GOOD CHEER AND PLENTY.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS AND FESTIVITIES FOR MANY PEOPLE.

Happiness and Abundance at Five Points—Remembering the Immigrants—Railroad Men Feasting—Some Little Wanderers.

Wreaths of ivy and sprigs of hemlock adorned the walls, and ropes of evergreens and holly entwined the pillars and hung in festoons from the ceiling of the large class room of the Five Points House of Industry yesterday. To the right of the reading platform stood a giant Christmas tree, whose twigs were burdened with toys, candies, and balls of colored glass, lighted up by a myriad of tiny candles. The 300 little ones who are taken care of in the home filed into the class room smiling and joyous, the girls in brown dresses, with spotless white aprons, and the boys in neat suits of gray. The choir of fifty children was ranged on the platform. The visitors occupied seats in the rear of the room. The children recited the Lord's Prayer in unison, and then the choir sang "The Grand Old Story." "The Babe of Bethlehem" and "Christmas Bells" were carolled by the children. A dialogue, "Speaking a Piece," created much mirth, and "The Little Beggar's Buttonhole Bouquet" was spoken very pathetically. There were other hymns and carols and recitations. When the exercises were concluded the children were marched into the dining room, where six long tables were set. They marched two abreast and stood motionless between the tables. At a rap of a pencil the children faced the tables as if moved by clockwork. A second rap caused them to place their hands before their breasts and bow their heads. There was still another rap, at which the children said in concert:

> Be present at our table, Lord,
> Be here and everywhere adored;
> These creatures bless and grant that we
> May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Then the plates heaped with turkey, sauce, and vegetables were rapidly lightened of their contents. After dinner the children were sent into the playroom, where they amused themselves with their Christmas toys and candies.

In the evening dinner was given in the dining room of the home to adults. A gentleman, whose name was not given by his request, contributed sufficient money to provide a good dinner for 300 poor people. After the repast the guests were entertained in the large class rooms by songs, recitations, and music.

The steamer Chateau Laville arrived from Bordeaux yesterday with 268 steerage passengers on board—all Italians. They are picturesque but poor, and even destitute. They came to seek employment. The Labor Bureau was closed yesterday, and the emigrants would have gone hungry but for the supplies furnished by the German Emigrant Society. Two hundred Polish Jews, each family having from five to nine children, were in the Garden yesterday, and each of the children received a present from the Hebrew Benevolent Society at the hands of a lady whose name is withheld at her wish.

The reading room of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Grand Central depot was tastefully decorated, and long tables were filled with roast turkey, chicken, duck, and all the accompaniments necessary to a first-class Christmas dinner. The dinner was given to the employees of the railroads centring in the Grand Central depot. The dinner began at 12 o'clock noon and was continued until 10½ P.M., thus giving all the employees a chance to partake thereof. Mr. O. K. Stockwell, the secretary, presided, and as the railroad men came in from their homes or from the incoming trains they registered their names and were shown to seats at the tables, where they fell to work on the best Christmas dinner the men of toil. During the evening there was a musical entertainment while the feast was going on. At the close of the dinner there were 400 names registered.

Deputy Warden Mark Finley and Mrs. Foster, matron of the Tombs, prepared 600 pounds of chicken and turkey, a barrel of potatoes, one of onions, and other articles for their guests. In the afternoon Mrs. A. C. Taylor, Messrs. Charles H. Stevenson and F. D. Seward, and Miss Gussie Miller gave recitations for the entertainment of the prisoners.

For many years Mr. James Renwick, a generous friend of the pupils of the School for Idiots on Randall's Island, has at Christmas time contributed to them a large quantity of toys. The children had their tree yesterday, and they enjoyed themselves and edified all spectators with their wonderful singing. Commissioner Brennan contributed the decorations.

