wall—it was known as the auction pool—before the English betting book idea.

I must confess at first that I could hardly get the English book, in all its technical language, through my perceptive faculties. I am rejoiced to state that I have suc-

ceeded at last. It was in three easy lessons, and I paid a price so steep, per lesson, as to induce me to figuratively wonder when the Metropolitan Soup Kitchens are going to open.

Each lesson was in the form of a race. I laid "odds," but they hatched nothing.

Still the man who grumbles at knowledge, however dearly bought, is no philosopher. Therefore I can't complain on that score.

You have doubtless heard about the inexperienced husband who came home at the milkman's hour deathly sick, and who, upon being interrogated by his wife, owned up to sixty beers during the night, and laid the sickness to one Frankfurter sausage. They always *did* disagree with him.

Of course you have heard of this husband. Maybe in

the amateur theatricals of this life you have played his part.

To explain the digression: I am an explanatory sick husband. I ascribe all my ill luck to the fact that an upright municipal government forced me into a speculation that I didn't understand.

If I had bought the "field" on the good old American plan, or even invested in the Paris Mutuels, I feel certain that I would be ready now to prove my direct descent from Cæsus.

By the way, did you ever pause in this work-a-day world to ponder a little on those lucky dogs of antiquity? Look at Cæsus! There wasn't enough ink in the world or a rapid enough stylus to enable him to overdraw his bank account.

There was a man who could have fried lampreys for breakfast every morning.

And Crichton, who couldn't make a mistake. He was a great gambler, too, and got away with loads of drachmæ and such like on chariot races.

The chariot whirled me back to my subject, that of the English betting book and its principles.

Before I take the reader down town to where all the principal backers have desk rooms, generally in saloons like Casey's and Thomas's in Barclay street, I will try to explain the English book.

It is constructed on severe mathematical principles, is nothing more than a lesson in ciphering, and will undoubtedly become the fashionable form of betting at all such aristocratic tracks as Fordham, Saratoga and Long Branch.

You will be surprised at the authority to whom I go for facts bearing upon the English betting plan as applied to horse races. He is no less a man than Prof. Richard A. Proctor, B. A., Camb., F. R. A. S., who is now delivering a series of brilliant astronomical lectures in this city.

I don't know that the professor is good on giving you points, although he could tell to a dot when comets and planets should arrive at the judges' stand, but I think a man with an array of such glittering titles would be dead sure to name the winner twice out of three times.

Before quoting the description of the booking idea it is necessary to explain that "Camb." does not mean "come and make bets."

The professor says: "It is in reality a simple matter to understand the betting on races or contests of any kind, yet it is astonishing how seldom those who do not actually bet upon races have any inkling of the meaning of those mysterious columns which indicate the opinion of the betting world respecting the probable result of approaching contests, equine or otherwise.

"Let us take a few simple cases of 'odds' to begin with, and, having mastered the elements of our subject, proceed to see how cases of greater complexity are to be dealt with.

"Suppose the newspapers inform us that the betting is 2 to 1 against a certain horse for such and such a race, what inference are we to deduce? To learn this let us conceive a case in which the true odds against a certain event are 2 to 1. Suppose there are three balls in a bag, one being white, the others black. Then if we draw a ball at random it is clear that we are twice as likely to draw a black as to draw a white ball. This is technically expressed by saying that the odds are 2 to 1 against drawing a white ball, or 2 to 1 on—that is, in favor of—drawing a black ball. This being understood, it follows that when the odds are said to be 2 to 1 against a certain horse we are to infer that, in the opinion of those who have studied the performance of the horse and compared it with that of the other horses engaged in the race, his chance

of winning is equivalent to the chance of drawing one particular ball out of a bag of three balls.

"Observe how this result is obtained. The odds are 2 to 1, and the chance of the horse is as that of drawing one ball out of a bag of three—three being the sum of the two numbers 2 and 1. This is the method followed in all such cases. Thus, if the odds against a horse are 7 to 1, we infer that the cognoscenti consider his chance equal to that of drawing one particular ball out of a bag of eight.

"A similar treatment applies when the odds are not given as so many to one. Thus, if the odds against a horse are as 5 to 2, we infer that the horse's chance is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag containing five black and two white balls, or seven in all."

Further on the astronomer throws some starlight on a point that would be otherwise murky. He says: "And here a certain nicety in betting has to be mentioned. In running the eye down the list of odds one will often meet such expressions as 10 to 1 against such a horse offered, or 10 to 1 wanted. Now the odds of 10 to 1 taken may be understood to imply that the horse's chance is equivalent to that of drawing a certain ball out of a bag of eleven. But if the odds are offered and not taken we cannot infer this. The offering of the odds implies that the horse's chance is not better than that above mentioned, but the fact that they are not taken implies that the horse's chance is not so good. If no higher odds are offered against the horse we may infer that his chance is very little worse than that mentioned above. Similarly if the odds of 10 to 1 are asked for we infer that the horse's chance is not worse than that of drawing one ball out of eleven. If the odds are not obtained we infer that his chance is better, and if no lower odds are asked for we infer that his chance is very little better."

I give this explanation, because I take it for granted that once in a while my readers, who are ordinarily the pillars of society and the shining examples of respectability, may feel in a risking mood. I do not wish them to be cajoled into laying any preposterous odds when the business of the moment is the making of a bet. The backers are the most agreeable men imaginable. It is very difficult to get talking with them on any event in which you are interested without putting up something, and it is just as well to know how to put up.

They write your name down on a pretty colored slip, which they tear from their little book, and carefully insert the precise circumstances under which the bet is made. With the information Prof. Proctor has given us it is now possible to experience the sensation understandingly.

Did you ever notice what fearful odds are sometimes laid? When Parole went over to England for the first time Mr. Lorillard was fortunate enough to negotiate bets at 40 to 1. As the day for the race drew near this was cut down to 7 to 1, 5 to 1, and 3 to 1.

During the late walking nuisances I saw one ticket which stated that the holder had put up \$1 against \$1,000, the bookmaker giving those odds against one of the dead-beat contestants getting a certain place. As the man could hardly remain on the tanbark the bet seemed logical enough. I bought a ticket at the same odds, as I always would under any circumstances save the non-possession of a dollar. Lightning has a habit of not striking twice in the same place, but the man who wouldn't put a dollar on a lightning strike coming loading along on its former track when \$1,000 could be "collared" if it did, is no devotee of chance.

There are up-town offices, of course, where betting goes on constantly, a good deal of it being done by wire. But since horse races, yacht races and base ball matches are

generally managed in the day time, it was found necessary to open down-town branches in bars and chop-houses.

A man who comes out of his office for a drink and a little lunch is enabled without any trouble to get in on the races, say at Louisville, or the yacht contest up the Sound, or anything anywhere.

Think of bending over a stupid ledger, and seeing between the lines the fascinating picture of your horse on which you got 15 to 1, coming in ahead of all the others, with his tail straight out and the jockey almost riding between his ears.

Dost like the picture? But think of the other chromos on the ledger page—your horse in a ditch, and the jockey coming over to the grand stand on a stretcher.

If there were not two sides to everything we could have lots of fun, couldn't we?

This booking game is one that you can play in two ways. You can buy a horse at the long odds offered, or you can open an office yourself and start in to back anything and everything under creation. All that you require is a character for reliability, a tremendous nerve, and a faculty of so doing business that there is no chance of losing anything. This can be done nearly every time by giving just the proper kind of odds to offset a misdirected generosity into which you may have been led at the early stages of the speculation.

In England it is customary enough to open books for the Derby a year ahead. From that time down to the morning of the race a horse may fluctuate like the price of gold in a panic. Some one circulates a rumor that he has gone amiss in one of his legs. Immediately the book-makers extend their odds against him. When it is discovered that it was a mere rumor the figures change again. In all this multifarious figuring it is necessary to maintain a cool, clear head, and to hear always the net result of the bets booked so far ciphered out in the mind.

All backers do not give the same odds, although they

are forced by the pressure of competition to maintain an appearance of uniformity.

Another peculiarity about the English system is that you don't get your money back if the horses do not start. For that very reason the man who has a chance six months ahead of the date of the event to pick up long odds against a horse is made a little scary by the reflection that perhaps the brute will be scratched.

But any of the affairs of this life are equally uncertain. Look at those pretty rowers, Hanlan and Courtney! Is there the slightest moral certainty that they will race on the Potomac?

You can go down in Barclay street now and get odds that there will be no race on Dec. 9th.

And from the same man you can get odds that there will be a race.

That Hanlan will beat.

That Courtney will beat.

You can almost get odds that both will beat.

Hunt this wide world over and you will find no more accommodating men than the book-makers. Knowing that there is a chance for every anticipated event happening, or not happening, it is their province to accommodate all who want to bet on the "perhaps" of it.

Of course races, billiard matches, pigeon shoots and the like are their legitimate field of operation, but they are always willing to go into an outside snap.

I sincerely believe that it would have been possible the other day, when the Adventists were sitting around in their best bibs and tuckers, waiting for the end of the world, to have obtained from some of the booking fraternity bets on the occurrence or non-occurrence of the wind-up.

I don't know though. If the earth's account had been closed, settling the transaction next day would have been a different matter.

For all we know bets may not be recognized in the better land.

RESTAURANTS GOOD AND BAD.

A man who can't satisfy the cravings of his intellect in New York city, or find plenty of pabulum for those baser qualities which demand mere recreation, is an individual whom it would be hard to please.

And equally true is it that the person who cannot breakfast, lunch and dine in this goodly city the year round to his stomach's content, is the one who will be likely to "kick" at the surroundings the morning after his funeral, even if he went straight through to the better of the two stopping places.

Of course you must have money. That is something that you can't take with you when you leave this vale of tears, and I am very glad that such is the case, considering how extremely difficult it is to freeze on to any considerable amount unless you become a burglar or a Fall River treasurer in a mule-spinning mill; you can't take it with you, I repeat, but it is very convenient while you tarry here. It buys bread and butter, porter-house steak with mushrooms and other gastronomic combinations which equip you for the battle of life.

En passant, as Mrs. General Gilflory would say, that was a pretty tough story told in the courts a week or so ago

about an old Dutchman who tried to "hang up" a Bowery eating saloon for the price of a pork chop and then left a linen duster, which he swore contained \$16,000, as security.

That aged German was very foolish. You never hear of me doing anything like that. I suppose I have worn linen dusters off and on, but principally "on," ever since I was a boy, and I never carried \$16,000 around in the pockets of one of them in all that time. It's too "shiftless like," as Aunt Ophelia in Uncle Tom's Cabin would say.

If I have not already foreshadowed my intention in this paper, I announce it now. I purpose to write of the restaurants of New York and the opportunities presented generally for browsing.

The New York restaurants, to begin with, are the best in the world. This can be said safely, without the slightest fear of contradiction. It is the universal testimonial of all foreigners who look kindly upon Epicurus and his teachings.

They are of the most infinite variety. Every taste can be satisfied. The population of the city is no more cosmopolite than are its kitchens. I can get frog's legs or

stewed rat as quickly as I can have a chop served. You need only to know where to go if your taste is fantastic.

The bills of fare suit every purse, I do not care how slender it may be. You can knock a hundred dollar bill into a little loose silver for the waiter at Delmonico's, or you can go in South Fifth avenue or Wooster street and have a dinner in courses for nine cents.

That's luxury. You can do even better, or worse, according to the standpoint from which you look at it. There are places on the Bowery and down about the markets where three and five cents will at least appease hunger. And after all that is the fundamental principle of all eating. When it embraces anything else the collateral idea is generally based on style.

It is quite natural that we should all prefer to dine at Delmonico's or the Cafe Brunswick to munching hard rolls and drinking chicory coffee in a shanty saloon, but each experience is good in its place, and no man's life is complete that is not a gamut sweeping the space between the two extremes. If I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth—and of course I was not, any more than I was with a \$10 gold piece in my vest pocket and had been fed on bon-bons and syllabub all my life—I would not have possessed that varied experience which now makes my quail and glass of wine seem so delicious after the opera.

On the contrary, I have eaten as extensively as I have traveled, and have frequently been the unhappy owner of an appetite, to possess which a dyspeptic millionaire would give a thousand dollars. It made me unhappy because it attained its full strength and most generous proportions when there was nothing to eat. But that was not in this country, and was most certainly not in New York.

In treating your girl to a lunch after the theatre, where to go depends a great deal upon the girl. Sometimes you are dreadfully fooled, as I was once. This, however, was in broad day light, and I had met the young lady in Union Square just as I was going to lunch. She was a literary young woman and wrote a great deal I know about moonbeams, and hearts that pine away, and all the rest of that rot. What made my invitation of her, to have a bite of something, necessary, was because I was her agent in the matter of these poems. That is, I was the young man who used to get kicked down the stairs of newspaper offices, and fired out of windows for daring to offer her manuscript and expect money for it.

She said at first that she was not hungry, that she had had a late breakfast, and as she spoke this way my heart carolled like a bird, for I only had \$2, and it was a little uncertain in those days when another bill would happen along.

But she finally went in to look on—only to look on, mind you. Then she glanced carelessly over the bill of fare, and said with a theatrical air of astonishment, as if she had been hunting all over New York for the article, "Why, they've got partridge!"

I remember that the bit of turkey sandwich stuck in my throat, and nearly did the sheriff's act for me as I tried to reply in a bantering way, "Have they, indeed?"

"I do adore partridge," she continued; "I think I'll try a half a one."

"What's the use of doing things by halves," I answered, wrecklessly, "take a complete fowl, have a covery."

But she took the half—\$1.25. If she had taken the entire chicken I might have been in state prison now, for I recollect that in my mental agony the murder of the proprietor of the saloon, and the setting fire to the place, were but parts of my plan of escape.

As a rule the sentimental young woman who writes about moonbeams is equal to four or five fish-balls as a side-breakfast dish on Fridays.

The kind of lady companion when you go out to spend the evening and have to run the lunch gauntlet in getting home, should be like a married friend of mine. Her husband was an invalid, rarely went out at night, but was never so happy as when his wife, who was very fond of music and the drama, had an opportunity to attend a performance.

The escorting duty fell upon a rich young man in splendid business down town, and the subscriber, who at that time was up to his ears, *via* five flights of stairs, in attic philosophy.

I knew that she had been to Delmonico's with the swell, because I had heard it incidentally mentioned, and when my turn came to do the gallant, I rose to the financial occasion only after the most strenuous exertion. But I was fixed, and to all intents and purposes quite as satisfactorily so as if I had been A. T. Stewart.

I was not allowed, however, to assume the gilt-edged style I had been anticipating. She said when I suggested Delmonico's:

"No, I'm tired of Delmonico's and I don't like champagne, at least not all the time. Now I am very fond of beer. Let's have beer and oysters; it's much jollier."

All this, mind you, was done with infinite grace and tact. But these ladies are scarce. I have told the anecdote a dozen times to the fair ones I have had out for an evening, but the story never seemed to have the slightest effect.

The regular French dinners on the *table d'hôte* style are very extensively patronized in New York, but I never go to one unless it is to secure a special dish like macaroni. They take up too much time. I can understand a party, wishing to remain together, putting in hour after hour at one of these restaurants, but just for the mere sake of eating it seems a terrible waste of Tempus. The hotels are adopting the plan of giving a dollar dinner to transients. This is done as opposition to the Frenchmen. You may get a better dinner at the hotels, but you miss the boulevard atmosphere of the other places. I got so thoroughly Parisian by going constantly to a French restaurant in Thirteenth street, that I kept shrugging my shoulders for two months, and only stopped it then by being treated for a nervous affection.

You certainly have your choice among these French dining places. You can pay \$1.50 and you can go to South Fifth avenue and dine for twenty cents, or even for nine, as I said above. There won't be much difference found in the wine, and, so far as company is concerned, it is much more communistic and entertaining in the cheaper cafes.

A great many beer saloons set regular breakfasts, dinners and suppers. I am not a great admirer of Teutonic cookery, but must admit that Frankfurter sausage, brown bread and beer do not go bad on a winter's evening. I never knew what a Frankfurter was made of, and I have no desire to be informed. I know that with horse-radish and mustard it is very appetizing.

The English chop-house is more a specialty in Brooklyn than here. There is a decided charm about the quaint, 'snuggery' kind of a bar, the glistening mugs and the shining earthenware "tobies" which the waiter brings you full of foaming ale, while your Welsh rarebit order, steak or chops, as the case may be, is being attended to. When the weather gets real cold these chop-houses become real halls of bewitchery, owing to the insidious effect of warm drinks. The hot water is brought on in a

little jug, the sugar and lemon in a sancer and the Scotch whiskey in a bottle by itself. I am taking it for granted that justice has been done to a good meal and the hot grog is to build you up for the ferry side. There's the great trouble. To be dead sure that you will be braced up for the ferry you have some more, and—

Well, there is hardly any use in being too particular. I know one young man who lives at 159th street who left the "Abbey" in Brooklyn after getting primed against the ferry, and they found him next morning in a Coney Island bath-house.

Outside of these English places Brooklyn is singularly deficient in good restaurants, is worse even than Philadelphia, where they have the best markets and private tables in the world, but the meanest restaurants to be found anywhere. Their hotel tables are also poor.

Way down town the dairies, creameries, "dime" restaurants and pie and milk places abound. Between 12 and 3 o'clock these establishments do a rushing trade. They employ pretty girls—fresh, neat, trimly-built young persons—who represent that decent middle class of society which furnishes the bar-maids in England. Young clerks who go fluttering about these bright-eyed creatures with light-waisted pocketbooks or anything but the most honorable intentions are apt to get seriously fooled. I knew a colony of girls, a regular flock of turtle doves, who had taken three or four rooms in a tenement in Vandewater street.

The young man who took me around there had made a tremendous error in his calculations—a fact of which I apprised him before he had been in the place ten minutes. We all drank beer and sang songs, and I must confess that these pie and pudding wrestlers were very agree-

able company, just a trifle more free than the young lady in her ma's parlor, but with an air of business about them and a constant tendency to talk about matrimony, which showed which way the wind was blowing.

My friend took one of them to the theatre, and nothing but the Cafe Brunswick would suit her. She had all her canvas spread and looked as if she boarded there regularly. But she was up all the same the next morning at 5 o'clock, slipping it to her calico dress and getting ready for the day's campaign in Nassau street.

All in good time my friend was sued for breach of promise, and was fed for a while from the *cuisine* of Ludlow street jail. He weakened there and got out by marrying her. This was over a year ago, and he told me no later than yesterday to congratulate him. He is a father.

Tonjurs the milk business!

The American slap-dash restaurant, with its fifteen cent meats, is too well known to need description. I never eat in one if I can possibly avoid it. It is too much like a game of base-ball. Neither can I stand up at a bar and grab at things over a man's head, as they do sometimes in the Astor House rotunda. I would rather go over to Park row and try the coffee and cake saloons, institutions that are peculiar to New York. They make an oyster pie there that I am sure is an infringement on the India rubber patent.

But there goes my dinner bell. I must stop. We have turkey to-night, and I notice that the first served get a better chance to study the excellent peculiarities of the bird than those who come in to find the noble insect looking like a Jersey barn with the stuffing knocked out of it.

A CHRISTMAS DRAMA.

These are pre-eminently the shopping days, and no study of New York life would be complete that did not embrace a consideration of Gotham's comely matrons and lovely daughters when they are on what might be called the extravagant rampage.

Between the Thanksgiving turkey and the Christmas bird there is a perceptible holiday flavor in the atmosphere. Store windows bloom like flower gardens. Paris pours in her novelties. The toy and confectionery businesses assume gigantic proportions, so much so that bonbons and painted balloons are gradually looked upon as necessities by the unfortunate citizen who has nephews and nieces to remember.

A stroll along upper Broadway just now shows you that there is no such thing as a lack of money, and that if there ever was a time when people were

"Hard up, hard up

For want of food and fire,

A-tying of their shoes np

With little bits of wire,"

that time has long since been under the daisies. I do not doubt that if we went over on the East side and nosed about among the cellars and damp, reeking rooms of rotting rookeries we might discover human beings who need such commonplace holiday goods as bread and meat.

I have no doubt, either, that a good square meal to them

would possess all the novelty and infrequency of a holiday.

But there is no necessity to wander amid the odors of the far East or West. It is the glad some money-spending time of the year, and if we haven't any money of our own to sling about, nor any purple-embroidered carriage in which the clerks can toss our packages, we can at least mingle with the throng, flatten our noses against the five hundred dollars' worth of plate glass in the windows, and so catch something of the opulent spirit of the hour.

The animation of the scene is recompense enough anyhow. I often enjoy ten minutes on one of Stewart's corners watching the swell girls getting in and out of their equipages, and noticing the starched flunkeyism of the well-fed and warmly-clad coachmen. The private police at Stewart's are also funny creatures to me. They are so awkward, so solemn and so pretentious in their ungainly uniforms that they suggest the "beef-eaters" at the Tower of London. Imagine they are of the same utility. I have never seen them do anything else than call carriages, open and shut carriage doors and raise and lower umbrellas. These services performed, each one picks out the particular flagstone to which he has become attached and goes on with his imitation of a lamp-post.

Broadway shopping is the most aristocratic, but in order to enjoy the bustle and activity you must go over on

the avenues, Sixth and Eighth. Since 1873 these thoroughfares, taking advantage of the genuine hard times and the difference in the rental of stores as compared with those on Broadway, have developed an enormous business in all articles appertaining to women's wear. It is not *de rigueur* for the point lace people to shop on a West side avenue, any more than it would be the correct thing for them to get their bonnets in Division street; but when you can procure the material for a dress in a Sixth avenue shop ten dollars cheaper than the same stuff would cost on Broadway—and there is nothing harder to do than lie about the purchase—it is the most natural thing in the world to find ladies from St. James patronizing store-keepers who began business in St. Giles.

The whole transaction is no more than a little bit of innocent deception. When I used to hire a coupe by the month—I think it was used at night to meet trains at Desbrosses street—I never told people that it wasn't my own trap, and no doubt had I been cross-questioned on the subject I would have imperiled any chances I might have then possessed for becoming a first-class harp player in the next life by coolly asserting that I owned the entire "caboodle."

I often think that it was only the attenuated and forlorn condition of the horse which saved me from this sin. Richard III. would have wanted to fall from the offer of his kingdom to two dollars and a half if that steed had been proffered him in the emergency of Bosworth field.

The shopping that is being done now is of the genuine order. Clerks and salesmen are not exercised in vain. Palpable goods are purchased and genuine bills made out for desperate men to swear over when they are presented. But in how many instances the shopping business of the average New York woman is a fraud, a device to kill time and salesmen at the smallest degree of expense. I once knew a young lady who came very near joining me matrimonially in starting a poor but highly intellectual branch of the Prowler family. It is not necessary to particularize any more than to state that the golden bowl is broken and the dream has faded. She was disposed of at a panic price to a genuine Italian count, who now keeps a barber shop in Chicago.

She was the "boss" shopper. I have heard her announce at the mutual breakfast table of the Lexington avenue boarding house, where first I saw her, that she had a certain shade of ribbon to match, she wanted just a quarter of a yard, and that it was her intention to devote the forenoon to its purchase. For fear that she might not be able to get through the work unaided, she would press two other ladies into the service. At 10 o'clock they would sally forth in war paint and feathers and begin the campaign. They always got the ribbon (price, eight cents), and at dinner, during their conversation, we would learn incidentally that they had been in about forty stores and had walked at least fifteen miles. Women possess this concentrating power in a remarkable degree. For the moment the acquisition of that bit of ribbon became as important a question as the Eastern one is just now to England and Russia.

Three-fourths of the ladies you meet in large dry goods establishments at seasons of the year other than this buy nothing at all unless their fancy is attracted by accident. This is possible in nearly every store catering for them on a large scale, inasmuch as they sell every mortal thing under the sun with the exception of mowing machines and locomotives.

I have gone along with some cousins of mine, giddy girls from Hackensack—gone along in the capacity of a light porter (and at present I am so light a porter that there is no mistaking me for "stout") and been thor-

oughly astonished to notice the few things you can't buy in a pins and needle store. Candies, boots, books, pen-knives, pickles, patent medicines and a wilderness of goods you would never expect to meet under the circumstances stare you in the face at ridiculously low prices.

They have lunch rooms, where you can refresh, and I seriously contemplate making an offer for the privilege of running drinking bars as an outside attraction. On reflection I think the bars would be an "inside" attraction.

When it is possible for the American husband to get drunk under the roof of a store where his wife and daughters are conspiring against his financial well being and peace of mind, then we have, indeed, realized the ideal conception of a free country, and the beneficent effects of our democratic form of government can no further go.

There is no place so admirable for a rendezvous as the New York stores I have been describing. This is particularly so now when the "boom" rages, and an apparently reckless use of money characterizes the hour. What is the logical consequence?

Come with me to any one of these bazars. You notice four, five or a dozen young men lounging along the sidewalk, admiring the decorations of the windows, and acting with elegant listlessness. We lose sight of them for a little while, and take a tour through the store or down the block. Handsome woman that, isn't she? By Jove what style! Look at those two pretty girls. Been to school or their music teacher's. Going home now to practice or read a novel by Miss Austen. Are they? Not much. In ten minutes we meet the handsome women again coming out of her favorite bazar, and with her is one of our elegant loungers. Two of the others, later on, go by with our school girls. These are cases we see. How many are there of whose existence we know nothing, know as little in fact as the down-town husband, or hard-working fathers.

It is absolutely impossible to prevent these meetings, and the system of immorality which springs from them. At the best we can but deplore, as long as New York city possesses so many handsome, well-dressed, idle scoundrels who seem to have so little difficulty in making these shopping acquaintances, so long will a practice exist which is crowned at the start by the harmless flowers of flirtation, but which, only too surely, bears the dead-sea fruit of remorse.

Let us imagine a little drama, a Christmas play, which will illustrate this:

Scene—A Sixth avenue store.

Time—The present—also 3 P. M.

Dramatis Personæ—Handsome married woman. Handsome man. (Doesn't matter about his marriage, *i. e.*, not in this play.)

SHE—"But really you ought not to come here so often accidentally. You know *I have* to come here to shop."

HE—"Certainly I do; that's why I come."

SHE—"But people will notice."

HE—"Never fear that; they are too busy with themselves, and besides, we are so eminently proper."

SHE—"Why, of course we are—what should we be?"

HE—"Friends instead of mere acquaintances."

SHE—"But consider how we met—how impudent and horrid you were to follow me from here and offer to carry my bundles."

HE—"Never mind that now. It's ancient history. But let us go and have some lunch. You know you didn't come in here to buy anything."

SHE—"I came in to look at that cloak, the \$150 one. I dream of it at night."

HE—"What's the trouble. Price too steep?"

SHE—"It would swamp my husband's business if I bought that."

HE—"Why not let me present it to you?"

SHE—"Heavens! you take my breath away. And why could you?"

HE—"Simply because it pleases me. Here, miss. (He beckons to saleslady.) You have this lady's address. On Dec. 24th send that cloak to it. Give me a receipt for the money. (Throws down filthy lucre)."

SHE—"But my husband—he will wonder!"

HE—"No, he won't. If he does, tell him it's really inexplicable how they get up these imitations. Then say now here's a cloak I only gave \$38 for. It's every bit as good as one I saw marked \$150. Then he'll think what a provident, prudent wife he has. But come; I have the receipt, let's take the little lunch."

SHE—(*Sotto voce*). "But am I prudent?"

This is only the first act.

There are thousands of such histrionic stories being told in New York to-day. Next to virtue as a basis of conduct

among the daughters of Eve comes a love for fine dressing. It is not an acquired sin; it is a natural desire. When Poverty is a third condition then Virtue and Fine Dress are always in battle array against each other.

It is so at least in the big cities; it is especially so in New York. We are not able to be spectators in every instance, but the jewel scene in "Faust" is in constant rehearsal. Never does Mephisto wield so much power over the impecunious as in the holiday shopping time.

Conservative, law-abiding citizen as I am, I have frequently concocted the most gory plots in order to be able to obtain some gem to hang at beauty's ear.

Imagine then the critical position of beauty herself who goes shopping with an empty purse, and allows Mephistopholes to purr in that pink ear as he jingles his gold and she gazes upon the forbidden fruit, whether it be a diamond necklace or a silk circular.

I think I will credit a modest sum to the account in my ledger headed up, "Sisters, cousins, aunts," and do my shopping in the Bowery.

NEW YORK'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Christmas is not the holiday in New York to the extent that "New Year's" is, but it is thoroughly observed all the same in regard to its gastronomic and other pleasurable details. I do not think that the city enthuses as much in the religious direction as it should, and I am afraid the average young man—say the hard-worked clerk, for instance—looks upon it as a secular holiday, during which he is expected to eat a great deal of turkey, play considerable billiards and punish untold hot drinks.

In the poetic past I used to get up by candle-light for the sake of attending the services on Christmas morning at this or the other Catholic or High Episcopalian church, where a fine display and good music might be confidently expected. But age is beginning to tell upon Paul Prowler, and that significant fact, considered along with the equally significant circumstance of devoting Christmas Eve to purposes of mild wassail, has militated against the early rising habit.

It is generally the savory sauce of the dinner which greets me when I open my eyes to find that I have a terrible "head" on me, and to wonder if the other fellows feel just as bad.

On such occasions you can exorcise the remorse of Christmas morning by saying, "Never mind; one week more, and then I'll swear off."

I know that such is always the procedure in my case.

This church and social holiday comes to all of us this year in vastly different guises. There were lots of fellows who couldn't conscientiously give thanks on Thanksgiving day, and beyond a doubt the city holds at this writing an immense horde of miserable beings who can take no comfort in the celebration of December 25th. The gentlemen in the Tombs are probably of this ilk, although they are by no means the worst off. They get a good Christmas dinner and plenty of it. Warden Finn is an officer who appreciates the merits of a substantial meal, and, like his predecessor, Mr. Quinn, has the sentimental nature which urges him to look after the stomachs as well as the moral apparatus of his charges.

