THE PASSENGER AGENT

HIS BUSINESS IS TO HUNT CUSTOMERS FOR HIS RAILROAD.

If He Hears You Intend to Travel He Will Visit You—Largest Roads Work Hard to Sell a Single Ticket.

New York Sun.

A New Yorker, who controls a large business in Canal street, and whose residence is in Tarrytown, found it necessary, a few weeks ago to make a journey to California. He had invested in an enterprise in the southern part of the State that he felt rather doubtful about, so he kept his own counsel and did not speak of his coming Western trip outside of his own family. On reaching home one night about a week before the time set for his departure, he found a traveling passenger agent of a big railroad company waiting for him.

"I hear you are going to make a trip to California, Mr. Blank," the agent said, "and I should like to sell you tickets over my road."

The agent's face seemed familiar; he might be a neighbor, or possibly a daily passenger in his train to the city. At all events he proved to be a clever fellow and a good talker, and he soon demonstrated that his line was, by all means, the best and cheapest route to the West. He left a bundle of time tables, maps and descriptive circulars, and Mr. Blank felt flattered at the attention, though he was surprised that any one should know of his intended journey.

When he reached his office the next morning two more passenger agents were waiting for him. They both represented large trunk lines, and both were anxious to sell him tickets. They had maps to show that their roads touched every principal city between Quebec and Key West, and they talked glibly and left a large stock of railroad literature behind them. Before the day was over another agent dropped in on the same errand, and when he reached home that night three of them were waiting in is library for him. Most surprising of all, these three represented Western roads that do not touch New York at all, one of them belonging to a road that runs westward from Chicago, and the others to roads going west from Kansas City. Mr. Blank's journey was assuming national importance, and he began to suspect that some friend was playing a trick upon him. But the agents were all prime good fellows, ready to talk on any subject, particularly routes and rates, and he rather enjoyed the experience.

"I suppose you know that I am going to California alone?" he said to one of the Western men; "that it is only one ticket I have to buy. You make seven passenger agents who have been after me to sell me that ticket. You don't generally follow a man up in this way for the sale of one ticket, do you?"

"Oh, don't we," the agent replied. "I'd follow a man two hundred miles to sell him a ticket from Chicago to Kansas City."

Then, if it was all in the course of business, Mr. Blank was anxious to know how they had found out that he was going to California. One of the three was willing to tell him, hoping thereby to "make himself solid."

"You have a little boy," said the agent, "and a few days ago your little boy went into the station here in Tarrytown and asked how long it takes to go to California. The agent, who knows him, naturally asked whether the boy was going to California; and he said no, but his father was going next week. That was the beginning of our information; it all came from your boy, and he has stirred up seven railroad companies. Doubtless you will hear from more.

THE STATION AGENT'S DUTY.

"Now the station agent here had a duty to perform as soon as he learned that you were going to California. Every big road like the New York Central divides its line into districts, and appoints a passenger agent to look after passengers in each district. In this case the district extends from New York to Poughkeepsie, and the man in charge of it is supposed to know everybody and everything, and to sell tickets to every one who is about to make a long journey. Of course, it is impossible for him to know everybody and all about their movements, so it is the duty of the station agent in each town to keep his eyes and ears open, and let the district passenger agent know when anybody is going away. You may be sure that within ten minutes after your little boy went away the agent sent a telegram to the passenger man of this district, telling him that you are going to California next week. It was as much his duty to do that as it is to stand in the office.

"That accounts for the visit you had from your district passenger man, who was doubtless the first to call. How the information went to the other New York lines I cannot tell you, but you know those things leak out sometimes. Then you will wonder how we three happen to be here representing lines running out of Chicago and Kansas City. We do not happen to be here; our coming is strictly in the line of our business. We are stationed in New York to do just such work as this. There is no one railroad, as you doubtless know, that can carry you from New York to San Francisco. Any trunk line will sell you a through ticket, but it must send you over several different roads.

"Suppose you select the New York Central, as that is the road you travel over every day. The Central can carry you only to Buffalo, and from Buffalo to Chicago you can go by any one of three roads. The next stage of your journey is from Chicago to Kansas City, and in that stage you have your choice among five roads. Every one of those roads wants your custom, and keeps an agent in New York to try to get it. But that is only a beginning. From Kansas City you can go either by way of St. Paul or by way of Omaha, Denver and Salt Lake City. There are four roads from Kansas City to St. Paul and six roads from Kansas City to Omaha. Very likely the agents of all these roads will be in to see you before you start, for they all have agents in New York. Your station agent here in Tarrytown will sell you a ticket through to San Francisco, and, of course, it will read over his road only as far as Buffalo; beyond that you can take your choice, for it makes no difference to him what road you go by. That is why we are here. You have your choice of a dozen different roads between Buffalo and San Francisco, and we want to induce you to select ours.