The Home for Little Wanderers at 40 New Bowery, near Chatham square, was a scene of confusion yesterday, after the chapel Christmas exercises, at which 700 children and young men and maiden were present. The tiniest toddlers enjoyed their dinner first, some of them so small that they had to be fed by their mothers, who themselves have been in the past beneficiaries of the institution. After dinner, and the table was spread several times to satisfy the cravings of the children, they mounted seats arranged in the same room like those in a circus, and sang songs and performed calisthenic exercises. A mammoth Christmas tree stood at one end of the dining hall, and, while the presents were being removed by a tall boy on a tall stepladder and handed around the interest in the singing flagged.

In a room apart sat Mr. A. S. Hatch, surrounded by 161 bright-eyed and tidily-attired young girls. Mr. Hatch's eyes were as sparkling at the sight as were those of the young ladies themselves. They were his Bible class. Their singing was like that of a concert in Steinway Hall. Mr. Hatch gave prizes of lovely writing desks and big photograph albums to the young women who had attended the Bible class every Sunday in the year.

When the children went away to each was handed a warm and useful garment and a parcel containing nuts, oranges, cakes, and candy.

ANIMALS IN JEWELRY.

Fireflies of Rubies, with Wings of Diamonds—Elephants and Tadpoles in Gold.

"I saw something the other night that I shall not soon forget—a bevy of young girls wearing fireflies in their hair. As they moved about in the dimly lighted corridor, playing some girlhood game, I know not what, their living jewels dashed and gleamed and glowed as never diamonds did."

"Oh," said a jeweller in one of the fashionable avenues up town, when his attention was called to the above clipping from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "nature is not going to outdo us in providing ornaments. Look at this."

He pulled open a safe door, took out a rosewood box lined with purple velvet, and said: "There are fireflies that don't die. The imitation is good, is it not? They are formed of deep red rubies, with wings of diamonds. The ear jewels are fastened close on to the pink lobe of the ear, and make it look smaller and whiter. This larger one is worn at the neck, suspended from a chain not thicker than a fine wire, and made almost invisible, although it holds the ornament safe in its position. Cuban women make their costumes resplendent with fireflies enclosed in gauze bags and sewed about their flounces. It is a familiar sight in the tropics. If we only knew what food to give fireflies, we could easily make a silver gauze globular cage to hold them, and attach it to a hairpin or to a chain. We get a beetle that we bind with a gold chain, and keep it alive for months; and the Brazilian beetle is used for mounting."

"What other ornaments are made in the shape of animals?"

"Well, men like a pig of gold, or an elephant or camel. Some young men about town, through a desire, perhaps, to have handy "a mirror to hold up to nature," are fond of a gold donkey. Literary men and lawyers like the owl for a scarfpin or watch charm."

"What is the popular animal now with ladies for an ornament?"

"An Egyptian cat. I don't see any difference between it and the cats of South Fifth avenue, but it wouldn't be popular if it was called anything but an Egyptian cat. At any rate it is not a pretty cat, for it has blue-green eyes, suggestive of suspicion, as they gleam out of the gold or silver head. Lizards and snakes continue popular for bracelets and necklaces. We have just finished a circlet at the cost of $100 for the tiny waist of Miss ——. It is a snake of pliable gold enamelled in green and having emerald eyes. It was a present to her from her fiancée, and at his wish, not ours, we put two carved cobalts in the snake's mouth to represent the fangs. In olden times men were assassinated by Indians, who wore a ring with a poisonous claw in it, and when the wearer shook hands with his enemy he could, by a dexterous movement, scratch his victim with the poisoned claw and produce speedy death. I don't mean to intimate that my customer intends to dip the fangs of that golden snake in poison, but there seemed a spiteful design in putting those needles into the snake's mouth, for if an arm should stray around that waist it would be apt to be drawn quickly aside."

"Do brokers want bulls and bears?"

"Yes, every time. We have sold many Assyrian bulls made of gold. Ladies buy them for lace pins. A guest at the Vanderbilt reception told me he saw a jewelled lizard encircling a coil of hair on the head of a leader of fashion. I am certain I guess the most fashionable animal in jewelry now."