It depends, however, in the case of a Tombs prisoner, a good deal upon what he is there for in calculating the pleasure and dyspepsia he may be able to extract from a Christmas dinner. To the utterly callous wretch it doesn't matter. He eats like a hog, and only regrets the absence of the distillery rum to which he has become accustomed. The man of nervous organism, who knows he is guilty of the crime for which he is soon to be tried, can hardly be expected to enjoy the special meal when he reflects upon the infinite possibilities of where he may be next Christmas.

And how about the murderer! There are in the Tombs now several prisoners whose crime can be called by no milder name than murder. As they look forward to the death of 1879, and the hidden scenes of 1880, it strikes me that the bone upon which they might be gnawing would turn cold in their grasp and the most bounteous dessert lose its piquancy. Still you can't tell. Look at the plowman's appetite which the average victim of the gallows generally possesses. "After sleeping well for five or six hours the condemned awoke and ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs." Such is always in the newspapers.

Toujours ham and eggs! There must be some reason for this. It is strange, but it is no more certain that each "nigger" hung down South goes straight to the bosom of Abraham than that the last breakfast of those who are roped into the other world is of ham and eggs.

But the coming Christmas dinner is a much more pleasant subject than a murderer's breakfast.

All of the missions, schools, and other charitable associations which begin at the Five Points and seem to crop up everywhere between that section and High Bridge, will celebrate Christmas in the usual way. The children will be scrubbed until their little ears and noses are awfully sore, and then, after singing a lot of chilly hymns, they will be set loose upon the provender.

In the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, and in the city's senile retreats—such as the Home for the Reformation of Indigent Widows over 90 years of age—there

would be a high old time. Many gum games will be played upon the turkeys, and, in view of the condition of the teeth of these aged wards, it is to be hoped the fowls cooked for them will possess few of the attributes characterizing the boarding-house turkey.

I will pass lightly over this portion of the subject. If I choose to put all my money where it will do the most good for the directors of the "Yellow-Eyed Wild Cat Mining Company" and so curtail myself that the Christmas of 1879 still finds me in the "forlorn hope" that attacks the boarding-house turkey, it is purely a matter of private misery, and needs no prying into.

That is, the subject doesn't. As for the turkey the reverse is considerably the case.

The proper spread for the day is what you will probably find in the homes of the men who have been making a million a week lately in Wall street, and by the same token there are more than a few families in New York on that day who will not have even a stereopticon view of a turkey for their Christmas owing to this same Wall street agitation.

Such families will have "lame ducks" for dinner—a melancholy lay out.

Better is a good dinner with fine herbs than none at all, and I take it that a Christmas table fixed up with plenty of Russell Sage would seem appetizing. Jay Gould will probably dine well. Gould suggests "gold," and "gold" suggests "mint." All these magnates need have no worrying fear about being able to collar a square meal. There is scarcely time enough for them to lose so much money as to force them to do the lunch racket.

This is a very good metropolitan institution, and is quite a lucky idea for the poor, lonely wretch of a boarder who has to experience the desert island loneliness of his hall bedroom until the mournful dinner-bell rings and summons him to his mathematical share of the popular bird. I refer, of course, to the elegant lunches which the hotels and big bars spread for their guests. If you arrive early at one of these tables you are sure to fare well. They are exquisitely arranged with glittering silver and snowy linen, and really look so pretty that it seems a shame to disturb the picture. It only seems so for half a second. Then you arm yourself with a fork, and while the waiter gets you a bit of turkey or duck you go to spearing pickled oysters.

The only drawback about the free lunch on Christmas day, outside of making it impossible for a man to eat a set dinner anywhere, is that the leaning your waistcoat against the numerous bars is apt to result in partial or complete intoxication. At least, I have heard so. That, however, is a phase of the question which I, moralist though I be, have nothing to do with. These are the merry holiday times, and I am not going to preach any teetotalism.

Christmas is a pretty good day with the theatres, but not so good as Thanksgiving day and by no means as bad as New Year's day. They will all give matinees, and in the surrounding towns for fifty miles around there will be two performances by snap companies that are always made up long in advance. Very few of these ventures fail, and in the majority of instances you will see that real good names are on the programmes.

I always pity the show people and envy the manager on

Christmas. He can always be at home in the bosom of own turkey if he want's to, but the players must take the bird on the fly, or in the flies, or on the wing, or in the wings. Anyway so that you get it. I think it would be a jolly good idea to play no pieces on Christmas day save those that were based upon the idea, and I would have it so arranged that the denouement should take place at dinner, a real dinner, no *papier mache* affair. An ingenious author could serve the fool of the plot with the part that goes over the fence last, while the villain might be swindled out of his dinner entirely.

Christmas is a more than usually festive day at the clubs, those gorgeous institutions where rich young swells spend money twice over by squandering both cash and time. And we know what old *Tempus* is. Time is money, and that is the reason it *fugit*. A clubman is called upon to partake of the extra lunch which the steward has spread, and if he doesn't dip into the champagne and brandy punch he is a renegade. Poor Fechter! That was his favorite drink.

What is Christmas among the starving poor in our rocking realm, for it is a fact that we always have them with us despite flurries in Wall street and business booms. I shudder to think. The Christmas of the poor, as touched by the pen of Dickens, yielded to that wizard some of his best creations. But I do not allude to that kind of poor. I mean the actually starving, always hungry, desperate, wicked, wolfish element of our squalid population that hides in cellars, skinks in alleys, and refuses, perhaps logically enough, to see any good in a society which forces them to their condition when all the rest of the world is making merry.

I shouldn't like to go through Jersey street at midnight on Christmas eve. The appearance of a citizen with the outward semblance of having had something to eat, not to mention the likelihood of his possessing a dollar in his pocket, would be too much for the Jersey street people. Taking the time of the visit into consideration they would resent it as an insult, and the visitor would probably furnish the mince-heat for the next day's nie.

It is natural for the poor to feel more desperate than usual about the holiday times. I do. There isn't a Christmas or a New Year's that doesn't inspire me with something of the sensations of a pirate. This comes from having neither money nor a contented spirit, which they say is the same thing if not a better article. Well and good, it may be so, but if I had a cart-load of contentment just now I'd willingly supply the neighborhood at so much a bushel.

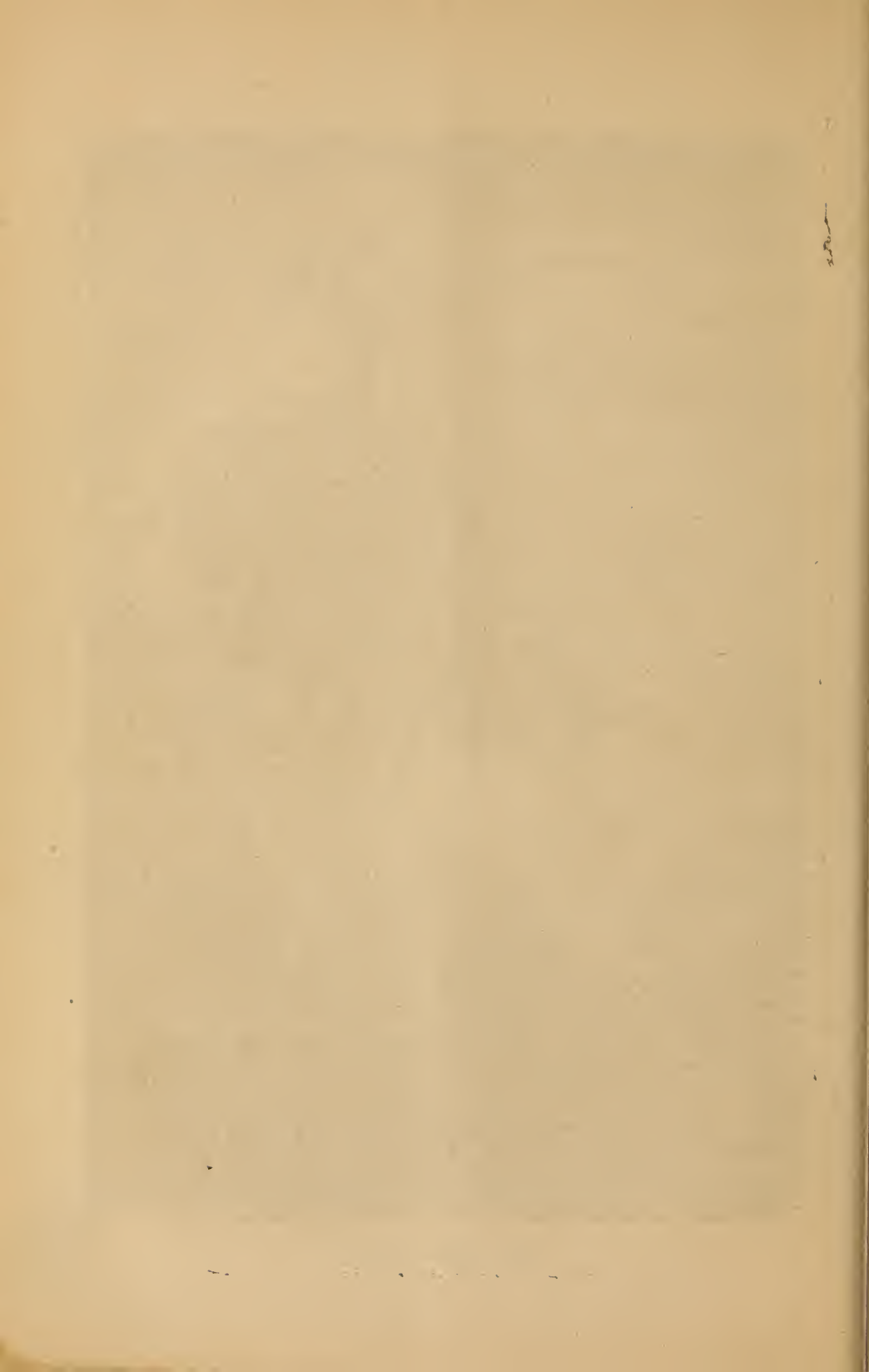
Christmas after all is the day for the little ones. It belongs to them. Candies, bon-bons, cake, fairy stories and pantomimes should characterize it chiefly. Santa Claus is a reality up to a certain age, and it is a good idea that he is. We lose the charming superstitious of adolescence quite soon enough. Personally, I regretted sadly at the time the discovery of the fact that there was no such gentleman as the one whom I fondly believed enjoyed his yearly sleigh-ride over the roofs and preferred coming down the chimney to any other way of entering the house.

I shall hang up my stockings all the same.

It may bring luck and obviate the necessity of my hanging up the bar-tender on the corner.



MISS EMILY DUNCAN.



NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

I notice that there has been the usual row in the newspapers about the young ladies having wine on New Year's day.

And I expect to notice on New Year's day the usual amount of drawing-room drunkenness, *dillettante* debauchery and fashionable fuddling.

The institution of making and receiving New Year's calls is one which New York has inherited from its good, old Dutch ancestry, and precisely as it is true that it will never fall into desuetude, so is it true that the temperance table will never become very fashionable. The ministers may preach, and total abstinence papers may shriek annually in cold water articles, but the custom of drinking a glass of wine beside the cradle of the baby year is so deep-seated that it is scarcely probable it will be done away with under the pressure of any purely reformatory movement.

And, besides, why should it be abolished? This talk of many a young man getting his first drink from Beauty's hand in a Fifth avenue parlor while making a New Year's call, and then rushing swiftly to a drunkard's grave, is all rot.

That kind of young man will get his first drink and do the drunkard's grave business with commendable rapidity by merely utilizing the saloon advantages to be found on every side. He need never step into a parlor where the refining influence of woman is to be met with, and ten to one, if he exists at all, he is the kind of sottish calf that drinks himself into the jim-jams by one spree, and then jumps out of the window to spike himself upon the area railings below.

The New Year's table is spread for gentlemen by ladies, and it is expected that a man calling himself a gentleman will know how to deport himself at it. I have made New Year's calls for many years, and have never seen an instance where what was drunk went beyond the extra vivacious and merry point. It is undeniably true that some very young men do get drunk. But then they can scarcely be called gentlemen, and their behavior must not be cited in an argument against the ladies offering champagne and sherry along with the cold turkey and the salads.

They would get drunk at the hotels and bars anyhow, the only difference being that the intoxicating agents would not be near so good as those to be met with in the parlors of society.

I take it that this will be a very brilliant New Year's. It should be. For some time past we have had rather doleful ones, and it is now that we should break the spell and sail into 1880 with the determination to make it a banner year of prosperity. I will admit that my sensations on January 2nd, at about 7 A. M., may be of such a rueful nature as to make it impossible for me to see anything but breakers ahead, but that will be merely a sample of private woe, easily removed by the judicious use of cognac and Delatour's soda, which can have no effect upon the improvement in the general outlook. By consulting the cards that I have already received I find that some ladies who have been clubbing together at one table for a few years back are going to receive independently

this time. That augurs well. It means that the downtown business of the old man is looking up.

I have seen in my time some gorgeous tables, and if I slip into my dress suit on Thursday next to make calls I anticipate a repetition of the festive magnificence. On my list are the names of two or three *bona fide* tectotal people. There will be no wine there, and no one will expect any. And what a swinish idea it is, anyhow, to think that getting a drink is the chief end of this beautiful custom. I take more pleasure in meeting the ladies. My next pleasure is a salad, which I get at a particular house. In fact, I attend to all details of eating and drinking at this one table, exercising only my esthetic qualities at other places I may visit.

New York's belles certainly do present a stunning sight when arrayed for the reception of New York's young men on New Year's day. I remember last New Year's day that I called in Madison avenue upon a lady whose costume was simply superb, only, as I thought then, it wasn't all there. But it was; every inch that had been intended was in the dress. I didn't object to the semi-nudity of the exhibition, but I thought of Samuel Johnson when he told Garrick: "Davy, I sba'n't come behind the scenes at your theatre any more. The silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amatory propensities and render me unfit for work on the dictionary."

If the ministers want to howl about social misconduct on New Year's day let them preach against respectable married ladies and young women who expect to be wives dressing so *decollete* that a half-fuddled fast young man about town might fall into the natural mistake of forgetting where he was.

In fact, I don't know but what the ladies of the demi-monde on dress, or rather undress, occasions are a little more severe. They can afford to be, just as the married woman, safe in her position, can afford some of the artistic freedom of the painter's model.

Speaking of women in whose bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as virtue, reminds me that New Year's day is made much of by the most stylish and popular of that class. I have seen tables spread in haunts of gilded vice that outshone in splendor any to be found on Fifth avenue. The collation, the linen, the silver, the wine, the servants and all the other details were furnished on that scale of reckless magnificence always assumed by such people.

Here it is the order of the day to get drunk, or rather drunker, since the visitors all come late, and half of them wouldn't call at all if looking upon the wine when it was red had not simultaneously inflamed their wanton qualities and unseated their judgment.

Let us go further down the ladder and see how the lower strata of New York city observe its greatest holiday. We are now in the proper field for the workmen of Dr. Crosby and the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Take the barrooms, for instance. Every one of them of any pretensions to style has a New Year's table in the saloon or a room up-stairs. I shall always remember what a jolly time I had in a Third avenue house last year. The table was in the second story, front, and was so

ample and so crowded with dishes and bottles that the guests ate and drank only by using that dexterity necessary in a steamer stateroom when five or six attempt to toss off a "bon-voyage" glass at once.

I was introduced all around, and, being put forward as something vague in the newspaper and book line, found myself suddenly raised to the position of special guest, even eclipsing the claims to that distinction put forward by an ex-alderman, who had a very red face and most tremendous appetite.

We drank hot whiskey principally, and the men did not hesitate to smoke cigars. You can imagine the condition in which the atmosphere was in in a little while. Owing to the cloud of smoke that rested upon the table it was as much as I could do to keep the buxom landlady located. She seemed to float o'er the scene like a voluptuous fairy.

The narrow stairs were crowded with drinkers from the bar below, who were being sent to the wife by the husband in shoals. Under all these circumstances the affair would have passed off pleasantly enough if some one hadn't introduced the subject of politics.

My red-faced alderman, glass in one hand and turkey bone in the other, was on his unsteady legs in a moment. It took about another moment for a man near the door to call the alderman a liar.

The glass went first in the direction of the offender, then the turkey bone, then a decanter, etc. I didn't take notes at the time, but it seems to me that the alderman got on the table, which was a sort of barricade, and tried to crawl over it. Some one pulled the table-cloth violently off, alderman and all, and, the fight becoming general, the air appeared to me to be literally packed with flying tumblers, bottles, jars of oysters, and other missiles.

The bottle was taken up on the stairs and communicated itself to the barroom. Seriously I was uncomfortable, although I had suffered nothing more dangerous than a scalp wound, due to my being in the way of a winged tumbler.

It was then that by the masterly move of crawling under the table I reached madame, who was as much in a corner as it was possible.

I asked her how I could extricate her from her warm position, and it was then she thought of reaching a bathroom by a door against which the table had rested. It didn't now, because it was upside down. The brawlers were nearly all on the landing and stairs, with the police in the possession of the barroom.

We reached the bath-room, but as it gave upon the short hall where the stairs were it was clear she couldn't go out just yet.

The situation was embarrassing, I knew the proprietor was jealous, and there was no mistake about his being drunk.

The window remained. Recommending Mrs. — to take a bath and compose herself, and seeing to it that I had firmly locked and bolted the door through which we came, I got out of the bath-room window on to a shed and jumped into the back yard of the saloon.

To meet with what fate?

To be collared by a policeman, who was posted there, and taken to the station house. Several of the New Year's callers were already on hand when I entered, among them the ex-alderman, who had preferred a charge of deadly assault against some one evidently not present.

The alderman was most assuredly a pitiable sight. He had a black eye, some of his hair was scraped off, and there was a pickled oyster entangled in his left beard.

The moment his fish-like eye fell upon me he said, triumphantly, to the sergeant:

"There he is. That's the viper that said I was n. g. and hit me with the cruet stand."

If I had suddenly been in collision with an iceberg I could not have been more astonished.

"Looks like it, too," remarked the sergeant. "Evidently an old hand."

I didn't say a word, except to answer that I was born here, could read and write, etc., and then "for crime unknown I went to my dungeon cell."

Of course, it was all right when the Captain came in, and I got home shortly after dark, rather preferring the gloom, in fact.

This secret has lain in my breast all through the year that is now having its last round with old Father Time, and I would not have told it save as a warning to my readers.

It is perhaps better to confine yourself to legitimate calling. If you must visit the gin dealers avoid the saloons with political proclivities, and do not drink too much hot whisky.

And never allow yourself to be double-banked in a corner of a little second story front room.

In closing let me give my readers a few rules for observance in calling:

No. 1. Engineer it to have some swell friend invite you to a seat in his carriage. By doing this you avoid being struck with a small-pox hack, and besides you visit all his friends, who will send you cards next year.

2. Get ninety-cent gloves, and about five pairs. You always show a good hand then, as you can put them on between houses.

3. Say "yes" promptly when the people who have no wine visible ask you faintly to have a glass. You may not get any wine, but it's fun.

4. If you run across a fellow who is soft on one of the ladies you have seen during the day tell him that his rival has been there hours, and you think has sent for his trunk.

5. Take your worst umbrella along if it rains or snows, but never leave a house without an umbrella.

6. Tell all the jealous married women that you have just left their husbands at So-and-so's, naming a rich widow who is reported as being fast.

7. Don't mix your drinks, but get comfortably full on good champagne.

8. Don't leave money in your overcoat, and remember where you put your overshoes.

By so doing you will pass the "Happy New Year," which Paul Prowler, Esq., now wishes you.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE BY THEIR WITS.

There isn't a city in the world more densely infested with the social parasites called "card fortune tellers" than New York.

Their style, their names, residences and characteristics generally have changed since poor Doesticks wrote his "Witches," but they exist in sufficient quantities to fleece the rural and the unwary generally, to trade upon the weak spots in human nature, which they have studied as closely as Balzac, and to make for themselves a very decent living.

Take up a morning paper, the *Herald* especially. Under the heads of "Astrology" and "Fortune Telling" you will find scores of advertisements, in which the advertisers profess to cast your horoscope, to show you your future wife or husband, and all for the remarkably cheap sum of fifty cents, ladies a quarter.

I could never understand the economical distinction made in favor of the ladies. It is probably based on the fact that they believe a great deal more readily than the others, and that they are more frequent customers.

I am sure that if I didn't like the first twenty-five cent fortune told me I would go again and to another shop. By perseverance and a liberal outlay of quarters it is possible to strike a "hummer."

It seems strange that these men and women should flourish in an age so enlightened as this and in a city which possesses the focussed civilization of the day, but it is true. I know personally one woman and one man who do nothing else for a living, and who have confided in me that customers are never scarce. But what is the use of speculating on such idiosyncrasies of fifty and twenty-five cent shrimps when a gilded whale like Commodore Vanderbilt frequently ran his business on the predictions of soothsayers, and was altogether as superstitious as a sailor.

There are two kinds of the lower class of fortune tellers—those who still stick to Egyptian mummery and come the red curtain and black velvet gown over you, and the other, more modern, whose office is very little different from that of a real estate firm, and who go about the business in a cold-blooded manner. Both styles take. The hysterical women and servant girls generally prefer the people with the strange names and the outlandish garb. It seems more like the genuine astrological affair, and is certainly more for the money.

There are two or three of these mystery shops in Bleecker street. The one I know is in Bedford street. I have frequently been a concealed witness of a seance and have helped drink the beer into which the money was immediately turned when the woman—it is more frequently a woman—was gone.

If it wasn't that these poor wretches actually believe the fanfaronade of taffy served up to them, that they are so dumb or superstitious that they cannot see that the whole system is conducted on the stale principle of telling every card in the pack after you have become possessed of a knowledge of one—if it wasn't for this which makes taking their money a species of revenge wreaked upon them for being so stupid—I could laugh when I am behind the Bedford street curtains.

But laughter is impossible in the face of genuine tears

and the quivering voice in which the dead are asked after. When it is a light-headed girl, who is anxious about her future lord, the case is different.

Mr. Charles Foster is at the head of all fortune tellers in this country. He charges \$5, and his statements are as remarkable and startling, done as they are without any pretence of side-show business, as the drivellings of the Bleecker and Bedford street astrologers are puerile and transparent.

I do not pretend to speak of him critically, and have introduced him simply to make the magic line complete. He has always more work than he can attend to, and is especially sought after by ladies. As many swell carriages have halted at his door as ever lined the curb at Grace church, and in many instances the equipages are the same. He gave me a setting once, and I shall never forget what he said to me:

"You must remember everything I say, young man, because I shall be in a trance, and will retain nothing of what passes from the spirit world to you through me."

Then he took off his coat—for the day was very warm—lit a twenty-five cent cigar, and began.

What he told me doesn't matter now. It was nothing to smile at, I can assure you. What I want to do is to call attention to the peculiarities of his trance.

His cigar happening to go out he lit it with a fresh match, and then went on. Some one wrapped at the door. He excused himself and attended to the business, which I think had something to do with dinner, after which we descended into Hades again. All this in a trance! I think he was still in the trance when he produced a decanter and gave me as good a glass of brandy as I ever tasted.

I can understand the success of such people, but when it comes to the shuffling of a greasy pack of cards by the coarse, red, fat fingers of an east side seress, who ekes out her financial requirements by taking in washing, perhaps, I am willing to confess that I am puzzled; but as long as people won't sit thirteen at table or undertake a new business on Friday, the half and quarter dollars will continue to flow into the purses of these operators from those of their dupes.

I could explain all the card swindles, spirit photographing and all the rest of the damned nonsense, if it was at all necessary. It isn't. The peculiar class making up the patrons of the astrologers are beyond the reach of reason. They have Napoleon's dream book in their bureau drawers, and they are as much sunk in superstition of the absurd sort as are the Voodoo negroes of New Orleans.

Another source of revenue for those who are smart enough to coin money out of the supernatural is the spiritistic seance. The reader will at first think I mean shows given in halls by regular professors. Not at all. The people to whom I refer are ordinary citizens in the humbler classes, who have discovered suddenly that they are "mediums." As soon as it is positively established that an Indian maiden in the spirit land has selected them as a speaking trumpet, then the vocation in which they are engaged is dropped, and all their resources are turned toward a cabinet show.

I have been to many, but the one in Grand street, run by a Mrs. Wilson, I think, is perhaps just the biggest fraud of them all. You pay 25 cents to sit on a hard chair, between two long-haired disciples, and you are expected to believe that Mrs. Wilson, who disappeared in the cabinet is still tied to her chair, and that the very hideous looking gentleman, with the black beard, who tells us through the opening in the door how he was drowned in Lake Michigan forty years ago, is really "Uncle Billy," and not Mrs. Wilson with a mask and whiskers.

If there is any movement on the part of one of the doubters to get at Uncle Billy, he is immediately squelched, and if the spirit of criticism is too active, why the husband of the "meum," or some one else declares that the spirits cannot work save where there is perfect harmony.

That means translated—"we can not continue to impose upon you unless you sit perfectly still and believe all we say."

Wednesday and Saturday evenings these seances flourish all over the city. The price is generally 25 cents, but there are cheaper entertainments for 10 cents. An inferior kind of angel is used at these.

I know a man and his wife, she being the "medium," who give cabinet entertainments at the houses of the rich, just as the "Punch and Judy" man does, and for that matter just as Sarah Bernhardt recites or models before a drawing-room audience, or Nilsson sings, for so much a night.

This preeminently the proper racket to strike. No one in the Fifth avenue parlor is rude enough to interfere, the parlor is always big enough to make the experiment a tolerable safe one, and the whole affair is only looked upon as an agreeable way of passing the time. A magic lantern is just as good.

It is the cosmopolitan character of New York city which makes all this aberration, if I can so define it, possible. We have every religion under the sun practised in Gotham. The Koran and Veda books are read here as regularly as in the Orient, and I have seen with my civilized and christian optics the temple of Joss in the Chinese quarter at a time when a Chatham square cigar merchant was at his prayers.

I am not particularly acquainted with all its ramifications, but the Chinese religion contains the act of prayer reduced to a beautiful system. They are painted on fire-cracker paper, and are sold by a man who makes prayers a specialty. When you feel a little wicked, or are conscious of any sensation which calls for prayer as an antidote, you go to the Joss church in Baxter street, and burn one or two of these slips. Certainly nothing could be more simple.

The Lascars also have their club room in that locality, and observe faithfully their religious devotions. There are by no means as many of them in the city as there are Chinese, but there are still enough to make a colony.

Travelling in Baxter street takes me "Five Points" out of my way.

Let us return. The most magnificent attempt ever made

to introduce a magic-religion into this peculiarly susceptible town was that made by Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott.

These two are now in India, riding around on elephants and otherwise disporting themselves. The madame had elegant apartments up-town, fitted up with gloomy magnificence. She used to hold seances there, and succeeded so well in making converts to the religion of Buddha that I believe she was enabled to form a regular church or society previous to her departure. As expounded by Mme. Blavatsky there is something solid and attractive in the Buddha faith, and if I should change, it would be to become one of her disciples.

Do not be surprised then if I should come down to the office sometime, wearing a black skull-cap, and a chintz night-gown with snakes worked all over it.

Why, you naturally ask, would so conservative a man as our Mr. Prowler, give up the faith of his childhood?

I'll tell you. All the other religions promise no felicity of an absorbing nature until after death. If Mme. Blavatsky has been correctly reported she has made a wonderful discovery, the utilization of which means fortune in this world in a very little while.

The secret is this—she can dematerialize articles, waft them to some objective point, and then by simple exercise of will, it being all the same whether she is one or a thousand miles away, she can cause the object to assume its original form and VALUE.

Mind that, its VALUE, for therein lies the application.

So far she has succeeded, so the story runs, with nothing but kid gloves. That's enough for me. Mme. Blavatsky is said to have sent a pair by the magic method from Bombay to London.

When I have learned to do this, and perhaps if I am a good Buddhist I may be able to handle lace and silk umbrellas also, I will have no need to consult any of the fortune tellers.

I will open a shop in Paris, and one in New York. By the use of my supernatural power I'll send enough kid gloves over here at Paris prices to break the market; a sufficient quantity of silk umbrellas to enable every young man to possess an elegant article to "put up," and lace to that extent that every back kitchen will have some brand floating at the windows.

In the meantime the custom house officials will gradually commit suicide one by one, or go to the asylum for the hopelessly insane.

The only cloud in the sky is that I don't believe the madame can do anything of the sort. She is a fraud, just as the Bleecker street women are, the only difference being her noble birth, her magnificent style, and her intellect.

Col. Olcott is either a dupe, or he stands in with her.

He was certainly fooled grandly by the Eddy family of Vermont, a member of which, I see by the papers, can't go out, because one night not long since a drunken visitor kicked the materialized spirit on the nose.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO DEAL IN FANCY COSTUMES.

The business of letting out costumes—and that reminds me that the last one I tried to wear needed considerable letting out—has its peculiar seasons, just as other vocations have.

We are now in the ball period of our metropolitan existence, and as the dealer in fantastic habits skips about among his tinsel stock he feels like crying, "On with the dance!" It is just at present that he makes money, or tries to, at least, passing the rest of the year as best he can, buoyed up by the same hope which animates a watering-place hotel keeper.

He is something like such an individual in several of his characteristics; as, for instance, his charges. He endeavors to come as near getting for one night's use of a domino or dress the price that either would bring, if sold, as is possible. What is the consequence? He is continually selling his entire stock and getting it back for nothing. This fact throws some light also upon his ability to skim along so well in the summer.

