HEBE'S WONDERFUL BABY.

THE LITTLE ELEPHANT THAT WAS BORN OF A CAPTIVE MOTHER.

The Scientific Facts that Its Birth is Understood to Settle—Believed to be the Only Elephant Ever Born in Captivity—Its Natal Hymn a Tornado of Cries from Wild Beasts—Maternal Solicitude—The Measurements of the Precious Infant—Its Playfulness.

The most interesting and valuable beast alive to-day is the baby elephant born ten days ago in Cooper & Bailey's menagerie in Philadelphia. It is interesting not simply by reason of the fact that it is the first of its kind ever born in captivity, so far as is known, and that its advent sets at rest many questions heretofore in dispute among men of science, but for its own peculiar little self. It is at least worth more than two years of the Presidency of the United States would be pecuniarily to any honest man, and the happy showmen who own it would not take two and a half times its weight in gold for it. For four years—ever since Forepaugh & Co. endeavored to play a bogus baby elephant on the credulity of the public—Barnum has had standing an offer of $100,000 for an infant elephant born in captivity, deeming the offer a perfectly secure one, and it is safe yet, for that price, they say, would be no temptation to Cooper & Bailey.

They call it a baby, and unquestionably it deserves the name as much as anything can that was born only a week ago, but it has nothing about it to suggest babyhood. If one reverses an opera glass so as to bring the object lenses nearest his eyes, and then looks at a big elephant, the creature will appear precisely as this prematurely complete baby does. It walks with the clumsy ease of a big elephant, slings its hind legs about with the same looseness, keeps its little trunk in the same unceasing squirm and twirl, sways from side to side just as its mother does, and behaves as though it long ago knew all about everything that an elephant could understand or care about. The press of Philadelphia have likened it to a Newfoundland dog in point of size, but that simile, besides being as indefinite as "a lump of chalk," is notably incorrect. There is nothing about it to suggest a single point of resemblance to a dog of any breed. Its highest point from the ground, as it stood up within an hour after birth, was three feet. Its legs are big, round, postlike, and the circumference of any one of its feet is just one-half its height—the same proportion that is observable in the adult elephant. It is hairy, but its hairs are thinly scattered, very coarse and stiff, like bristles, so that it feels like a dilapidated shoebrush to the touch. When born it weighed 213¾ pounds, and that alone should settle the dog simile. In short, this little elephant looks like nothing else except a big elephant.

The baby is the offspring of a pair of magnificent Ceylon elephants, Mandrie and Hebe, which were imported by Jas. E. Kelly in 1865, and came into the possession of Cooper & Bailey in December, 1878. Mandrie is 26 years old and weighs about 8,000 pounds. There is but one in the country larger, and that is Chieftain, another of the herd of elephants belonging to this show. Chieftain weighs 9,463 pounds, and stands nearly eighteen inches higher than Mandrie, but is not so handsomely proportioned. Hebe is 24 years old and weighs 7,020 pounds. From the time the pair were landed in this country, she has always shown an especial affection for Mandrie, which he has fully reciprocated. The vicissitudes of show life, even when the elephants are stolen by a Sheriff Sheriff entered into it in 1875, have never separated them even for a day. If ever Hebe uttered a snort of alarm within hearing of Mandrie, he instantly responded with a trumpeted assurance of his sympathy and aid. If missing her, gave a yell of inquiry, she, hearing him, would answer with an cry notifying him of her nearness, and he would be content.

Stewart Craven, the veteran elephant trainer, who left his cattle ranch in Texas last summer to take charge of this department of Cooper & Bailey's menagerie, and was succeeded by George Arstingstall, also an able trainer, says: "It is possible that all this might have happened years ago if the conditions of elephantine existence in menagerie life had been then what they are now. But in those days they were subjected to the tenting season so long and fatiguing marches, were insufficiently fed, were exposed to severe weather, which they were ill-fitted to endure, in spring and autumn, and were not given time or suitable surroundings in the winter season to recuperate before their toils recommenced in the spring; so that they never felt really well and fully themselves. More than all else, in my opinion, they have never until very lately kept together in herds. One or two elephants were considered quite a sufficient attraction in any circus in former years. Now the big shows seem to get together a number of elephants. This one, for instance, has a dozen, besides the baby, and three more are on their way to join us before the season opens. Big as they are, elephants are timid, nervous, and excitable animals. They worry easily, and are frightened sometimes at the most insignificant things. You know how mice terrify them always. Well, when we came here these great animals were afraid of the sparrows that you hear chirping about the building in such numbers. Knowing what I do of their nervous dispositions, and of the force of what affection for each other they are capable, I do not wonder that under the old system the bulls used to get frantic with loneliness in their isolation. Now, they are warmly housed in winter, walk only in street parades, are well fed, kindly treated and kept together, so that they have companionship. The sexes are not unnaturally kept apart as they formerly were, and from all these ameliorations in their condition and approximations to the comforts of a free existence, it seems to me but natural that they should more and more from first time in the history of the world breed in captivity."