"A pen fowl?"

"No. It is a tadpole. Well, it's ugly enough, to be sure in nature, but beautiful in gold or silver, with jewels. Crawfish admit of much careful work on the goldsmith's part. A lady customer was examining a tadpole recently, and the casual remark was made that according to the evolutionists it was the image of the ancestor of man.

"Yes," she said, lifting her eyebrows, "I admit, one think with the learned gentlemen that men descended from one, but women never!"

PALMER'S DEFALCATIONS.

He is to be Taken to the City Hall To-day to Explain How they were Made.

Defaulting City Auditor Frederick A. Palmer of Newark told his counsel last week that he would help Mr. Yalden, the expert accountant, in investigating his accounts. Palmer is now strong and under self-control, and today, at the request of Alderman Theberath, Chairman of the Finance Committee, he will go to the City Hall to assist Mr. Yalden. He says he can save the expert much time and labor. He has been promised a secluded room to work in. He will be driven from the jail to the City Hall in a close carriage about 8 o'clock, and will be conducted into his old room. There the Finance Committee will meet him to receive his confession at length. What he says will be written down by a stenographer. Expert Yalden has been asked to be present. Palmer has not occupied a cell, but a large witness room in a wing of the jail away from other prisoners. Yesterday afternoon his counsel, Mr. Guild, was with him a short time.

"I did not talk to him," Mr. Guild afterward said to a reporter of THE SUN, "about his method of embezzlement, and I know nothing more about that than has been published. You know Palmer is, in manner, a gentleman, with a modest demeanor and a sensitive nature. He does not feel like speaking freely of his offence, and, as it wasn't necessary for me to be informed particularly about it, I haven't tried to get the facts. He feels that he has done great wrong. When I told him that some friends had spoken kindly of him he couldn't understand how they could do it. How he came to steal I can't tell you, and don't know whether he took the city's money to speculate with it, or speculated in order to make money and refund what he had stolen. Notwithstanding what is thought by others, I don't believe Palmer and Hall were in collusion, for the simple reason that Fred Palmer says they were not. Experts may say that one couldn't steal without the other cooperating with him, but I have found in my practice that experts make mistakes, and many things are done which they have thought impossible. I have heard Cassidy, one of the chiefs of the Treasury Department, say that it was impossible to do a certain thing with bank note plates, and a well-known counterfeiter, who was present under arrest, convinced him in two minutes that it could be done."

Hall and Palmer were together last Tuesday night. The next morning Palmer confessed and Hall disappeared.

As Alderman says that a few years ago, before he became a member of the Common Council, he was handed by Palmer a little book of maps showing property on which assessments were unpaid. Palmer told him how money might be made by buying some of the property. The Alderman says he did not join Palmer in the proposed speculation.

Mr. Yalden and his assistants yesterday examined the accounts pertaining to the sinking fund of the city and found them correct.

INKSTANDS IN DEMAND.

The Fanciful Styles that are Popular Now—The Æsthetic Pattern.

"There has been a great rush for inkstands," said a fancy stationery dealer last week. "Women are always at a loss to decide upon a Christmas present for a man, and an inkstand is an oasis where their distracted thoughts seem to find repose. Fortunately there has been fresh art and talent devoted to this branch of our trade, and we have had many pretty inkstands, upon which we have been able, in view of the demand, to add fifteen or twenty per cent profit, without harming anybody. Inkstands of olive wood, mounted in brass, studded with semi-precious stones, have been the favorites. Of course the olive wood all comes from the Mount of Olives, just as the old lady insisted that her tapestry carpet was made by old Mr. Brussels himself. A tray to correspond is provided with wax and seal, which the gentleman uses, and a tiny paper also of wax to melt the material. The horseshoe, though commonly held to possess the property of frightening away witches, has been much purchased by women, although witches are always women. It is a convenient pattern for a penwiper, and holds a penholder, pencil, eraser, and paper cutter.