"When you set out you have no concern about the variety of roads, because you are in the sleeper that goes through by the road you have selected. But if you were to undertake the journey in the ordinary passenger coaches you would have to change cars a great many times. It is not at all unusual for so many agents to be after you. We are after every person who is about to make a long rail journey, when we can find him out. The railroads do not wait for custom to come to them; they go after it. When a man starts from here for San Francisco without being approached by a dozen traveling passenger agents you may be sure it is because the agents have not found him out."

BUSINESS METHODS.

The reporter to whom Mr. Blank related this experience spent a day soon afterward among the general passenger agents in New York and found them nearly all willing to explain their methods of getting business. "The old notion," one of them said, "that a railroad company is a great, big, grasping corporation, caring for nobody, is a mistaken one. Some people imagine that a railroad considers it rather a favor to sell them a ticket to their destination; they don't know how hard we work to get their custom. Business doesn't come to railroads these days; they have to send out and hustle for it. Three-fifths from freight and two-fifths from passenger traffic is about the way the receipts of big American railroads are divided; nevertheless, there is not one railroad in this country that could pay dividends if it were not for the business brought in by the traveling passenger agents. That is why we often chase a man up for days to sell him a ten-dollar ticket. It is the same thing with freight; you let it be known that you have ten barrels of freight to go to Chicago and see how soon you will have a dozen agents after you to get it. Almost every important railroad in the United States has one or more passenger agents in this city on the lookout for business.

"The general passenger agent, of course, has charge of the entire passenger business of his road. Immediately under him is the general traveling passenger agent, and then follow as many traveling passenger agents as can be utilized. It is only the very large companies that divide their roads into districts and appoint an agent for each district. Besides these there are a number of special men who work only in special directions. The theatrical man is one of the most important of these. It is his business to know every traveling theatrical company in the country, and every particular about each one. He must know how many people it has, what properties, where it is playing, where it is going next, and when it is coming to New York. If it is here already he knows when it is going to start out. He knows that on a certain date the 'Sweet Marie' company will start on a tour of New York State, taking in all of the principal cities. Of course he knows the manager, and he must find out whether there is money enough in the treasury to buy complete round-trip tickets. If there is, it is his business to sell those tickets if he can. Generally there is not, and in that case he must sell tickets as far as he can. He books them as far as Albany, perhaps, and then telegraphs the passenger agent in Albany that on such a night the 'Sweet Marie' company will leave Albany for Utica with so many people and such and such properties. If there are any peculiar properties he is careful to mention them. There may be wild animals in cages, or cases requiring extra-long baggage cars. The Albany agent is on hand at the proper time; and when the company reaches Utica the Utica agent is ready to get in his work.

"Hardly less important than the theatrical man is the man who looks after the traveling salesmen. He directs an immense amount of business to his road. He must be a hail fellow well met, ready to smoke good cigars and tell or listen to funny stories by the hour. He would like to know every drummer in New York if he could; but as that is impossible, he knows as many as he can. At one season his work is principally among the hat salesmen, at another the dry goods men, then hardware, and so through the whole list, except the grocery salesmen, who are always on the move. He must be acquainted with all the big firms that send out large numbers of salesmen, and when their busiest season is approaching he visits such places often and makes as many friends as he can. A good fellow can make himself very popular with the salesmen—so popular that they want his assistance and advice before beginning a long journey. The agent cannot cut rates because his company will not allow it; but he can do so many little favors that his friends soon learn to depend upon him. One of the commonest of these favors is hunting up lost baggage. A salesman's trunk containing hundreds of dollars' worth of samples disappears somewhere on the road, and he is in a peck of trouble. He immediately telegraphs Smith, the passenger agent, and Smith makes the case his own. He knows just what to do, and has the free use of telegraph lines, and in a few hours the lost trunk is found.

The immigrant passenger agent is one of the busiest of men, and his work is none too pleasant. He must be on Ellis Island most of the time, and must keep track of all the immigrant ships, and be on the best of terms with every keeper of an immigrant boarding house. He must not only be able to talk with all the immigrants in their own languages, but must have the knack of making friends of them. A more pleasant part of his work is keeping the run of the foreigners who are returning to Europe, and making their acquaintance. These people would seem to be of no use to him, but they are. Here is a German, we will say, who owns a little farm in Wisconsin, and has saved enough money to visit his friends in the old country. No live agent will let that man escape without securing his friendship and confidence. In a few months the man will come back, and the chances are that he will bring two or three of his friends over with him. The time to approach him is now, before he goes, and fill him up with maps and information, and then watch for him when he comes back. The immigrant agent, you see, must have a good memory for names and faces, and he must be an indefatigable worker; a day's illness or idleness may cost his road a lot of money."

THE GENERAL POLICY.