In November, 1878, when the menagerie was laid up in Philadelphia, it was first suspected that Hebe was about to become a mother, a suspicion which a number of eminent physicians confirmed. For four months all the other elephants in the troupe seemed to be aware of her condition, and with one accord manifested a new consideration for her. In their rough play as they stand chained side by side, each attached to a secure fastening in the floor of their winter quarters, they frequently get to shoving each other, and when one is pushed over the others seem to consider it a good joke on the fallen one. In this rude sport Hebe had formerly to take her share, but after that time they never pushed her, however sportive their moods. They also seemed constantly on the alert to protect her. The keeper soon saw that it would have been a very rash thing to even threaten her by a violent gesture if he would not have had them all rush upon him to defend her. Once, in the ring at Adrian, last summer, when she was in danger of falling from a pedestal over six feet in height, one side of which was sinking into the soft earth, the six others, who were all loose in the ring at the time, performing, rushed to her, braced their huge bodies together to receive her weight, and lowered her slowly and gently to the ground, so that she did not suffer the slightest jar. When the feat had been accomplished, Mandrie, who had been the first to spring to her aid, gave a sound of triumphant joy, which the others joined in the chorus of congratulatory praise. After that, when they were required to perform, they would not let her go into a position of possible danger until one of them had preceded her, to see that all was safe.

Hebe had always been a pet among the other elephants and with her keepers, the latter liking her for her uniform gentleness, docility, and obedience, and the former seeming to regard her with something akin to the feeling of loyal subjects for a queen. She evidently did her best to make friends on both sides. Only about two months ago some of her companions, against Queen, was wilfully disobedient and inattentive while Mr. Craven had her in training, and, to punish her, he tied her head up with a rope to a great iron rod overhead. Queen's position was an unnatural and uncomfortable one, and excited the sympathy of Hebe, who was chained beside her. She would never have been guilty of the other's fault, but she could not bear to see her punished, and for an hour and a half worked with her trunk patiently but ineffectually to untie the knots that held up Queen's head. When Mr. Craven, more from regard for her evident distress than from sympathy with the culprit, loosed the rope, Hebe was demonstratively glad, and exchanged consolatory trunk caresses with Queen.

Of late Hebe has been kept in the daytime chained upon the great platform at one end of the elephant house, with three other females and three males; but at night, as it was suspected that the period of gestation was drawing near a close, she was chained to a big stake in the centre of the ring, and there was comfortable bedding, thirty feet away from her first, thirty feet away in another direction, beside a stove, which was enclosed by a very heavy railing of ponderous beams, the watchman, J. Y. Porter, installed himself nightly, when all other persons had left the building.

Thus she was seated, at 2 o'clock on the morning of March 10, when he noticed that Hebe was unusually restless. In the dim light always maintained he could see her pacing uneasily to and fro two or three steps each way, swaying from side to side and seeming distressed, but making no sound. He thought she was sick. In the background the giant forms of four elephants loomed up vaguely, one eating, the others swinging their heads with the incessant weaving motion peculiar to these animals. Two others lay upon the floor sound asleep. The waking ones seemed paying no more attention to Hebe than did those asleep. Then the little elephant was born. Hebe gave a wild yell of excitement, to which all the other elephants responded by loud trumpetings. The sleeping ones sprang to their feet, and joined to the din. Five small Asiatic and African elephants in an adjoining apartment heard the chorus and added their voices to the giant encore. Half a dozen horses pranced nervously from their steeds, and tugged furiously. The lions and tigers cared in a house near by caught the general alarm, and made the building tremble with their roars. High above all the appalling din arose the paternal yell of Mandrie.

Hebe became greatly excited by this tornado of sound, and by a violent effort parted both the great chains by which her hind feet were fastened to the stake. The watchman, alarmed and realizing the necessity for the immediate presence of a crowd, ran out and called in Craven, Arstingstall, and several of their assistants, who kept within a block or two of the place. In fifteen minutes they were present in force. When they entered the elephant house, Hebe was on her knees rolling the little one over and over before her like a bundle on the ground, and yelling at the top of her voice. The lions, tigers, hyenas, panthers, leopards, elephants, and dogs were all in full cry yet, and Hebe's comrades were making desperate efforts to break loose and get to her.