"The finest inkstand I ever heard of was that made of wonderful porcelain, and owned by the Marquise de Pompadour, the beautiful mistress of Louis XV. She wrote to her royal lover with a diamond pen upon perfumed paper with scented ink. Women love to write sitting in an easy chair. Little women always curl their foot under them, and they write usually upon a book. For these there is now a lap tablet framed in rich colored plush. When not in use this tablet, resting on a stand next to the wall, makes a pretty background for an inkstand of Benares brass beaten out in a quaint floral pattern. The cup of a lily forms the receptacle for the ink, and a stalk of nodding hyacinths in a vase-like stand is ready to hold the pen.

"We have two pen pens mounted in brass, ebony, olive wood, ivory, and pearl. The æsthetes are using a pea-fowl's feather and a crow-quill pen now. Some young women demand quill pens—old-fashioned quill pens—but there are not a dozen men in New York now who can mend a quill pen. We cater to the lover for interior decoration, and these big goosequill pens, painted with lilies of the valley by a daughter of an ex-Mayor of New York, are to hang on the wall."

"How is paper perfumed?"

"By a simple method. Blotters are moistened with some favorite extract and then put in a press to dry. The edges are bound with ribbons, and the paper is slipped in at the side that is left open."

AMUSEMENTS.

The "Two Orphans" at Booth's Theatre.

At Booth's Theatre yesterday there were two performances of "The Two Orphans," and both were witnessed by immense audiences. The assemblage at each was like a great family party, made up in the afternoon in great part of children, and in the evening of a class apparently quite distinct from the usual quality of theatregoers. When Christmas Day enjoys its secular observance on a Monday the occasion is one of great profit to the theatres, and yesterday they reaped an unusual harvest.

"The Two Orphans," with Miss Kate Claxton in her historic character of the blind *Louise*, is a sterling attraction under any conditions, and the excellent performance that was given was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Mrs. Wilkins appeared in her striking impersonation of the repulsive *La Frochard*, and Mr. Charles A. Stevenson furnished a strong and picturesque interpretation of the character of *Jacques*. While Miss Claxton, as the tearful heroine, drew sympathetic tears from her more susceptible auditors. The play is very well given throughout, and will doubtless be one of the chief successes of holiday week.

Miss Mary Anderson will begin an engagement at Booth's Theatre on Monday evening next, appearing as *Juliet*.

Miss Davenport in "Camille."

Miss Fanny Davenport appeared last night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the scene of many of her former triumphs. Last night must have recalled them to her. Over the same footlights came the same hearty greeting at her entrance, and ever and anon the same cordial recognition of her art. Then, too, the play was one in which she often was heard during the old Fifth Avenue reign.

Miss Davenport's *Camille* has not materially changed since then. That it is a fine piece of acting is evident if only from the fact that it is effective, despite a physique which is surely not consumptive. Her success is, so to speak, a triumph of art over matter.

She was a lovable *Camille*, winning sympathy even amid forbidden gaieties. Toward the end of the play she was very gentle and pathetic, and her death was very touching. Her art saved it from being harrowing or disgusting.

Mr. George Clarke, as *Armand*, at times shared the honors with her, and the rest of the cast was fair.

Notes of the Stage.

Willie Edouin's Sparks Company in "Dreams; or, Fun in a Photograph Gallery," drew a full house at the Brooklyn Park Theatre. The company contains some clever people, who do meritorious work of its kind, and who, on the whole, are vastly amusing.

Messrs. Louis Aldrich and Charles Parsloe appeared in their play, "My Partner," at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre last evening. The house was packed. Their acting was as good and effective as ever. The performance, as a whole, was smooth, and the stage settings were appropriate.