George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, is the dean of the chapter of general passenger agents in this country. He says that on Sunday the passenger agent must attend church to prove that the railroads set a good example to the community. On Monday night he must take a party of ticket agents to the theater, and show them about town, that they may be impressed with the liberality of the company and induced to send their business over his line. Early on Tuesday morning he must meet the general manager in the office to discuss plans for cutting down expenses. On Wednesday he must convince the advertising agent of each of the daily papers that he is paying him more money for time tables and reading notices than to any other paper in the country. Thursday he devotes to trying to get a lot of reading notices into the paper free, on the plea that they are really items of news. Friday he spends in making a map that shows his line to be the shortest and most direct to every important point in the United States. On Saturday he makes out a time table that no one but the maker can read, and on Saturday night he goes home with the proud consciousness that he has done a splendid week's work and earned his princely salary. "The general passenger agent is the most important man on the railroad," Mr. Daniels adds; "at least those who want passes think so."

Very different from this is the work of the general traveling passenger agent. He has an office in New York, but he is seldom in it. He must have the faculty of being in at least three or four widely separated places at the same time. The sleeping car is his normal dormitory, the railway restaurant his dining room. He must be in Albany at 5:30, in Buffalo the same evening, in Mobile next day, and in Savannah to-morrow night. Fred Robsin, the general traveling passenger agent of the Plant system, is credited with covering more miles every year than any of his associates. His lines extend from Jamaica, in the West Indies, to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, 1,500 miles of rail and 1,300 miles by steamship, and he pathetically says that he no sooner reaches Halifax than he is urgently needed in Jamaica.

"No traveling passenger agent can tell you what he does," Mr. Roblin says; "it is much easier to tell you what he does not do. Early in the summer I smooth the way northward for the Southerners who have done well with their cotton and watermelons, and then go up to Halifax to convince the Nova Scotians that the only way to reach Boston and New York is by the Plant line boats. I visit all the cities within a thousand miles or two to see that our tickets are on sale, and to introduce them where they are lacking. Generally you could trace my route by the shower of posters and circulars I leave behind me. One of my chief duties is to make the acquaintance of ticket agents of other lines. I should like to know all the ticket agents in the country, if I could; not merely to shake hands with them and speak about the weather, but to impress myself upon them so that they would remember me. That is a great point in my business. I like to have a man know me so well that when a customer asks him about routes to any of the points on our lines, he thinks immediately of Roblin, and that suggests my lines to him.

"To do this it is necessary to take every man in his humor. Cigars are always safe, but it is not so safe to suggest going around the corner for a drink. That pleases some ticket agents, but disgusts others. It requires a thorough knowledge of human nature, but when the art is once acquired it is easy to judge a man at sight. I have to know the ticket agents, because I want them to sell our tickets. A man can go almost anywhere by a dozen lines, and very often he will take the ticket agent's advice. If the agent thinks of Roblin, and suggests the Plant lines, my object is accomplished."

The army of passenger agents in New York looking for business for Western roads has its counterpart in the army of agents in the West drumming up business for Eastern roads. All the big lines running into New York have thousands of agents in the West, trying to let no passenger escape. Just as the passenger can choose among a dozen lines from New York to the West, so in reversing the journey he can choose among as many roads between Chicago and New York. The passenger agents agree in saying that there is hardly a well-managed railroad in the country that will not have a man followed up for the sake of selling him a ten-dollar ticket or securing ten dollars' worth of freight.

Phil Sheridan's Daughter.

Washington Post.

A coming-out tea of more than ordinary interest was that given by Mrs. Philip Sheridan yesterday afternoon for the presentation to society of her young daughter. Mrs. Sheridan's home, No. 1617 Rhode Island avenue, presented a most hospitable and inviting scene during the late afternoon and eary evening hours. Mrs. Sheridan received in a gown of black brocade, handsomely garnished with jet, and brightened by a dash of red velvet in the trimmings. Miss Sheridan, who stood by her mother's side, was gowned in a girlish costume of white embroidered chiffon made over with satin. In her hand she held a huge cluster of Mme. Lousay roses, tied gracefully with long loops of narrow pink ribbon. Mrs. Sheridan and daughter stood in front of a Japanese screen upon which was a magnificent array of roses, forming a beautiful background. A large table was also filled with a profusion of exquisite blossoms. Many of these were sent by old war veterans, who came to greet the daughter of the hero of Winchester. In the tea room stood a prettily-adorned table, the center design of which was a feathery palm. The lights in the tall candelabra were shaded with scarlet, and the appointments were of the sme bright coor. The list of guests included the most prominent people at the national capital. The ladies who assisted Mrs. Sheridan were Miss Quinn, Mrs. Clarence Edwards, Miss Patten, Miss Ruggles, the Misses Rucker, sisters of the hostess; Miss Ewing and Miss McCammon.

Bryant's sell the best pianos for the money in the city.

AN OFFICE NURSE.