Fearful that in her great excitement she might kill her young one while unconscious of what she was doing, or that perhaps she might even intend to take its life as dangerous and depraved orphan slay and even eat their offspring, the men endeavored to take the baby from her; but at that she sprang up and, seizing it with her trunk, tossed it clear across the ring, where it fell upon the raised mound of soft earth on the outer edge of the ring and beneath the heavy railing around the stove. In an instant she had followed it. Finding the railing in her way, she struck it down, and tearing it in pieces flung it behind her. The doors were thrown open, but the men might escape if she attacked them; but even in her greatest excitement the poor mother seemed to have no thought of that. She evidently believed that she had been alarmed for the safety of her baby by the furious roarings of the lions and tigers so near at hand, and was endeavoring to get it over to where the other elephants were chained, to gain their protection for it, when the men entered and found her rolling it across the ring. Their attempt to take it from her only heightened her fear for the moment, and in a sudden movement of desperation she endeavored to throw it toward Mandrie. In a few moments, keepers who rushed in where the feline animals were stopped their fearful roarings. Arstingstall silenced the cries of the other elephants, and then Hebe, becoming more calm, but still trembling in all her huge bulk with nervous excitement, recognized that friends only were about her, and grew more calm. Craven went up to her head, patted her and fondled the baby, crooning to her, until then she permitted herself to be chained again. Three great chains and a big hawser were attached to her feet, so that she could not move except as her keepers willed, and by these she was slowly hauled to her place in the centre of the ring. But not for an instant would she permit the little one to be beyond the reach of her trunk. Before she had been secured, the baby stood up, wagged its little tail and flourished its little foot-long trunk from side to side with adult gravity. As she was backed to her place she gently drew the baby along with her, gazed with motherly pride upon its body, and it toddled along as though it had always done so. As Craven says: "The tumbling about only seemed to have been a little exercise to liven it up, and had not hurt it at all."

When Hebe was stationed, a task began for her which has not yet been for a moment relaxed except when the infant slept, and that was the keeping of it within her reach. It is a curious, inquisitive little brute, always on the hunt for information, and prepared at any moment to start in any direction to find out things. But it no sooner gets started than her big trunk drops gently over its shoulder, and steers it back to her. Then it goes under her and sets forth on the opposite side, with the same result. Her small, keen eyes are constantly throwing furtive glances at it, her long prehensile forefinger stretched from side to side to intercept its enterprises after the unknown. Nothing comes in the baby's way that it does not examine. Every day the mother eats two hundred pounds of hay and a peck each of oatmeal, carrots, bran, and oats, and each item of her food she sniffed and pored and felt and rolled and sniffed at and rejected by the youngster. It takes nothing but her milk, and the men in charge do not think that it gets as yet more than a couple of gallons per diem. But her udder is rapidly increasing in size, and the yield will soon be much more. Very much greater. She has but two teats, a very little back of and beneath her shoulders, each about as thick as a cow's, and only an inch and a half long, one of them with nine apertures for the flow of the milk, and the other with eleven. When the baby sucks, it does so with its mouth, like a calf, and not with its trunk, as many theoretical scientists have affirmed was the only way it could suckle. It is a funny-looking little beast when nursing, for it carries its small trunk in the air, like an S, and winks with satisfaction as it takes its meals. It sleeps two hours of the day and half the night it sleeps, never long at a time, but by "cat naps" of fifteen or twenty minutes. When it wishes to sleep it lies down on its side, on the thickest and softest pile of litter it can pick out, stretches itself out, and appears to be sound asleep in a moment. The watchmen constantly guard over it, and takes care that no one touches it to wake it up.

On Monday last a great pen fifteen feet square, of very heavy beams and planking, was constructed near the stove in a well-sheltered corner of the elephant house for the accommodation of Hebe and her baby. Its front is made by a number of large sliding bars, between which are spaces fifteen or eighteen inches wide. Just after she was installed there, on the morning of the completion of her new quarters, the other six Ceylon elephants were turned loose for a rehearsal in the ring. Before they would do anything else they rushed in a body over to her corner, and thrusting their trunks through between the bars caressed her and the infant. She pushed it around in front of her, and the elephants made way for Mandrie to get started to her and the little one. He entwined his trunk with hers, exchanged kisses in the elephant fashion, then embraced the little one with a continuous rumble of grunts, puffs, snorts, and queer sounds that seemed to be understood by both mother and little one, and the precocious baby flourished its diminutive trunk in response to the father's caresses, as though it understood his relationship, and appreciated him accordingly. When all the elephants had paid this visit of congratulation, and satisfied their curiosity about the baby, they trotted off contentedly to the ring and went through their work good-naturedly. Where Hebe now is, there is no danger of her hurting the little one by accidental entanglement in her chain, for she is quite free, and her mind seems also to be relieved somewhat about the necessity for watching it when the front bars are up, but when they are open she is as vigilant as ever.

The story of a Philadelphia paper to the effect that visitors were making the little beast sick with their gifts of candy, gingerbread, and nuts, has no foundation. It is exceedingly probable that an impulsive keeper would badly damage any venturesome citizen who should attempt to give it anything. A beast worth more than a hundred thousand dollars must not be fooled with. But it is very doubtful whether the sagacious baby would take anything. It never attempts to put in its mouth any of its mother's food. Yesterday morning Hebe and her baby were permitted to take a little stroll around the ring. She kept it close to her, and moved slowly, while the other two, the bull and the little one, under her forelegs and beneath her trunk. When Mandrie got sight of his family, he gave a snout of recognition, and, forgetting his chain, started to walk to them; but, finding that impracticable, contented himself with watching them and giving vent to a series of strange chirps and squeals and chuckles. When they left the ring he gave a long puff, a sort of sigh that sounded like the escape of steam from a boiler, and went to munching his hay contentedly. Hebe seems to travel little special care, permitting her taxy to be inspected and admired, but does not want it touched, especially by strangers, and an intrusive hand is pretty certain to be met before it can reach the little one by the barrier of her gently swaying trunk, but the baby has no excessive fear for its safety. If a visitor leans up against the bars where it can reach, it will examine the texture of his clothes, fumble his buttons, dive into his pockets, and make itself as generally familiar as the length of its trunk will permit.

