

Edgard Wakeman.

PILGRIMS.

On a recent May morning, not many years ago, under great patriarchal trees bordering the River Wharfe, which winds through the Yorkshire valley like a gleaming, sinuous ribbon of silver, not further than a strong man's voice could reach from the quaint old hamlet of Ilkley, was a band of Yorkshire gypsies who were soon to break camp and set sail for America, the gypsy haven beyond the sea.

Two hearts in this Wharfe-side camp were well-nigh broken. One was Matthew's. Matthew was a gypsy lad, orphaned and poor; a poverty-stricken nawken or tinker; a poor tinker, too, and despised, for he was a reader of Gorgio books and dared to grope on blindly for learning and light, had shown signs of rhymes besides, and had therefore become an outcast with his people.

How great an outcast, when an outcast of outcasts! It all rested upon him as a curse, save with a single soul in Yorkshire. Loretta loved him; loved him for these despised things in him, which, to just this one human being, defied him.

Loretta was the pet of the Yorkshire tramps. She was by a nature of a thing yet, but so full of jest and wit and merriment, that her presence had come into a thousand peasant lives and left them an ideal dream.

How many had already come wooing none knew. The spruce had sent them all away, no longer her lovers—simply her vaillant knights of honor and merriment, or handier for a score of miles around held a discarded lover, but always housed a friend.

Well was Loretta guarded by keen eyes, but she was a gypsy lass that could out-gypse them all. "Loretta, oh, Loretta!"

In the sweetest excitement of the morning the pride of the camp had disappeared. "Loretta!" and "Oh, Loretta!" rang out shrill from space to space, and the child and was taken up and repeated by youth and maiden everywhere.

"Why an' ever is her?" rattle (dear little girl!) "Bowling, grinning, buffoon and merry father-heart of every boy and girl in the band, as he blustered and hurried here and there, and blustered and hurried only."

Matthew was also missing. Where was the daff nawken, Matthew? And where was Loretta, rattle! The throng was building their nests in the hedge which swept down from the highway until it touched the River Wharfe below could have answered.

There, despite the heat from his shoulders, the child-lovers were sobbing their parting. "Nothing to give, my dearie; nothing but this to give you, Matthew?"

"Only some lines I've made to you!" "What an' made 'em all by yourself? An' for me?"

Then she kissed him impetuously, innocently. "Read 'em, Matthew. Oh, do, do! I'll all keep 'em, but you must read 'em." Loretta, her great eyes gazing with greedy pleasure, nestled her bright, warm face close, close to Matthew's, while her long, glossy hair swept over his shoulders and breast as the outcast rhymster chokingly began:

"Loretta, rattle! Oh, Loretta!" "Loretta, rattle! Oh, Loretta!" "Loretta, rattle! Oh, Loretta!" "Loretta, rattle! Oh, Loretta!"

Then a long embrace, and then: "Mi dearie Dubblesky (for the dear Loretta's sake)" from the old grunder Liah Boswell, as the startled lovers saw his eyes merry, but now angry, eyes peering through the parted branches of the hedge above them.

"Mi dearie Dubblesky," grunder Liah repeated in horror and dismay. "Loretta, child! You'll break a' our hearts w' this!"

stood, his hands clutching his battered tinker's wheel, lay Matthew. The throng sang sweetly in the hedge the River Wharfe, as for aye flowed softly onward to the sea, but the broken life, left utterly desolate, was as one dead to the radiant sweetness of the air. My morning and could only moan:

"Loretta, rattle! Oh, Loretta!" "Then the weary tramp began. Weary load of dreams, tinkle!" "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!"

A merry tone this from the tinker's merry bell. But who shall know of the heartache beneath every song that ever was sung?

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" "Over highway and byway, over stile and meadow, through village and hamlet!" "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!"

A sorry looking tinker that indeed. Move him on, blustering English "bobble!" spun him one and all. Heart of true heart, soul of a martyr, life of a saint, may be, but form and face of an acquer and outcast race!