The Attendant of a Busy Surgeon, She Sees Many Grewsome Sights.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Every day for several hours I am an office nurse. When I go home I am a young lady. As office nurse I wear a blue seersucker gown, a fetching cap, a turn-down collar and turn-up cuffs. As a young lady I wear a silk skirt, with godet plaits, a stylish silk blouse, and recently I have achieved a Czarina. It is not as becoming as the turn-down collar I wear as office nurse. It seems a pity that the young men I meet in society cannot see me as office nurse; my dress is much more piquant. They will not have that privilege, however. We only take women at our shop.

Before I became an office nurse, I knew that I had a spine and a varied assortment of bones. Now I can spell the most difficult medical terms, and have a fund of information, theoretical as well as practical, that is a source of admiring wonder to myself. For example, you do not know what trans-illumination of the stomach is. You make the patient swallow a pint of tepid water and follow that up with a bulb of electric light. The light floats in the water and thus does not burn the lady. When she is well lighted up, you can stand outside and see in. If there is anything wrong going on the doctor can detect it. Such a private view is not for the purpose of entertainment, you know.

But it isn't all nuts like transillumination. My doctor is a surgeon, and my first duty is to prepare for operations. I take charge of the instruments, prepare the ligatures, look after the sponges and make sure that there are enough pitchers. Pitchers? You would think I was a bellboy making ready to carry icewater if you could see the pitchers used in a surgical operation.

In the first place the instruments have to be sterilized. How? That depends on your boss. Some doctors want their instruments baked. My doctor prefers his boiled. I boil them in alcohol, under pressure, for a quarter of an hour, dry them and screen them from the air until they are wanted. During the operation I have a solution of carbolic acid or alcohol in one of the pitchers; when not at hand the instruments stand in that.

Then I prepare the catgut, salmon gut or silk for the sutures. Sutures are stitches. The catgut must be chromatized in order to harden it. Let me see how you spelled that word. I knew you couldn't do it. You see, the system will absorb the catgut in two or three days. To make it last as many weeks it must be soaked in ether or juniper oil for a day or longer. It is then washed off in alcohol, and again soaked in a watery solution of bichromate of potash. After that messing it is finally boiled in alcohol. It is very different work from frying croquettes, I can tell you.

Then come the antiseptic dressings. We don't buy ours. We get a sort of mosquito netting, and I prepare the solutions of iodoform, or bichlorate, as the doctor prefers. We are going mighty light on antiseptics nowadays. Too many patients have died from antiseptic poisoning, from iodoform particularly. Not ours, of course—other people's.

This is all petty work to preparing the sponges. We use twelve always; it is easier to keep track of them. The sponges have to be scrupulously clean and disinfected. It is dirty work, but you could not trust it to a servant who might say they were clean, whether they were or not. Very swell doctors throw their sponges away. We do only in septic cases; they cost too much.

Then I have another duty. You may sometimes, perhaps, have been too smart. I am myself sometimes. Pads for the battery are expensive. I learned how to make them. Now I have it to do. It is nasty work. You get modeling clay, and knead it on to the frame. Then you pass over it three thicknesses of cloth to take the curse out of the current and keep it from burning the body.

This is all the preparatory work. The next thing is to go get everything together that is essential to the operation. If it is to take place outside I go with the doctor. Frightened? Yes, but only for fear that I have left something behind that will be needed. During the operation I am too busy squeezing out sponges and handing things to be frightened. The fact that the patient does not suffer makes all the difference in the world.

Did I ever give ether? Yes, and I'll never do it again. Her heart nearly stopped beating, and we all nearly died. What do you think the doctor did? He stood her on her head. It brought her around all right. It wasn't my fault, but I am not taking any more risks, thank you.

There are not many funny things happening in an operating room. But I remember one that is funnier now than it was then. An assistant doctor had given the patient ether and her heart stopped. Oh, the consternation! The operating doctor dragged her out of bed and hung her around his neck, her body hanging down his back. Thus, wearing her like a necklace, he trotted with her round and round the room, his face as pale as death, the rest of us following in the rear, until she showed signs of life. It was as gruesome a procession as you ever saw.

It is very rarely that anything frightful occurs. I've seen three hundred operations and never saw a death on the operating table. Afterward? Yes, I am not there to see.

I'll tell you a funny thing. There are fashions in surgery, and doctors have fads in practice just as other people have in more trivial matters. Dr. Lister set the fashion of disinfecting the air while an operation is going on. He carried it so far that you stood in a shower. It was horribly messy work. That is all changed. Clean water has come in. The swagger thing is to have a little stream of water playing on the wound during the whole operation. That does away with the sponge. I like that; I hate the sponges.

Some of the swell doctors have their own operating rooms, even in the hospitals. These are as giddy in enameled tiles and glass as fashionable bath rooms. The operating table is a beautiful piece of furniture with a glass slab. The room has rounded corners, so that the little beasts of bacteria may have no place to hide in. While an operation is going on the room is flooded with water, and the nurses have not only to wear rubber boots but rubber skirts. The etiquette at a private operation is immense. Nobody speaks but the surgeon except to answer a question. In an amphitheater it is all the other way. There is a new-fashioned way of treating bones that are too short. They just break them on the edge of the table as you would a stick. Whenever the students see this done they applaud with hands and feet. To be sure they are applauding the skill, but it grates on my nerves. It is only after a medical student has graduated and starved six years that he becomes half white, any way.