"The Unknown," by John A. Stevens, was given at the Windsor Theatre last evening. Mr. Stevens, as *Harold Mordaunt*, and Miss Edward, as *Ethel Clairmont*, portrayed a young married couple with sufficient heart or reason, which by gradually recovers as the play progresses. W. H. Bailey, as *Jack Sea*, amused the large audience by his breezy savagery. W. Wilkinson, as *Jacob*, with a lacerated heart, and M. J. Gallagher, as *Pat*, kept the audience laughing. Miss Lottie Church was the heroine, *Bessie Merivale*.

Frank Chanfrau, who has made a fortune in playing Nathan Hale and Kit Harvey, and is more popular in these characters than in any other, appeared at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre yesterday at two performances. The house was crowded on both occasions. Mrs. Chanfrau, who heretofore has starred in emotional plays on her own, is this season travelling with her husband, and will appear at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees in a revised "East Lynne."

Little Hurt by a Six-Story Fall.

George Grandard, 23 years old, fell yesterday from the roof of a six-story building at 51 Washington street to the yard, and received injuries so slight that it was hardly necessary to take him to the hospital.

An Effectual Cure for Consumption.

Gilde's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil, with Lime and Wild Cherry. Sold by druggists. Depot, 6 Bowery.—*Ads.*

Dr. J. Marion Sims, New York, endorses Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. See advertisement—*Ads.*

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

CONSONANTS HAVING A GOOD TIME IN CHICKERING HALL.

Lively Competitions in Singing, Recitation, Essays, and Drawings—A Day of Mirth and Festivity Among the New York Welshmen.

The Welsh believe that the Eisteddfod is coeval with the world. Paleozoic man, they say, met once a year and recited poetry in a consonantal language and sang for prizes, just as the Welsh of this generation and their friends met yesterday at Chickering Hall. The hall was appropriately decorated with consonants—at least there seemed to be only consonants in the Welsh motto on the shield that nestled in the folds of the American and British flags on the back of the stage. From 10 in the morning until after 10 at night these consonants had plenty of company, for one after the other their brethren came floating up to them from the stage, where sat the Rev. Dr. Llewellan D. Bevan, the President of the Eisteddfod; the Hon. Horatio Eates Jones and the Rev. G. H. Humphrey, President and Vice-President of the session; S. R. Jones, Secretary, and John Lewis, Treasurer.

The proceedings were opened by the Hon. Horatio Gates Jones, President of the Welsh Society of Philadelphia, the oldest Welsh organization in the country. He praised Wales and the Welsh, and their institutions, but oddly enough, as a young Welshman afterward suggested, omitted all mention of Welsh rarebits, a product of Wales, which brings blessings to the Welsh name in the evening and odium the next morning. Perhaps it was because it was morning that the subject was not mentioned.

After the address Dr. Bevan announced that competition was open for the mixed duet. Under assumed names the competitors were to sing Abt's "When thou art near me." Among the competitors were "Romeo and Juliet."

"'Romeo and Juliet' will please step forward," called out Dr. Bevan. "This, ladies and gentlemen, will not, however, be a balcony scene. It will be a platform scene."

Of the three couples that competed, "The Middletons," Miss Helen Dudley Campbell and Mr. H. C. Frink received the prize. Miss Campbell stepped forward, and, with a graceful inclination, allowed the President to place the insignia of success around her neck. During the afternoon session Miss Campbell also received the prize for the soprano solo. She sang charmingly, and her graceful presence and modest bearing added not a little to the pleasure her success gave the assembly.

After the duet, competition adjudications were in order on an essay and a "Humorous Song—Castle Garden as an Emigrant Landing Place."

"Castle Garden," said Dr. Bevan, "is sometimes more humorous to the spectator than to the emigrant." The adjudicators thought none of the contributions worthy of the prize. One report ended: "The prize is ten dollars, and the contribution isn't worth ten cents." When afterward neither the "Four Laborers" nor the "Four Blacklegs" received prizes for sight-singing, one of the gentlemen on the stage remarked that the association was showing Welsh thrift.

Dr. Bevan suggested that in order to save time it would be well if the musical adjudicators would stop competitors who were singing hopelessly bad.