On the day of its birth the baby, which is a female, weighed 213¾ pounds, and afforded the following measurements: Height to top of shoulders, 34½ inches; height to top of back, 36 inches; height to top of hip, 2 feet 4 inches; length of first joint, fore-foot, 5 inches; length of second, to elbow, 11 inches; from elbow to top of shoulder, 14 inches; around small chest, 3 feet 2 inches; around belly, 4 feet 1 inch; width between the eyes, 8½ inches; around the head in front of the eyes, 2 feet 10 inches; from jaw over head, 2 feet 2 inches; from point of shoulder to hain, 1 foot 9½ inches; from shoulder to root of tail, 2 feet 2 inches; from ground to stifle joint, 1 foot 11½ inches; length of trunk 12 inches; circumference of thick end of trunk, 6 inches; circumference of small end of trunk, 6 inches; length of tail, 1 foot 8 inches.

There have been great numbers of proposals by personal application, mail, and telegraph for the naming and christening of the baby. A New York firm of cigar manufacturers offer to give $5,000 to any charity designated by Cooper & Bailey if the baby be christened with the name of the brand of cigars they are trying to popularize. An enthusiastic Irishman offers a sonnet for the baby if it will survive the christening, the effect that the public be invited to ballot for the selection of a name, paying fifty cents or a dollar for each ballot, the receipts to go to Ireland and the names for choice to be Erin, Evangeline, Lalla Rookh, and Martha Washington. These are but specimens from hundreds that might be cited. It is possible that the baby will be named America. No matter what public name an elephant has, it generally has another for the retainers of the show to which it belongs; so baby America will very probably be known in private life as Lily, so named after Stewart Craven's wife.

Dr. Henry C. Chapman, Professor of Physiology in Jefferson Medical College, said yesterday: "I have here a letter from a gentleman in New York, who says that he well knew the keeper of the royal elephants of Siam, and that official, of the fifth generation of his family in that position, asserted him there was not even a tradition of an elephant having ever been born in captivity in the East Indies, where one would naturally think the chances for their reproduction would be greatest.

AN ECCENTRIC MINSTREL.

THE VERSATILE HUMOR OF A MAN WHO COULD NEITHER READ NOR WRITE.

Reminiscences of a Remarkable Man—Through a Sieve—A Roper—Peculiarities of Philadelphians—A Rehearsal—A Tree Killer—Filling a Baggage Car—Advice to a Hotel Proprietor—Warming a Jaw.

The recent illness of Mr. Charles Backus and the death of James Clark, a noted negro minstrel, were subjects of conversation in Mr. Sandy Spencer's restaurant on Wednesday night. Reminiscences of Mert Sexton, Nelse Seymour, Daddy Rice, George Christy, Dan and Jerry Bryant, Tom Briggs, Fred Buckley, and other happy minstrels, possibly performing in a shadowy world, were exchanged over glasses of sparkling wine.

"Of all the hand now dead and gone," said Mr. Spencer, "Eph Horn was the brightest. Although he could neither read nor write, he had the keenest sense of humor and was the readiest at repartee. At times he made plenty of money, and promptly invested it in ivory 'chips.' He was an inveterate player. I remember that once I had some business in Boston, and I took Eph along for company. While there I had an opportunity to buy a fine watch and chain at a low figure. I gave them to Eph. 'Sandy,' he said, 'I'll keep 'em as long as I live.' I had been back in New York three or four days, and was going up Broadway one foggy morning at daylight when I saw Eph standing under a gaslight at the corner of Prince street. He was gazing out into the fog, a perfect picture of misery. His watch and chain were gone, his studs had disappeared, and his cuffs stood out from his wrists like the wings of a bird. Why, even his gold collar button was missing. He was absolutely suffering from a lack of jewelry. 'Eph,' I said, 'what's the matter—where have you been?' With a weary smile he jerked his thumb toward Barney Jackman's faro bank and replied, 'Why, Sandy, I've just come through a sieve!'"

TACKLING A STRIPED TIGER.

The laughter that followed was drowned in wine, and Mr. Spencer opened his repertoire afresh. "I never saw a man stack himself up against a bank with more energy than Eph," he began. "I remember that he once gave an entertainment in Buffalo, and cleared over five hundred dollars. The next morning he took a bath and sauntered out on the street. The old passion for gambling overcame him, and he asked a hack driver to direct him to a faro bank. The driver did so. Eph went in states and tackled an old striped tiger. He got terribly clawed. In less than an hour every cent was gone. He had descended the steps and turned into the street when he met a friend—it wasn't Nell Bryant—who stared at him in amazement. 'Why, Eph,' he said, what were you doing up there? Don't you know that's a skin game?'