Yes; it pays to be an office nurse. We are apt to have a good deal of time to ourselves. We are paid for a certain number of hours. I learned stenography and typewriting out of office hours. That makes me much more valuable as a medical secretary. Where a doctor has a private hospital the office nurse has her room, board and $40 or $50 a month. She is not a trained nurse, mind, and has nothing to do with the house nursing. Old Dr. Sims used to have an old colored woman that he brought from the South. She was with him thirty years. The position is a hard one to get, and is usually secured through influence.

Of course every girl wouldn't want to be an office nurse. I find it interesting. I would rather read a medical journal than most novels. At the same time I admit that the knowledge of so much suffering in the world, so much that is abnormal that should be normal, is depressing. That is why I go to the theater so much. Not that I love the song and dance so much. Oh, no! It is a form of dissipation that is purely remediable.

The Hart Family Terrorized.

PAULDING, O., Dec. 15.—An attempt was made last night to blow up the house of David Hart, father of the murderer of the Good children. Three dynamite cartridges were used, but only one exploded. Had all gone off, the house would have been wrecked. Hart and his family are frightened, and left this morning to go to relatives in Indiana. The Common Pleas court at Paulding is now being adjourned from day to day, so that murderer Charles Hart may be arraigned without its being publicly known in time to attempt a lynching. If he pleads not guilty his trial will take place in some neighboring county.

Morton's Term as Governor.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 15.—Secretary of State Palmer, when the vote for Governor was being canvassed, asked whether the board should declare Mr. Morton elected for two or three years. The board was acting under the old Constitution, and the question was whether the new Constitution could be retroactive. The board finally fixed the matter by striking out the words, "declared elected for two years," and simply declaring Mr. Morton elected Governor. The plurality of Morton over Hill is officially declared to be 156,154.

Wages Cut 25 Per Cent.

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 15.—There is much interest in railroad circles here over the reduction of 25 per cent. in the wages of enginemen on the Southern Pacific. It is feared that the cut may become general.

Marriage a Sacrament.

Christian Advocate.

We have seen an account of a church "entertainment," an item in which is "a mock marriage" ceremony in which two persons are not married. Why not introduce a mock baptism, or a realistic death scene? Protestants do not regard marriage as a sacrament, but it is sacred none the less. Some follies are worse than foolish.

SHE WANTED SHORT CURLS.

Fake Story of the Loss of "the Golden Hair" Hanging Down Her Back.

Last night about 8 o'clock, while Sergeant Kurtz was in the crowd on Washington street, a young man approached him and said he had a sister who was the victim of a brutal attack, by which she lost her hair, and asked the Sergeant to investigate the case. Sergeant Kurtz accompanied the young man to a room over 11½ East Washington street where twelve-year-old Veva Miller lives with her parents. On the way detectives Kaehn and Wilson were picked up. To the officers the girl repeated her story. She said as she was passing the alley by the New York store, shortly before 8 o'clock, she was seized by a man and dragged into darknes of the alleyway. She writhed and fought most desperately, but was prevented from screaming by a rough, stout hand placed over her mouth. The villain, so she said, held her thus until he had cut off, with a long glittering knife, the golden locks, which were wont to dangle down her back. He grasped the shorn hair and ran down the alley triumphantly. She ran home. Kurtz remarked that he was standing near the spot of the alleged attack at the very time stated and asked why it was that he was not called.

"I know it," replied the girl. "I saw you standing there, but to save me I couldn't get to you."

"Do you expect us to believe the story you have told? How could any man hold your mouth, hold you, hold a knife and cut your hair off with only two hands!" asked Kaehn.

She couldn't answer, but she swore by all things sacred, that her story was correct. Then Kaehn began to talk to her about what becomes of people who manufacture tales and try to deceive others. She broke down under the strain and confessed she had cut the hair off with her own hands simply because she wanted short hair and that she had destroyed the golden tresses in the fire in the grate.

EVANGELICAL SERVICES TO-DAY.

Dr. Chapman at Mayflower and Mr. Sunday at Grace—Services To-Night.

On account of the large number who were turned away from Tomlinson Hall last Sunday night there will be services in some of the churches to-night which gave way a week ago to the union meetings. The church meetings will be announced from the various pulpits this morning. Dr. Chapman will preach this morning at Mayflower Church and Mr. Sunday will preach at Grace Church. At night there will be two union services, one at Roberts Park Church, conducted by Mr. Sunday, the other at Tomlinson Hall, conducted by Dr. Chapman.

Wiener Out on Bond.