There are costumers and costumers. Men like Lanouette, who furnish the theatres with the dresses for this or that entire play, are at the top of the heap. They have always lots of dresses to hire, but their principal business is to manufacture and sell, out and out. All society ladies number one or more elegant fancy dresses among their toilette collection, and should be capable at any moment of accepting an invitation to a public fancy dress ball or a private masquerade without the slightest embarrassment or anxiety as to what should be worn.

No real bon-ton lady ever hires a grotesque ball dress. You never know, you know, what horrid creature may have worn a costume that is loaned, and to tell the truth my lady is right. You hardly *do* ever know, you know.

I imagine that the confessions of a fancy ball dress would be racy reading. What a pity they can't talk.

The humbler class of costumers are over on the East River avenues, Second avenue especially, and are also to be found along the Bowery and on Third avenue. They have the second floor, as a rule, and in one of its windows they stick their sign, a sort of political club transparency affair, with the picture of an unhealthy young courtier on one side, waiting for a shepherdess with a red nose to come around the corner and join him.

When you get up stairs you find an old woman who is deaf, a short counter, and a lot of pawn-shop shelving with bundles on them. In the next room there are four or five girls working away at new suits made out of old. By the judicious use of red velvet, ribbons and laces to match, with a liberal allowance of spangles, you can make a king's royal rig into a bull-fighter's magnificent "get-up," or into anything else for that matter.

There is a sameness about the stock of these people which is simply disgusting. The venders, muleteers, kings, queens, shepherds, fat boys, French courtiers, Paddies, Dutchmen, Indians, etc., etc., are the constantly recurring features.

This year there is a run on "Pinafore," and no fancy ball will be complete without Little Buttercup, Josephine, Sir Joseph, Dick Deadeye, and the remainder of that crew.

Why is the opera of "Pinafore" like the poor, and, in some cases, the very poor?

Because it is always with us. The costumers will keep its melodious story before the public long after it has ceased to be enacted upon the stage, and in years to come, when I who write and you who read these lines have been treated like bottles of champagne to the extent of being put on ice—the only difference being that the champagne will possess all the life—costumers will bring down fancy suits, spread them upon the counter, and then say:

"There's a good Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., sir, and as for the lady, what could be more charming than this Josephine?"

"But who was Sir Joseph, and what Josephine is it?"

"Ah, there you have me. You know I inherited this story and stock from my grandfather, and the names I have just mentioned are on the tickets. Luckily I have a sort of historical catalogue. I may be able to get some information from it."

Whereupon the costumer of the future will read as follows: "These are characters in a musical work called 'Pinafore,' written by a Mr. Gilbert, of Sullivan street. It ran at twenty New York theatres at once, and during its career all the lunatic asylums had to be provided with extra wings to accommodate the patients made mad by hearing the tunes. The ultimate consequence was that it became a paradox, for although successful it was heartily damned all around. Men became frenzied when their fellows whistled or hummed its tunes, and citizens were wont to fall upon and rend each other in their excess of rage. At last the government interfered, and imposed the penalty of death upon all transgressors. Mr. Gilbert was to have been hanged, but escaped by showing that he had been changed at birth."

So much for the costumer yet to be heard from. His cousin of to-day is a practical chap, utterly unmoved by his romantic surroundings. This absence of poetry in the composition of a hirer of fancy suits often struck me when I tried to analyze his character and ascertain the motives which led to the choice of business. All that I have met possess no more sentiment than a soap-boiler.

I suppose that in the majority of instances the men and women who take to the trade are former attaches of the theatres. Possibly a grizzled costumer I know was once an actor himself, and began with his own wardrobe as the nucleus of the rather extensive stock he now possesses. It was he who told me the following story. I will put it in my own words:

About ten years ago a young man climbed up to his place in Forsyth street and asked to be shown some handsome dominos for ladies. He selected an elegant mouse-colored one, lined with white satin, and got a pale blue silk mask additionally.

It was just at dusk. Being the costliest domino in his lot, the costumer asked for a deposit of money to insure its return. The young man willingly complied, and paid for it in advance. There was no ball that night, and the dealer supposed, of course, that it was to be worn at a private party.

Next morning, at about 10 o'clock, a veiled woman

came into the shop and asked if a young man, describing the one in question accurately, had dealt there the night previous.

It's part of the business to lie, and my old acquaintance experienced no trouble in unblushingly remarking that no such person had been in the place.

"I only wanted to see if he had asked you to deny his visit," she said, scornfully, "for he was here, he did deal with you, and I now return the goods. You can keep any deposit he may have left."

Saying which she slammed a small bundle upon the counter and left. The old man was thoroughly dazed at the sudden turn in the conversation, at his discomfiture when he thought he was very smart with his innocent prevarication, and at the visit generally of a woman of whom he could remember nothing beyond her eyes burning like coals back of her veil.

When he recovered his senses he found himself holding the bundle in his hand. He undid it.

The mask was red, with blood, and the domino had ten crimson slashes across the breast.

He still has that costume just as it reached him. There was no murder reported, and he did not hand it over to the police. But he does not loan it. It embodies the one mystery of his life, the telling of which never tires him.

It is hoped that this dancing season, between now and Lent, will be as brilliant as the flurry about Christmas and the revival in trade give us a right to expect. It has been noticeable that of late years the so-called masquerades grew meaner and meaner in their grotesque display. This came from the young men about town largely attending each fancy dress ball with simply a nose and a domino. In order to make the floor gay Clodoche troupes of grotesque dancers had to be hired, and even their antics failed to stir the guests upon the floor to any degree of enthusiasm.

If I am to believe those costumers upon whom I called, while writing something about masked balls was upon my mind, the business "boom" will extend even to their out-of-the-way trade. As a matter of fact I notice that several societies that have never done such a thing before announce the *bal a la masque*. We may confidently expect, then, Terpsichorean festivals at the Academy, Irving Hall, and at the Madison Square Garden which will recall both the Gotham attempts of ten years ago and the genuine article as witnessed in Paris.

The great trouble is with the police, who have been stupid enough during the last few seasons to obtrude their uniformed presence upon the floor for the purpose of preventing any can-can exhibition.

This is simply absurd. The can-can is never vulgar except when danced by women in long dresses, and it can never hope to reach the licentious effect, under any circumstances, which is so easily obtainable by the waltz.

I am bound to say, however, that I consider masquerade balls immoral institutions. This is more so after the supper hour than before. When a fantastically dressed woman, who has just eaten a few delicious birds and washed them down with champagne, reaches the waxed floor again and is caught in the whirl of the most demoralizing *bouffe* music, there comes between her and her ideas of propriety a gauze-like curtain, and ten to one she is more lenient to mankind generally, and to her especial escort in particular, than she was before the lunch.

Property people at the theatres have control of any quantity of glittering rubbish, and they sometimes turn an honest penny by loaning a suit here and there to a particular friend. A great many economical pleasure-

seekers make their own suits, and some of the most grotesque have to be constructed in that way. I trouble costumes very little, being content to go in full dress under a domino that cost me 80c. five years ago. I have also a black silk mask that I bought about fifteen years back, and through its eye-holes I have witnessed a vast amount of folly, fun, debauch, immorality, remorse, and all the other elements which go to make up a mammoth hop of the fancy pattern.

The costumers do not depend by any means upon these big dances. If they did they would certainly starve to death. All the Social Clubs and Tea-Rose Assemblies, coteries of young thugs and murderers of whom I have written already in the *GAZETTE*, must give their annual masquerade ball in the winter, just as they give a drunken, head-smashing excursion to Iona Island or Far Rockaway in the summer.

They have their costumers, and some of the dresses he turns out do credit to his taste. These fellows all aspire to silk stockings and small swords, and such a lot of French courtiers, with close-cropped hair and prison faces, can never be seen outside of Walhalla or Pythagoras Halls.

Then there are any quantity of private masquerades. The patrons of these are furnished largely by the costumers, as are the members of the various amateur theatrical associations who give a performance at a place like Terrace Garden Theatre, and then a ball after.

The country for miles around is furnished with fancy dresses by New York costumers. Sometimes they fit out "snap" theatrical/organizations, but it is an awful risk. Many a Claude Melotte or a Romeo has been forced to spout his dress in order to get home, and when such is the case, or where the trunks have been seized by a rapacious landlord, the costumer is sure to bid farewell to every suit, and wipe his weeping eyes.

Colonel Mapleson, of "Her Majesty's," owns his own costumes. When the troupe go over to Brooklyn to sing, the huge boxes that have to be taken along remind one of the moving of an army baggage train.

All the opera-bouffe dresses in this country are owned by Maurice Grau, and whether he produces the operas himself or not, it is he who furnishes the grotesque rigs in which the heroes and heroines of Offenbach and Le-cocq are wont to array themselves.

I will tell you, as I close, why I never go to a ball in full fancy dress.

I was very young and tender when I attended a masquerade disguised as a Sicilian bandit. I danced, I ate, I drank, I had a jolly time. It must have been 4 o'clock in the morning when I got to my boarding house in Seventh avenue.

Then I discovered that my room had been entered, as had several, my trunk rifled and every article of clothing stolen save a linen suit. This was in February.

For one solid week I was a Sicilian bandit, imprisoned in my room. It took my tailor a day to decide whether he could trust me, and six more to make a suit from my old measurement. I couldn't send the bandit suit home, because there might have been a fire, and I wanted something to escape in. Better a Sicilian bandit in February than a Zulu. The consequence was that my hire of the fancy clothes was in excess of the price of my new ones and when I did throw off the gay robber mien and appear in civilization once more it was with the intention of getting even somehow if I had to commit murder.

Time has mellowed the transaction, but not altered my decision. No more bandits in mine.

CHILDREN OF CRIME.

A close observance of the times as mirrored in the doings of the police and other courts has convinced me that the small boy, our street *gamin*, our New York "kid," who is unlike any other adolescent specimen of humanity under the sun, is rather distinguishing himself.

He has always been hard to manage, has been the terror and annoyance of the police, but of late he has taken a spurt and surrounded himself with the romance of positive wickedness to such a degree that grey-headed philanthropy wipes its gold rimmed glasses and says "Bless my soul," while justice finds her ante-rooms assuming the character of a reformatory nursery.

Last week, two boys, whose united ages make the sum of nineteen years, overtook a little girl in Division street, as she was on her way to make some purchases at the store where her mother dealt. The subsequent legal investigations revealed the fact that these budding foot-pads had become acquainted in some way with the proposed *sortie* to the store, and arranged their plans accordingly.

While one held the little girl the other forced her to give up the thirty-two cents which constituted the booty. Then the highwayboys fled. But they did not long enjoy their ill gotten gains. The police were put upon their track, and with nine cents still in their possession the lads were apprehended in Pike street rioting with a mince-pie.

In conversation with a court officer, while the goose of these marauders was being properly cooked in the cuisine of justice, I learned that there has been a perfect epidemic of boyish misdeeds lately, and that the petty calendars are crowded with juvenile names. This set me to thinking and investigating, and the result has been that I am firmly convinced there exist in New York city to-day regularly organized "gangs," not of "hoodlums," or the half-grown ruffians who are the chief element of excitement in summer Sunday excursions, but of positive babes, of children who are popularly supposed to be at school, or at home, when on the contrary they are becoming "Artful Dodgers," and "Charley Bateses" as fast as a southern nigger's mule eats oats when he gets a chance.

Cases like that of Pomeroy, the Boston boy with the white eye, I do not include in the consideration of the subject I have chosen for this paper. Such a phenomenon belongs to the realms of psychology and medical investigation. Pomeroy's purpose was merely to inflict torture upon lads smaller than himself, but the objective point of the New York street waif is plunder.

The most astonishing thing about it all is the organism displayed. In their rules and regulations, their blood-curdling oaths, and direful vows of vengeance, we see the nucleus of the structure of the savage barbarism which finally overthrew the resplendent civilization of Rome, and which cheerfully upholds me in my theory that all boys are without any moral sense whatever, and are possessed of a positive tendency to the merciless nature of the Fiji Islanders.

Why, there is a six-year-old youngster in our house whose mother thinks is so much of an angel that she has to anchor him to the earth with hob-nailed shoes. Said shoes are capable of making a most tremendous noise, but nothing to the din the angel extracts from the cele-

tial pastime of hammering the back fence with a club— (Introduced to show natural desire for hideous din.)

The poor cat, which has been forced to assume the character of tiger, or bear, or lion, just according to the fancy which dominates the angel when he invites two boys next door to a grand hunt, agrees with me that a Ute Indian is a much better individual than the angel in all respects. If a Ute Indian could only carry out the mother's idea, and make our angel an angel in all truth, I am positive that I would be very much obliged to him and I think I can speak for the cat.

This may seem a digression, but it is not. It is merely an example I have used to throw light upon my statement that all boys are inclined to be bad. I do not exclude myself. I remember, very distinctly, that it was with great reluctance my family persuaded me from being a gambler, one of those high-toned fellows with black moustaches, "shiny" silk hats, and a flood of diamond glory for shirt-front, who don't get up until 3 P. M., and who always smell of the barber-shop. If I am not much mistaken, an inability to manage the deep-black moustache had as much to do with my abstention from this particular vocation of sin as all the moral suasion and theological argument brought to bear upon me.

Pernicious literature is a great deal to blame for this sudden irruption of criminals, and for their having any idea of cohesiveness. We all remember the gentleman who was fired upon twice in Mott Haven by a would-be murderer but sixteen years old. It was about a year and a half ago, and the boy is in jail still I believe. I saw him in the Tombs, and was struck then with the hardness of feature, the lack of remorse, and the positive glorification in the dastardly deed which characterized him. He confessed that he got his first gory ideas from one of the boys' papers, and that he had no difficulty in surrounding himself with followers once he had mapped out the roseate life of crime they were to lead, and had drawn up brass-bound rules and regulations that should ensue method in their work.

He had attempted the murder because he wanted money to transport his school-boy guerrillas to the boundless plains of the west, for it was there the blood-stained heroes of his beloved romances had flourished, and, in a great many instances died with their boots on; a commendable idea in case it should so happen that Charon's bateau were out of order, and a fellow had to get out and wade.

This gang had a cave rendezvous most ingeniously and comfortably arranged. There they all ate roast potatoes and such other food as pirates, road-agents, highwaymen, "moonshiners," and he like more or less desirable members of society get their fighting courage up on, and there the captain, who had renounced a good home, and sisters, cousins and aunts, beyond reproach, slept and abided continually.

That was an isolated case. I had no idea then of the existence of coteries of young thieves who ply their trade with consummate daring, and in every way give an imitation in little of those desperate burglars and sectional gangs of outlaws ready for any crime with which New York is infested.

But these youthful coteries do exist in great numbers. I have investigated the subject, and know of all I write.

The frequency of the appearance of their members in court has already attracted the attention of our magistrates, while the students of political economy find themselves confronted with a new problem. Those who occupy the positions of leaders are naturally bad and have generally had some experience in the House of Refuge, the Catholic Protectors, and like institutions. They use argument in a boy's way, and so bring over to their banner the nice little lads who had advanced no further in a wild and irregular life than is implied in sleeping away from home on top of newspaper boilers. This, it must be understood, when it can be indulged in, is considered a very nobby thing in the line of dissipation.

The dens of these human rats are difficult to find. In the summer time there are any quantity of hiding places arranged under the wharves where stolen articles can be secreted. These somewhat Venetian chambers are also used as places of refuge from the police who interfere with their swimming business. But in weather like this it is generally the loft of a stable, or the cellar of some near tenement, that is selected as a club-room. Right in the Five Points I came across a colony who had burrowed in the side of a cellar excavation, and were philosophically taking all chances of the pavement on which people were constantly walking, caving in on them. They had a fire and had made the place habitable by carpeting it, and putting up planks against the damp earth. I was taken there by a bootblack who occupied the position of courier between the camp and the outside world. The three or four freckled, bold boys I saw were smoking clay pipes and playing cards. In the innocence of my heart I attempted to guy them, and asked the boy with the most freckles and the vilest pipe why, since civilization had been given up apparently, they didn't go out and fight the Indians.

There was a general laugh at this, and then I learned by continuing the conversation, that although they had no desire personally to abandon New York for such vicissitudes of the ensanguined plain as must necessarily attach to getting away with the Utes, the Piutes, Mince-Piutes, and all the rest of them, they were constantly on the lookout for the rural youth who, in squads of two or three, were almost daily appearing at our ferries, armed with Mexican horse-pistols and about two dollars stolen money each, and en route for whatever place it is in the west where they kill Indians.

These lads become the prey of the city gangs. They (the New Yorkers) either rob them in an easy, confidence way, or they fall upon them in true buccaneer style, and leave them with two black eyes they didn't possess, and minus certain property they did. Perhaps it is to this wise warning of the gamins that the Indians owe the delay in their extermination!

The markets are great stamping grounds for the boy-thieves. They will take anything, and are so quick and adroit that if they fail to escape detection they are tolerably sure to avoid arrest.

It would be impossible to catalogue the various ingenious ways in which they pilfer. They steal clothing from the lines upon which it is strung out to dry; they levy upon the sample display of grocers' and other green vendors; they pillage from the market basket of the staggering red-faced boarding-house mistress as she laboriously plods to her home; they filch parcels from the coupes and carriages of shopping ladies; they are here, there and everywhere, ubiquitous, animated not so much by the copy-book aphorism that "Honesty is the best policy," as the more serious declaration that the "Lord helps those who help themselves."

One enterprising youth, but twelve years old, had made

for himself an American District Telegraph suit, or rather he retained one that he had had while in the employ of the company. His plan of operation was to go into a store, or broker's office, and ask them if they had not rung the bell for a messenger. Then on his way out he would trust to chance opportunities for picking up little odds and ends, and in not a few instances he would be entrusted with a parcel by some one in the establishment who thought the boy might as well be utilized while he was there. The career of this lad was short-lived.

Another instance which I observed in my study of the situation shows how desperate the little villains are and how they are willing to run all sorts of romantic risks after the manner of Claude Duval, and "Sixteen-String Jack."

A good little office boy was sent to the post-office for about twenty dollars worth of stamps. Three of our infantile footpads encountered him on his return going through Exchange court, and without more ado they went through him to the extent of the stamps. It is not generally known, but there is a man in a cellar in Nassau street who deals in postage stamps, only American ones, buying them at a discount as a "fence" takes "swag." He asks no questions. The people who bring stamps to him are generally boys and young clerks. In a vast establishment where the daily correspondence is immense the loss of five or even ten dollars worth of stamps in a few days is scarcely felt and if the thief sticks to the business industriously the ultimate amount of the embezzlement, at the time of detection say, is sure to be large. Our young friends constantly keep applying for positions as they are advertised, each band being sure to possess some lad of innocent face and quick intelligence who would be apt to strike the fancy of the firm in question. Both his salary and his stealings are supposed to be turned into the common purse.

So far this suddenly discovered and growing evil has been confined to such conservative lines as petit larceny and picayune highway robbery. The babies have not yet undertaken to murder people as they have in Paris, where the institution of boyish banditti has long flourished. It was only a few weeks ago that the government tried some eight or ten children, the ringleader of whom was but fourteen years old, for murdering a woman who kept a baker-shop in one of the Parisian suburbs. Only two did the killing, but the police apprehended the whole party. Their constitution and by-laws were something terrible. The document had been written in a swaggering way and by some one who was fond of gore. Death was the penalty for everything in the fault line. The whole trial was intensely sensational and developed the fact that the first thought of the club was engendered by reading some of the criminal stories written by authors like Montepin and Gaboriau.

Very frequently an adult brain guides the operations of the young rascals. I am speaking now of New York, and I base my remarks on what Libby O'Brien, the young queen of sneak thieves, told me herself in the Mulberry Street Station-House one morning I chanced to drop in. She said that a certain woman, who had served the state on several occasions, first instructed her in the art of fitting through buildings, as the bee does from rose to rose, but with less honeyed intentions.

There were five or six other girls in this hag's employ. She paid them so much a week, and took possession of all the goods. Libby, however, possesses an enterprising mind of her own, and when she got to understand the rudiments of her calling, she saw no reason why she should not strike out for herself, and she did with the most lucrative results.

It was she, also, who told me that nearly all the little apple and orange girls who make daily rounds of downtown offices were thieves. The girls have their places of meeting as well as the boys, are quite as adroit in their speculations, and as wicked every way. I write out Miss O'Brien's statement to show that both sexes are represented in this army of "infantry" that is marching so steadily to the jails as a more or less permanent place of residence.

The picture that I have drawn is not a cheerful one. It makes one shudder to think that such things are possible

in a city like New York, whose educational and reforming facilities are so ample. That it will be looked into by philanthropists who make such matters a study, I have no doubt.

If we had more Shepherds like Mr. Cowley, to whose care all such children might be relegated, there would be no need for the exercise of either philanthropy or legislation. The problem would solve itself.

How?

The dear, good man would starve them to death.

A KEY TO MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

Some years ago I was in Philadelphia, and on the evening of my departure, having nothing to do and desiring to kill time until about 11 o'clock when it would be in order to start for the midnight train at the New York depot, I went into a variety show on Chestnut street.

It was a very good show, but only a most infinitesimal bit of the programme has to do with this article, and that was where two song-and-dance men were indulging in gags and conundrums.

Said one to the other—"Jimmy, what's a grass widow?" He answered promptly—"A woman whose husband has gone to New York."

The howl of applause that this raised seemed to indicate that such disappearances were not uncommon in the matrimonial annals of the City of Brotherly Love, and as long as I staid in the smoking-car that night I devoted my time to wondering whether any of my rather glum fellow-passengers had been making grass widows by the purchase of their railroad tickets.

This anecdote came to me the other day as I was reading about the Fricke case, it leading me in turn to a reflection upon the immense number of missing people this city is capable of producing. The latter sentence seems rampant with a "bull," for in the majority of instances neither the city, nor the city's police can produce the missing people, and in order to be ultra-elegant we will say that New York affords a grander field for mysterious disappearances than any other city in the Union.

You can't stay lost in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans or San Francisco.

Here the potentiality of seclusion is unfathomable. (I can hear my readers say, "get a gun.")

I feel quite certain that men like "Red Leary" so thoroughly appreciate this fact that they never think about visiting foreign climes until it suits their own royal convenience.

According to one of the sensational accounts published at the time Tweed used to calmly sit upon the porch of his villa, back of the Jersey Highlands, and while the hum of the vast metropolis came to his ears, he would read the circumstantial accounts of his escape, and see in the illustrated journals, faithful pictorial representations of how he stood on such a wharf, muffled to the chin, of how he put his ponderosity on the thwart of a small boat, which placed him on board a "low, rakish schooner," etc., etc.

The missing people that we never hear of are in the vast majority. The poor cannot afford to advertise or

offer rewards, and although the police are conscientiously supposed to keep a sharp lookout for all reported cases, still it is undeniable that the zest with which search is prosecuted depends in a great measure upon the importance of the missing person.

They looked for Oakey Hall. We all looked for him. I don't recall a case equal to his in the amount of earnest enthusiasm it created.

And then to find him walking in a London park with a lady who wore a green veil and had a mole on her neck.

Mr. Hall's disappearance was much like that of Red-path, the Lyceum manager. He walked down town and that was the last of him. There was a rumor published that he turned up in San Francisco, but I never saw it verified.

Mr. Fricke's case is certainly a very queer one, both as regards the gloom shrouding, at this writing, a portion of the time he was missing but was not in the water, and the cool manner in which the rest of the family look upon the circumstance. I have received this impression that the sons consider that a great deal of fuss is being made about nothing.

Many of these missing mysteries, could they only be fathomed, would furnish a strange and startling panoramic display of New York life and death.

Take the instance of a well-to-do merchant from some western city who about a year ago left his up-town hotel to go to the theatre, and turned up two or three weeks after at the Morgue.

That is all we know—the *Alpha* and *Omega*. All the rest is the hardest kind of Greek to us. But let Fancy take her brush and paint some pictures, not many, only a few that will answer both for this occasion and hundreds like it.

First Picture—Broadway. He has got out of the "bus" and has bought a cigar, as it is too early yet to go to the play. So he saunters along leisurely, smoking his fragrant weed, and wondering how his wife is getting along at home.

Second Picture—"Nice evening." This is given in a silver tone, the speaker being right at his elbow. He looks down. They are opposite a lamp-post, and he sees such a pretty face, such snapping black eyes, such rich, red lips, all apparent through the glamour of a most enchanting smile. While this observation is being taken the young woman has put her kidded hand through his arm, repeating, "a nice evening." It is a nice evening, and the merchant, being conscious of a wicked thrill,

says, "Certainly it is, and a nice girl too." She smiles, and squeezes his arm just a little. That settles it—he is gone.

Third Picture—A saloon where there are many girls like the one in this story, sitting about at the tables, some with male companions, and some disconsolately alone. Our merchant has been ordering wine and showing his money. Just as the waiter draws the cork of a fresh bottle a young man comes in from the street and saunters carelessly along between the tables as if he were looking for some one. So he is, it is for the girl with the black eyes and red lips. He sees her. There is a flash of intelligence between them. He goes out, and the merchant tosses off his glass and unsteadily refills from the bottle.

Fourth Picture—A darkened room. There is a noise. It is not at the door. Being repeated it awakens a man who is in the bed. He is alone, and seems surprised at that fact. He is more surprised when a gleam of light comes through a panel that has been slid open right back of the chair where he had thrown his clothes. And still more surprised when the young man who walked into the saloon while he was drinking the wine that had befogged him, comes through the panel and proceeds to rifle his pockets. Our merchant springs from the bed. The two men grapple and reel about the room, while the pretty girl the merchant met on Broadway puts down the candle she had been holding and suddenly disappears. Quicker than I can write it there is another bully on the scene, armed with a black-jack. He watches his chance and strikes the stranger on the back of the head, felling him like an ox.

Fifth Picture—After the completion of the robbery it is suddenly discovered that the man is dead, he having already been stabbed by our first friend, who was rapidly being worsted, when the other scoundrel came to complete the job with the skull-crushing "billy." The body is stripped and old clothes put upon it. Both men look out at the night. It is dark, and the river is but four short blocks away. But how to get him there. The girl speaks up, and calls attention to a fish-vendor's acquaintance whose stable is in the rear. It is about his time to harness up for his morning trip to Peck Slip. He will probably loan his wagon for fifteen minutes.

Sixth Picture—The two men on the first wagon talk cheerily to each other as they rattle towards the wharves, and the policemen seeing them go by simply falls to speculating upon fish. He may be pondering upon the possibility of his good wife having some nicely broiled shad, with hot rolls and fresh butter, and good coffee for his breakfast.

Seventh Picture—From the darkness shrouding the end of a wharf, so littered with wood and old refuse iron, that it is difficult to make one's way upon it, comes the sound of a splash. Then there is silence, and presently, as if fashioned out of the gloom, a man appears at the street and leaps nimbly into a fish-vendor's wagon, which now, that the work is over, is driven somewhat circuitously to its impatient owner, who pockets the \$5 bill, asks no questions, and starts down town on his legitimate trade. Before he puts his shining piles of fish in, however, he washes the wagon out. There is blood upon the bottom.

Eighth and last Picture—The bloated, disfigured, swollen corpse at the morgue. It is the merchant, who, on that evening he started from the hotel, had done much better had he resisted black eyes and red lips and gone to the play. Insane people have a constant mania for eluding their keepers and putting their relations to the expense of advertising them minutely in the newspapers.

This was a favorite amusement with Dr Ayer, the celebrated pill and Cherry Pectoral millionaire, who for many years before his death was not sound in his head. He would make his way to New York somehow, and in some instances it was weeks before the doctor would be discovered in a more or less dilapidated condition, but cheerful and happy.

The very latest case of disappearance that has some thing whimsical about it, is that of the young man who applied at Jefferson Market to be locked up as a vagrant. At the same time he was worth from forty to fifty thousand dollars and his lawyers were scouring the city for him to pay him some accrued interest. While they were searching he was working hard in the kitchen of the jail manufacturing soup, an operation which I understand is his strongest accomplishment.

I can make a pretty good article of soup, but fifty thousand dollars is a little beyond me. Still it must be borne in mind that good soup is made from good "stock," and fifty thousand dollars worth is a fair starter.

Women and young girls of an hysterical tendency have a great mania for disappearing. Examine the records up at Police Headquarters and you will be surprised at the number of straying damsels reported by their agonized relatives. Some are found, some come home and are frequently unable to state where they have been, and others never turn up at all.

There are procuresses in this city who are as active and energetic in plying their nefarious trade as any person in a legitimate line of business. These women, generally middle-aged and prepossessing in appearance, are always well dressed, and of the most engaging manners.

They meet a pretty girl on the street, in one of the big stores, at the matinee, or where you will, and get in conversation with her. She is flattered, cajoled, made much of, lied to, and finally persuaded to go home just for a moment with her most recent friend.

In either case the idea is to get her compromised in some manner, or better still to make her drunk. The rest is very easy, and she becomes one of the "missing" in the most natural manner in the world. I am not exaggerating and am quite aware that I am writing of New York city, and in the nineteenth century. There are elegant prison pens here from which escape is impossible, where the victims of procuresses are kept, constantly assailed by temptation, until escape is no longer desired. It has been but a little over two months since all the police of Liverpool and London were employed in tracing the whereabouts of a respectable, highly cultivated, beautiful young Liverpool girl, who left her home one afternoon to pay a few petty tradesmen's bills, and to make several calls. She took a short cut through a disreputable part of the city and that was the last seen or heard of her until she was discovered in London.

At the request of her family her story was never made public, but the community was given to understand that it was horrible in the extreme. It isn't necessary to go among Italian or Sicilian mountain fastnesses in order to be kidnapped. It can be done to perfection in any of the great cities of civilization.