"'You don't tell me so, my good Samaritan,' Eph replied. 'Then I've been cooked, sure enough.' He returned to his hotel with a downcast face. On that evening, however, he reentered the bank and asked to see the proprietor. A white-funned shark with white teeth showed up. 'Do you run the bank?' Eph inquired.

'Yes, and the bank runs me,' the shark responded. 'What do you want?'

'Well, I'm out of business and looking for something to do,' Eph answered. 'What do you allow your ropers?'

'Fifty per cent.,' said the shark.

'Very well!' Eph remarked. 'Then you owe me just two hundred and fifty dollars. I roped myself in here this morning and lost five hundred!'"

PHILADELPHIAN PECULIARITIES.

After the merriment was smothered in a fresh bottle of wine, Mr. Spencer again touched himself on a sen of reminiscence.

"I remember the time," said he, "when Frank Brower, Charley Fox, and Eph Horn were playing with Buckley's Serenaders up Broadway. Brower lived in Philadelphia, and always went home on the midnight train on Saturday, returning in time for rehearsal on Monday afternoon. One Saturday night he fell among the Philistines, in Louis Schwarz's, and missed his train. On Sunday afternoon the trio stood before a restaurant, on Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Brower was stretching and gaping, and didn't know what to do with himself. 'I never saw such a dead city as this is in all my life,' he said.

"'What's the matter?' Carlton, who fix asked, 'don't you like the boys?'

"'Send what down?' Miles asked.

"'Those two Connecticut hams,' Eph replied, carving one of his thumbs at the gloves.' He was impatient, for, because Mr. Spencer of plagiarism, 'That bam business,' he asserted, 'was got off by Tweed on Tom Creamer, after Tom had got in with the sweils at the Union Club.' Mr. Spencer denied it. A dispute arose, and three glasses and an unfinished bottle of wine were broken. There was much excitement. The vinolent gentleman got to his feet, and swayed to and fro like a Lombardy poplar in a strong wind. 'Gee'lemen,' said he. 'I like a good story s'wells any other man, but when Tom Spencer credits William M. Horn with a story told by Eph Weed, I say "Hold on, Sandy Creamer!" Now, who wants to take it up?'

With much difficulty the vinolent gentleman was elevated to the sidewalk. His escapade, however, had broken the chain of Mr. Sandy Spencer's memory, and figuratively closed the lid of a box that contained many untold reminiscences of the dead minstrel.

Accused of Cheating Maid Servants.

John Sennett and John McDermott, the two spurious priests who called at the residence of Deacon William Richardson, at 125 South Oxford street, Brooklyn, on March 4, and represented that they were selling chromos for the benefit of the monastery in West Hoboken, were tried on Friday by Justice Bloom in Brooklyn. Sennett was once before convicted of false pretences, and served a term in the Kings county Penitentiary. Brothers Gabriel and Ambrose testified that the prisoners were not authorized to collect any money for the monastery. Neither had the pictures been painted there by the monks, as had been represented. Several maid servants testified to having purchased pictures from the prisoners on the strength of their representations that a monastery was to be built with the money. The prisoners, who were dressed like priests, were committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

An Exciting Chase after a Burglar.

BOSTON, March 20.—The police last night, after an exciting chase, captured a horse and buggy on Charles street, with its occupant, a suspicious character named Bartholomew O'Leary. In the chase, O'Leary was seen to throw into a yard a bundle, which was secured by the officers, and found to contain $1,000 worth of silverware, which was ascertained to have been stolen from the house of Caspar Crowninshield, on Commonwealth avenue. Between $4,000 and $5,000 worth of silverware, clothing, and other articles were in Crowninshield's yard, which the thieves had left behind when they fled. On searching O'Leary's residence, 173 Charles street, alarm clocks and a variety of other burglars' tools were recovered. O'Leary's accomplice escaped.

The Church Reveries of a Schoolgirl.

From Deacon Richard Smith's Cincinnati Gazette.

I have a new bonnet! I'll go up to church
To hear the new preacher, young Jonathan Birch;
He's quite the handsome, but oh! he's as dry as
And that his sermons are long and steadily dry;
But, being a bachelor, I'll try for my wife
To look interested, and keep wide awake.

What a good congregation! I'm glad that I came.
I'at intervals I'm sure I shall not be lame.
Ah, yes! of the social she was through her nose.
I wonder if Murray will ever convince?
The choir has finished its concluding hymn,
The preacher's dry pulse and he can begin.

His prayers I think he does, and prays and long;
The sermon that he reads is not very strong.
What beautiful music the Burton girls wear!
I wonder if they really double up their hair?
They always seem so stylish, as I know I never;
They say that their father's as rich as a Jew.