"How can you stop a Welshman?" called some one from the platform.

"Well, it would be hard," said Dr. Bevan.

At this point some one among the audience arose, and made a suggestion.

"It will be better," said the Doctor, "if the audience will mind its own business."

When the competition for sight singing began, a male quartet stepped on the stage.

"Dr. Bevan," said one of the adjudicators, "our music calls for soprano and contralto parts. How can it be sung by a male quartet."

"Oh, well," said the Doctor, "they must sing what they get to sing."

"If you were a musician," continued the adjudicator, "you'd know that they can't sing this. If one of these men can sing soprano and another contralto then they can sing the quartet."

Afterward it was arranged that the soprano should be sung as a tenor part. When none of the competing quartets received prizes, Dr. Bevan said: "Well, anyhow, I'm glad I'm not the only one here who doesn't know anything about music."

The prize for the bass solo was divided between H. M. Hyman and Henry E. Jones of Hyde Park, Pa. There is a large Welsh settlement at Hyde Park, and many of the successful competitors come from there. The morning session closed with some spirited singing in Welsh by the Lackawanna Choral Society, conducted by Howell T. Jones.

At the afternoon session the Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime presided, and Owen Jones acted as Vice-President. The Rev. Dr. Hall made a complimentary address. Among the competitors for the male duet were Jack and Jill and Aaron and Moses.

"Jack and Jill," said Dr. Bevan, "will now walk up the hill, and Aaron and Moses will ascend the mountain."

An interesting feature of this session was the Welsh recitation of Miss Harris of Hyde Park. In awarding to Arthur Treharn the prize for the best drawing of Daniel Webster, the adjudicator thus feelingly referred to the Welsh and their language: "It was my intention," he said, "to have been born a Welshman, but my intention was ruthlessly frustrated. I have tried to become a Welshman, and have succeeded with everything but the language. To that, like every other foreigner, I succumbed." Singing by the Manhattan Choral Union closed the session.

When, at the evening session, some one hissed, after a recitation, Dr. Bevan stepped forward and said: "We welcome nightingales here, but we don't welcome geese."

Prizes for the soprano solos were awarded to the six competitors. "We have heard," said the adjudicator, "six prima donnas who would have made Mapleson's heart glad. I hope the committee will add to the prize money, so that all six will receive adequate amounts."

"Well," said Mr. Bevan, "it's hard. I hear, to run one prima donna, and it must be six times as hard to run six. But we'll try it."

The session was opened by a brief speech by Postmaster-General James.

FAINTY FLEEING FROM SMALL-POX.

The Dread Burden that Two Drunken Men Laid Gently on the Sidewalk.

Joseph McAleer, a young butcher, resided with his wife and one child in a tenement in Willow street, Hoboken. On Monday of last week small-pox broke out in the house, and McAleer secured rooms the next day in a tenement, 122 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City. He had only been in his new apartments one day when he was surprised to find that he had removed into a pest house, there being several cases of small-pox in the building. He decided to remove from this house, also, but before he could secure other rooms he was taken sick. He believed that he had caught the disease, but a physician who was summoned said he had the measles. On Wednesday he was removed, at his own request, to St. Francis's Hospital. The physicians there treated him for the measles at first, but on Thursday they discovered that his disease was small pox, and they quickly had him taken back to his home. The health authorities were notified of the case, but when the ambulance arrived at the house to take him to the Snake Hill Hospital, McAleer refused to go. He was allowed to remain in his own house, and was cared for by his wife. Yesterday afternoon he became delirious, and while his wife was in another room looking after their child, who had also caught the disease, he escaped into the street. When he had walked as far as Grove street, only a few feet beyond his house, he threw up both hands above his head and fell on the sidewalk.