Crime produces many missing men. The bank-teller who sees that the jig is up, the receiver who has mismanaged his trust and doesn't want to face the auditing committee, and all people of that kidney, drop from the surface of events as if driven under by a spile-driver. They are heard from eventually in Canada, or London, or Brazil. More trouble is taken ordinarily to find this variety of the "missing" than any others. The great fault with them is that they don't keep quiet in their re-

treats, and it isn't long before they "sail the ocean blue" for this, their native land, in custody of special detectives sent after them. See the case of Cooper, now doing five years in an English jail for forgery. He swindled the United States Government out of \$50,000 by forging a paymaster's name to a lot of warrants, served five years in Cherry Hill prison, Philadelphia, for that, and then, on emerging into the sunlight of liberty settled down as a stock broker in San Francisco.

He levanted from San Francisco with quite a fortune realized from hypothecated bonds, and became a "missing man." In vain the police scoured this and other countries for him. Wherever he was he was quiet as the grave. But it couldn't last. The active brain must be employed, the forger's pen was rusting. A new career of crime was inaugurated in London, in one of whose suburban hamlets Cooper was living in magnificent style. He is a rascal of the romantic type and used disguises. The inevitable slip-up came at last, and he was put away for five years, with San Francisco to be heard from then.

Young men who signify their intentions of getting married frequently astonish everyone and mortify the bride terribly by never putting in an appearance at the ceremony, after all has been arranged, minister engaged, cards for a wedding breakfast sent out, and every other detail attended to. Sometimes they have a theory for such conduct, but more frequently they can give no explanation. Just like that Mr. Allan of Baltimore, who has at last come home to his distressed family and gone to bed.

All the explanation he had to make was that he had been overworked and felt he must go somewhere. He got as far as New Orleans. Speaking of the bridal disappearances I see in a recent newspaper that the latest one was where the young lady lit out on the wings of the morning. She was an agricultural damsel, and was wooed and won by a steady young man belonging to the same Hudson river town. When the wedding day approached she began to ponder the question deeply. New York city was to her a vast lode-stone, offering a life of constant gayety and sensation. What would her brown-fisted lover offer? A farm-house, with all its humdrum duties, such as feeding the pigs and chickens and getting the cows out of the corn. She decided not to get married, but to visit New York instead.

When the police found her she was selling candy, dispensing taffy, in a Grand street confectionery store at a salary of \$5 a week. She refused to go home, and the gentle farmer will have to look elsewhere for a gude wife.

The champion missing boy is undoubtedly Charley Ross. The amount of being missed that he has gone through with is something enormous. No one can equal him, and he takes the belt.

The champion missing merchant is A. T. Stewart. One would naturally think that when a man was dead, and had had the square thing done by him in the way of a funeral, he would remain where he was planted.

But not so with A. T. He also takes the belt.

CITY CHARACTERS.



MISS PAULINE MARKHAM



THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

In nearly every city you will find a fair representation of what they call the gilded youth in Paris, but the variety in New York is the only genuine sample of the article on this side of the Atlantic.

This is principally because New York is more like Paris than London, where the stupid "Crutch and Toothpick" gang are supposed to represent the class in male society whose members have nothing to do but to rise at noon, pass through a perfumed bath to the barber, and so to the "Row," to dinner, to the theatre, and finally to Evans's supper-rooms, or some faster place, where the night is given up to a heavy carouse.

I have found that the Parisian sport is as much too light as the English swell is too heavy. One drinks sugar and water and the other swills port when champagne is impossible. The drinks are therefore fair indications of their characters. When you want an idler with snap, a butterfly with some virility, you must come to New York and study the "Young Man About Town," whose picture I shall proceed to give in a few free strokes.

He is entirely different from what he used to be, having progressed with the city, and become faster and faster as the rapid-transit ideas were evoked. In 1853 "Ik Marvel" wrote of him as follows:

"With his fellows he will affect a sporting turn; he will read the *Spirit of the Times*, he will have a sporting-jacket made with a world of pockets, and will sometimes take it with him on a trip to a summer watering place; but only wears it occasionally a morning, when he is sure no sportsmen are by; he will stuff a pocket with pressed Regalias and regret that game is so scarce. He discourses, too, about trout-fishing, and Alfred's tackle, very much as one of the falsettos in the papal choir might talk of deeds of gallantry."

This, you see, is a sketch of a mild-mannered individual, fond of dress and adulation. My "Man About Town" a fellow of enterprise, whose whole object is to keep up a perpetual round of excitement while he's awake, and to be considered a regular trump by the actresses, ballet girls, and the ladies who think that half a world is better than none, whose pictures adorn his walls.

He has rooms down-town—that is in the neighborhood of the theatres, and they are genuine curiosity-shops. In these apartments he gives dinners to his lady friends. They are more frequently midnight suppers that last until the conservative people next door are getting ready for breakfast.

When I was much younger than I am now I was roped into taking rooms with a thorough good fellow who aspired to be considered one of the gilded youth. The apartments were in a club-house, of which we were both pillars, and the presence in the basement of a French restaurant, presided over by a gentleman who still believed in human nature, made everything pleasant.

When we had no money we simply signed a bit of paper and the Monsieur jabbed it on a file. Eventually he got two cents a pound for them at a place in Ann street.

But this is wandering from what I intended to say, which is that it would be impossible for me to give any better idea of the "Man About Town" when he is at home and a host than by describing a supper we gave to a party

of ladies and gentlemen who were professionally engaged at the time in an East side variety show.

One of them did something with cannon balls, and as he was way down on the bill—just before the pantomime which closed it—our table was spread at eleven o'clock, and at half-past eleven we were discussing the soup.

I remember how lively we all were, and yet subdued, as if we were on our good behavior. A female clog-dancer ate her *vermicelli* with the delicate grace of a queen, and the cannon ball man seemed scarcely able to lift his glass.

But this diffidence all wore off under the influence of the wines and stronger liquors of which we had an abundant store, and when we had been two hours at the table, and about on the last lap, the hilarity was plainly noticeable, as I was subsequently informed, at the next corner.

There was a French lady present—one who stood on her toes and tried to kick the chandelier while dancing—and although she did not favor us with any Terpsichorean performances of that nature, she consented to sing some songs of *La Belle France*. They were of the kind you hear at the *Cafe des Ambassadeurs* in the *Champs Elysees*, and will not be found as specimens of poetry in the French textbooks of any young ladies' college.

At least I hope not.

We all laughed immensely, and, after more wine, the French girl's brother, a contortionist, did a lot of turning, twisting and tying himself into knots on top of the piano. That also was very amusing, but must have proved rather confusing to the digestive machinery, which was constantly being put upside down.

The contortionist, however, didn't seem to mind it, and so it must have been all right.

During these little performances my friend and myself, in duty bound, kept the conversation up to fever heat, and finally succeeded in inducing the young women, one of whom had brought her dog along, to embark upon a series of more or less scandalous green-room revelations, the memory of which makes my modest ink turn red as a write.

We all smoked cigarettes. The French dancer taught me how to roll them with one hand, and then, after two or three more drinks, began to cry—in French—and tell me how the cannon ball man, her husband, beat her and threw her about.

He utilized her as a Home Gymnasium. No family should be without one.

But it was all sunshine in a minute. Down on the floor were the "Bouncing Brothers of Barcelona," balancing each other on their chins and noses. It was all very well until one of the "Bouncing Brothers" came down with a rush and knocked the French clock on the mantle out of time.

Then we concluded that a little piano music wouldn't be a bad idea. On such occasions I notice that the company invariably become maudlin. We certainly did, singing such songs as, "We parted by the river, and our dream of love is o'er," and "Under the willow my little one sleeps."

This last mournful ballad made the women weep, and while they were at it the men tackled the brandy decanter again.

So the night wore on. It was daybreak when we saw them off.

I have been thus particular in describing the otherwise insignificant occasion because it is a fair sample of the "Man about Town" spending his nights. It was anything to kill time and add to the flash reputation he seemed so anxious to acquire.

This ambition extended to his clothes which were always a little different in cut and texture from other peoples, and to his hats. Luminous neckties helped out the idea.

When he appeared at the theatre, young men just starting in the life of the city would say: "Who's that?" and be told that that was the famous Harry So-and-So, or Willie What's-his-Name. Then would follow a minute description of his rooms and a glowing account of the orgies had there.

One who leads an exclusively frivolous life cannot

avoid becoming a perfect slave to the habits he contracted so easily.

The Goddess of Pleasure becomes a Demon of Despair, a haunting Nemesis who cannot be driven away.

I have seen my "Man about Town" reduced to the verge of insanity because the city was stupid and there was nothing on hand for the evening—no leg piece at the theatre, no body to capture for dinner, nothing to go see anywhere.

He never thought of a book, a pair of slippers, a softly shaded lamp, a nice cigar, and—quiet.

When, on an occasion like the one referred to, I have positively refused to budge out of the house, he has gone down into the *cafe*, on the vague chance of being introduced to some French girl, and remained there half the night drinking bad wine and playing with a greasy pack of cards.

THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

New York city is fortunately not a college town, although we possess an admirable institution in "Columbia," and a rather useless and expensive one in the "Free College!"

And I am very glad that this city, in which I have the honor and felicity to reside, is not an Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard or Princeton on a grand scale.

Particularly Princeton, whose riotous students you embalmed pictorially last week.

The reason that I rest serene under the absence of colleges is because I consider the average student a cad of the first water, and a prig that can't be excelled.

Not that there are not hosts of noble, manly fellows in college. There are hundreds of them. But I maintain all the same that the typical student, the one who obtrudes himself into notice, and is therefore the character I am sketching, is generally a young man with a fuzzy mustache, an impudent manner, and a most objectionable person altogether.

I never run across him without wishing to sprinkle him with salt, or have him soused in a surf bath.

No wonder they call a part of the students "Freshmen!" Most of them are fresher than the unborn egg. The constant presence in New York of the college student, and especially his very extensive appearance about the May commencement days, make him a fit sifter before our metropolitan camera.

He is generally a very loud-talking young man, who would have you believe that he leads an awfully fast and rakish sort of life on the sly—a rose-colored existence of which the faculty do not dream.

His dress is inclined to be nobby, and in general deportment, when strolling through the city, he may be likened to a curb-stone broker at a dog-fight in a stable loft.

The cane he carries is a veritable club, and is extensively used, according to the student, in midnight encounters with policemen and hack-drivers.

These classes of society the student seems to be slowly but surely removing from the face of the earth.

Where ten or a dozen of the young men are out on a lark together they certainly do make Rome howl. About mid-

night they are full of beer up to their downy chins, and then they begin to yell, and sing college songs, and 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! which is an intellectual whoop, much indulged in at boat races and the like gatherings.

They get arrested, of course, and locked up, but are generally let off with a light fine and a reprimand on account of their youth, and the necessity that exists for their getting back to class.

I have seen these young men, who by their very position are supposed to be gentlemen, link arms until they have covered the entire pavement, and then march up Broadway singing one of their idiotic songs and crowding ladies and gentlemen into the gutter.

"Oh, they are only students having some fun," is what is charitably said.

I call them blackguards making asses of themselves.

They are always offensive when there are a number of them together, the object being to have what they call a good time.

When the Count Joannes was disporting himself at the Lyceum Theatre I remember that whole rows of seats were taken by college boys, who behaved in the most scandalous manner. They were arrested eventually for oven excelling the gallery in buffoonery and obscenity.

We all know what the Princeton pets are when they get to sampling Trenton beer.

What is the secret of all this? Why shouldn't college boys behave like gentlemen when they are outside the walls and away from their campus? It is a mystery. I only know that they are nearly always impudent, boorish and infernal nuisances generally.

If ever I leave anything to a college, it will be a fund to establish a department in which deportment shall be taught. It might have some effect in lessening the number of these well-dressed Zulus.

I sometimes think that the hazing practice, and the system of making the younger students "fag" for the others have something to do with producing a *code* of manners that would disgrace a Comanche village.

Have you ever been in a small town where delegations from a dozen colleges have come to witness a boat race?

If you haven't gentle reader, do a kindness to your nerves by never going, and proceed to the 'one and silent tomb ignorant of the experiment, satisfied with my statement that at 2 A. M. in the morning after the race, such a town is as fair a sample of the Fourth Ward of Hell, if there is such a place, as you can well imagine.

And yet these frisky young people are those who are expected to be prominent in all the intellectual walks of life. Undoubtedly the colleges turn out some of our best men. I am not regarding them now as having arrived at years of discretion. It is the student in the callow, vealy state that we are digesting, and like all "bob" veal he is hard to digest.

On commencement day he is particularly grand. His sisters, cousins, etc., send him an express wagonload of flowers, and with one hand in his bosom, and the other waved toward the chandelier he tells us how the ancient Roman lived, and what was really the cause, as ascertained by him, of their decay.

That night he gets drunk, very drunk, disgracefully drunk, and generally manages to float around the city in a dress coat and a pair of white kids for about a week.

Then he sobers up and selects his pursuit in life.

There is always a certain proportion of the young gentlemen who feel sure that they are born journalists. They see the difficulties under which the country is staggering and they are convinced an editorial from them would fix things all right.

This class invade Park Row and Printing House Square. The *Tribune* is never without a utility force of twenty of them.

When you read that "the empyream was lit up last night by vast masses of coruscating splendor," which is the beginning of an article on the burning of a car stable,

you can rest assured that some college student has been given an assignment.

My observation induces me to believe that the medical students are the best fellows of the entire kidney. They are manlier, and don't have so much blank nonsense about them.

I shall never forget one time in Philadelphia, ever so many years ago, when at his earnest invitation, I visited a young medical friend in the dissecting-room.

A lot of jolly dogs were carving and cutting another lot of perhaps jollier dogs who were dead. They were drinking beer and eating crackers and cheese at the same time, *i. e.*, the live jolly dogs were.

"Come here, Lynx," said my friend, "here's a beautiful subject. I already owned the left leg and head, and I've just won the entire 'stiff' at dominos. Come and see me touch up some of the abdominal muscles."

It was a terrible ordeal, but I looked on. Nature has its limit of endurance, however. Even a Lynx will sometimes weaken.

When my Esculapian friend, who was wild with enthusiasm, turned to me and said: "Here, colonel, just grab that flap, won't you?" I knew that it was time to go.

I felt sure of it, and I did go. How I reached the street I never knew, but I know that about a half hour afterwards a very pale gentleman, holding his handkerchief to his mouth, went into a corner saloon and asked feebly for brandy.

This experience, of course, was long anterior to my becoming familiar with the field of carnage.

P. S.—None of my remarks with reference to drinking and midnight carousals apply to Divinity students. They generally keep a bottle in the closet.

THE COACHMAN.

When I first came to New York in the early part of this century, and strode up Broadway with the usual shilling in my pocket with which all great men begin life, I particularly admired the sleek and comfortable coachmen whom I saw sitting on the boxes of their carriages.

This admiration was purely a physical one, and was closely connected with a period of starvation, which I foresaw must befall me when that shilling was gone.

I was not disappointed. As near as I can remember the shilling accomplished the possession of two or three nut-ton pies, and then evanesced. When hunger really did attack my adolescent vitals, these well-fed Jehus excited my admiration more than ever, and, as I gazed upon their fat chops and swelling paunches, I came to the conclusion that the softest, cosiest berth in all this world of work was that of a liveried coachman to a swell New York family.

Don't misunderstand me; I do not allude to any seedy, bloated night hawk cabdriver, but to the blue-coated, and brass-buttoned, snuff-colored and gold-laced gentlemen of the whip, who wear corduroys disappearing in boots with buff tops, and whose shining silk hats have pin-wheel rosette at their sides.

They toil not, and I am sure they have no acquaintance with the first principles of mule spinning, despite their

knowledge of horses, but Solomon in all his glory never had to get up like one of these.

If he did, if the old gentleman of Mormon proclivities ever turned out with a long blue coat with brass buttons and a whip, both profane and sacred history have failed to record the fact.

In those distant days to which I first alluded, the city coachman was not looked upon as one of the family. He was to all intents and purposes, a servant, and when he was not in the stable you could find him in the kitchen. The cock and he generally fell in love and married, although he was not averse to forming a matrimonial alliance with the chambermaid, if he ascertained that she had some savings in the bank. His life was a perfectly blameless one, and was not disturbed by any romantic fancies.

But how is it now? If we may believe the stories furnished us by the newspapers of the country, the coachman of the period is marrying the young lady of the epoch at a most remarkable rate. It has ceased, in fact, to become a matter of surprise, and those fond papas who do not want their daughters disposed of in this way, either secure a Milesian with red hair, scrub nose, freckled wife and seven children, or give up keeping a stable altogether.

So when I read of a dashing whip eloping with some languishing blonde or sparkling brunette, in true New

York Ledger style, my admiration for the craft becomes all the stronger.

They demonstrate that like all other driving fellows they know how to get along in the world.

It has never been ascertained why maidens of high degree look so kindly upon the men of horses. This is a deep social problem which I mean to study out one of these days.

You never hear of them falling in love with the gardener, or the man who makes the fires, but it is always the coachman, and sometimes a negro coachman, too, who kindles the flame of love in their hearts. I have an idea that the liveried heroes give them an inordinate amount of "taffy," telling them perhaps of their good family and how misfortune has made it necessary for them to give up their own four-in-hand and handle the reins for some one else.

You get a good-looking young fellow, neat and cleanly shaven, pouring this sort of thing into the pink sea-shell ear of Julia as he drives her slowly through the park, and the consequences are nearly always amatory. He is like Vice in the couplet. She first endures, then pities, and then embraces.

No one can blame him for giving up the halter for the altar, the bridle existence for the bridal tour. He has nothing to lose and everything to gain going in double harness. If the old man relents, he becomes a happy groom; if the old man holds out he is no better or worse off than a young man ought to be with a pretty wife.

When she becomes a little sulky he can console himself by the reflection that it's his phaeton, and that no man gets through matrimonial life without hitches.

Since fifty years ago the coachman has become more important in another respect. You can't shoot him now with impunity. The case of the bank teller at Montclair is proof of this. The Grand Jury have found a true bill against him, and he will have to stand a trial for murder in that most uncomfortable state under such circumstances—New Jersey.

Every man has his trials, but if ever I have one for

murder, I pray that my man will be sensible enough to live, up to the moment of the tragedy, in some state where you stand a reasonable chance of acquittal. That reminds me that you very seldom hear of a coachman committing a murder. Farm hands, hostlers, and gentlemen of that kidney figure in the annals of crimson crime, but it is not often that the net of Justice catches the hero of this sketch. I lay it to his peaceful, placid life, and the moral rumination he has a chance to indulge in while waiting, stiff as a plaster-of-Paris image, upon his box for his people to come out of Stewart's, or Grace Church, as the case may be.

Some coachmen never leave the box, or move, or wink while they are on it. But I don't like them. I prefer the more sociable fellows who get down to stretch their legs once in a while, and who disappear in the corner tavern for a nip to keep out the cold. These jolly dogs will get together on the sunny side of the street and swap stories. They know all about Mrs. A.'s sudden departure for Europe, and why she went, and can tell you the cause of Mr. B. having to do away with his own establishment and hire a *coupe* by the month from the coachman.

If ever I start a scandalous paper in which the secrets of society shall be dressed up like important cable news I am going to make friends with all the coachmen. They are absorbents of family secrets, and what they don't know they can readily obtain from the cook or the upstairs maid.

In nearly all the prominent divorce suits, both in this country and abroad, the coachman has played an important part as witness. It has been he who has too frequently driven madame along the road of ruin, and his story has always been interesting. Of what good is a close carriage if the coachman is communicative? Some high-toned ladies have found this out when it was too late.

In this city the coachman has his club, his mutual protective association, and his annual dance. In summer he is at the watering places. He is always well-housed, well-dressed, well-fed, and, whether he marries the cook or his young mistress, he is a lucky dog.

THE BARBER.

He may be a Rooshian, or a Frenchman, or a Prooshian and he very frequently is an I-tal-ian, but it's greatly to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race that you very rarely find him an American. My particular, personal barber is a German. His name is Gohr. Appropriate name! If you don't believe me, go and hire him to shave you.

Not being a blood-thirsty Lynx, I hate Gohr. But, loathe him as I may, I may not leave him. In a moment of fatal weakness I bought a shaving cup from him, and became his vassal. It stands on the third shelf, second box from the glass. My name is on it, Lynx in the chain of my serfdom which I long to break, but dare not.

Why?

Whisper! There is a sausage shop next door, and I have not forgotten Sweeny Todd!

I once tried the experiment. I had been spending the night with a friend in the gin trade, and felt courageous. Didn't care a schiedam for any barber in fact. He was whetting his razor as if it had been a broadaxe when I remarked:

"I say, Gohr."

"Yes, sir, say away."

"I've been thinking of leaving you."

"Of what, sir?"

There was the gleam of roused ferocity in his eye. My heart began to crawl towards my boots, and I wished I had taken another of those schiedams before I came down town.

"I am going to move out of town."

"Where to, sir?"

"Oh, only to Newark. But still, you see, I won't be able—"

"Oh, not at all, sir. Now that the elevated road is running, all you have to do is jump into a car, and here you are; and a pleasant ride into the bargain. Don't you see?"

The sunlight flashed on his razor blade, and his fingers dabbled the lather on my neck right over the carotid. I couldn't help seeing, under the circumstances, and all I could say was:

"I never thought of that, to be sure."

If I had only said Chicago now, or San Francisco! But then he would probably have objected to my leaving town at all. Anyhow, the attempt was a failure. And worse than that he made me buy seven dollars' worth of hair tonic, cosmetics and the like, on the plea that I would need them on Sundays when I couldn't come to town. I gave them to an Italian bootblack at the next corner. I fancy he imagined that the cosmetique was candy, for he was eating it when I saw him last.

It must not be supposed that, because I am now the hand-slave, so to speak, of Gohr and of the cup, that he is the only barber I have met in my wanderings. My experience has been an extensive one, as my scars will testify. I have been flayed by so many nationalities that, to use a vulgarism, I have come to the conclusion that the business of depilation is a universal skin. I only need to be scalped now to have my practical knowledge of the barberous craft complete.

This suggests a theory. It is asserted that the gentle savages, who are now keeping our troops busy being killed among the Colorado hills are led by numerous renegades, whose deadly ferocity can only take its rise out of some great real or fancied wrongs. May they not be barbers, ruined by the five-cent-shave movement, and maddened by deep draughts of bay rum, which customers have refused to be lured into paying extra for? It would not be a bad idea to catch one and vivisect him. The mysteries of the barber's mind might then be solved.

We might learn then why he always insists upon talking when you want to ruminate, and why he never, by any chance, talks the commonest kind of sense. We might also find out why his breath so invariably smells of Hunter's Point, thinly disguised with Florida water or hair oil. We might ascertain, too, why he is always eating suspicious lunches when you are in a hurry, and why he always licks his fingers, wipes them on his hair and then commences to rub the lather into your jaw with them. The minor facts that he always shaves you so close that you suffer from a rash, that he blinds you with bay rum, pomades you till you reek like a candle factory, and invariably crops your hair when you only want it to be trimmed, are explicable on the grounds of a naturally malignant spirit. But why does he always try to sell you bill-board tickets when he knows you wouldn't go to the theatre if you had a box, and why is he such an infernal liar?

Your hair may be as black as a raven's wing or the record of a Tammany politician, and anchored to your scalp like a Brooklyn bridge tower, but he will swear to you that it is turning white at a six-days-go-as-you-please gait, and commencing to fall out by the peck. Offer to let him lift you out of the chair by it and he will only smile sadly and shake his head, as if to say, "Poor, be-sotted soul! You'll find out different in the course of fifty years or so."

It is a significant fact that you always find a barber shaves himself. He knows too much to let anybody else do it for him. I was acquainted with one barber who always used to gash me at a certain spot on my left cheek. I noticed that everybody else who came under his razor suffered the same disfigurement. One day chance explained it to me. I saw him shaving himself. There was a mole on his left cheek which he cut every time he reaped himself. The gashes he dispensed to us were in retaliation.

It was this barber who used to shave the bald-headed man. That personage was a stout, elderly gentleman, who had no more hair on his head than could be discovered with a microscope on a cobblestone. Yet, the

barber had persuaded him that by having his head shaved regularly he could produce a fresh growth that would be a credit to a Circassian girl. He would come in of a hot afternoon, sink into a chair with a grunt and go to sleep. Then the barber would lather his head with great symmetry and care, go over it once with the back of his razor and charge him a quarter for the job.

I once went into a barber shop in Bleecker street to get shaved. It was a barber shop of the African persuasion, down six steps in a cellar that smelled of mould. A thin growth of fungus clung to the ceiling, and the walls were clammy with a faint greenish slime. A back door which seemed to open on the bottomless pit permitted a circulation of air that would have made an Exquimaux shudder. On the walls were portraits of Hicks, the pirate, and other celebrities. There was a rickety stand with two mirrors and a lot of cups labelled "Friendship's Gift," "When This You See, Remember Me," "Forget Me Not," and the like. I shall never forget them. I never saw dirtier china in my life.

The barber was a mulatto with a squint. He chewed tobacco copiously, with a noise like a cow munching hay. He jammed me down in a chair, shoved my head so far back on the rest that I felt my windpipe splitting across, and draped my manly bosom with a towel which looked as if he had been using it as a handkerchief. Then he began to talk to his assistant, who was snipping pieces from the ear of a victim who wanted his hair cut. The victim, happily for himself, was drunk. He took his wounds for mosquito bites, and every time a fragment of his person joined the ensanguined heap on the floor he would slap his bleeding face and grunt:

"Umph! Damn them skeeters! Hurry up, boss, or they won't leave enough of me to swear by."

I was about to suggest decapitation as the shortest cut to the end the assistant was drawing at, when my turn came. The barber made a sweep over my face that almost pulled my backbone out, and asked:

"How you like de razor, boss?"

"Good enough," I said; "only hurry up."

"It ort to be good anyways," said the barber, shaving a sandwich off my other cheek. "It am de boss razor, shuah."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sah. I don't want no better razor dan dis yer one, I done tell yer now. Yer see dat speck dar, boss?"

The speck was a red rust smear that made my blood run cold.

"Well, sah, dat war Jim Jonsing. He'm dead now. An' yer see dat one?"

I did.

"Dat war Sam Smiff. Julius! wha' de debbil ebber come ob Sam Smiff?"

"He'm round yit, walkin' on crutches."

My barber chuckled in demoniac glee. "Dey ginerally does want crutches or coffins," he said. "Well, sah, dis yer nick here war Jim Peters. I done tole him: 'Jim,' says I, 'yer luff dat gal lone or I cut youah heart out.' 'Yer cut nuffin,' he says. 'Drap dat razor, or I bricks youah brains out!' Dat war 'nuff fo' me, sah. I gin him one gash, an'—"

A howl of anguish interrupted the thrilling recital. Julius had become so interested in the narrative that he had commenced to cut the inebriated customer's nose off. When I gained the street my barber and his assistant were as busy as mince meat choppers, and I fancied a voice called from the dark doorway:

"Hurry up, now! The oven's red hot, and if we don't have them pies ready when the wagon gets round, there'll be hell to pay and nothing to pay it with."

"Will you have bay rum, 'r?" The barber was shaking me by the shoulder. I had been asleep.

THE CORONER.

Most cities have only one coroner, and there's where New York has the "bulge" on them if I may drop for a moment into the frivolous language of the young men with whom I am thrown in daily contact.

We are rich in coroners, we revel in them, and if a sudden and mysteriously made corpse can't be sat upon properly in this place, it can't be done anywhere.

The coroner's is a peculiar office and one that I never envied in all my ambitious political dreams. I am perfectly willing to serve either party in the Custom House, if there is no hard work to be done, or will give up all social ties and go abroad to inspect foreign consulships—but to be called in to view the remains of the murdered, the accidentally killed, the fellows fished from the river, the suicides—bah!

And yet it is a necessary office, and very luckily one that will always fascinate and attract a sufficient number of patriots to prevent the dread possibility of its ever being vacant.

I have known a good many in my time, and I have found that despite their calling, they generally possess a fund of humor that surprises you.

It is rather grim humor, to be sure, but all humor can't be light and volatile. It has its degrees of ponderousness precisely as other things have.

I shall never forget one time in an Indiana town when the coroner and myself—at that time I was collecting items for a provincial paper—started to hold an inquest upon a baby that had been found on a door-step.

It was a very little baby, and so four men did for the jury. The law required more, perhaps, but as there was no one to claim the child, and the town had to bury it, there was quite enough expense clustering about the incident without going into a fabulous waste of time.

Such a pretty little baby, lying in its tiny coffin, it seemed a child of wax, with its eyes closed like sensitive flowers that had gone to sleep.

The inquest was held, the necessary papers made out, the coroner's fee and those of the jurymen attended to, and then the official and I, with the little box under his arm, started for that part of the place where both his office and that of the newspaper were.

I don't know why inquests should always be held in taverns—but they are—any more than I know why every body connected with an autopsy or an inquest are willing to take a drink on the slightest provocation; but they are.

This inquest had been held in a tavern, and the coroner was slightly mixed. Honesty compels me to state that I too had been looking upon the wine without caring whether it was white or red. It was Bourbon wine, and, as near as I remember, of a pale amber.

At any rate we stopped at two or three places, and then we had to sit down to rest, and then we stopped again.

Suddenly the coroner said:

"We've lost the baby!"

And we had. The little box, scarce two feet long, which had been wrapped up in a newspaper, was gone.

Have you ever gone back over the day's adventures of an umbrella to see where you could possibly have left it? Well, we did that with reference to the baby.

Was it this saloon? Had it been that one? Slowly the

trail was worked back, blazing our way as we went, and finally success crowned our efforts. A good-natured Boniface had the package, as he called it, stowed away under his safe.

"I'm tired, coroner," I ejaculated when the excitement was over, and I sank into the only chair in the bar.

"But what'll I sit on, Lynxy?" said the official.