Ah! there goes the sermon—I must listen with care.
Oh, hasn't Frank Pudlig got beautiful hair?
I must catch, if I can, the drift of the text.
I wonder who Dean Bickle's will have next?
Well, I'm sure I don't know what I'm about,
I'd give something nice for a new diamond ring!

Oh, why don't the preachers all preach to the point?
I have sat here till every bone's out of joint.
I have a cricket in my back, and a pain in my back,
Ma'ar, Ma'ar! I'm sure I'm a weak, a weak,
And all tired through with the Sunday hymn,
I never could see what folks fancied in her!

Well, the sermon's progressing. I must listen and learn.
How I wish he'd warm up and not look so stern.
Mary Gaylor is in mourning. I wonder who's dead,
Since I look so well in black, I think I'll wear it?
In the new right bonnet the world I'm sure Moore;
I don't mind his sleeping, but why does he snore?

Just hear that cross baby! I know Mr. Birch
Must hate so to have it disturbing the church.
And how can he preach amid such prayer through it all?
They say Maggie Rose is quite a good Christian girl,
That her dress was not lovely, her dancing divine,
But I won't believe it was better than mine.

The sermon is finished, the Bible is closed,
The "collection" has wrought the desires that dozed;
I must feel in my pocket and get out my purse.
Those torn in the gallery looks a good deal worse.
Why, there's Mary Martin! what a beautiful hat;
How pretty she'd be if she wasn't so fat!

And now we will have a tune from the choir;
I think that their singing lacks feeling and fire;
I wonder if Murray will be there after
Or if he will join that next Minnie Moore?
She's so proud of her eyes, with their sleepy old lids,
I do wish I had some six-button kids.

"Old Hundred" is finished and I'll get my muff.
I think for to-day I've had preaching enough.
The music is so crowded we'll have to go slow.
Ah there's Minnie Moore gone off with my beau!
See how she struts off her new polonaise;
I always did hate her impudent face.

I'll pretend not to see her and turn as my nose,
And show how indifferent I am to the beaus.
There's Jennie Jones opposite waiting to see
If I had a gentleman come home with me.
Ah me, I fear I have sin and ma will be vexed
For I have forgotten every word of the text!

MRS. EMMA TAYLOR.

THE STORY OF AN OLD WOMAN

DESPOILED OF HER PROPERTY AND SENT TO BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

The Strange Experience of Mrs. Little, the Widow of a Once Prominent Lawyer in San Francisco—Justice Otterbourg's Kindness.

In May, 1879, an aged women applied to Justice Otterbourg for aid in recovering some personal property which she alleged was unjustly withheld from her by her nephew and his wife. She gave her name as Mrs. Delia Little; the nephew's name was James E. Williams, and that of his wife Frances E. Williams. Mrs. Little told a story of wrong—culminating in her commitment to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island—which excited the interest of the Justice, and he examined in the District Attorney's office the papers connected with that commitment. While Mrs. Little was evidently a woman of education, whose handwriting, as shown in the inventory of her lost goods, was remarkably good, her signature to what purported to be her examination at the time of her commitment, on Oct. 7, 1878, was a cross, and that, she affirmed, was not made by her or even in her presence.

Justice Otterbourg learned that on Oct. 7 Mrs. Little was taken by Mrs. Frances E. Williams in a carriage, accompanied by Policeman Flanagan, to the door of the Yorkville Police Court, where Justice Kasmire was sitting; that the Justice went to the street, looked at her, and, acting upon the affidavits of Mrs. Williams, James E. Williams, and one Charles Harrison, committed her as a "common and habitual drunkard" to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island for six months. She was granted no hearing, had no opportunity for defence, did not not even know what was said in her presence at the carriage door, as she is somewhat deaf, and had no idea of what was about to befall her until she was made to pass from the carriage to the Tombs, en route for the workhouse. One of the affidavits upon which she was deprived of her liberty was that of Charles Harrison, the employer of James E. Williams, a manufacturer of slumbers materials at 18 West Fourth street, who testified that he had known Mrs. Delia Little one week, and that she was "a common and habitual drunkard." The affidavits by her nephew and his wife also accused her of habitual drunkenness.

Mrs. Little made affidavit that on the 7th of October, 1878, she was told that she would start that evening for San Francisco, her former home; but that before going Mrs. Williams would take her to see the Aquarium. She and her nephew's wife entered a carriage to go to the Aquarium, and a man who seemed to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Williams, but a stranger to her, got in with them. That was Policeman Flanagan. The carriage, after going a considerable distance, stopped, and another strange man appeared at the door, said a few words, which she could not hear, to Mrs. Williams and the man in the carriage, and then went away. That man was Justice Kasmire. Then Mrs. Williams made an excuse to get out of the carriage, told the driver to "give aunty a good ride" until a certain specified time, and disappeared. The "good ride" was to the Tombs, and then to Blackwell's Island. At the expiration of her term of six months the old lady returned to her nephew's house, 229 East 121st street, and was refused admittance. She sued for her trunk, and that was denied her, but subsequently, under order from Justice Otterbourg, it was returned to her, empty. A valuable amethyst pin, set with diamonds and a pearl; a rich shawl, gold bracelets, and many other costly articles of jewelry and wearing apparel had disappeared. She was entirely destitute of money, and for a time was successively cared for by the Sheltering Arms, St. Barnabas's House, and another charitable society. Then a poor colored woman, Mrs. Agnes Lewis of 239 East 103d street, who formerly washed for the Williamses, had become acquainted with Mrs. Little there, took her home to the old lady and gave her a home in her house.