Jacob Wiener, arrested night before last at the instigation of the creditors of the Henry Newgarden millinery store, was released in Police Court yesterday morning upon $1,000 bond. The amount of the bond was reduced at the suggestion of one of the attorneys of the creditors. The latter, it is said, have already made a proposition to compromise the case upon the payment of a portion of the claims, but Wiener has declined, saying he wants a trial, after which he proposes to sue for malicious prosecution. Wiener will be given a hearing Tuesday afternoon.

Sudden Death of a School Girl.

Josephine Heckman, a thirteen-year-old school girl, living with her parents, 89 Minnesota street, died suddenly yesterday evening. She attended school as usual Friday, but complained during the day of being ill and went home in the afternoon. Dr. Storch was called, but she died last evening without developing any symptoms which would indicate the cause of her death. Coroner Castor was called, and at the request of Dr. Storch, will hold a post mortem examination to determine the cause of the death.

David Hessien Dies of Asthma.

David Hessien, aged seventy, died at his home, 464 College avenue, yesterday. Mr. Hessian was a well-known Catholic, having lived in this city for a number of years. He has not been actively engaged in business for several years past. He leaves a wife and six children, James, Michael, John, Mary, Theresa and Mrs. James Healey. He has suffered for several months with asthma, which was the final cause of his death.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LAWS.

How the Liquor Question was Once Handled in New York.

New York Advertiser.

Now that the excise question and the Sunday law have become the topics of greatest interest of the day, and when every pulpit, platform, political party and home circle has each its own ideas to advance and quarrel over, it is refreshing to take a peep at the first volume of aldermanic proceedings under English rule in New York and see how easily the questions were handled in those good old days.

In a proclamation dated Jan. 29, 1676, Mayor Dervall, backed by Aldermen Minville, De Meyer, Gibbs, Lewis and Van Cortlandt, says:

"These are to publish and Give notice to all inhabitants of this Citty and others whome it may concerne, that for the good, ease and more advantage of the Inhabitants, and all Traders, the great Pacht, or excise, as alsoe the Little Pacht, Burgers or Towne Exize, is wholy taken of, remitted and no more to bee paid, by any private or publicq persons or houses of entertainment; but all at Liberty to buy and sell freely at due times, when they please: But for to prevent the irregularity or confusion that might happen by many disorderly Retailers or houses of Entertainment, it is ordered that none Sell or retayle at home nor out of doors, Less than one Gallon except Licensed houses; under the penalty of forfeitinge all such liquors and treble ye value; and to bee furder fined or punished for contempt, as the Case may require: And all Persons, whom desire to retayle or keepe a house of Entertainment, are by Saturday, The 5th of february next, to apply to Mr. John West, present Deputy Clarke of ye Court of Mayor and Aldermen; where they may See the Regulations of Tavernes and other houses of Entertainment:—And such persons as are approved, have out their Licence; without which, whosoever Shall presume after Saturday, the 5th of february, to keepe a house of Entertainment, or sell by Retayle contrary to ye above, Shall bee proceeded against accordingly.

"This Regulacon to continue for the Space of one whole year until further order: Of which all persons of this Government or others concerned are to take notice and conforme them Selves thereunto accordingly, at their perills for default."

Whether or not this truly magnificent, free-to-all, one-gallon license had an uproarious effect upon the morals of New Yorke, these quaint old parchment pages do not say. There must have been some persons who took advantage of it though, and especially on the Day of Rest, for we find in the following November this flat-footed Sunday law:

"Wee doe hereby Publish and declare all and Eevery Wine, Brandy, Rum, or Beare Sellars who Shall Permit any Person Upon the Sabbath day to drink or Game In their houses, Gardens or Yards, shall for ye first offense forfeit five and twenty Guilders, for the second fifty Guilders, for the third one hundred Guilders and forfeict his Lycense: And yee Person or Persons soe found drinking, Gaminge or Playinge Either in Private or Public, shall forfeict Tenn Guilders for every such offense, all which said fines are To be Levied to ye use of said Citty: Provided: that it is hereby not intentioned that any Strangers or travellers Lodginge in Inns or Ordinarys or any other Inhabitants shall Incur the aforesaid Penalties for ye use to their necessary Refreshmt."

Eleven years of this stringency upon the inn keepers' Sunday local trade must have worked a beautiful reformation and thereby induced the wise rulers of the city to give the publicans a chance to "open up quietly" again. The rulers announced the passage of this law therefore in March, 1688, and in brevity, toleration and common sense it can serve as a model to the rulers of to-day:

"Ordered:—That noe Publique houses, Tapp houses or Ordynaries within this citty And Libertys thereof doe suffer their Doores to be kept Open or Doe Entertaine Or Receive, Any Company, into their houses, And to them Sell any Kind of Wine or other Liquors On the Lord's Day in Tyme of Devine Service or Preaching (unless to Strangers, Travellers, or those that Lodge in Such houses for their necessary Refreshmtt) And noe Keeper of Such Publique house or Ordinary is, at any other time of day to suffer Any Excessive Drinking, or Persons to be drunk in their Houses, under the Penallty of Tenn Shillings, for Each offense."