"That is good," cried out mine host. "Here's a coroner with nothing to sit on!"

"By Jove," whispered my friend, "I'll sit on the baby."

And so he did, for the second time, holding an inquest in the bar for the sake of getting a chair. Luckily, none of our former jurymen were present. More papers were made out, more fees charged up, and next morning my journal had a prettily pathetic account of how in one day the indefatigable coroner had been called upon to hold an inquest in the cases of two babes left in out-of-the-way places by their heartless parents, who were either criminally responsible for their death or too poor to bury them. No traces of violence, however, I added, were found upon their bodies.

On the strength of this our editor pitched into the immorality of the age, and called upon the legislature to change the name of the place to either Sodom or Gomorrah, since it was clearly drifting toward a brimstone destruction.

The coroner and I were intimate for years after, and when he alluded to the circumstance he always said:

"Didn't we have fun, though?"

I have introduced this cheerful little anecdote to show you his idea of humor.

The coroner's office in New York is at the corner of Mulberry and Houston streets. It is utterly inadequate in size for its purposes, and the sooner suitable apartments are prepared for inquests the better all around.

When the Mrs. Hull inquest was held it was found that the room was useless. One in Police Headquarters had to be obtained.

There are a host of clerks attached to the department, and each coroner has a physician whose business it is to examine scientifically into the causes of the deaths they are called upon to investigate. The physicians also preside at those gay gatherings called autopsies. If the spirit can look down upon the clay it has left it must feel awfully cut up sometimes at the manner in which the remains are treated.

The New York coroners and their physicians have their carriages, and are so enabled to move about the city with rapidity when the dread despatch requiring their presence is received.

In a great many instances they are met by a fierce opposition on the part of the family of the deceased, who will go to the extent of lying at a tremendous rate in order to avoid the scandal and publicity of an inquest.

This is particularly so with swell people, one of whose connections suddenly shoots himself or herself, or takes poison. There are hundreds of instances every year in this city where the public hears of just such irregular transactions.

The family are aided in the deception only too frequently by their private physician who gives a certificate

twisting the genuine facts to suit the purposes of concealment.

Some rural coroners are very energetic. They sit in the corner grocery eating crackers out of the free barrel and employ scouts to hunt up cases.

I do not believe that story, however, of the young man who on being elected to the position opened the ball by holding an inquest on the village cemetery and sending in a lump-bill his fees.

Still such political corruption would be possible under a "ring." In Tweed's time there was nothing to prevent

the coroners holding inquests on the statues in the Park, or the pictures in the governor's room of the City Hall.

In Pennsylvania there is a place where four cross-roads mark and separate as many counties, and it was there that the most obliging man that ever lived met his death.

He was aronaut, an un-Wise one. When his balloon was a mile high he fell out, but with unerring precision he struck the centre of the crossing lines and splashed into four counties.

Making four inquests necessary.

And four coroners happy.

THE LUNCH FIEND.

The lunch fiend is always a man who has seen better days. It is true that he has seen them a long while ago, but the genuineness of the apparition cannot be impugned.

You can tell that by the way he puts mustard on a bit of cheese, or uses his spoon in adding the warm bean soup to the forces of his somewhat gaunt composition.

True gentility is noticeable in every movement; while watching him you are sure that you behold the wreck of a former gorgeous life, and there steals over you that peculiar sensation which you experience in Greece when you stand among the moonlit pillars of some famous ruin.

Not that there is any moonshine about the lunch fiend. He is a practical man, and terribly in earnest.

The particular fiend whom I wish to describe, and in whom I have taken a sort of proprietary interest, is met whenever business or pleasure calls me through the drinking places of Nassau street, Beekman street and Park row.

He is tall and cadaverous, reminding one of Don Quixote in a particularly hard-up condition.

His seedy black coat, which shines like an octogenarian fish, is buttoned close to the throat. Sometimes it is pinned. His battered hat always has the semblance of having been brushed a long time the wrong way, the mistake having been rectified partially by a liberal application of melted butter or stove polish.

He manages to cling to an eye-glass, fastened about his neck by a piece of black cord strongly reminiscent of a shoe string, and when in conversation with you upon national politics, or some kindred subject, this eye-glass is twirled with all the grace of the days when he had no further use for its aid than to see if the bank-notes he received in change were good.

My gentle fiend is always poor in the matter of shoes, but there is noticeable an attempt at polishing them which again bespeaks the gentleman in distress.

When I enter a place where he is I find him perusing the newspaper. He is a great reader, quite a literary person in fact, and he would as lief miss the drawing of the soup or stew lottery of each saloon he visits as not keep posted on the affairs of the day.

By knowing all about the massacre of the English at Cabul he is cock-sure of an invite from the Tom-gin Londoner who comes in promptly at twelve o'clock, and his acquaintance with the circumstance of the death of Baron Rothschild actually induced the proprietor of a Chatham street clothing emporium to stand a beer. The Israelitish gentleman went back to his emporium, it is true, and marked up the price of an overcoat ten cents, but with that we have nothing to do.

At eleven o'clock lunch is ready. The fiend does not make any hasty or undignified move. He calmly reads on

as if oblivious to the fact. But he is not. After the first hungry battalion has retired from the attack he rises to his feet, saunters toward the door, and then turns in an easy, careless way always denoting the man whose time is his own.

It is then that he spies the lunch as if now for the first time, and he goes up to inspect it with the slow but steady step of death.

In another moment he is toying over a piece of bread and trifling with his soup. As the result of the toying and the trifling both disappear completely.

Now he is ready for the second place on the list, where they have beef stew. In the soup saloon he is sometimes dealt out the lunch when he hasn't played in at the bar, but when the savory stew is dispensed a rigid code is maintained.

It becomes necessary then to obtain either five cents or to run across an angel. Both angels and half-dimes are scarce in this work-a-day world, especially when you want them. It is sometimes so rough in this particular with my friend that even on the coldest days he is forced to contemplate the warm and smoky stew disappearing down the throats of those about him without his even being able to manage a plateful himself.

Was the position of Tantalus any worse than this? I feel sure that it was not. By a singular combination of disastrous circumstances this always happens when the stew that he likes best is the programme of the day, the mountainous mutton stew, with the red carrots casting a luminous glow over it.

But let us imagine the lunch fiend under happier auspices. Behold him, then, with a plate of the steaming compound in his hand!

Let him be ever so hungry and he will not forget the genteel style of eating. Others may gulp and bolt, but you can never tell that the lunch fiend is really enjoying the dish before him. And yet, God help him, the miserable repast may be his breakfast, dinner and supper combined.

He harpoons the bits of potato lazily and pursues the pieces of meat in a *diletante* style which means that he is really doing wrong in spoiling his appetite for dinner. He never fails to create this impression, and the more lunches he succeeds in coralling, the better and more naturally he can act the *role*.

The lunch harvest has to be reaped between about 1 A. M. and 2 P. M. There is no more until a hot midnight lunch is served in some down-town places.

When the dishes and soup-tureens are taken away the fiend disappears. He is really a part of the idea, and he becomes strangely out of place the moment all traces of

the repast are removed and the saloon settles down to a strictly gin trade.

Where does he go? Let us follow him as he shambles down Frankfort street, and so find a miserable tenement in Rose street, one of whose wretched garret rooms he inhabits.

On the dirty window-sill are ranged bits of bread and cubes of cheese. He adds to this stock as he comes in, and contemplates it with complacency, and then throws himself upon the sickening apology for a bed.

This is the home of the lunch fiend. Fetid, clammy and close in the clam-chowder time of summer; biting cold, dreary and damp in the bean-soup days of winter.

Here he lives with remorse, rats and vermin, dreaming

over his shattered past like a child contemplating a vase it had broken.

Every day he issues forth to obtain his food, the coat buttoned tight to the chin, the eye-glass twirling, the silk hat shining in the sun. He is an actor there playing his little part. It is hard work sometimes, and but scanty prizes are won. Still, taking one day with another, he fares not so badly. The saloons are his club, he has the papers, he is sure of lunch and a reasonable quantity of rum.

Some morning a busy, bustling man comes to inquire for him of the Dutch landlady. He don't speak of the fiend by name, but want's to knows where the body is.

It's his first and last visitor—the coroner

THE BROADWAY STAGE DRIVER.

It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that a Broadway stage driver is built on entirely different principles from those used in the construction of the rest of mankind.

When a cannon ball strikes me, as it frequently has in my warlike career, it tears its way among flesh, nerves and muscle. Aimed at the stage driver, the cannon ball would be baffled; it would impinge upon the surface of the semblance of humanity, but would hastily glide off in a tangential line of disgust.

Why? Because the driver in question is constructed of boiler iron, whalebone and tanned leather. Every year's experience and exposure only serve to harden his frame. When at last death beckons him from his box seat, he quietly throws his lines across the horses, and without suffering any illness, but merely dying of old age, he passes to that shadowy land where it is his day off all the time.

Although there are no statistics to consult, I take it that the average age of a well-seasoned stage driver is about two hundred years. I know that a great many I have ridden with have given me personal reminiscences of famous people whom they could not possibly have known unless such was the case. Methuselah was evidently in the "buss" line, which readily explains the green old age to which he attained. There may, indeed, have been omnibi (how's that?) at an earlier stage even than his. Do we not read that Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden?

The stage driver has generally been at the business as man and boy all his life. If you should take him from his seat and lock him up in a sandal wood box for ten years, he would still smell like a horse blanket at the expiration of that period of time. Although there may be epochs in his career when he sat between the spider-spoked wheels of a trotting sulky, and thereby achieved the reputation of being a fast driver, still his actions have always been of a conservative order, and he has never ceased to advocate the maintenance of a stable government.

I dearly love to ride alongside of these old curmudgons, and listen to their stories of the past. There is scarcely one on the Broadway lines—I am not speaking of the young drivers—who does not remember Walt Whitman and the eccentric freak which took possession of him when he drove a Fulton Ferry stage for several

weeks. He gave it up to continue the writing of poetry, and thereby, in my humble estimation, spoiled a very good driver to make an indifferent poet.

This may sound like sacrilege, but I can't help it. I have frequently seen catalogues of hardware stores that possessed as much rhythm and poetical fancy as are to be found in some of the effusions of the author of "Leaves of Grass."

But perhaps he became a stage driver in order to foster the divine gift. Victor Hugo never misses his daily ride on top of one of the busses that ply up and down the boulevards, and has admitted that he composes there. The elevation, the untrammelled view and the fresh air, so different from that inside, undoubtedly do combine to produce an agreeable acceleration of spirits. If it is a lovely spring morning, with the sun tooling his golden "drag" across the wastes of blue o'erhead, and the birds are singing in the trees of the various parks, you are dead sure to enthuse to the extent of tipping his "nibs" a quarter, and becoming extraordinarily interested in his daily life.

How much does he get? How long does he drive? When did he first begin? Does he like it? These and a thousand other questions you ask the jehu, and as his replies indicate as hard a life as you would wish your dearest enemy to lead, you become terribly indignant at the ill arranged condition of society which permits such outrages, and resolve to write a scathing letter to the newspapers on the subject. But you never do.

We also sound the driver on the Slawson box idea. The old man is bitterly opposed to the box and the money-package system which it inaugurated. Not that there was ever the stage driver who knocked down a cent! Only that the great change implied in the box means less change implied in the driver. This is a rather paradoxical statement, and I myself must confess that I don't quite understand it, but there is no denying the fact that all these honest whips flourished exceedingly up to the time when smart Slawson sold his invention to the various companies. Then they commenced to complain of hard times.

In bad weather the driver has the top of the 'bus all to himself. It is then, on days when the snow swirls about him, and the whips of the wind that lash his face are tipped with hail, that his peculiar composition of boiler iron, whalebone and tanned leather stands him in good

stead. With four plunging horses to manage, and fingers benumbed with the biting cold, driving a 'bus through the crowded Broadway becomes a task requiring at once the delicate perception of the fencing master and the hardihood of an Alentian seal fisher. It is no wonder that when he gets down at the stables he goes straight to the nearest saloon and tosses off a tumblerful of rye. An ordinary mortal could not survive the ordeal of more than one trip on the top of a Broadway 'bus during a mid-winter storm.

A stage driver who has not handled horses for at least forty years is of no account. The old boys look upon him as a green hand, and are never surprised when they hear that one of these novices has lost a wheel, or been badly damaged on the port bow by a truck. The driver with whom I am most intimately acquainted belongs to the Twenty-Third street and Ninth avenue line, and I remember that when riding with him one morning last May, he spoke very bitterly about the discharge of an old stager, a friend of his, and the substitution of a horse-car driver whose experience even in that ignoble field had extended over twelve years only.

My friend resembles the elder Weller in the multiplicity of the coats he wears during the inclement weather. I asked him once if he did it to imitate Weller.

"Whose Weller?" he replied.

"He was a famous driver," I answered.

"Never heard of him. Guess he must have belonged on the Fourth avenue line. Never drove a stage from our place anyhow."

When the Coaching Club parades, the Broadway

drivers, and especially those who go up Fifth avenue, never fail to salute Col. Delancey Kane and the rest of the heavy swells who handle the reins just for fun. It is recognized at once that all drivers belong to a common fraternity, the difference being simply in finely graduated degrees. They do not salute Col. Delancey Kane on account of his wealth and social position, but simply because he knows how to drive and handle the whip gracefully.

These omnibus drivers have a mutual benefit association which looks after them when they are sick. This rarely occurs, however. Horrible as the life is in its lengths of hours upon the box, in its absolute dearth of times for proper rest and recreation, the men seem to be accustomed to it, and to bear its rigors with the utmost ease.

It has no future. What the driver is to-day he will be, if alive, twenty years from now. There is no chance to save money, or to lay up anything more substantial than an umbrella for that inevitable rainy day which glowers before all of us.

It is only a question of time when the stage lines will be abolished. Let us trust that they will last as long as the present generation of drivers, for I can conceive no more sad spectacle than one of them out of work.

In the meantime, when you ride on top, do the correct thing, and utterly ignore the existence of the Slawson box. By so doing you show yourself to be a person of spirit; and if you should run counter to the interests of the company, why that is their lookout, not yours.

THE BANK CLERK.

In the clerking world the bank clerk is the aristocrat. I have made a careful study of him, being particularly favored once by living in a house where it was possible to compare him with a dry goods tosser, and it required but the space of a dinner hour to see that one was "fine cut" and the other "plug."

The bank clerk lives constantly in an atmosphere of luxury. The men he meets during the day are monied individuals, from the millionaire notch down. If he is in the cash department he handles greenbacks so constantly that the bills passing through his hands actually lose their monetary value, and become to him as so much merchandise.

His work is light and he is well paid for it. The situation is a life one if he behaves himself, and as the old roosters drop from their stools into their coffins he advances along the line of promotion.

No wonder, then, that he is so many karats finer than the miserable beings who decorate Broadway windows with dry goods, or lug bolts of cloths about from early morning until candle-light, and all for a salary that is a premium on dishonesty.

I am never surprised when I read about a clerk in one of the Grand street stores, for instance, being detected in stealing silk or any other trifle. Many of them are married, and since the highest salary paid to the rank and file would hardly keep a man and a dog respectably, the problem of supporting a family on it is one that is tragically ridiculous.

Now our natty bank clerk labors under none of these disadvantages. When he steals—and I regret to state that there have been such instances placed upon record—it is generally to cover up a flyer that he has been having in Wall street. He shoots a second golden barbed arrow in order to find the first.

In his leisure hours the bank clerk is a great society or sporting man, just as his fancy determines. He lives up town in a first-class boarding house. He is very particular about his dress, generally wearing the English style of clothes which the brokers affect. If he is not calling upon the ladies in the evening he is at the theatre, or in some billiard hall where he has a private cue. Too frequently he doesn't get home until very late, and where this happens it is necessary for him to have a couple of brandies and soda in the morning before he can get his hand in steady writing trim.

I must not be understood as representing a young man fond of fast life in limited doses and holding him forth as a specimen of the fraternity. Every New York bank clerk is not necessarily fond of beer and billiards any more than every treasurer of a Fall River mill is an honest man. But the conservative, respectable, always home-to-dinner sort have not come my way much, and I can only speak of the bank clerk as I have found him.

In two or three instances I have known tellers and book-keepers who would suddenly be seized with a most intense desire to go to Europe and gaze upon the monumental memoranda of antiquity; and there have been

others, whom I have met, whose greatest ambition at the time in question was to get to Canada and see whether the Governor-General was running the Dominion in a way that would please Mrs. Victoria.

By a singular coincidence the accounts of these gentlemen would be found mixed.

A pure case of tangled threads among the gold. Yes; and among the silver and the greenbacks and negotiable securities.

The harsh, outside world calls this stealing, but it is not so looked upon by the banking fraternity. It's an "irregularity" at the worst. In a few rare cases punishment is meted out, but in the majority of instances the difficulty is smoothed over by partial restitution, and the sponge of compromise wipes out all record of the crime.

See how nicely the teller of the latest robbed bank kept an exact account of the balances he bled, in order to allow his outside "pal" to overdraw. He had it all down in a neat, little book, even to the pennies. The bank, no doubt, felt very grateful over this evidence of care, which saved them the expense of an expert.

When these young men do begin to speculate on Wall street with the funds of the institution they do it in an elegant manner and on the wholesale plan. False balance sheets, doctored accounts, hypothecation of bonds—these are the instruments of their security while the operations are in progress. When it gets too warm, or when the time draws near for the government examiner from Washington to put in an appearance, then they begin to study up the climate of Canada or to invest in European guide-books.

Out in the mining towns of the West there is many a bank clerk wearing a woollen shirt, drinking, shooting,

gambling with the rest of them, who used to be a pink of perfection in dress as he stood behind the glass barrier in the down-town bank.

"What brought you here, Charley?" I asked one of them I met in Colorado some years ago. "Tell me her name."

I felt sure that it was a woman scrape because my friend was a most decided beau, and had more elegant women adoring him than would be necessary for the Sultan's harem.

"'Twasn't a petticoat," he answered. "I simply went in to declare a bigger dividend than the bank could, and it kind of broke me up. Let's liquor."

Women, however are the cause of the ruin of ninety per cent. of confidential clerks, whether employed in banks or breweries, who go astray. I do not mean sweet-hearts upon whom presents are lavished, or wives who are allowed to indulge their dressing tastes to the most extravagant degree. The feminines I have in view are the shady creatures who must be established in grand style, who look upon money as a necessity, and who will fly to another cage the moment the gold wears from the bars of the one in which they are.

A young man in the Tombs, he was a bank clerk, confessed to me that his girl had been the cause of his downfall.

"She ordered me to raise money somehow," he said, "and I tried to."

"How?"

"I raised a hundred-dollar check to a thousand, and here I am."

Moral—Raise up a bank check in the way it should not go, and there will generally be trouble.

THE BOLD MILITIAMAN.

Although all my tendencies are naturally of a war-like complexion—to that degree, indeed, that I would sooner smell gunpowder than live near a Williamsburgh oil refinery—still I never gushed much over the militia.

I recognize the importance of the institution, of course, and no one is more enthusiastic than myself when there is a review being held and the splendid "7th" comes swinging down Broadway, with the ladies waving handkerchiefs from store windows and hotel balconies, and the Flemings of the police clabbing, jabbing and poking those who unfortunately occupy the front line of spectators.

It is needless for me to state that I was a constant visitor at the 7th's Armory Fair. My martial form loomed up among other warriors to an embarrassing point of notoriety, and in the evening I wore all my Mexican and Seminole decorations. I flatter myself that the impression I created among the fair sex can be qualified by no other adjective than "stunning."

That is the night they roped me into six raffles, or drawings. I wanted a meerschaum pipe, and I succeeded in winning a blue satin pin-cushion.

It has always been so with me in this life; I never loved a dear gazelle, and, in fact, I wouldn't have one of them about to cheer me with its coal-black eye, or to perform any other service, and so I can't use that somewhat trite quotation to express disappointment; but I never sighed

signratively for a meerschaum that it didn't turn into a pin-cushion.

My experience was a contribution to the success of the fair and I do not begrudge it. There remains now the difficult problem of presenting this pin-cushion to some young woman in a manner at once so polite and yet distant that she may not detect in it any amatory intent either immediate or prospective.

Perhaps my dislike for the militia had its origin in rooming once with a young man who had drilling masters and roll-calls on the brain. This was a good while ago, before I had won my own spurs on the genuine tented field. Scott's tactics were just being superseded by Hardee's, and I was forced to listen to explanations touching the differences to be noticed in the drill details. The position of the little finger in its relation to the seam of the pantaloons always struck me then as something on which the fate of battles, and consequently that of nations, must naturally depend, so profuse were the directions in the book touching such positions.

But it wasn't all this minutiae that annoyed me. Too much drilling is naturally a bore, but I stood it manfully. It was when the young warrior came home drunk, which was every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and insisted upon getting into bed with me "accounted as he was," bayonet and all, that I kicked. His continually borrowing my white trousers on inspection days and bringing

them home to me with mud up to the waist—a pure waste of mud—was also annoying.

Then his conversation. Like all men with a hobby, he became a nuisance. The squad, the company, the regiment, were never-failing subjects for his martial monologue. The sudden coming to the house of a young lady who had a brother in the navy was hailed with delight. We looked upon the circumstance as an antidote for the military poison, and so applied it. Everything became nautical, much to our militiaman's intense disgust. The young ladies sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and I went to the extravagance of doing the hornpipe for them in the most approved fop's style.

I don't wish anyone to understand that I am decrying the militia system. I consider the National Guard of the State of New York an institution of which to be proud, while the drill experience of the armory is undeniably a good thing physically for our hollow-breasted, narrow-chested young men, whose chief exercise during the day would appear to consist in hopping from one high stool to another, not exactly like the chamois, because there are no stools in the Alps for the chamois to hoop on, but in their general style. It gives the young guardsman an erect attitude and an idea of discipline which is in itself a valuable acquisition. I merely meant in my seemingly derogatory remarks to express my own sentiments on the subject. Having waded in blood I naturally long for a life of peace. Knowing what it was to serve and command, I now appreciate the most untrammelled liberty. If I belonged to a regiment I would be paying fines continually, and would be robbed of the pleasure of sitting in the windows with the pretty girls and watching the gallant fellows go by.

I wouldn't mind being a colonel, but even the pomp and glory of that position are only maintained at an immense expense. It is a very responsible position, too. You are answerable for the conduct of your men. Think of the embarrassing attitude in which Colonel Charles Spencer would be placed should a loaded brewery wagon pass by

just as he had sounded the signal for a charge upon the enemy!

Jim Fisk was a colonel, but when the draft riots happened, he found that his exalted position didn't enable him to get over back-yard fences any faster than if he had been a mere private.

It's very nice, also, to go down Broadway at the head of your regiment, but even then all a man's joy may be dissipated by his horse. Better far to own your horse and accustom him to the circumstances of war, but every one can't do that, and when it comes to trying to make a hired Second avenue car steed assume the gait of a trooper's charger the result is not always satisfactory.

It's better, however, than being astride of a milkman's Rosinante, for they want to dash down every street that forms a part of their daily route.

There is one advantage about being a militiaman that mustn't be overlooked. All the handsome young fellows are great favorites with the ladies. I found it to be the case when I was young, and even now when I dress up to go to the annual dinner of the 1812 veterans—but no matter. There is something in the military idea which particularly suits the feminine mind. In the opera of "La Grande Duchesse" this adoration is beautifully expressed by the instantaneous admiration conceived for Fritz by the Duchesse. It's very nice to be that kind of a soldier.

The conservative, peaceable element is a strong one in the community and must be respected. There are Quaker societies who wish our army reduced, and you see how elegantly it is being done by the Ute and other Indians.

Bobby Burns, the poet, was opposed to all soldiering. Do you not remember that verse:

"Let those who wish to go to war,
Give me my peace and plenty—
I'd rather be the life of one,
Than be the death of twenty."

I am afraid that Bobby was very industrious in living up to the principles of these lines.

THE THEATRICAL PRESS AGENT.

The press agent of a show or a star is as different from himself in both instances, when working in the city and "on the road" respectively, as if he were two human beings, a sort of adjustable Siamese twins, for instance.

In the rural districts getting newspaper notices for the attraction he represents is comparatively easy work. The most influential provincial journals will have no hesitation in printing the most complimentary paragraphs provided the agent does the correct thing in the way of drinks, cigars and tickets.

And of course the agent does the correct thing. That's what he is there for. The "local" editor climbs to his sanctum, full of his native rum, and cheerfully mentions that the genial Mr. Blank paid them the compliment of a visit yesterday and unfolded the scheme of the circus, or theatrical combination, as the case may be, which is shortly to honor the town with a visit. Then the editor becomes eloquent, and hopes that every man and woman in the place will look upon the purchase of a ticket for the entertainment as a duty but a trifle less sacred than sending in back subscriptions and the formation of newspaper clubs for the future.

This is the granger way, and it works elegantly everywhere save at Salt Lake City. Poor Artemus Ward used to say that after the editors and their families got seated there were only about four 25-cent chairs left for the paying public.

In a big city like New York the duties of the theatrical press agent become more varied and more difficult. There is a certain amount of hack noticing which the theatres expect and get in a perfectly legitimate way. Taking the advertisements into consideration, it is a fair case of *quid pro quo*. But to work up a fancy sensation, to create a stir, to warm a dying idea into fitful brilliancy—these are the problems which engross the minds of the ingenious gentlemen whose duty it is, no matter how crowded the papers may be with startling locals or important cable dispatches, to inform the reading world that the eminent tragedian, the champion conjurer or the five-legged horse is each in his or its way on exhibition at the well known, etc., where every evening and on Saturday afternoons, etc., etc.

Some theatrical stars have a monotonous way of being advertised. The little dodge of Clara Morris is to have

her horse run away. When that is a bit stale she throws open her bedroom doors and lets the entire world know how sick she is. I do not think that her agent is a person of good taste.

One of the most threadbare devices resorted to by agents in order to keep the names of histrionic people before the world is the published announcement of the theft of their jewels. If we believed every story of this kind we would have to credit the show world with the possession of more gems than are to be found in Golconda and the South African fields combined.

One of Mapleson's prima's—Mlle. Ambre—has been puffed exceedingly, both as the possessor of fabulously valuable diamonds and as the ex-mistress of the King of Holland. I have seen her. The diamonds are all there, but she isn't. I do not think the King of Holland a person very difficult to suit.

Gerster can't come to this country owing to the fact that she doesn't want the baby rocked in the cradle of the deep, and immediately the press agent starts down to Park row to work up Marimon, who is coming over in her stead. We are told how often she was seasick, and what dreams of shipwreck dire troubled the slumbers of her French maid. All this is high art, and with people of importance like primas it is not difficult to get the gossip in the papers. People like to read these things.

Now puffing an electric eel or an educated pig is quite a different affair. The king at this sort of business is Mr. "Tody" Hamilton. He actually revels in forcing an unattraction before the people, and is never so high-spirited as when the obtaining of one line even seems an impossibility.

It was he who educated the oysters at the Aquarium to follow him all about the building, and not in the form of a box stew either. That was wonderful enough, and attracted crowds, but when he induced them to whistle tunes and had scientists there from all over and two or three blocks further still to study the phenomenon while the operatic notices were cut down in the dailies to make room for the oysters, he accomplished his masterpiece of agitation.

I never heard them whistle, but then I was never there on a day when the temperature was just right. Mr. Hamilton's oysters were very like the spirits you meet at 25 cent seances in Grand street. They wouldn't perform under disturbing circumstances.

The press-agent is continually writing manifold notices

or cooking up novel forms of advertisements, but still he can always spare time, if it's with a newspaper man, to play a game of billiards or take a drink. Properly managed shows allow him a fund for down-town expenses. No one is bribed, no vulgar business promises are made one way or the other, but the rosy reflex of an agreeable hour spent with an entertaining gentleman, and they are all entertaining, is often the light by which a generous notice is given that otherwise would have remained un-penned.

All critics are not the pirates that Mr. Boucicault, the monumental literary footpad of the world, would have you believe, and they frequently do what the press-agent desires, simply as the evolution of a kindly nature, stirred to the deed by the recent contact with the agent.

It is absolutely necessary to be a successful agent that one should lie faster than any horse in the stable of Mr. Bonner can trot, and the lie must be told with great sauvity.

"Didn't get those tickets! You surprise me. I put them up in an envelope, addressed them, and gave them to the boy myself."

That's what he says on the spur of the moment when you remind him of an utterly forgotten promise. Other tickets come post-haste, with a note stating that although the boy was the only support of a widowed mother, who had been guilty of the baby act on nine other occasions, you had discharged him after forcing a confession from him that he had sold your tickets to a speculator.

You know the agent well, and do not feel worried about the widowed mother and her starving brood.

All systematic agents keep scrap-books in which printed notices of the play or curiosity are entered. Arranging these notices is quite an art. The *Daily Rolling-Pin*, for instance, says:

"Perhaps the worst play ever written was produced last night by the Booby Troupe. As we yawned in our seat over its blatant nonsense and stupid situations we sighed for the good old days of the drama, when a play possessed sterling merit, logical action, and witty dialogue."

Now in saving this notice you don't want to greedy with it. You simply paste in:

"Sterling merit, logical action, and witty dialogue."—*Daily Rolling-Pin*.

This is the correct and only way. I have been an agent myself, and understand the extraction of honey from gall.

THE PAWNBROKER.

At this time of the year the pawnbroker is a very handy relative. You are absolutely nothing without money, and it is he who is only too willing to turn, as Mr. Midas used to do, any of your temporal possessions into gold.

Not so willing as he used to be. The loaning trade hasn't made many advances lately. People have become so thoroughly broke that the per centage of chance of their ever turning up to redeem pledged articles has steadily decreased, and the capitalist of the three golden balls has not been slow to appreciate the situation.