He seemed to have but the one object in the air, but always and ever, while days will pass with long hours dreary; Nights all sleepless, start grow—

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!"

You could not have said whether Professor Poppett was old or young. Other performers in the theater orchestra where he literally played "second fiddle" had long departed of conclusion whether he should be despised or revered. Whatever came, no complaint ever escaped the lips of Professor Poppett. He had never been known to live anywhere. The director of the theater had been seen outside him. The most curious had found no key to his nature.

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He promptly repeated the melody of the last three lines, giving it the richest and most coloring. With a burst of melody as Poppett thought he had never heard equaled, the stanza was now finished:

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"Over there, Loretta," the Professor replied pointing with his bow to the eastward, "thousands of miles beyond the hills!"

She laid her fair head in the palms of her hands and sat there silently weeping herself to and fro for a little time. Perhaps a gypsy girl, heard singing in the hedge and listened to the murmurs of the Wharfe as it softly flowed to the sea. She finally turned to the musician and said as if her heart could hold it no longer:

"Poppett, I want to go w're there's books an' music an' all seech bright things!" "With me, Loretta?"

It came in a trembling whisper from the musician's lips. It was the most daring thing the Professor had ever said.

"No, Poppett, with—Matthew." "Something came into the Professor's mind which, for a moment, shut all the world out and he uttered a blank to him. He had heard the story of Matthew from kindly old Liah. The violin man looked a little for his master and Mose, but finally the musician interposed:

"And if Matthew never comes?" "Then, Poppett, with you, sure, sure!" "The dog's eyes, and the dog's tail never wagged so boisterously before, and if dog ever did such a thing, like the 'old man' of the plays, he said:

"God bless you, my children!" "An hour later there was a pleasant commotion at the outskirts of the camp. A party of gypsy friends, who were to accompany the band on its southward journey, had arrived. Among the vans was one of beautiful design and decoration drawn by a handsome pair of horses. These delighted the gypsy eyes, and horses and van were instantly surrounded by garrulous men, so occupied in their interest and admiration that his driver for the time forgot to go.

The latter, a young gypsy of, perhaps, 20 years of age, heedless of the crowd about him, sprang from his seat and disappeared with a bound in the direction of the town.

He fell in his jacket after noon. Said he wuz comin' 'ere, an' we jogged together. He's a tatchi Romany, sure; but a bit range 't' mor' (a trifle daff), chattered 't' might but Loretta, rattle, a' t' afternoon!"

At that moment there was a bustle and commotion at the outskirts of the camp. The flying gypsy had arrived. Shril exclamations were heard on every hand with "save us!" and "it's th' nawken!"

But the ear of love is true and not affronted. Loretta, leaping from her tent door sped to the wind toward the daring stranger. As he clasped her in his arms and pointed, with unutterable pride to his matchless gypsy van-home, the girl could not speak:

"He's come at last! God 'elp hus! 't' Matthew!" "Over beside a little tent upon the edge of the camp Professor Poppett was standing while an' a tatchi Romany, sure; but a bit range 't' mor' (a trifle daff), chattered 't' might but Loretta, rattle, a' t' afternoon!"

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"CHURCH OF THE RAG-PICKERS." The Queerest Place of Worship in New York.

Italians Who Combine Religion With Business—Trading in Rags During the Service.

Not many New Yorkers have ever heard of the "Church of the Rag-pickers." In the neighborhood of Roosevelt street, where it is located, this is the best name of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joachim, where Father Vincini is the pastor. The members are Italians exclusively, inhabitants of the densely populated district roundabout, and as some of them are rag-pickers and have rented the lower half of the church for the storage of their goods, the nickname which designates the church as the peculiar place of worship of this class came into use.

Years ago, when Roosevelt street was not so squalid and as overlooking well known as it is to-day, this church belonged to a Methodist Episcopal congregation. There were merchants, solid men of downtown New York, living there, and the neighborhood was eminently respectable.