Not the First.

Detroit Tribune.

We rise to correct the report that the Rev. J. S. Jones, of Knoxville, Tenn., is a second Parkhurst. We don't profess to have kept any accurate account, but, roughly speaking, Mr. Jones is at least the four-hundred-and-sixty-seventh.

Distasteful.

Detroit Tribune.

Pluto was obviously angry.

"What's all this noise?" he demanded, very irritably. "It sounds as if a shade was shaking the bars of his cage and trying to get out and do somebody."

The deputy warden of hades came forward to explain.

"It's the oldest inhabitant, sir," he said. "He has just been listening to some university extension lectures on Darwinism and I guess he doesn't enjoy being made a monkey of."

He Was Elected.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Politician—We've got to gain the vote of that old maids' club or all hope is lost.

Candidate—That's all right. We'll just address a private circular to the different members, asking if they are old enough to vote and stating if they will be able to cast a vote this election that we'd like to have it count for us.

Pianos and prices at Bryant's speak for themselves. 58 and 60 North Pennsylvania.

Follow the Crowds

TO THE

BIG DRY GOODS STORE OF S. ILLINOIS ST.,

Nos. 37 and 39,

BROSNAN'S.

We regret that many of our good customers had to leave our store yesterday without getting waited on. The jam was much greater than we expected. 20 extra clerks employed, so that to-morrow and every day of the week you will all receive proper attention. 5 CAR LOADS OF HOLIDAY GOODS REACHED US FRIDAY. They should have been here two weeks ago. The manufacturer made us a liberal reduction for not delivering the goods on time. We will give the benefit of the reduction to our customers to-morrow and until Xmas night.

Sale of Dolls

At 5c Dolls bought to sell at 10c. At 10c Dolls bought to sell at 19c. At 25c Dolls bought to sell at 39c. At 25c Cradles bought to sell at 40c. Sideboards at 49c. Horses at 25c. Hobby Horses at 75c. Shoo-Fly Rockers at 45c. Toy Watches at 4c. Rattlers at 3c. Doll Carriages at 25c. Pianos, extra size, 49c. Cuff and Collar Boxes at 39c. Shaving Sets at 38c.

READ

William Tell Games, 19c. Tool Chests, 20c. Books Wonder Series, 3c. Decorations for X-mas Trees; cheapest line in the city. Tin Trains, very strong, at 9c. Locomotives, 25c. Sail Boats, 19c. Big Steamboats, 49c. Street Cars, extra large size, $1.19. Drums, big line at 19c. Trumpets at 5c. Saving Banks 10c.

Jewelry Sale

RINGS from 10c to $1.50; same as sold in jewelry stores. Hair Ornaments from 5c up to 25c and $3. Stick Pins at 1c. Souvenir Spoons at 15c. Double Plated Table Spoons at 25c per set. Watch Chains at 25c. Opera Chains at 29c. Perfumes, 3-oz bottles, at 15c. Side Combs, Silver and Gold Mountings, at 15c. Children's Solid Gold Rings, 25c. Breast Pins from 15c up.

Furs Furs

Capes, 34 inches long, 100-inch sweep, at $4.98. Astrachan Capes, 32 inches long, 98-inch sweep; a paralyzer to competition, $6.98. American Seal Capes, Marten Collar and Edge, at $7.95. All our $25 Fur Capes slaughtered at $13. Sealette Capes, 36 inches long, with double collar, $10.

Cloaks Cloaks

We must reduce this enormous stock; loss not considered. CLOAKS going for $3.98, former price $9. Cloaks going for $4.75, former price, $11.25. Cloaks going for $7.50, former price $15. Cloaks going for $10 that formerly sold for $22.50.

Cildren's and Misses' Cloaks, Fur Sets, Etc.

You can have them at your own price. We must unload. See the $5 CLOAKS going at $1.98.

Silks Silks

Satin Dress Patterns at $5.98—match these if you can for less than $9. Satin Dress Patterns, Remarkable value at $7.50, $9, $10, $15 and $19 per Suit. Black Gloria Silk Monday at $3.89 for a full Dress Pattern. See them in show window. Marked India Silks, all colors, 24c. Crystal Silks, all colors, 45c. Satin Duchess, worth $1, at 59c. Failles, worth $1, at 73c. Silk Velvets and Velveteens from 49c upward.

Sale of Black Goods

25c Grades going at 15c. 35c Henriettas going at 19c. 40c Henriettas going at 24c. 50c Henriettas going at 33c. $1 Finest 48-inch Black Henriettas, 73c. $1.50 Silk Warp Henriettas at $1. Fancy Black Goods from 25c up.