His principal trade is his interest, and so philanthropic is the pawnbroker, despite the horrid things that have

been said of him, that he much prefers to have prosperity so fall upon you as to enable you to take out whatsoever you may have intrusted to his care. Still the revival of trade has had its effect in making the business brisk. It is generally so, anyhow, at this time of the year. Ducats are a necessity, and if the chess problem of life can be brought any nearer a satisfactory solution by the sacrifice involved in a "pawn," it is bound to be done.

Many estimable citizens who have a stack of tickets in the deepest recesses of their attenuated pocketbooks profess to look upon the entire system of pledging household and personal goods as a disreputable one. I do not.

None of the Lynxes do. At this very moment there reposes in a Second avenue establishment of advanced ideas one of my most magnificent uniforms. Let me see—who was it I cut down in that suit? It was the tailor—\$80 to \$60, and I remember that the fight was terrific.

But why is my martial cloak and all the rest of it in the pawn shop? Is it because I needed money? No. Those military garments are there to be taken care of. When myself and the other warriors meet for a dinner I get them out. The occasion passed, in they go. In this way the pawnbroker becomes to me a valet who takes care of my clothes. It gives me more room in my humble apartment for brain expansion and the handling of my health life.

Originally the pawnbrokers came from Italy, and that accounts for there being so many in Mulberry street and all through the Italian quarter. The precise significance of the three ball game they play with you has never been explained. It is popularly considered as an exemplification of the fact that it is two to one that the capitalist will get the advantage of you. I cannot vouch for this.

There are many of the Hebrew children turning the nimble sixpence as pawnbrokers. In each instance the method of conducting business is precisely the same. Say the article is a watch, upon which you want \$15.

The man behind the counter will begin to shake his head before you get in the door at all. That means he is up to your little tricks, and is well aware that you intend to endeavor to gouge him in some way.

When you take the watch out of your pocket the pawnbroker groans. This suspicious attitude of his is contagious, and you really begin to feel that you are a thief, say a thief trying to get over "a fence."

He picks up the watch deprecatingly, groaning more and more, and really becoming so miserable that sympathy is excited for him. He must be ill. The rolling of the eyes and the uplifted hands indicate pain in the stomach. But it isn't anything of the kind. It's a pantomimic expression of an affection of the money chest.

"Oh! Mein Gott in Himmel, vot you vant on this watch?"

"Fifteen dollars!"

"Mosish! Mosish! Koomin sie hier—quick Mosish. He wants fifteen dollars!"

Mosish falls down in a fit, and is dragged into the next room. He has been sickly since his birth and any sudden shock upsets him.

"I tell you vat it is," the pawnbroker finally remarks, "I give you one dollar, seventy-five." And he groans all the time he makes out the ticket.

This is the regular style with one kind of pawnbrokers. Of course, they vary.

It isn't always necessary to have a store when you set up for a pawnbroker. If you prefer it you can just go around through the city, quietly, in a social way, arranging business during an afternoon's call, and leading altogether a more agreeable life than the man of the shop.

Many ladies patronize these peripatetic lenders of coin, the articles pledged being jewels generally. They also catch the servant girls and coachmen for small transactions.

Israelites do not monopolize the trade in New York by any means. There are a great many English and Irish in the business, and a few Yankees. It is a vocation, however, which seems to particularly suit the German Jew character. They have the penetrating glance which tells them at once how much they would be warranted in advancing upon a certain article. When they have settled this in their mind they offer one half, and have the other as a margin to fight over.

The shoddy pawnbrokers—the "fences"—they are the ones who make money in that irregularly fast way known as hand over fist. Being constantly aware of the fact that they are liable to be visited by the police at any moment they give their villainous customers but little. A set of silver that may have cost a murder, diamonds gotten at night in residences—all such goods are eagerly taken but the burglar gets a beggarly amount.

The transaction once accomplished the "fence" loses no time in getting rid of traceable stuff. Gold ornaments are melted down and all dangerous goods are run off for distant negotiation by agents.

There is no question about the cheek of the pawnbroker. He will offer you the price of an oyster stew for a hundred dollar pin, and frequently gets badly "stuck" with "paste." When you get ahead of a pawnbroker you want to put the date in red chalk on a fence and then ask some one to help you celebrate the glorious event.

The most monumental instance of the pawnbroker's cheek was that afforded by the Boston dealer who reluctantly gave up Mrs. Hull's jewelry, upon which he had paid her murderer, Chastine Cox, some money, and then put in a plea for a share of the reward.

The laws regulating pawnbrokers differ in different localities. In New York you have a year in which to redeem or renew, but in Philadelphia, for instance, it is a question of four months.

It was ignorance of this fact which made it possible for me, many years ago, to lose a watch which had been presented to me by the gentlemen of the office in which I had been temporarily engaged, the gift expressing either their joy or sorrow at my leaving.

It was beautifully inscribed with my name, etc., and so elegant altogether that I deemed it too valuable to carry during a season in which pickpockets were flourishing alarmingly.

So I temporarily intrusted it to the guardianship of a gentleman whose name was either Isaacs or Nathan thinking I had a year to contemplate it in a position of absolute security.

It was a good "going" watch and was "gone" at the end of four months.

THE REFORMED YOUNG MAN.

This is the only time I can sketch him at short range, for during the new year that is about to dawn upon us he generally melts into the ranks of ordinary mortals and becomes lost as a distinctive character.

He is in our house, is the very youth in fact, I gave some good advice to about political bets. It was yesterday morning that he came to me as I was enjoying my cigar in what our landlady calls the conservatory, although it seems to me to be a particularly dirty extension-room devoted to a couple of tubs, two broken croquet mallets and a flower pot, and said :

"Colonel, I want to confide in you."

"Ah, ha, my boy," I replied, acknowledging his military salute, "you have come to the right place. I am a perfect mine of confidences even at the present moment. Buried here," and I tapped my chest, "are state secrets the exposure of which would shake this country to its center, while the New York Safe Deposit Company is as nothing, when compared with me as a fiduciary agent and repository of individual experiences. Go on my boy."

He paused awhile, as he naturally would under this shot, and then said :

"You may have noticed that I have been drunk ever since Christmas."

I told him that such was the privilege of a gentleman, and that I had not noticed it. In fact part of the week there had been storms all along the coast in my case, and on this morning in question the sea was squally.

"I did it more or less deliberately," he went on to say, "because I am going to swear off."

"No more beer, eh?"

"No beer, gin, whisky or anything of that nature. Only cider."

"Did you ever live long on cider?"

"No—I have generally taken it as an element of the drink called a 'stone fence.'"

"But you have never grappled with the cider pure and unadulterated?"

"No."

"Nor seen the stomach of the dead man opened by the coroner?"

"What dead man?"

"The cider drinker. You must know, my dear boy, that the sudden stoppage of the use of fiery liquids and a rush to cider is a reformatory experiment the result of which you cannot certainly calculate. You must go slow, my dear boy. You want to begin on very hard cider and gradually work down to the temperance article. Then you're all right."

He thanked me ever so much for this advice, and then continued :

"I am going to reform also in money matters."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to give up the practice of having any money?"

I asked this question with peculiar emphasis. The young man owes me a draw-poker debt of \$7.50.

"Oh, no—nothing like that. But I want some system, I am going to buy a little book, and put down every item of daily expense, just like Benjamin Franklin."

"You will keep a diary?"

"I have been thinking of that too. I am going to buy a pretty one for about six dollars, and precisely at midnight, when the old year shivers into the graveyard of the next and the rose-cheeked —"

"Come, young man, hold on a little. Have you had a drink this morning?"

"I've had two brandy cock-tails."

"That explains it. Go on."

"I mean I'll write my inmost thoughts, and all the doings of the day. It will be a good thing to refer to in after years."

"Have you ever kept a diary?"

"This is my virgin effort."

"And you never reformed before?"

"I can't say that I have, but the sad and solemn memories of the dissipated past come up before one at this time of the year, and the deeper nature of man —"

I instinctively moved over to a reasonable proximity to one of the croquet mallets. When you are talking to a young man who has had two brandy cock-tails before breakfast, and he becomes poetical over his approaching reformation you can't be too careful. These reformers are peculiar.

"You will cultivate the mind also," I suggested—"no more billiards, no bowling alley over in Fourth street?"

"No, sir—I have already had my name sent in to the Pythagoras Debating Club of the Eastern Star Temperance Lodge, No. 486, and I'm to speak next week on the negative side of the question, 'Isn't it about time the Czar of Russia took a tumble?' That is not the exact language, but it covers the idea."

He told me of various other reforms he intends inaugurating and then asked my advice on the entire subject. I went in heavy on the high moral and came the stage uncle magnificently, and when he left me he was strengthened in all his good resolves.

At this writing there are about one hundred thousand young men who are going to imitate my young friend, and turn over a new leaf. They will all be turned simultaneously and the noise they will make will sound like a tempest roaring through a forest.

But will the reformed young men, the cider brigade, be about Jan. 15th? I sincerely hope that each one will still be drinking cider, keeping account of daily expenses and writing up his little diary. But an experience of many years leads me to the dismal prognostication that eight-tenths of them will back-slide, and go on just as they did before.

I have reformed myself every New Year's day since I was twenty years old, and I intend to do it again this time. The only difference between now and when I was much younger is that my reformation fades away about noon Jan. 1st.

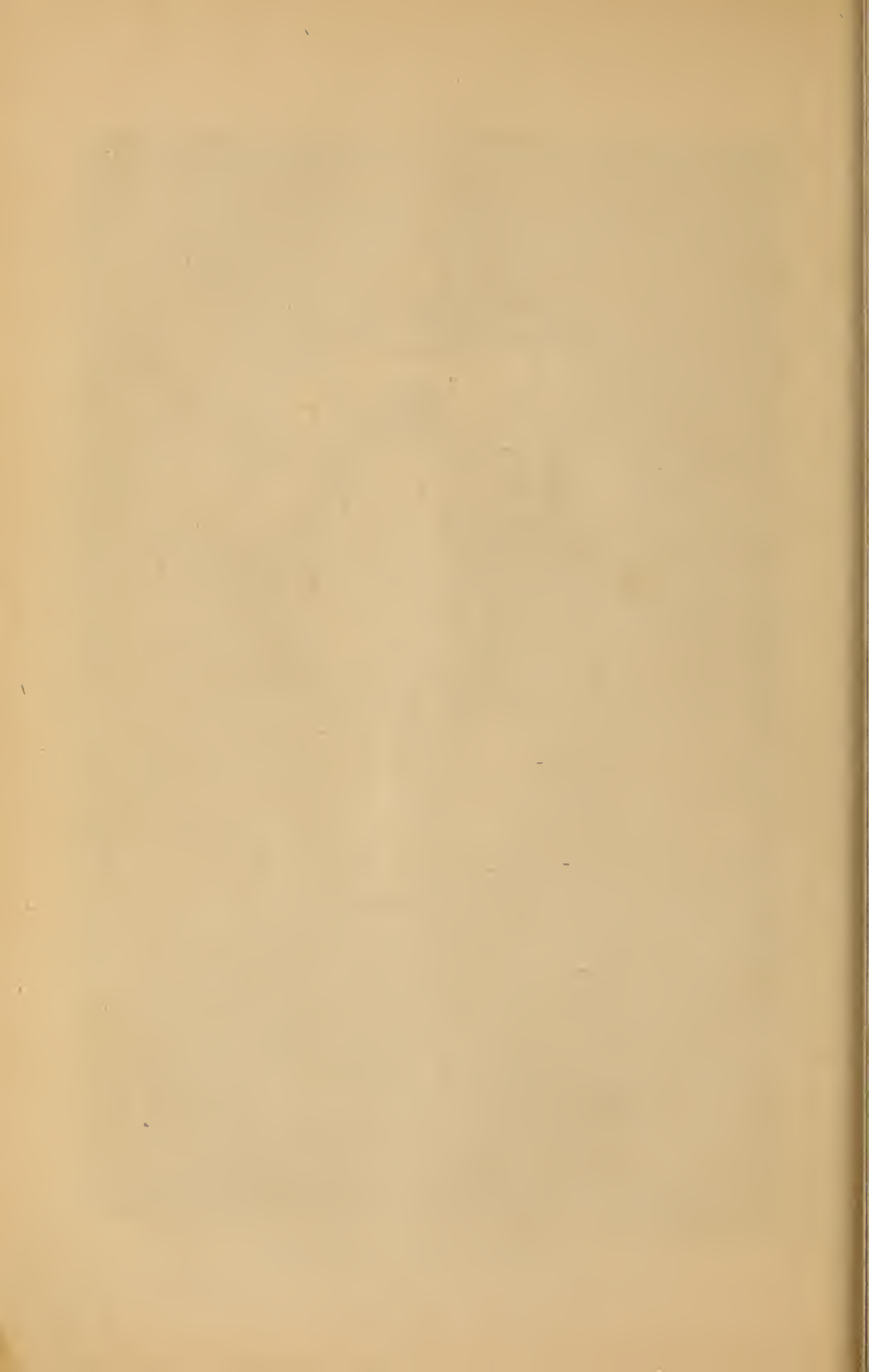
No, my dear young readers, believe an old man when he states that New Year's reformations are not worth a continental, whatever that is.

If the reformation does not come from the soul independent of the date of the day when it is put in practice, it is not a genuine article.

I shall go to watch meeting on next Wednesday evening, and I shall roll into bed with an idea that I am about to revolutionize my entire life. I may even buy a diary, but before the work is over I will be using it as a scrap-book, will be taking my "constitutional" as usual, and will be too busy with what matters 1880 may have for me to consider to experience even the faintest twinge of remorse at my fall from grace.



MISS FANNY LOUISE BUCKINGHAM.



HARRY HILL'S.

Seeing a great city after the lamp-lighter has gone his rounds has always been a favorite amusement with those sportsmen who combine a keen desire to hunt the elephant with a natural disinclination to wander away from the comforts of home.

Most fortunately for them a species of elephant has been evolved by the construction of such places as New York, London and Paris, whose pursuit is always quite as expensive as the search after the quadruped whose tusks were invented so that we should have material out of which to manufacture billiard balls, faro checks and other articles of *certu* and vice.

Being "an old rounder" I can also testify that the quest of the metropolitan elephant is as exciting as that of his African or Asiatic counterpart, and frequently more dangerous.

In the series of sketches which I propose to write for the GAZETTE I will take the reader in a leisurely way through the entire city, meeting him in imagination each week as old Trinity marks midnight, and leaving him at such hour as shall warrant his getting home in time to save his reputation.

We shall probably cross the trail of that theological straddle-bug, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who came over here with a Brooklyn dark lantern which he proceeded to flash into New York slums, and if we do I warrant that we shall find things entirely different from the way he says he saw them, forcing us to one of three conclusions, each of them irreverent—(1) that the Tabernacle minister knows how to lie; (2) that they were buying him taffy all the time; (3) that he was drunk.

We will begin with Harry Hill's place, or "'Arry 'Ill's,' as he is called by his cockney friends.

There isn't a better known man in the United States than Mr. Hill, nor a place anywhere in this or the old country like the one he not only keeps but personally conducts at Houston and Crosby streets.

Midnight, then, at Harry Hill's!

It is just the best time, perhaps, of all times to see this famous resort at its red-hottest.

All the young swells who have been taking country cousins around to the legitimate and illegitimate theatres, and all the commercial travelers in charge of junior partners of the various business establishments, are now making their way to this combination of both theatre and dance-house.

We buy our tickets—twenty-five cents apiece—at a little window down stairs and pass upward to where the shouts of laughter and thunders of applause proclaim that an amusing song or farcical "nigger" sketch is in progress.

The room is all ablaze with light and heavy with smoke. The stage is occupied by a young lady in a wig the color of "yellow-jack molasses candy," and a pair of pink tights.

Her cheeks blaze with excitement and paint, while each energetic gesture accompanying the topical song she is singing displays her bosom lavishly. She does not mind this, however, and since we are all gentlemen, if we are out for a lark, no one notices it.

When the song is finished there is a chance to look about. There is a gallery overhead and a wine room to one side. There is also a long lunch counter piled high

with pigs' feet, cold cuts, pies, etc., etc. You can also get piping hot coffee and tea.

At our table sit two young men, who are certainly from the country. In fact, a glance over the room will show you that the tiller of the soil, the driver of the oxen and the hoer of the tubercle are out in force.

Singularly enough Harry Hill's is more discussed and made more of in the country than anywhere else.

There isn't a young man who comes up to "York" to spend his little sum laid aside for that purpose but takes Harry's in just as sure as later on he gets taken in by some Dutch siren on the Bowery.

And when he gets back to Rushville or Punkton and the gang assemble down at the depot to see the freight train come in, he tells such glowing stories of the place that those of his listeners who have not yet had such a sensational experience dream all night of the account, and never rest until they, too, have gone, and seen, and conquered.

These two at our table, if they tell all they experienced, will have to speak of the two young ladies in seal-skin sacques that show never a trace of having been in a pawn shop all summer, who sidle down beside them like little birds going to roost.

"Won't you buy me a drink, dear?" says one.

"You'll treat me, pet, won't you?" remarks the other, and without waiting to discuss the matter further the beautiful creature waves one of the waiter girls, who are flitting about like bees, to the table.

Of course, Punkton is equal to the emergency, even to standing a treat for the plump little woman who brings on the beverages.

Then the representatives of rurality and the two seal-skin sacques, who live in furnished rooms on Crosby street, get very sociable, indeed. I notice, during the evening, that they keep the plump waitress busy, and at about 2:30 A. M. the four depart together in a rather tipsy but orderly condition.

That is the great charm about Harry Hill's place. There is nothing vulgar or obscene said on the stage, and no disorderly conduct is permitted. No one can be robbed there.

He has a very miscellaneous audience, and the women of the streets are welcome as long as they behave themselves. Ent so they are at the "Alhambra" in London. They may concoct all sorts of villainous schemes while in Harry Hill's, but the watch and pocketbook of the granger are safe while he remains there.

"Order please, gentlemen," shouts a major-domo. "Take your partners for a quadrille."

There is an open space at the head of the stairs where the dancing is done. On the walls are signs reading, "Gentlemen will please not smoke while dancing!" "No lovers wanted!" and embodying other terse statements.

The orchestra strikes up and the quadrille begins. These girls dance very nicely, gliding through the figures with genuine grace.

Suddenly there is a crash and a table is upset. One man has struck another in a quarrel about a girl.

In any other place this would be quite a little scrimmage. Glasses would be thrown about, and the audience put in a panic.

But not at Harry Hill's. That ubiquitous gentleman,

who has the frame of a pugilist in constant training and a grasp of iron, has already seized the man at fault, and conducted him to the stairs, which he finds it to his advantage to descend.

The dancers hardly pause, and the orchestra goes on merrily, while the superintendent shouts, "Order, please," and the guests settle back in their seats.

These little disturbances occur more or less frequently, but like tropical squalls are soon over.

We are certainly in for them to-night. See that handsome girl over there under the gallery larruping that rather intoxicated blonde with her silk umbrella, and using language which cannot be printed.

It's all about a lover, who borrowed the diamond ring of the tall woman and loaned it to the other. The discovery has just been made.

"Where did you get that ring?"

"Pretty Jimmy gave it to me."

"You're a liar."

And then the fray.

Mr. Hill is again on hand. "Ladies, ladies!" he says, "Hi ham hastonished. Come, now, kiss and make up, and both of you give Pretty Jimmy the shake."

All this time the performance on the stage has been in progress. But as it becomes later, and the audience gets outside of increasing quantities of stimulants no one pays any attention to the histrionic performance.

We sit back out of the way and carelessly watch the busy scene. A group of gamblers, elegantly dressed and flashing with diamonds, come up the stairs, and ask for 'Arry.

Soon he is with them at a table, drinking champagne and discussing a combination pool scheme that they have come to propose to him.

There's old Uncle Bill Tovee, watching with delight somebody's "chicken," and some one's "mouse," slogging each other on the stage.

That's a minister going down stairs, and the man he brushes by as the latter comes up, is a big dry-goods merchant.

Two gents with new mown heads and pocket handkerchiefs about their throats drop in to ask 'Arry if he'll "old the poodle for a scrapping match in 'Oboken."

And so it goes on. Drinking, dancing, smoking, chaffing and having a glorious night of it, according to how you view such matters, until it is time for us to go.

The air of the room gives one a headache, and the cool breeze of the street, as we pass over to an all-night house for a toby of ale and a golden buck, is very refreshing.

Then I tell you Mr. Hill is a man of considerable fortune, that his reputation for business integrity is of the best, that he has a nice country place near Flushing and that no deserving individual, in genuine distress, ever went to him in vain.

A PROMENADE ON SIXTH AVENUE.

Sixth avenue is now the Haymarket of New York. All it needs is a big, brilliant theatre like the Alhambra in Leicester square, to turn out its gorgeous crowd of ladies (?) and their attendant swells to make the picture complete.

It is true that we would still be without the broughams owned by the beauteous blondes, dainty carriages in pink and blue upholstery, that follow their owners up and down the square until such time as a tipsy duke, or a newly-returned East Indian, or a flash American shall have been caught in the meshes of the golden hair, or stabbed by the coal-black eye of some "Skittles" or "Formosa."

Then it is away to the St. John's wood, or whatever outskirts place or pretty villa madame may have selected for her home.

The consequence is that Sixth avenue, lacking such luxurious tints, is not by any means as elegant a picture as the Haymarket. But it makes it up in liveliness, in a shameless bravado that is shocking to the sensibilities of decent men and women who are forced to take that thoroughfare late at night, say on returning from the theatre or a party.

In fact, the avenue has become so notorious that reputable citizens, who are posted as to its midnight peculiarities, much prefer the partial security of the street car.

Decency cannot go a-foot in Sixth avenue at night, in that portion of it, to be more explicit, which blazes between 14th street and 35th street.

But we are not fastidious and panoplied with a consciousness of our own integrity, and boldly turn from 14th street into Sixth avenue, and commence our northward

stroll just as the thousands of clocks in the vast city begin to strike the midnight hour.

Only a few moments ago we were in Eighth avenue, and more recently still in "Seventh." What a contrast! The other two were as silent and as eminently proper as the tomb when compared with this noisy, babbling road, with its demon trains crashing by overhead, leaving a kaleidoscopic flash behind, and its throng of pedestrians continually passing and repassing the brilliantly illuminated shops.

The first thing to attract attention is the number of young girls, the unfortunates, who brazenly ply their calling in the best advertised police precinct in the city.

They are loudly dressed; gay feathers stream from their rakish hats, and their high-heeled boots make constant music upon the pavement as they walk. In the glare of the lamps you detect the rouge, the enamel, and the dark pencilling at the corners of the eyes.

These women are natural actresses. They know just where abandon on the street should stop. Many are French; cannot speak a word of English except "you treat me," "goddam" and "five dollar."

In fact, it is only a step to Paris. We turn off into a narrow street less than a block long, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, and we are at a famous drinking and dining saloon known as the "French Madame's."

She used to keep a *table d'hote* in Sixth avenue, near Twenty-Fourth street. She still sets a dollar dinner, and a very good one it is.

At all the tables you will find girls whom you have seen on the avenue, or will meet again before the morn begins to blush for the follies of the night.

They drink absinthe, ponies of cognac, and smoke cigarettes. That pretty black-eyed girl is showing her cavalier how the delicate paper should be rolled. We order black coffee, and look on. Here comes the madame.

"Bon soir, messieurs," and she goes to her desk to dive into her accounts.

All is quiet and decorous here. For noise, bustle and fighting we must go back to the American saloons on the avenue. There are supper rooms up-stairs at the "madame's," more private. Three young men and as many stylishly-dressed women get from two carriages at the door and ascend to these apartments.

Shortly after, Antoine is seen taking up an ice bucket with three quart bottles of "the widow" rapidly becoming *frappe* in its embrace. They are going to begin on a pint a-piece.

Just as we rise to go, there come from above sounds of laughter, of riotous merriment, and then the chandeliers tremble, and the glasses jingle upon the tables. Our festive friends are dancing. We overhear Antoine tell madame that they are doing the "can-can" like mad.

Madame is excited. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaims, "it ees varee veeeked—it ees too early in the evening!"

"More wine for up-stairs, Antoine! More wine!" She looks pacified. The can-can is not so bad after all.

On the avenue proper there are favorite drinking saloons and oyster houses whose *clientele* are the birds of the night.

The "Strand" and "Star and Garter" are sample places. There used to be an all-night house called "The London," but it is no more. In resorts like the "Strand," you see the rough, intoxicated elements of Sixth avenue. Girls lounge about in the midst of the smoke, do not hesitate to sit on the laps of gentlemen, and are always ready for one of the foaming glasses of beer which are pyramidally carried about by the ubiquitous waiters.

There are many young men here being ruined. While we look on an episode occurs that illuminates the whole subject as a flash of lightning does a gloomy wood.

At one of the tables has been sitting with two girls of the town a handsome boy of about eighteen years. The rose of health is still on his cheek, and although the gin and water that he has been drinking have given his eyes

a false lustre, you can easily see that he hasn't gone far on the road. His vital organs are healthy. How about his moral tone?

Directly back of him sits a silent and apparently abstracted individual who has gone to such depths in a brown study that the glass of beer before him is as yet unstarted, although it has been there ten minutes.

The youth gives the waiter a twenty-dollar bill, and his companions exchange glances. Just as the proprietor thrusts it into the drawer, the detective, for the abstracted man was none other, reaches over the bar, utters a few words, and takes the note to examine it.

His suspicions are correct. It is a marked bill, marked that day in the down-town office where the unfortunate boy is employed.

It is quite a tableau when the arrest is made. He turns pale as a ghost, and then goes out with an attempt at bravery and carelessness that is pitiable to behold.

As for the women, in ten minutes they are drinking more beer at the expense of some one else.

At about 2 a. m. the avenue is not so crowded as at midnight, but its life is more intense. The old "Argyle Rooms," "Cremorne" and "Buckingham" have vomited forth their crowds of dancers. They flood the oyster saloons and fill beer shops with the rustle of silken skirts.

In one beer saloon a negro band is in full blast. When they stop to pass around the hand, a tipsy young woman, bantered to it by her companions, goes to the piano and sings "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

It is a strange, sad scene. She is handsome, but undeniably drunk. Her hair is dishevelled. As she sings, being at the maudlin state of drinking, the song overmasters her with its pathos, and she breaks off abruptly to begin to cry.

At this the "lovers," petty gamblers and "strikers," generally break into a coarse laugh.

The poor girl falls sobbing with her head on the table, robbed even of the sympathy of her drunken companions, while the "nigger" band squares matters with the audience by giving "I've Just Been Down to the Club, Dear."

Although it is time to go home—you can always tell that when they refuse to tap a fresh keg—we have by no means exhausted Sixth avenue.

Au revoir then until we resume its exploration.

ON THE BLAZING BOWERY.

We will pay obeisance to that variety which is the spice of life, and not continue our Sixth avenue promenade to-night.

Although, as I have said, it is a rare, rich mine of metropolitan sensationalism, we did but graze its surface, and yet we saw a good deal of the vice and vagaries of our fellow-beings.

Next week, or the next, we will return to these preserves and flush more game. But to-night! where shall we go?

What say you to the Bowery? It is one of New York's representative streets, and is always interesting. Broadway! Fifth avenue! the Bowery!—those are terms familiar to thousands who have never seen America.

The Bowery it shall be. Crossing Broadway at Eighth

street we notice that that monster thoroughfare is in a doze. Nothing is heard but the rattle of the wheels of the last stages as they forge along with their blinking lights. Cabmen lay around the Sinclair House and "Mike Murray's" place, and scan the street up and down with the fond idea of catching a "drunk," or some one who has conceived the plan of making a night of it. Broadway below Fourteenth street is dead after midnight. We leave it willingly and turn into the Bowery around the corner of the Cooper Union.

It is another city. The first block we see is nothing but a string of gin-mills, with a bank and a drug store thrown in to break the monotony. The cellars are eating houses—all night places, whose lights stream up to mix in splendor with those radiating from the bars.

Let us go in to one of the first so-called hotels that we meet. We will have beer; always beer or Rhine wine in these places. This establishment never closes its eyes. The young man behind the bar is as fresh as a daisy, and should be, because he has just come on. But what trade do they have? Plenty of trade. The men in the Tompkins Market may have their periodical drinks; so must the policeman. Up to 2 o'clock in the morning the business is but a continuation of that of the day. Between 2 and 5 o'clock the early workers, dealers in newspapers, young men who went to bed at midnight, hot with rum, and couldn't sleep—they come in for their drinks.

On a couple of chairs, heads sprawled upon the beer-stained tables, are customers who could no more go home than fly. The bar-tender shakes snores and drunks out of them and returns disgusted to his work.

Suddenly the bell at the side door rings. Were we outside we would see a gentleman and lady standing in the entry. The lady has her veil down, altho' the precaution is unnecessary, since the gas is turned so low that it seems a mere speck of red in the luridly tinted globe.

By the operation of an electric bell, manipulated on the platform up-stairs, the door flies open. The couple enter and ascend to the first landing, where, in an ante-room filled with bottles and dishes, stands a servant who knows his business. He is a combination of politeness, suavity and silence.

The couple desire a supper room.

"Certainly. Step this way."

And he glides down a long hall, filled with the murmur of conversation from rooms on either side, until he comes to No. 10. There is the flash of a match, and a neat apartment, furnished with table, chairs and a lounge, is revealed.

We don't see any of this, but we hear the order for oysters, salad and a bottle of wine, which are consumed in No. 10. Sometimes the wine has a marvelous effect upon the silent, timid, hesitating woman who was so closely veiled at the street door. She talks in a loud voice; she sings. It is not the strangest thing in the world even for the couple in the adjoining supper room to join in the fun and eventually to propose making it all one party.