Now the church stands with a cheap lodging-house on one side and a typical slum on the other. The church is now owned by a Methodist Episcopal congregation. There were merchants, solid men of downtown New York, living there, and the neighborhood was eminently respectable.

The building is of brick, and is dingy and dirty. It is only by standing across the street that you can see a small cross on the roof, the only thing about the edifice that suggests its religious character. Looking in on the first floor, you will witness curious spectacles. The whole depth and breadth of the floor is filled with rags, bags loose, rags in piles and rags in bags ready for shipment. Not only are the rags and clumps of hoisting purposes run here and there, but women and children—the men and women busy assorting rags, and the fat, brown youngsters tumbling about in play or sleeping, as the case may be.

It is the biggest rag shop in this city. It is who knows and who does not know here the individual rag-pickers of the town dispose of their wares, which are assorted and baled and sold for manufacturing purposes. The pastor of St. Joachim's rents this lower floor to the company that conducts this rag business at a good rental, and, indeed, were it not for that, the mission would be a failure. The rag-pickers are very practical about their religion, when they care for it at all, and they are very slow about contributing to the support of the church, and expect a good deal of religion for a very little money.

The church proper is on the floor over the rag shop, and in this itself gives an air of professional cleanliness and order. On week days the men are at work in the basement when services are going on upstairs, and one can plainly hear them working in the rear of the church during the celebration of the mass. While a World reporter was there the other day one of the rag-pickers in the basement began to sing a "Virgin" and the services were going on, and his voice was of rare sweetness and purity.

At certain hours of the day laborers in all ages, in all ranks and in all shovels in a corner, and then join in the devotions. The peanut vendors and fruit-seller keepers in the neighborhood always attend the service, and at least a few minutes each day. Bookstalls wander in with boxes on their backs and say a few brief prayers, and the Italian population generally comes and goes every day. On week days the men are at work in the basement when services are going on upstairs, and one can plainly hear them working in the rear of the church during the celebration of the mass. While a World reporter was there the other day one of the rag-pickers in the basement began to sing a "Virgin" and the services were going on, and his voice was of rare sweetness and purity.

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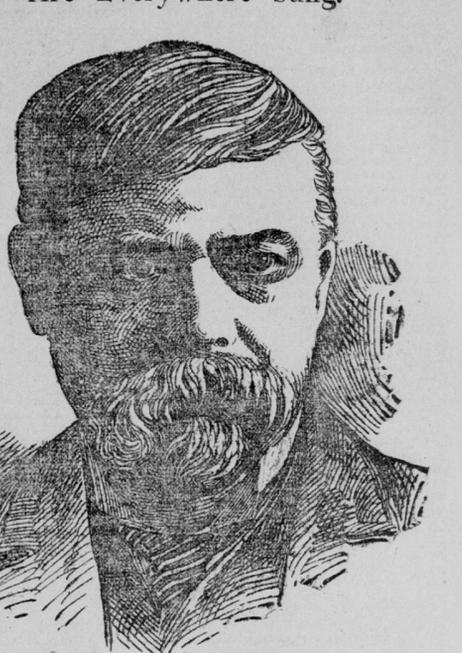
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HE WRITES HAPPY SONGS.

Charles F. Pidgin, Whose Popular Airs Are Everywhere Sung.



What a tiresome world it would be if there were no songs in it. One of the most versatile song writers is Charles F. Pidgin of Cambridge, Mass., whose portrait is here given. Everybody knows his songs. Schoolboys whistle them and school business men go about humming them.

When a writer of popular songs is tired and worn out he cannot do good work—nor can any one. All over the world physicians of every school prescribe Pidgin's celery compound when every ailment and ailment has brought down the tone of the nervous system. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College, the eminent discoverer of Pidgin's celery compound, devotes the most fruitful years of his remarkable career to the study of blood and nerves.

Very soon after taking this remarkable remedy the circulation is favorably affected; there is a marked desire for hearty food, the heart's action becomes tranquilized and strong, and the nervous and muscular system are invigorated and sleeplessness disappears.

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WRECKAGE.

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