Dress Goods

See them, marked in show windows. All-wool novelties, very stylish, 29c. All-wool German Henriettas, 33c. English novelties, very pretty, 19c. Scotch novelties, all-wool, 39c. 80c all-wool Henriettas at 63c. 90c all-wool Henriettas at 72½c. $1.25 all-wool Henriettas at 89c. More of those novelty Dress Patterns at 98c. Fine all-wool Dress Patterns at $2.25. Imported Robes at $3, $4 and $5 that would make an excellent X-mas gift.

New Line Linens, in Sets, for Xmas Gifts

Full-size Tablecloth, with Napkins to match, will be sold as follows:
First lot at 98c set; worth $2.50. Second lot at $1.50 set; worth $3.75. Third lot at $2.50 set; worth $4.25. Fourth lot at $3.98 set; worth $5.75. At 19c yard Table Damask 54 inches wide. At 39c yard, Table Damask 60 inches wide. A Good Huck Towel, 50c dozen. 15x22-inch Huck Towels 12½c: worth 20c. 25 dozen Satin Damask Towels, drawn work, knotted fringe, 30c kind, at 19c. The Best Assortment Stamped Linens in the city, and the cheapest 50 doz 6-4 Chenille Table Covers, never sold for less than $1.25, at 75c.

Handkerchiefs

38c and 25c, fine sheer, embroidered handkerchiefs, 200 dozen to select from, at 15c. 150 dozen fine embroidered handkerchiefs at 5c. Men's pure Jap Silk Handkerchiefs at 25c. Ladies' Jap Silk Handkerchiefs at 10c.

Kid Gloves

See them in Cases. 100 dozen 4-button Kid Gloves, all colors, 83c. 125 dozen regular $1.25 Kid Gloves, 98c. Gloves for Ladies and Gents at 25c. Finest Mocha Gloves at $1.75; worth $2.50.

Umbrella Sale

100 Gloria Umbrellas, Paragon frame, at 49c each; never made to seel for less than 95c. Umbrellas with Paragon frame, crook handle, at 73c; worth $1.25. Fine Silk Umbrellas at 85c, 98c, $1, $1.25, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.75, $4, $5, $8 and $9. Best line in the city.

BROSNAN BROS., 37-39 S. ILLINOIS ST.

☞ Open till 9 p. m., every night until Xmas.

DONT BUY THE FIRST

PIANO

YOU SEE.

Come and see our stock before you decide, and then when you buy you will, at any rate, feel better satisfied. A Piano is not purchased every day, and it is worth going to some trouble to get just the right one.

OUR STOCK SPEAKS for ITSELF

STEINWAY

GILDEMEESTER & KROEGER, SMITH & NIXON, STUYVESANT, KURTZMANN AND OTHER PIANOS.

No Matter What Price

You wish to pay, we can interest you and we take pleasure in showing our stock whether you buy from us or not.

TERMS: Cash or Payments.

BRYANT'S

C. RIEGGER, Manager. 58 & 60 N. Penn. St.

☞ We rent good Pianos and allow rent paid on purchase price. We also have some bargains in second hand Pianos.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

FUR CAPES

Nothing more acceptable for a Holiday Present

All Next Week

$85 will buy $145 Mink Capes.

$75 will buy $135 Beaver Capes.

$13.50 will buy $25 American Seal Capes.

$25 will buy $45 beautiful American Seal Capes.

$4.98 will buy Coney Capes 30 inches long.

$9.50 will buy $18.50 Astrachan Capes.

[illegible]ool Seal, Monkey, [illegible]mer, Nutria and all fine Fur Capes at nearly half price for to-morrow's sale.

500 new all-Wool Beaver Jackets, $12.50 quality, for **$4.98.**

All our fine Jackets at nearly half price. Don't buy a Cape or Jacket until you see our prices and goods.

The Parisian

68 and 70 E. Washington St.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

VANDALIA LINE.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

From Indianapolis—	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Accommodation	†7:30 am	†7:40 pm
St. Louis Fast Line	*11:50 am	*5:00 pm
Trains 21 and 20	*12:40 pm	*3:20 pm
Terre Haute Accommodation	†4:00 pm	†10:00 am
Evansville Express	*11:20 pm	*3:35 am
St. Louis Express	*11:20 pm	*4:40 am

Trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on night train. Sleeping and parlor cars are run on through trains. Dining cars on Trains 20 and 21.

Best Line to Cincinnati

We call your attention to our fast morning train with parlor car, which leaves Indianapolis daily at 8:00 a. m., and arrives at Cincinnati at 11:20 a. m. This is the Business Man's Train to Cincinnati.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Express	*3:40 am	†9:15 am
[illegible] Express	*8:00 am	†11:45 am
Cin., Dayton and Lima acc.	*10:50 am	†7:30 pm
Cin., Vestibule Limited	*4:00 pm	†10:55 pm
Cin., Toledo and Detroit	†6:30 pm	*12:30 am

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

Sunday Journal

By Mail, to Any Address,

Two Dollars per Annum