Justice Otterbourg held both Williams and his wife in bonds of $1,000 each to answer to the charge of grand larceny, in the Court of General Sessions, and indictments were found against them. Williams was taken on May 10, 1879. Before making such action of the case, he took pains to write to California for verification of some statements Mrs. Little had made to him, and also to T. Cox, Commissioner of Charities and Correction, for information as to her life on the island. That latter inquiry brought the following answer from Dr. A. H. Mott, resident physician, who reported that Mrs. Little was not suffering from alcoholism, but simply from debility consequent upon age and changed habits of life; the other from Mr. A. Allaire, Superintendent of the Workhouse, who said: "Her conduct for six months I Delia Little was an inmate of this institution her conduct was unexceptionable, being ladylike and modest in her department, so that she won the good opinion of all the female officers of the institution." He also spoke of her as "an intelligent and well-educated old lady, far different from the class usually received at this institution."

According to the statements of Mrs. Little, corroborated by Mrs. Agnes Lewis, Frederick H. Tobin, a Brooklyn lawyer, called upon Mrs. Little at her nephew's house, 229 East 121st street, and urged her to accept him as her lawyer. She replied that Justice Otterbourg had told her she needed no lawyer. He answered that he would charge her nothing for his services. She finally consented to accept him as her lawyer. He tried hard to get her to let him take her small ladies' gold watch—which Mrs. Foster, the matron of the Tombs kept for her while she was in the workhouse—just for safe keeping, but could not succeed. Mr. Spooner, Williams's lawyer, sent for Mrs. Little to come to his office, with a view to some compromise, but she refused to go, acting upon Justice Otterbourg's instructions. Mrs. Little was never notified of the day of trial in the Court of General Sessions. When the case was called Mr. Tobin was not present, and in the absence of a complaining witness and of her counsel, an order was issued for the discharge of Mr. and Mrs. Williams's bail, and they were released. That proceeding does not, however, prevent the rearrest of the parties, and their trial under that indictment for grand larceny. Tobin never again visited Mrs. Little and she was unable to find him at the address he had given her in Brooklyn.

About six weeks ago, Mrs. Little again visited Justice Otterbourg and begged him to do something, if possible, to procure for her the aid to which she was entitled from her nephew. He then communicated with the Working women's Protective Union, which had shown an interest in the case before, and their attorney, John H. Parsons, opened proceedings against Williams and his wife on the charge of perjury.

Yesterday morning James E. Williams was arrested at his home, 229 East 121st street. The policeman who served the warrant for his arrest also for Mrs. Williams, but found her quite paralyzed. Williams's counsel, E. Spooner, waived examination, and Justice Otterbourg held the accused in $2,000 for trial in the Court of General Sessions. Charles Harrison, who, in his affidavit, upon the night of one week's acquaintance with Mrs. Little, testified that she was a common and habitual drunkard, was offered as Williams's bondsman; but Justice Otterbourg refused to accept him, plainly intimating that he was not quite clear in his mind that Mr. Harrison might not also be prosecuted for perjury on account of his affidavit.

Mrs. Little was in court, accompanied by the kind colored woman. The old lady, though 72 years of age, is well preserved, bright, and intelligent. She said: "My maiden name was Delia Kellogg, and I was born at Greenville, Greene county, in the State of New York. In 1849 I went to San Francisco, and there married William Little, a prominent lawyer of California. He died in 1857, leaving me some property, and by fragility and fortunate investment I was enabled in 1869 to buy a house, 713 Valleio street—a beautiful house of the north end of San Francisco—for which I paid $5,500. In the last of December, 1877, I was taken sick, and then made an arrangement with a family to occupy the lower part of the house, rent free, on condition of their taking care of me. Mrs. S. A. V. Crawford lived with me, and I lay in the second story. If she asked me if I had any relatives and I mentioned my nephew, James E. Williams. Without my knowledge, she wrote to him, and in May, 1878, he arrived there. He proposed to bring me on to the East, to remain four months with his family for my health, and I assented. He said he would send the cost of my rent while I was too sick to attend to my own business, and proposed that I should give him a power of attorney to let my house and collect the rents for me. I agreed, and he wrote out a paper of that nature, which I read over to him. The next morning he came to my bedside with a lawyer named Oscar T. Schuck, who had a paper that seemed to be the same I had heard read. It was not read to me, but Mr. Schuck simply asked me whether I knew its contents. I answered I did, and said it was. Then they had me signed it, but I was too sick to know if it I did. I have no remembrance of doing so. After he brought me East my nephew's wife said to me, "Aunty, you were very foolish to give your property to him. He has sold it." I was astonished. "Why, I said, I never gave it to him." "Oh, yes you did," she replied; "that paper you signed was a deed of gift outright." He had sold my house for $2,700, I think I heard, and has never given me a dolling."