Two intoxicated men, who saw him fall, picked him up, and walked him between them to the Second precinct police station. Just as one of the men was about to open the door, McAleer dropped from their grasp on the sidewalk, and expired immediately. The two men picked the body up in their arms, and were about to carry it into the station, when a physician, who was present, informed Sergt. McGinness that the man had died of small-pox. The Sergeant refused to allow the body to be taken into the station house, and the two men placed it gently on the sidewalk in front of the door. Sergt. McGinness covered the body with a blanket, and an hour later City Undertaker Connin arrived with his wagon, and conveyed the corpse to Potter's Field, where it was interred.

While the body lay in front of the station a policeman was stationed on each corner of the block, and no person was allowed to pass either way. The station and the sidewalk in front of it was afterward fumigated.

Last night, when the ambulance surgeon went after McAleer's child to take it to Snake Hill, he found it curled up in a corner of the room almost naked. The mother could not be found.

CROWDED ELEVATED TRAINS.

Holiday Travel Indulged in by an Extraordinary Number of Persons.

The ticket takers and train men on the elevated railroads last night were of the opinion that yesterday was one of the busiest days in the history of the roads. They did not account for this except by saying that it was a holiday, for the enjoyment of which unexampled preparation had been made. From early morning until early morning the trains were nearly all filled with travellers, at times they were packed. Unusual throngs got on and off at stations nearest the ferries, and there was an extra number of people who visited the upper end of the island in the daytime and returned at night.

The great crush came at 7 P. M., after which time, for more than half an hour, the down trains left Harlem with the seats all occupied by theatregoers, and by the time they reached Fifty-third street contained a surplus of passengers who were obliged to stand on the platforms. From that neighborhood down the Sixth avenue street the gates were not opened at the stations unless there were passengers who wished to get off, and the waiting crowds were told they could not board the trains. If the gates were opened a few energetic men dashed past the brakesmen. As the loads began to lighten the brakesmen used discretion in allowing passengers to ride. The reason that one of them gave for opening the gates for two persons and closing them against twenty was that handling such crowds had delayed the trains and that schedule time must be made. The peculiar treatment being unexpected resulted in parting husbands and wives, separating young men from their sweethearts and parents from their children. In one or two instances that came under a reporter's observation this was forcibly illustrated, the husband and wife and the unaccompanied girl tried to force the gates shut against men who hung on the platforms, serious accidents were more than once narrowly missed. In other cases, where couples were parted, the quick-witted ones called to their companions from the cars to meet them at certain stations, which they would rejoin them. The great loads were emptied at Thirty-fourth, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-third, and Fourteenth streets.

On the upward bound trains, which at this hour are usually packed with people returning from business to their homes, the cars were well filled with people in their best attire, apparently on their way to visit the theatres or friends up town.

The Rattlesnake Dr. James Saw in Broadway.

Assistant Sanitary Superintendent James brought to the Health Department yesterday the startling news that a rattlesnake, at least eight feet long, lay dead in Broadway, in front of Grace church. It had been killed, the doctor presumed, by a vehicle running over it. Investigation by a SUN reporter discovered that the snake was but a stuffed serpent. It had apparently been supposed to be alive until a carriage drove over it and killed it. It was about at this point that some boys dragged the reptile's rain away. It was supposed that the snake had belonged to Bunnell's Museum, but there all knowledge of it was denied. Speaking of the stuffed snake, Policeman Dill said that about a dozen years ago he killed, at Fifth avenue and Waverley place, an animal, which had escaped from a dealer in reptiles on the corner. After escaping from its cage, it ran down at Broadway and Houston street, the snake took refuge in a sewer in Broadway, from the mouths of which it thrust its head and hissed at people passing. It turned into Waverly place, and Policeman Dill clubbed it to death.

Racing Through the Line of Churchgoers.