In this very house that I am describing such a thing occurred but recently and with the most unlooked-for results. Both ladies were under the influence of drink, or it would not have happened. Their voices, in the preliminary conversation, were husky, thick, unrecognizable to each other.

But not so their faces when the invitation to coalesce was accepted and one tipsy couple burst into the supper room of the other.

"My God, Fanny —!"

"You here! Hattie —!"

Imagine the scene. These two, respectable(), married

ladies, discovering each other in situations which make the life of such plays as "Champagne and Oysters," "Forbidden Fruit," and the like.

The frozen attitude of astonishment, the bottles and glasses, the bewilderment of the gentlemen, and the final compromise and treaty of war over more wine.

As we go down the Bowery becomes a succession of beer gardens, huge, brilliantly illuminated places, with an army of waiters, and a stage at one end on which appear variety actors. The dramatic part of the bill is not of a very high order, but we don't expect it to be.

Let us sit here. The waiter plants down two glasses of beer and waits for the money. There is no disgusting formality of asking you what you want in these places. Beer is a fixed fact.

Who is that young lady in the seal-skin sacque who has just sank into a seat ahead of us, only to be surrounded by about six fast-looking young men, who almost fight in their eagerness to treat her?

"Make it a schooner, Max," she says to the waiter in a tone of easy familiarity; "I'm as thirsty as the devil." Then she unbuttons her seal-skin, leans back, puts her feet on a chair opposite, and wipes the perspiration and paint from her hard, brazen face.

"Who is she Max?" "Her? oh, she's the gal the man chucks the knives at. Want to know her?" "No, thank you."

So we are in the society of a beer garden queen. She is holding her regular court. Her knife-thrower is on in the pantomime, and she has to wait for him.

The running of the cars all night keeps the Bowery alive. Some of those that come down from Harlem have regular gangs of pirates on board, drunken men and women who fight, throw the conductor and driver off, smash the windows, and yell murder. This is especially so in the summer time when moonlight picnics are in full blast. I would as leave be on a slave ship, where the crew all wear red shirts, as ride in some of the Bowery street cars in the hours along towards morning.

Approaching Chatham square the Bowery becomes more degraded. It has any quantity of all-night saloons in cellars, which are veritable entrances to Hades. Look at the painted, gaudily-be-ribboned hag, cajoling the honest sailor, who is very drunk, into entering one of these hells.

He stumbles against the door, behind whose crimson curtain the gas blazes, and as it is burst open, we see a monstrous, bloated woman in the bar, and five or six bed-dizened females in tawdry Turkish costumes, making love to as many drunken individuals, while a young man in a red neck-tie bangs away at the piano.

The door closes. Our sailor friend is swallowed up. It were better for him had he been wrecked at sea, and landed on a desert island.

TRYING TO SNARE A SOILD DOVE.

Sixth avenue, after midnight, has often been the scene of little dramas, with the pavement as the stage and the street lamp the substitute for footlights, which excel in pathos, in power, in the deep, quick insight they give into the depths of degradation to which it is possible for human beings to descend, which far excel, I repeat, the carefully constructed stories told at the theatres.

I have one to speak of now. It is the story of a father foiled in his attempt to reclaim his daughter from a life of shame. This case is by no means an isolated one. If you watch the newspapers closely you will frequently find it duplicated in all its sad details.

It was between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, and about 1 o'clock in the morning. The avenue

was very brilliant. The dancing places had sent out squads of richly dressed *habitués* to swell the promenading throng, already a rather pretentious one.

Two couples were approaching each other. One consisted of an elderly gentleman, erect and dignified in his bearing, but showing to-night the traces of extreme agitation. The one with him was an officer of the police in civilian's dress. As they walked along the old gentleman kept peering into the bold, painted faces of the girls who passed him, and each time he did it I noticed that disappointment and pleasure were equally represented in the expression of his countenance.

He was afraid to find what he was so anxiously looking for.

Nearer and nearer the two couples came. Fate had arranged it for them to meet.

The other two were a young man and a bright, pretty girl. He was the regular *flaneur* of Sixth avenue, a trifle less rowdyish than the swell of the Bowery, and not quite nobby enough for a Broadway or Fifth avenue sportsman. He was dressed in a loud style, wore his immaculately brushed hat a little to one side and swaggered, rather than walked. The girl occupied one of his arms. With the other hand he kept twirling his mustache, or arranging his hair, which was redolent of bay rum.

The young woman was still very pretty, was fresh and sparkling even. At times she would seem to shrink back when the bolder women passed her, to actually recoil at their language, but in another moment she would laugh merrily at something her companion said and strive to force upon herself a gayety to suit the scene.

It was just as she had succeeded in arriving at a bravado state that the four people met.

The officer looked first at the young girl when the old gentleman signalled to halt, and then at the man by her side.

The father gazed upon his child and stretched his hands out to her, while the tears came to his eyes and his voice quavered so with long-suppressed emotion that he could hardly utter the words:

"Come, Lucy, come to your father. All will be forgiven, my child. Come with me home, where your mother, your heart-broken mother, awaits you."

She had shrunk back, and clasped both her arms about the one of the scoundrel upon which she had been leaning. Her form trembled, and she could not speak. Her escort whispered something in her ear. The officer remained passive, stern, immobile. It was not yet his time to act. Finally he spoke.

"Well, young lady, what is your decision? Will you go quietly with your father to the home you have been deceived from by such as the man you are with now, or shall I use the authority I possess and arrest you?"

At this statement the young man whispered to the girl again.

"You leave her alone," the officer said. "She is old enough to decide."

"I was just telling her," the fellow answered with a sneer, "that she was old enough to resist kidnapping."

"You villain!" exclaimed the father, raising his cane and stepping forward, "would you stand between that girl and both her temporal and eternal welfare?"

"Softly, Mr. —," the officer interrupted; "there is

no use wasting words on one of these creatures. If it wasn't for the unfortunate girls of Sixth avenue and other streets they would starve."

"I guess they pay the police something, too, don't they?" the young man answered.

No attention was paid to this sally. Once more the officer said to the girl:

"Will you go with your father?"

"No, I won't," she answered, assuming a hardhood in tone and manner that half a glance showed to be thoroughly foreign to her nature.

"Then I will arrest you."

As the officer spoke he advanced and laid his hand upon her shoulder. Then, turning to her companion, he said:

"I would advise you to disappear. You can do nothing around here except interfere with me, and I don't want to be put to the disgusting necessity of taking you in. Some of the other young women will see to it that you get your usual quantity of rum."

The young woman resisted at first, and then became mildly hysterical. The father insisted upon a carriage. I knew the precinct to which they would go and so hastened there, anxious to see another act in the play.

In the station-house she displayed a sullen resistance to all influences working for her good. She positively refused to her home with her father, and still she was old enough to act as her own guardian, it was easy to see what the result would be in the courts. The father plead again, the tears coursing down his cheeks. She stood at the end of the desk, as cold, as beautiful as ice. The fresh young face seemed to have turned to carved stone. The officer who made the arrest on a regular issued warrant, lit a cigar and smoked it with positive enjoyment. The sergeant in charge wrote in his blotter with the imperturbability of a shipping clerk. It was a peculiar scene. The gas-jets flared on the group, and penetrated to a murky corridor beyond, where in one of the cells an intoxicated woman raved and swore in a manner to make the blood of a pirate turn cold.

I sat back against the wall in one of the chairs, and wondered how long it would be before the handsome woman at the desk, the one who had but just started on the downward path, would arrive at that stage of degradation.

There is nothing but herself to stop her. It has already been tested in the courts. She is her own mistress and can become that of whom she chooses.

And so the play of the night ended. Exit a strong, broken-hearted man to his carriage, while the young girl is shown to a cell. The bolt shoots into its socket, and it is all over.

Whether the court scene, yet to be played, makes or mars her, will depend upon herself.

* * * * *

P. S.—I took the trouble to drop in at Jefferson Market next day and obtain information enough for this paragraph. Her mother and younger sister were with the father at the hearing. She coldly refused to have any thing to do with them. Naturally she was discharged, and Sixth avenue claims her again. I should like to know the romance of this ruined life.

PULLING A DISORDERLY HOUSE.

I am free to confess that when an official friend of mine extended an invitation to me to be present one night last week at the pulling of a disorderly house just off Sixth avenue, the brilliant artery whose midnight pulsations are at fever heat, that I accepted with a feeling akin to that of positive pleasure.

Although the pictures which I knew would be unrolled before me constituted a familiar pantomime, still there is a recurrent excitement about a police raid which makes it always a fresh sensation.

We must not forget either the charm of novelty. Admirable as our M. P.'s are—are they not called the finest force in the world?—they do not indulge in raids to that extent where it would become a monotonous proceeding. There was extraordinary reason, of course, but I did not ask it. I went on the "Pinafore" principle of "never mind the why or wherefore," and now that the affair is over I am no wiser as to its animus than I was before. And why should I be? Am I not told that my mission is to bag picturesque folly as it flies, and that in wandering through New York at the hour when graveyards gape and yawn as the Ohio resurrectionist slings his spade on the coffin and scores a trick, I shall regard the artistic side of every situation before considering the moral?

It was certainly in this mood that I met the ten or twelve men detailed for the raid. They were in citizens' clothing, and looked more like one of Talmage's sublimism committees than anything else I could think of. Our rendezvous was at a street corner unprovided with a lamp, and as I advanced to grasp the hand of the chief I could not for the life of me disassociate the trip with a Guy Fawkes gunpowder expedition. I was introduced in a whispered way, and then given in charge of an officer whose business it was to enter the house legitimately, if it were possible, with me as a companion.

The others, each man knowing his portion of the detail, seemed to disappear as if by magic. We were alone.

It wasn't far to the spotted establishment, and when we arrived there the abundant hilarity prevailing demonstrated that no note of warning had been sounded. As I afterwards learned, from a conversation on the subject, it was the tendency which this particular mansion had to turn night into day, and allow the sun to gaze in on orgies which had made the pale moon blush; it was this industry in the particular realm of vice that had actuated people in the neighborhood to make the complaint.

A good deal of wickedness can be stood, when it is quiet. I don't care if the man in the room next to me is a coiner or counterfeit note engraver, provided he follows his opposition to the government profession in a silent way. But as soon as the casting of a bad five-cent piece destroys my morning nap, then I will complain to the authorities.

The officer rang the door bell. The door was opened a little ways by a negress, and with the rattling of a chain as an accompaniment. It had been determined upon between us that we should look a little drunk. I did my best, and am sure that I must have looked a good deal imbecile, sufficiently so to induce the portress to believe that I was harmless at any rate. I even think that my vacant countenance did the officer good service, acting as a recommendation.

At any rate we were admitted.

"Show the gentlemen into the little room, Ellen," came from some one elsewhere. "There is a party who wishes to go out."

In the room we went, and heard the unsteady steps of two or three men as they passed into the street. Lucky dogs! They were escaping the doom of the rest. Their desire not to be seen stamped them at once as those who had gilt-edged positions of respectability to maintain in in the day-time. This is a sad world, my masters.

And now we are in the parlor. A perfect blaze of light, a swathe of warm coloring upon the walls where the pictures hung. The communicating rooms were furnished magnificently, albeit in the vulgar, *rococo* style that you read about in the long accounts of the sale by auction in Paris of the books, furniture and articles *de vertu* of some successful woman of the half-world, who has either gone to Nice for her health or entered a convent.

Three or four young men lounged about. Six or eight girls, with their golden twists of Pompadoured hair, engaged them in rapid conversation. One sang a sentimental ballad at the piano.

To conceal any embarrassment that might exist, although I will give my companion credit for suggesting the Police Department no more than he did a cathedral, we ordered a bottle of wine—Hoboken champagne, imported on the James Fisk, Jr., and sold at \$5 the bottle. The colored woman brought it.

"Where's madame?" asked my friend.

"Who wants her?"

This question located Madame in a pretty pink boudoir at the end of the hall, where she was reclining on a sofa reading a novel.

The gentlemen just came in want you to take a glass of wine," answered the servant.

"I certainly would be ungracious not to accept such an invitation," she replied, as the stiff rustling of her starched skirts declared her getting up.

"I hate, however," she went on, coming into the parlor, "to give up my book. The charming devil of a hero had just escaped from the myrmidons of the law, and —"

We heard a whistle, and the bell rang violently. It was the merest coincidence, but she grasped the situation immediately.

"Gentlemen and ladies," the officer said, "consider yourself under arrest."

He threw back his coat and showed his shield.

The landlady, who had been all smiles, turned to a fury in an instant.

"Devil! brute!" she almost shrieked, and she threw the glass, wine and all, at the officer's head. Then she essayed to escape. There was a crash of glass in the conservatory, two men had entered in that way. At a signal from my friend I opened the front door, and the others swarmed into the hall. Madame was still a tigress, but a tigress at bay.

During this time it was brilliant chaos in the parlor. Some of the ladies screamed, and one of the men showed fight. The chief knocked him down with his reversed revolver. He turned out to be the regular bully of the place, very efficient in dealing with a drunken boy on a birthday spree but hardly equal to the emergency just then.

The visiting men were utterly crestfallen. One had at tempted escape by a back window, but the movement was futile. An officer was there. Officers were everywhere. The approach to the building had been as carefully executed, as it had been planned. For the nonce the brilliantly lit apartments were a series of mouse traps.

One of the most amusing features of the evening's experience was the discovery of a gentleman sound asleep on one of the sofas in madame's room. He had fallen early in the evening before the battery of bottles, had gone to sleep in fancied security, and was awakened to find himself in the hands of the police. I wish I could describe the bewilderment of his countenance as he sat up upon the lounge and insisted upon another drink. This bewilderment became inexpressibly absurd when he saw the young women all dressed for the street, and watched the vindictive way in which the proprietress was putting on her bonnet.

Nothing came of this case, at least nothing that showed upon the surface. It was probably a visit of discipline, a warning. The male visitors were let go at the station

with a reprimand, inasmuch as no specific charge was made against them, while madame was required to furnish financial security for her appearance at court. She had no difficulty in doing that, and when the business was transacted, she and her brood were allowed to go their way. The house has been so quiet since, you might imagine a sexton lived there.

As the now gay and *debonnair* throng passed out the colored woman came up to me and said:

"Who pays for that bottle of wine?"

Madame heard the remark.

"Never mind the wine," she exclaimed, "the gentlemen's company was recompense enough. I have to thank them for infusing life into an otherwise stupid night."

As these words were uttered, she flashed one glance upon my companion in the visit and myself that contained as many daggers as you would probably find in an Italian wholesale hardware store. Then she swept promptly to the door, rustling and roaring like a silken tornado.

ADVENTURES IN WATER STREET,

Dr. Elisha Harris, late Registrar of Vital Statistics in this city, and now Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, made a special study of mysterious cases of supposed suicide for years, and in a conversation with the writer declared his belief that a large proportion of the cases of mysterious deaths that go on the records of the city as suicides were really skillfully planned murders by gangs of men and women who make murder and robbery a business.

Along the streets bordering upon the river, or in adjacent streets, such as Water and Cherry, are located many vile hells.

Investigations made in a very large number of cases where bodies have been found floating in the water showed that the victims were last seen alive in the company of female frequenters of these hells of the metropolis or in the dance-houses. In most cases of this kind no valuables of any account were found upon the remains and rarely any external injuries were developed in a post-mortem.

These facts led Dr. Harris to the conclusion that many, if not all, had been inveigled into the low resorts by women, where they were drugged to death by some subtle poison administered in liquors, and then, in the silent hours of the night, the inanimate body, after being stripped of money and valuables, would be carried by the male murderers to an adjacent dock and quietly dumped into the river. In due time the remains would be carried to the surface and found by a boatman or the river police. The deadly drug had left no tell-tale mark. The police would investigate, and that was the end of the matter.

So impressed was I with the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Harris that I communicated with a personal friend on the detective force my suspicions that a certain house in Water street, which I had occasion to pass as late as 2 A. M. daily, was a den of thieves of this class. He readily consented to join me in an effort to discover something positive regarding the place, which was a resort of abandoned women, sailors and conntrymen, with a bar attached.

One night at 11:30, dressed and disguised as Jersey countrymen, Detective T. and I entered the main room on the floor even with the street. In it were four or five half-drunken women and half-a-dozen sailors. In one corner was a small bar, presided over by a villainous-looking, pock-marked ex-convict, and in another corner was a fiddler playing for the dancers. We spent money freely in treating all hands, talked about the price of country "truck" and the best market in which to sell, and promised to go around next day after we had sold our produce and have a good time all around, remarking that we wanted the fiddler, so we could have a dance.

The convict boss of this den chuckled at the proposition and readily assented to the further proposition that no sailor fellers" should be admitted while we were guests, as we weren't used to "thar rough ways," and wanted to have "a clear swarth all to ourselves."

A little before noon on the following day, well disguised, we entered the resort. But two women and the proprietor were there, and an air of quietude—in striking contrast to the boisterous secret of the previous night—permeated the place.

Each of us had provided ourselves with a sponge, hidden away inside of our coat-sleeves, and, as we had previously arranged to drink nothing but "pony" glasses of wine, it was an easy matter by a dexterous movement to deposit the contents, after taking it from the glass, into the sponges. My companion drank freely, or at least appeared to drink, displayed considerable money, and after the fiddler had been sent for and the doors were locked, indulged in several waltzes "between drinks."

An hour was thus passed, when, to all appearances, the "Jersey farmers" were "pretty well fuddled," so well had we simulated intoxicated men.

As our object was to see more of the premises we offered no resistance when the women urged us to retire to a rear room. There more drinks were called for, and in half an hour we were both apparently unconscious in a drugged and drunken stupor. The women retired from the room, which was dimly lighted by the kerosene lamp, and we

were left side by side on a mattress in one corner for some time. There was a peculiar taste to the wine that satisfied us it contained a drug.

In a little while "Big Charley," the boss, returned with one of the women, who passed as his wife, and, stooping over us, he remarked: "I'm blowed, Hannah, if them fellers isn't good game. Now you hold the door an' hold the light, an' the fiddler an' me'll soon lay 'em away till night. They're well salted, and we'll fix them at midnight, when all's still."

The fiddler was called, and we, limp and apparently insensible, were carried down a rickety stairway to a sub-cellar and quietly deposited on the floor, which was of stone. Our entertainers retired, leaving the lamp burning dimly.

My detective friend got up and cautiously explored the place.

I confess I was not pleased with his report.

On one side he found a blind door leading into a dark passage-way, which, from the sound of running water, he supposed to be one of the city sewers, through which they carried their victims. I was so alarmed that I suggested we had seen enough, but he was inexorable.

"Let us see the end," he said. "We are well armed; we're enough for them. Why if I only showed my shield they'd beat a retreat. Keep quiet and watch me."

We did not wait long in suspense. "Charley" and his woman entered.

The former examined us critically, and, turning to the woman, said: "You go up and tend bar, if any one drops in; send Lize down to watch the clohoppers, and have her pour a little more of the "stuff" down 'em in half an hour. I must now go over the river and get Bob to come over and help me plant 'em after we close in the mornin'."

Again we were alone.

The detective whispered his plans to me, and a few minutes later the woman Lize came down with a bottle in her hand, and, sitting down on the only chair in the cellar, engaged in the occupation of knitting.

Half an hour must have passed—to me it seemed two hours—when the woman picked the bottle up from a shelf and walked deliberately over to our corner. With closed eyes I felt her warm hand on my forehead; then she turned my head over, face upward, and forcing open my mouth when my companion, with a quick movement, threw himself over, and drawing a pistol, hissed, "Ah,

Lize! I've got you! Now open your head, and I'll blow it off your lousy body! See this shield? Ha! ha! trapped at last, eh?"

So sudden was the thing done that the woman crouched down quietly, as the detective threw off a wig, and she identified him as one who had twice arrested her for shoplifting.

To be brief, the woman "Lize made a clean breast" of the fact that sailors and countrymen were drugged and taken to the sub-cellar, where they were visited by "Big Charley," his wife and two men.

What disposition was made of the victims she never knew, or professed to know not. The officer promised her protection if she would aid him in solving the mystery of the removal of the drugged victims who might visit the place in future, at the same time warning her that he would have her watched, and it would be useless for her to attempt to flee the city. It was also arranged that when the sub-cellar again had an occupant she was to find means to hang a white cloth from the front window as a signal, and at all events to meet him at a place appointed a week hence. She then released us through a side door.

Daily the house was watched—no signal. The trying time arrived, and Lize came not. Over another week passed without other news of the woman. It was supposed she had escaped the detective's vigilance.

Reading a description of the body of a drowned woman found at Fort Hamilton, the detective believed it was Lize. He went there and recognized her as the Water street woman.

The detective always maintained that he believed "Big Charley" and his gang, suspecting Lize of treachery, had murdered her and thrown her body into the river.

Shortly after this, my friend, who still had the house under surveillance, became insane, and a few months later died.

The Water street den has been demolished to make way for the Brooklyn bridge, and the inmates are scattered. Yet I still firmly believe that Dr. Harris was right, and that there still exists in this city, under the very eyes of the police, one or more organized gangs whose business is the inveigling of strangers into suspicious places, the robbing of their persons and the consignment of their bodies to the waters of the rivers and harbor.

Where is the Vidocq who will fathom the secrets of these malefactors?

A THIEVES' TAVERN.

I shall not write the street nor the number of the house in the street where the thieves' tavern is in which I spent an evening last week, passing the midnight line, in fact, and never rising to leave until a disreputable clock behind the bar—a timepiece with a bad face—announced that it was about the hour when Peter's Cochinchina rooster raised all that row in Jerusalem.

It wouldn't be fair in me to publish the whereabouts of the place. I was the guest of the thieves, or rather of the blind proprietor of the saloon; and although my being honest, and my never having been "crooked" or "done time" was slightly against me, I was treated with such uniform politeness and deference that I would be a despicable wretch indeed to repay the courtesy which made the

experience possible by "squealing" on those I met.

I believe that they call it "squealing." I heard a good deal of slang that night, but it has changed so of late years that it is difficult to understand their jargon.

I went down a flight of stone steps illuminated feebly by a lamp, and when I pushed the door open I found myself in an ordinary bar-room, with sanded floor, a short counter and five or six tables, about which as many young men were sitting, two at cards and the others engaged in a conversation which ceased when I entered. I looked hastily around for a young thief who had come to me with a story of Sing Sing horrors, and who had promised to meet me at 11:30.

It was 11:45, and he was not present.

"Who's that?" said the short, thick-set, blind proprietor, leaning over his bar as his abnormally acute ears detected the presence of a stranger.

As he spoke one of the young men rose, sauntered to the door and went out quietly.

The situation was an awkward one. I was considered either a spy or a stranger. In any event I was fair game.

So I spoke out boldly, telling them in as many words that I was a "literary cuss," and that I had an appointment with "Box-Stew Charley." Then I asked the house to drink. Another young man silently disappeared and brought back the first one, who had assumed the position and duties of a sentinel.

It wasn't long before my friend arrived, and then we were all *en rapport*. He told them that I was acquainted with the character of the rendezvous, that I was a gentleman despite the fact of my never having been in jail, and that they could talk unreservedly before me.

Which I am certain they proceeded to do in a most agreeable manner. Charley, having been the latest up the river, was naturally the chief spokesman. He was eagerly questioned as to how this and that was getting along. He had plenty of messages to deliver, one especially from a burglar to his wife.

"I told her to be here at midnight," said a red-headed youth who had been instructed to acquaint the woman with the circumstance of Charley's arrival within the realms of ordinary society.

"And here she is," said the blind man. "I know Kate's step."

A pretty woman and elegantly dressed, may it please you, this wife of a housebreaker. She was bade good evening, and had a smile for every one until her eyes rested on me. Then she assumed a look of keen inquiry. No one spoke, but some one must have reassured her locally that everything was O. K., for she sank unconcernedly into a chair, and said she didn't mind if she did have a wet of gin. As she spoke she betrayed London, and particularly Whitechapel.

"Jim's all right," said Charley, "and sends his love, of course. He expects you up on next visiting day. And here's an order for the 'kit' of tools he had made in Canada. I'm to have them, and the plan of that house in 119th street. If I do the thing, you're to divvy."

"All right, Charley," the pretty woman replied. "I'll send them here."

This little bit of business disposed of, we all drifted into the most agreeable conversation, which was shortly interrupted by the arrival of an excited young man. It was elegraphed to him instantly, also, that I was not in the way.

"I've got 'Big Moll' in a coach around the corner. She's just over from the Kings County Jail, and she wants her sparklers." Pop, you've got 'em, she says."

"Yes, I've got 'em, and she owes twenty-two dollars bar bill on them," the old man growled.

"Don't you be afraid about the 'sugar,' she's fixed. I came in to see if the coast was clear. She musn't meet Patsy or she'll put a knife in him."

"He's in the hospital," one of the party remarked, "getting his legs in condition to stand up for trial in the General Sessions."

With this satisfactory information regarding the doleful whereabouts of Patsy, the courier of "Big Moll" depart-

ed, and soon returned with that lady herself. She proved to be a big, bold, dashing woman, showing no traces of recent prison life. She was also dressed expensively, and was slightly drunk. Pulling out a roll of bills from her bosom, she insisted upon all of us standing up to the bar and indulging in champagne, which we drank out of tumblers. Jim's wife, who had been missing no tricks while the gin bottle circulated, was also made very merry by the champagne.

The diamond earrings and breastpin were produced on liquidation of the old bill, and adjusted in Moll's ears and at her throat by the other woman. She insisted upon having a looking-glass hunted up so that she could survey her magnificence, which seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. It was like a scene from the "Beggars' Opera." The old man held the glass, Moll swaggered before it, and all the rest of us, tumblers in hand, grouped ourselves about the central figure. I didn't feel precisely like a footpad, but the sensation was a strange one. Where did she get her money so soon? How about the jewels? These questions I asked "Box-Stew Charley."

"Moll always has money," he answered, "or knows where to go and get a hundred or so at any time. She's on a little drunk now, celebrating her release after doing ten months, but she's a sharp business woman all the same, and when she's flush she puts some by. The diamonds were given to her by a man who's dead now. They were stolen in Paris."

"What is the lady's particular line?"

"She hasn't any unless it's shoplifting, at which she's very 'fly.' But she can't do much in New York. They know her. She travels a good deal, is a kind of roper-in for diamond sharps, and big jobs like that."

A long, low whistle. Instantly the blind man turned down the gas, and we sat in gloom. Some one descended the steps and knocked significantly at the door, which had been locked after Moll's arrival and out of deference to the lateness of the hour.

A conversation between the boss and the one outside, a conversation which I could not follow, took place, and then the new comer was admitted. It was something important and mysterious at the same time. There was silence after a short talk, and I could hear the retreating footsteps of the man outside. The door remained open, for the cold wind blew in perceptibly. Footsteps returning. They came down toward the saloon as if it were one man leading another. Such in fact was the case, for when they had entered, the door had been securely barred, and the light turned up slightly, we saw that two men had been added to the company.

One was deathly pale, and on his shirt front was an area of crimson stain which located a gun-shot wound. His companion put him into a chair and asked for brandy.

I saw that this was a case which explained itself, and I did not ask about it. Some one had been shot in the commission of a crime and had escaped.

When I left, both Jim's wife and "Big Moll" were doing all they could to stanch the flow of blood with their lace handkerchiefs against the arrival of a doctor who had been sent for.

"And do you have a physician and surgeon?" I whispered to Charley.

"Couldn't do without one. He's a good one, too. Did three years for malpractice."

FIVE CENT LODGING HOUSES.

It was my good, bad, or indifferent fortune once to sit up with a friend all night in a cheap lodging house in London. We did it out of the merest curiosity and would not have been there even to gratify that curiosity had not the proprietor, Mr. Jno. White, who euphemistically called his den "The Workingmen's Retreat," been under obligations to my companion.

Mr. White's place was called in the slang of the thieves and costermongers who frequented it, a "thripenny doss," the word "doss" being gypsy talk for bed. The experience was a very peculiar one, such an experience which one seldom cares to repeat, except in the line of duty. All night long we beheld the spectacle of drunken men and women staggering into the place, slamming down their three coppers with an oath and then reeling to whatever questionable pallet John White chose to allot them.

But repulsive as the place was my memory reproduces it as a Fifth Avenue Hotel in comparison with the establishment which your artist and myself investigated a few nights back, one of those nights with a snappish cold spirit abroad that prevented much luxury attaching itself to slumbering in an alley or cart.

Cherry street boasts the possession of the particular five cent lodging crib under consideration. Cherry street has a good many of them, but I think that the one we decided upon is the most unique.

I will back the landlady against the proprietor or proprietress of any of the others for being the most picturesquely bestial woman in the business. As she sat just inside the door of the sleeping room—it was not in the cellar but gave upon the rough, cobble stones of a filthy court in the rear of a tenement—with the sickly rays of a red lamp fastened at the window streaming upon her, I thought of some huge, bloated spider, surcharged with blood to bursting, and possessing the most ravenous of maws.

She expected us. I had once done a little reporting for a morning paper, and had been forced to visit her hotel in quest of particulars regarding a society woman who, being born in opulence, educated and married in social pride, had passed through the lurid phases of illicit love and bad gin to be found dead one winter morning in this wretched room.

I recalled the circumstance to her when I visited her in the day time to arrange for a midnight seance. She remembered me, and although she could not understand why two human beings should deliberately seek her abode as a place in which to spend an hour or so, still she consented, and even went to the trouble of borrowing two chairs from one of the families in the tenement.

"You see," said the spider, "you won't want to sit down anywhere in here, although I do try to be very particular; it isn't safe."

I also ordered some gin for the old lady from the distillery on the street, and repeated the operation when we called. This had the effect of making her mellow.