Mrs. Lewis said that one day, while she was washing at Mrs. Williams's, Mrs. Little then living with her nephew, Mrs. Williams said to her, "Aunty won't live over three months; after March the expiration of her term of sentence. She will die on the Island, and somebody will get a nice trunk of clothes and things."

Murdered by his Wife and her Paramour.

JERSEY SHORE, Pa., March 20.—Andrew Miller was yesterday morning found hanging to a beam in his barn with his head cut off. At the coroner's jury find that Miller came to his death at the hands of George Smith, and that Mrs. Miller, his wife, was accessory both before and after the crime. Smith and Mrs. Miller have already been arrested.

THE FREAKS OF FASHION.

Oddities in Parasols and Sunshades—Sticks and Handles that are Works of Art.

The "high novelties" in the way of parasols for the coming season, shown by A. T. Stewart & Co., are dazzlingly rich and gorgeous, showing an entire departure in the combinations of colors, arrangement of linings, borderings in the way of Spanish and colored antique laces and chenille fringes, and in the quaint and novel designs for sticks, handles, and tips. Their unique effect is still further enhanced by the grooved ribs of their paragon frames being enamelled red. There are seaside parasols of white and colored crape bunting, bordered with an embroidery of cream-white silk, lined with blue cream or yellow satin, and ornamented with sky-blue, red, or yellow bows. There are parasols with covers of ecru satin, printed in pink rosebuds, and bordered with five-inch-wide ecru-colored Spanish lace; parasols of gray silk, embroidered in blue and brown palm and fern leaves; white silk and muslin parasols, figured in cashmere colors; and black velvet parasols, with handles and tips covered with black velvet, sticks and caps tipped with white ivory, and coverings bordered with wide ruffles of black Spanish lace. All of these parasols show the influence of the craze on decorative art through which English and American women are passing, and it is evident that these parasols are intended to be worn with that costume of the future which the English woman seems so anxious to introduce—the costume with diaphanous and cut-work embroidered on its borders, and decorated with a row of glass buttons down the spine of the wearer. Such parasols are gems of art in their way, however, fit to preserve with the richest jewels and antique laces of a lady's wardrobe effects.

India Pongee parasols, decorated with fringes or colored laces, have sunset linings put on under the red paragon frames. Printed satin parasols, matching the new printed satins for dress trimmings, have printed borders of scarlet and old gold palm leaves, with chenille fringes in three colors to match the borders. The handles of these parasols are as novel and unique as the parasols themselves. Some of them are covered with the same damassé as the parasol itself. The carved fingers of a hand clasp a red, white, or black Easter egg on the handle of a plain silk parasol. Sticks of cherry and green orange woods in their natural state, but with the bark highly polished; not varnished, are used for handles of some parasols, and these are decorated with enamelled beetles, fire bugs, and tiny green tree toads and lizards. An oddity in the way of a handle is a carved cock's head, with agate eyes and comb and wattles of red celluloid; but the quaintest thing is a black teakwood handle carved artistically into a girl in a tight-fitting bathing dress, about to plunge into the sea.

To be more explicit with regard to linings of parasols, the sunset lining mentioned above consists of successive stripes of different colored silks matching in tint all the most charming effects of a rose and orange sunset with its dun and opal clouds. The linings this spring are not, as in former seasons, put on over the frames, but under the crimson grooved and polished ribs of the English paragon frame. These bright red sticks, falling in rays over the sunset, Dolly Varden, blue, white, black, and ecru silk linings, add much to the richness and brilliancy of effect.

An unusually beautiful drab satin brocade parasol, flecked in ecru and crimson, has an ecru lining put on under the ribs of a crimson paragon frame. The turned and polished green orange stick, with its handle in the natural condition or only polished, is ornamented with small fire bugs, orange-colored tree toads, and green tree toads and lizards. In addition is a slide ring of crimson ivory and a red silk cord and tassels.

A black satin brocade parasol, with heavy black chenille fringes, a black ivory slide ring, and a black ebonized wood handle with red celluloid top and ferrule, has a sunset lining, a red cardinal satin forms a wide band of lining at the bottom, while nearer the top the lining is of Dolly Varden foulard silk.

A black satin de Lyon parasol is embroidered in large palm leaves in chain stitch, with silks of the most exquisite and delicate colors. This parasol has a ruffle of heavy black Spanish lace five inches wide and a handle of bamboo finished with a knob and a tip of cloisonnée enamel.

FASHION NOTES.

English surtout suits are much worn at the moment.

Light and colored wraps are again very fashionable.

Black Spanish lace scarfs are again used for mufflers.