Mrs. Glump, for such is her name, owns but ten beds, or ten tattered mattresses, ranged along the wall, and since she never carries things to the extremes by allowing more than three to one mattress, it is easy to calcu-

late that her night's revenue is but one dollar and a half. But the dormitory is never closed. As the lodgers stagger out in the morning others stagger in. No one ever comes to Mrs. Glump's until he or she is dead drunk, and the time of the visit depends upon whether the lodger does her boozing by day or night.

There were about a dozen in the room when we called. It was awful close, and a pauperish looking fire in a stove made the atmosphere sickening. She noticed our pale faces and opened the door slightly. This precaution and a generous swig of brandy from a private flask enabled us to keep up the tone of the stomach.

Of the twelve lodgers already in three were women. They lay in horrid dishabille, two of them upon their backs, their mouths open, and an expression of gutter sottishness upon their faces. The other one was curled in a ragged lump, her knees reaching her frowsty head. Suddenly she screamed in her sleep—a regular blood-curdler too—and striking out wildly hit a man in the mouth who lay next her. As we subsequently learned it was her husband.

The brute sprang half up with an oath and turning quickly took her by the throat while with his other hand he struck her a sounding blow. But only one. Mrs. Glump seized a club at the side of her chair and deliberately knocked him down upon his bed with it. Then standing over the human dog, still brandishing her agent of domestic peace, she said:

"No one knows it better than me, Bill Welch, that you will be hung yet for killing that woman, but you shan't do it here. You touch her again, and I'll get one of the gentlemen to go for the police."

He looked up with a fierce scowl penetrating his matted hair, glared a moment upon us, and fell back into his inebriated stupor. The wife was already asleep, and none of the others had stirred.

"I've got another lodger," said Mrs. Glump, resuming her seat, "like the one that died here, you know." She was addressing me and referring to the past. I nodded.

"She is going precisely the same way, and I think she started the same; she comes in about 1 o'clock, always drunk, sometimes merry, sometimes wicked and full of fight. She doesn't sleep on these common mattresses, but gives me ten cents for the one behind that screen." She pointed to an alcove at whose entrance floated a curtain.

"And where is your home, Mrs. Glump?" I asked.

"I have a floor in a street up-town. I only stay here at nights. In the day time my son runs the place."

Business becomes brisk suddenly. Old bums, shivering, hardly able to stand or hold themselves together, came through the glare of the red lamp, tossed their nickle or rattled their pennies upon the little table on which glimmered Mrs. Glump's candle, and after a vacant stare at two strangers, who were apparently possessed of no intention of going to sleep on the premises, fell like bags of meal upon the vermin-infected beds and dropped into forgetfulness.

"Here she comes—here comes Sarah!" said Mrs. G., in a cautionary way, and as she spoke a young woman who had crossed the courtyard with a song upon her lips,

staggered into the place, and straightened in a moment when she saw that visitors from the outside world were present.

"It's only two friends of mine, Sarah," said Mrs. G., "two gentlemen I used to know in England. Go on with your song."

"I will if they stand treat," she said, "and they'll have to hurry; Mike's about shutting up."

I took out a coin, and held it indefinitely toward them both.

"I'll go for it," she said, "and there's no change, mind you." Saying which she opened the door and disappeared.

While she is after the gin I will state that this Anonyma is not handsome now, but she has been. She is not refined now, but there still remains something of the grace of the drawing-room in her movements yet. As she put down the bottle on the table on her return and pocketed my change, I thought of Sarah Bernhardt selling cups of tea in the French Fair in London.

She took a terrible drink, as did Mrs. Glump, for that matter, and then began to sing in a mild, rambling way, "When other lips, and other hearts." All at once she ceased, and began an address, pointing, gesticulating fiercely, and mouthing some lines from a play. I knew what was coming; so did Mrs. Glump. Just as her eyes set in the paroxysm of delirium tremens, and the froth came upon her lips, while the distortion of despair passed over her countenance as she covered with her face in her hands, the lodging-house keeper caught her. and threw her upon a mattress.

At her suggestion I ran around to Oak street, and got police aid.

In twenty minutes Sarah, the "unknown," her shapely arms in a straight jacket, rolled upon the floor of a padded cell, and talked gibberish to the ceiling.

This was enough for us, I was sick at soul and stomach, and never relished the cool air so much as when I reached it after bidding Mrs. Glump good night.

LIFE ALONG THE WHARVES.

Along the river front to-night! How black and forbidding the water seems, and what a gloomy, sullen plash it has as it swirls by the end of the wharf and gurgles among the slimy spiles and posts. It always seems to me that the rivers, both the East and North, change their entire character when the gloaming comes and the many-colored lights begin to hover over the murky waves like so many fantastic insects in a realm of *diablerie*. In daytime the sunlight kisses the stream until it breaks into a million smiles of merry radiance. It dances on its way so the sea, whose monotonous croon of welcome the roar of the great city drowns.

But at night the river becomes sinister. It reflects the character of the spectral shadows who pull the phantom boats in and out of darksome slips, and so noiselessly that they are upon you, have glided by and are gone, before you have half realized the fact of their existence.

It is these craft that the police patrol keep an eye of guardianship upon.

The dark lantern of the law's uniformed representatives frequently transforms into a Whitehall boat pulled by two villainous-looking wretches what to the unpracticed eye seemed but a shadow. Then it devolves upon the gentlemen in the dogskin caps and pea-jackets to unfold the purposes of their aquatic prowling.

No particularly honest man selects midnight, and after, as the time for a purely pleasure trip upon the water. In nine cases out of ten all moving row-boats upon the rivers at night, barring the police craft, contain thieves who become murderers when the occasion demands with the celerity with which the modern fakir turns a rabbit into a nosegay.

They board the canal-boats, sloops, schooners and other vessels lying at anchor and in fancied security, the object being to pick up rope, bits of chain and anything else that can be cashed by the junk dealer. If the captain or mate sleeping below overhears them, it takes but two or three muffled strokes to shoot the robbers' boat into the safety afforded by the darkness. If the thieves have no time to escape, then it is a desperate struggle with pistols and knives. There isn't a night that flies over New York like

a black-plumaged bird of ill-omen that doesn't chronicle one or more of these desperate encounters. There is scarcely a day that the Morgue does not receive some beaten and battered corpse, carried hither and thither by restless tides until recognition is impossible, whose wounds speak eloquently of a midnight murder. It is only a very small percentage of these outrages that are ever classed among the solved mysteries of the metropolis.

It isn't a comfortable sensation, standing on the end of a pier at midnight, I must admit. The neighborhood selected by me for the beginning of this tramp is by no means the most inviting in the city. We are on the North River front at about Thirtieth street, and are walking down toward the Twenty-third street ferry. Hnge piles of lumber and stone are on the piers. Lumber yards and gas-houses alternate with blocks of tenement houses, whose corner saloons in some instances keep open all night. The men met in these bars are a peculiar set. They look furtively at you and stop talking when you enter. There isn't one of them that couldn't put you in a boat now and land you, say at a special dock in Communipaw, without making the slightest error in calculation. These are sea-gulls that fly at night, and every inch of the river is known to them. Standing here on the string-piece and looking out upon the murmuring waste, I begin to get cold both from the searching wind, which gets inside your overcoat in true pickpocket style, and the thought that I have been followed from the saloon.

A knock on the head, a quick rifling of pockets, and a plunge—such are frequently the skeleton outlines of many a marine drama. Let us go on to Twenty-third street, where the civilization of the bob-tailed car is to be found.

What is the excitement in the ferry house? Men are running to and fro, and catching the fever, we run also. A young girl attempted suicide! Have they got her? Yes; that which they are putting upon the floor—that damp, sodden bundle—that is she. A lantern's light is thrown in her face as the usual remedial processes are resorted to, and we see a pretty girl, with face so pale, so wan now, and eyelids, with their long lashes, closed over eyes that are sunken far in the head. The yellow hair is

matted, twisted, tangled. In the torn dress that shows the white shoulder we see the red-line made by the boat-hook.

How did she do it? It was the work of a second. The boat had just left the slip, that same boat now midway in the stream, when she rushed to the rear chain, stumbled over it, regained her feet, said something which the man who started to seize her could not understand, and was gone.

She is reviving. A flush of pink, like a flower amid snow, warms her cheeks, and the eye-lids quiver. Poor thing! She tried hard to leave a world of sin and suffering, but she has been baffled. The boat-hook and the hastily summoned doctor have defeated her purpose. In the morning she will be fined by the magistrate for acting in defiance of the law.

There are economical suicides, patronizing the river front, who do not go to the extravagance of a ferry fare. They spring from the end of a wharf. There is one pier near Roosevelt street, East River, that is quite a fashionable resort for the frail, miserable women of the neighborhood, who drink the bad rum of the cellar dives until the ashes of their brain are in a lurid blaze again, and then with feverish haste, handicapped by unsteady step, they stagger to the river. There is always an officer there to lead them back and put them either in a station house cell or in some haunt where a putrid, swinish sleep robs them of the spasmodic energy of suicidal purpose.

I actually think it is a mistake to save these people. Female denizens of the down-town East River front—I mean those scorbatic specimens whose pimples and ribbons are noticeable at half open cellar doors on fine afternoons—are lost to everything. There is no reform, either

physical or moral, possible, and "making a hole in the drink," as the sailors put it, appears to me to be as neat a thing as they can do.

But let us go back to the North River for a moment. We are down-town now, below Canal street, and have the good luck to stumble upon a garbage scow being loaded. It is a really picturesque scene. Huge lanterns and flambeaux throw light upon the carts on the wharf, the scow in the river, and the brown-skinned Italians, bending to their work with hooks and bags, who are everywhere. Young women, with huge hoops of gold at their ears, and wearing flaming kerchiefs about their necks, assist in the ghoulish picture.

Although the river front is carefully patrolled, it is a favorite stamping ground for footpads. Approaches to the Williamsburgh ferry are particularly infested. "Help! Help! Police! Murder!" are not infrequent sounds of blood-curdling import during the night. We can imagine what has occurred. The citizen held under the throat by one ruffian, while the pockets are turned inside out by others. It is a matter of about a minute. The job done, the thieves and assassins flee, up dark alleys, through tenement houses and over familiar fences, while the police find the stunned and bleeding victim too incoherent to intelligibly relate his grievance. Many of the sloops and canal-boats are haunts of the lawless, all the gin-mills are run on neutral principles, junk dealers are frequently "fences," and too often the policemen along shore find it convenient not to interfere with these little operations of the lovers of darkness. What we need is the electric light along both edges of the city, and further than that, we need steam launches for the river patrol.

STATION-HOUSE SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Although I have seen a great deal of condensed life in New York, I never knew that an entire night spent in the comfortable reception room of a station-house would pan out so well in the matter of sensationalism and grotesque incidents, until I sat up with a sergeant friend of mine for the purpose of obtaining material for this article.

I am now convinced that at no moment is New York uninteresting. It is only necessary to know where to look for romance to find it in regular bonanzas.

Your brigandish-looking artist was on time at the rendezvous, and behind the fragrance and the ruddy tips of two good cigars we strolled toward the green lights of the station, balefully throwing an unholy light across the street, and suggesting to my imaginative companion the emerald eyes of a sea serpent.

All was quiet, snug and orderly as we tilted back in the chairs to which the sergeant assigned us, and gave ourselves up to the calm waiting for developments. It was not long to wait.

The first development was an old man, a very old man, an exceedingly drunk and terribly dirty old man, whose St. Patrick's day hat was mashed in, who had mud in his hair and lime in his whiskers, and who presented altogether the appearance of having come from Minnesota on the wings of a "blizzard."

"Drunk and disorderly," said the officer; "caught him

climbing a Third avenue elevated railroad pillar. He said he always reached his room by way of the fire-escape when he came home late."

The ancient gentleman said not a word to all this. He blinked at the lights, at the sergeant, at us, and at the officer like an evicted owl. They led him quietly away.

Perhaps five minutes had elapsed, perhaps ten, but at any rate it seemed but a short space of time between this incident and one a great deal more tragic. The doorman of the corridor on which the cells open was suddenly heard running and jingling across the stone floor, while an officer rushed in from the rear to tell the sergeant that the woman in No. 1 had committed suicide.

We all sprang to our feet, the officer remaining in charge of the room, and sought the cell. The gas-jet in the hall, which was directly opposite the door, and the lantern which the keeper had placed on the damp flags of the cell, enabled us to see him clearly as he was in the act of cutting down the body. She had made a rope with her garters.

The corpse, as we imagined it to be, fell into his arms heavily, like a sack of meal. He knelt upon the floor and reached for his lantern, flooding the somewhat swollen face with its light. She was not dead; far from it. Signs of returning life were already visible, and before the physician who had been sent for arrived she was recov-

ered sufficiently to stand upon her feet in the cell, her wild eyes flashing, her hair floating about her stalwart shoulders, and in that attitude to damn to eternal perdition the man who had cut her down and all who had assisted in her resuscitation.

"Now that you've brought me back to this hell of a world," she went on in a blood-curdling way, "there isn't one of you man enough to get me a drink of whisky."

There was a good deal of the grimmest kind of philosophy in the remark. I mentioned this view of the case to the sergeant, and although such things should not be told, I think that Maggie (her name) got the nectar she so much desired.

The doorman had discovered her attempt by the merest accident. He had heard her kick away the stool, or whatever it was she stood upon, and he recognized the familiar sound.

"Why, Lord bless you," he said, "'tain't no uncommon thing. They're at it all the time, and they always cut up that way after you cut them down."

This was the doorman's little joke.

"Now, here is something," said the sergeant, about half an hour after, as we heard a commotion in the street. The doors were flung wide open, and four officers brought in a groaning man on a stretcher. He was covered with a bloody sheet. Two other officers dragged in his assassin, hatless, almost coatless, from whose head the blood had been streaming. He looked as if he had thoroughly deserved the clubbing which he had evidently received. At first I imagined it a genuine murder, but it was only a severe stabbing case following a row in a corner liquor saloon.

The New York Hospital sent an ambulance in response to a telegraphic call, and after some preliminary medical attention had been paid the injured individual he was driven away, while his assailant, still defiant, still suggesting the wild beast and man in his yawping, barbaric state, was locked up. The crowd inside and out silently dispersed.

The next to enter was a little, nervous woman, dressed in black. Her face was pinched and wan. Furrows and tightly drawn lines ran across the places on her cheeks where once, no doubt, the roses and lilies of health mingled in their pink and white beauty.

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

Her voice trembled. "I wish to know, sir, if my husband is here."

"What's your husband's name?"

"John Carr. He's gone since Saturday."

"Describe him."

She did so, minutely—photographed him, in fact.

"I haven't seen or heard of any such person, ma'am. Have you been to the Morgue?"

Here she burst out crying, answering through her sobs:

"I went this afternoon, but I came away without ringing the bell."

"And why?"

"I was afraid to."

She went out into the night, into the glare of the green lamps, with her faded shawl athered up and pressed to her face.

There were many ordinary "bums," "drunks and disorderlies," men and women, brought in during the night. A respectable-looking gentleman, who struck me as being a seedy clergyman, applied for lodging. It was a rainy, disagreeable night, and he looked as if he had been hauled out of a pond. At about 3 o'clock we were rewarded by the arrival of a shoal of fantastics, masqueraders, who had been fighting among themselves on their return from a ball.

There was Bombastes Furioso charging a Spanish courtier with "smashin'" him in the nose. The courtier retorted that his noble friend had drawn his sword on him.

There were three or four ladies in the party, as well as some other high-toned dukes, dons and kings, who had come along to contribute testimony and see the affair out. The ladies were Indian princesses, a vivandiere, and a "Little Buttercup." They had all been drinking, and the rain had so soaked their fine feathers that they were in reality the most comical group I had ever seen.

There was nothing very serious done to the Furiosc nose, and since they showed a disposition all around to make it up, the courtier was discharged. The fracas had occurred in a street car.

A young girl found wandering about aimlessly and asking for the Boston depot, although she could give no satisfactory account of why she left Boston; a brace of burglars caught in a Bowery store; a sprinkling of "bums," and finally a young man in full dress, who had driven off with a milkman's wagon, "just for a lark, you know," constituted the rest of the arrivals during our vigil.

"Some nights," said the sergeant, "it's not so stupid."

Stupid!

WHAT A HACKMAN SEES.

I know a very nice fellow who drives a hack for a living. It is his own vehicle, and he naturally takes a pride in it, as he does in his horses, which are always neatly groomed.

It is his own choice that he works at night instead of daytime. He is something of a student of human character like myself, and he avers that the pursuit of the occupation is much more entertaining at night than in the garish, vulgar day.

And then again he makes more. There is always some eccentricity about people who take carriages after midnight, which is just as apt to find expression in a liberal system of payment as in any other manner.

I must be very careful to explain that my hackman, with whom I have just had a long talk, must not be confounded with those disreputable fellows who stand in with burglars. He is an honest whip, and during all the time that I have known and hired him I have detected nothing wrong in his character. I first made his acquaintance when there was an all-night eating and drinking saloon in the basement at Clinton place and Broadway. His hack stood outside.

He knows all about the disreputable members of his fraternity, however, and has told me many a story of their collusion with thieves. The burglar has frequently escaped owing to a hack being in a dark alley ready for

him to jump into and bid defiance to the pursuing police. There was a case about two years ago where a robber got away successfully with his swag owing to fleet horses, and amused himself furthermore by firing a revolver through the back window at the policemen.

The Jehu of my acquaintance haunts the railroad ferries, and generally gets a fare. One of the most mysterious that he ever had he picked up at Desbrosses street at 4 o'clock in the morning. She was a young girl from Philadelphia who took his carriage and told him to drive anywhere until daybreak. She had no baggage.

"But it is cold and damp, Miss. Had you not better stop at a hotel, or with some friends?" I asked her.

"She looked at me sadly—my eye, but she was pretty—and said: 'I have no friends. Drive till the sun rises. I will pay you.'

"So I did. I remember that it was down near the Battery I had gotten to by sun-up. It was a Spring morning, and the birds were singing, while the waves in the bay had just begun to glisten. I got down and looked in. She was dead! stone dead, with the revolver still in her hand and a purplish hole in her temple. She had so arranged a shawl and her handkerchief that the blood had not soiled my carriage a bit. If it had I would not have been ruined, for she had pinned a \$50 note to the lace of the coach, with a penciled line on a piece of paper, saying it was for me."

"And what did you do?"

"I drove her to the Morgue, wondering all the while how I never heard the report of the revolver. She must have done it during the clatter made by some market wagons from Long Island that I got mixed up with. After leaving the body I informed the police. Nothing was found upon her, and the chief of police in Philadelphia could get no trace. They buried her up the river."

Cabby tells curious tales about the balls at the Academy. He says that he is frequently told by the gentleman, after the lady is assisted into the vehicle, to drive up to Central Park at a walk. He has then been requested to drive to High Bridge, or anywhere else. Sometimes on these occasions the most violent scenes take place, and one night the woman screamed to him for assistance. It was at a lonely place on the Kingsbridge road, and about 3 a. m. He halted his horses, jumped down and opened the door the young woman, who was costumed as a page beneath a

pink domino and mask, springing out almost into his arms, begging him to protect her.

"That I certainly would. I then asked what was the matter, but got no satisfaction. She cried and he laughed. It was easy to surmise, however. I ordered him from the carriage, and then put her back, she telling me where to go. I left him standing in the road in his full dress suit, calmly smoking a cigarette! The lady lived in a swell house near the Windsor. She made me come around the next day and gave me \$10, although I had been paid for the night's work by the Lothario in the dress suit."

"Have you never gotten in trouble about these mysterious night fares?"

"Once only. A young man picked me up on Broadway and took me way over to Hoboken. We stopped at a house from which a young woman, all muffled up, and so weak that she had to be carried, was brought out. I suspected something wrong then, but I was younger than I am now and the night was wasted, and I resolved to stick it out. They had me drive to a place in Grand street—a disreputable-looking house, with a light burning in the second-story window. I got a glimpse of the young woman's face as the young man and an old lady helped her out. It was pale as death. She turned her head, and seemed to look right at me as if asking for aid. An old wretch in a skull-cap came to the door with a lamp.

"It was an abortion case, of course. The girl died, and when they advertised for the hackman I drove down and gave myself up. I believe that the old man got ten years. The young one jumped the town, and I never heard of his being caught."

He told me a great many more curious things; how an old gray-bearded man took him at Courtlandt street ferry once, and it was a young, smooth-faced fellow who got out at the Grand Central Depot, where he had been told to go.

On another occasion a veiled lady, carrying a baby, hired him to catch the midnight Washington express. He caught it, but when he opened the door the woman was missing, and the baby, tucked up in a corner, was all that remained. He turned it over to the police. The woman must have jumped out while he was going at full speed. In the case of the old man, my cabby thinks he was a criminal, fleeing from justice, who used the cab as a dressing-room in which to remove his disguise.

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ered sufficiently to stand upon her feet in the cell, her wild eyes flashing, her hair floating about her stalwart shoulders, and in that attitude to damn to eternal perdition the man who had cut her down and all who had assisted in her resuscitation.

"Now that you've brought me back to this hell of a world," she went on in a blood-curdling way, "there isn't one of you man enough to get me a drink of whisky."

There was a good deal of the grimmest kind of philosophy in the remark. I mentioned this view of the case to the sergeant, and although such things should not be told, I think that Maggie (her name) got the nectar she so much desired.

The doorman had discovered her attempt by the merest accident. He had heard her kick away the stool, or whatever it was she stood upon, and he recognized the familiar sound.

"Why, Lord bless you," he said, "'tain't no uncommon thing. They're at it all the time, and they always cut np that way after you cut them down."

This was the doorman's little joke.

"Now, here is something," said the sergeant, about half an hour after, as we heard a commotion in the street. The doors were flung wide open, and four officers brought in a groaning man on a stretcher. He was covered with a bloody sheet. Two other officers dragged in his assassin, hatless, almost coatless, from whose head the blood had been streaming. He looked as if he had thoroughly deserved the clubbing which he had evidently received. At first I imagined it a genuine murder, but it was only a severe stabbing case following a row in a corner liquor saloon.

The New York Hospital sent an ambulance in response to a telegraphic call, and after some preliminary medical attention had been paid the injured individual he was driven away, while his assailant, still defiant, still suggesting the wild beast and man in his yawping, barbaric state, was locked up. The crowd inside and out silently dispersed.

The next to enter was a little, nervous woman, dressed in black. Her face was pinched and wan. Furrows and tightly drawn lines ran across the places on her cheeks where once, no doubt, the roses and lilies of health mingled in their pink and white beauty.

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

Her voice trembled. "I wish to know, sir, if my husband is here."

"What's your husband's name?"

"John Carr. He's gone since Saturday."

"Describe him."

She did so, minutely—photographed him, in fact.

"I haven't seen or heard of any such person, ma'am. Have you been to the Morgue?"

Here she burst out crying, answering through her sobs: "I went this afternoon, but I came away without ringing the bell."

"And why?"

"I was afraid to."

She went out into the night, into the glare of the green lamps, with her faded shawl gathered up and pressed to her face.

There were many ordinary "bums," "drunks and disorderlies," men and women, brought in during the night. A respectable-looking gentleman, who struck me as being a seedy clergyman, applied for lodging. It was a rainy, disagreeable night, and he looked as if he had been hauled out of a pond. At about 3 o'clock we were rewarded by the arrival of a shoal of fantastics, masqueraders, who had been fighting among themselves on their return from a ball.

There was Bombastes Furioso charging a Spanish courtier with "smashin'" him in the nose. The courtier retorted that his noble friend had drawn his sword on him.

There were three or four ladies in the party, as well as some other high-toned dukes, dons and kings, who had come along to contribute testimony and see the affair out. The ladies were Indian princesses, a vivandiere, and a "Little Buttercup." They had all been drinking, and the rain had so soaked their fine feathers that they were in reality the most comical group I had ever seen.

There was nothing very serious done to the Furioso nose, and since they showed a disposition all around to make it up, the courtier was discharged. The fracas had occurred in a street car.

A young girl found wandering about aimlessly and asking for the Boston depot, although she could give no satisfactory account of why she left Boston; a brace of burglars caught in a Bowery store; a sprinkling of "bums," and finally a young man in full dress, who had driven off with a milkman's wagon, "just for a lark, you know," constituted the rest of the arrivals during our vigil.

"Some nights," said the sergeant, "it's not so stupid." Stupid!

WHAT A HACKMAN SEES.

I know a very nice fellow who drives a hack for a living. It is his own vehicle, and he naturally takes a pride in it, as he does in his horses, which are always neatly groomed.

It is his own choice that he works at night instead of daytime. He is something of a student of human character like myself, and he avers that the pursuit of the occupation is much more entertaining at night than in the garish, vulgar day.

And then again he makes more. There is always some eccentricity about people who take carriages after midnight, which is just as apt to find expression in a liberal system of payment as in any other manner.

I must be very careful to explain that my hackman, with whom I have just had a long talk, must not be confounded with those disreputable fellows who stand in with burglars. He is an honest whip, and during all the time that I have known and hired him I have detected nothing wrong in his character. I first made his acquaintance when there was an all-night eating and drinking saloon in the basement at Clinton place and Broadway. His hack stood outside.

He knows all about the disreputable members of his fraternity, however, and has told me many a story of their collusion with thieves. The burglar has frequently escaped owing to a hack being in a dark alley ready for

him to jump into and bid defiance to the pursuing police. There was a case about two years ago where a robber got away successfully with his swag owing to fleet horses, and amused himself furthermore by firing a revolver through the back window at the policemen.

The Jehu of my acquaintance haunts the railroad ferries, and generally gets a fare. One of the most mysterious that he ever had he picked up at Desbrosses street at 4 o'clock in the morning. She was a young girl from Philadelphia who took his carriage and told him to drive anywhere until daybreak. She had no baggage.

"But it is cold and damp, Miss. Had you not better stop at a hotel, or with some friends?" I asked her.

"She looked at me sadly—my eye, but she was pretty—and said: 'I have no friends. Drive till the sun rises. I will pay you.'

"So I did. I remember that it was down near the Battery I had gotten to by sun-up. It was a Spring morning, and the birds were singing, while the waves in the bay had just begun to glisten. I got down and looked in. She was dead! stone dead, with the revolver still in her hand and a purplish hole in her temple. She had so arranged a shawl and her handkerchief that the blood had not soiled my carriage a bit. If it had I would not have been ruined, for she had pinned a \$50 note to the lace of the coach, with a penciled line on a piece of paper, saying it was for me."

"And what did you do?"

"I drove her to the Morgue, wondering all the while how I never heard the report of the revolver. She must have done it during the clatter made by some market wagons from Long Island that I got mixed up with. After leaving the body I informed the police. Nothing was found upon her, and the chief of police in Philadelphia could get no trace. They buried her up the river."

Cabby tells curious tales about the balls at the Academy. He says that he is frequently told by the gentleman, after the lady is assisted into the vehicle, to drive up to Central Park at a walk. He has then been requested to drive to High Bridge, or anywhere else. Sometimes on these occasions the most violent scenes take place, and one night the woman screamed to him for assistance. It was at a lonely place on the Kingsbridge road, and about 3 A. M. He halted his horses, jumped down and opened the door the young woman, who was costumed as a page beneath a

pink domino and mask, springing out almost into his arms, begging him to protect her.

"That I certainly would. I then asked what was the matter, but got no satisfaction. She cried and he laughed. It was easy to surmise, however. I ordered him from the carriage, and then put her back, she telling me where to go. I left him standing in the road in his full dress suit, calmly smoking a cigarette! The lady lived in a swell house near the Windsor. She made me come around the next day and gave me \$10, although I had been paid for the night's work by the Lothario in the dress suit."

"Have you never gotten in trouble about these mysterious night fares?"

"Once only. A young man picked me up on Broadway and took me way over to Hoboken. We stopped at a house from which a young woman, all muffled up, and so weak that she had to be carried, was brought out. I suspected something wrong then, but I was younger than I am now and the night was wasted, and I resolved to stick it out. They had me drive to a place in Grand street—a disreputable-looking house, with a light burning in the second-story window. I got a glimpse of the young woman's face as the young man and an old lady helped her out. It was pale as death. She turned her head, and seemed to look right at me as if asking for aid. An old wretch in a skull-cap came to the door with a lamp.

"It was an abortion case, of course. The girl died, and when they advertised for the hackman I drove down and gave myself up. I believe that the old man got ten years. The young one jumped the town, and I never heard of his being caught."

He told me a great many more curious things; how an old gray-bearded man took him at Courtlandt street ferry once, and it was a young, smooth-faced fellow who got out at the Grand Central Depot, where he had been told to go.

On another occasion a veiled lady, carrying a baby, hired him to catch the midnight Washington express. He caught it, but when he opened the door the woman was missing, and the baby, tucked up in a corner, was all that remained. He turned it over to the police. The woman must have jumped out while he was going at full speed. In the case of the old man, my cabby thinks he was a criminal, fleeing from justice, who used the cab as a dressing-room in which to remove his disguise.

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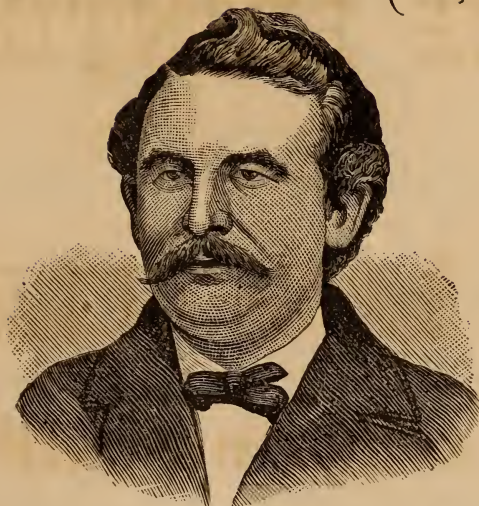
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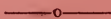
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