Miss Catherine T. Kelly, a school teacher, appeared in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday against Frank Clark, a respectably dressed lad, who said he lived at 71 Third street. On Sunday afternoon Miss Kelly was walking in Sixth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street, carrying her pocketbook in her hand. Clark, who was some little distance behind her, quickened his gait and was soon at her side. He unlatched the pocketbook and was soon at the side. The young man grasped her wrist with his right hand and with the other wrenched away the pocketbook, which contained $6. He ran down Sixth avenue. Miss Kelly cried "Stop thief!" and several men set out in pursuit. Clark squared his elbows and ran swiftly. The avenue was crowded with men and women on their way home from church, who hurriedly stepped aside out of his way. At Twelfth street Policeman Schaefer noticed the hot-footed young lad hurtling toward him, and, as he was collared and stopped in the fashion of the day, Clark was held in $1,500 bail.

Two Men Lying Wounded on a Street Corner.

The report of a pistol at Twenty-eighth street and Seventh avenue, on Sunday night, summoned half a dozen policemen. Two men lay on the sidewalk bleeding from wounds of the face and head. One was but slightly cut, and walked away. The other, who said he was William Armstrong, had three gashes in his head and severe internal injuries. He said he did not know who had assaulted him. He had been walking with some friends on the opposite side of the street, when he was struck upon the head with a club, and pistol shots were fired. The young man who had been with him on the sidewalk was one of the Brooklyn Armstrongs, and lives at 176 Sixty-first street. Dr. Shaw, of the Shaw ambulance, pronounced Armstrong's wounds not dangerous. Armstrong insisted that he was the person who had fired a pistol at him. Meanwhile was held at Jefferson Market.

Shot by His Little Sister.

Lester Koerpel the 7-year-old son of L. Koerpel, tailor, Fourth av., Mount Vernon, was shot by a little sister on Sunday evening. Mrs. Koerpel had taken out a drawer from a bureau to look for something she needed, she left the room for a moment, and the little girl took from the drawer a small revolver and pointed it at her brother. The weapon exploded, and a ball entered the left side of the little boy's chest. Drs. Jones and Hollister were unable to find the ball. It is feared the boy will die.

Chiropodist Simmons's Arrest.

Henry S. Carter, a traveling salesman, complained to Inspector Byrnes on Nov. 29 that George S. Simmons, a chiropodist who had paid him professional visits, had at his last visit stolen a valuable watch and chain. Detectives King and Carl made could not find Simmons. They examined the books of a number of pawnbrokers and found the watch and chain. By this means they traced Simmons to a gaming hotel, and last night arrested him. He was held in $1,000.

Club Against Flat.

Policeman Dabb of the Prince street station arraigned Michael Crowley, 40 years old, at Jefferson Market yesterday. Dabb said he was on his way to the station on Sunday night with a man he had arrested for disorderly conduct, when Crowley stepped from his doorway and called out to the man he had arrested, "Give them the raw, Flat, give them the raw." The prisoner cursed Dabb and shoved and struck Crowley. Crowley was committed for trial.

The Aged Convict Lawyer.

The application for a new trial of Daniel H. Stone, the lawyer, 83 years old, convicted of perjury in Queens County, will be argued today before Judge Armstrong. He is said to have plenty of money. He occupies a comfortable room and does not eat the common prison fare. He is said very feeble.

Buy no Holiday Present

Without seeing Dr. Sick's beautiful electric hair and flesh brushes. They are the best in the world, and marvelous cures in sciatica, neuralgia, dandruff, falling hair, baldness, rheumatism, & c. Prices refunded if not as represented. At drug and fancy stores.—*Ads.*

A SURE CURE—A bottle of Dr. Fellow's Pocket Injection, with syringe complete. All druggists $1.—*Ads.*

Women's Friend! The discovery of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.—*Ads.*

Contagion destroyed by Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. See advertisement—*Ads.*

Small-pox driven from a community by Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. See advertisement—*Ads.*

TO PROVIDE FOR THE SICK.

GROWTH OF THE HOSPITAL SATURDAY AND SUNDAY PROJECT.

Hundreds of Yellow Boxes, but too Few for Those who Need Them—How Trades Unions Procure Treatment for Their Sick.

The institution of Hospital Saturday and Sunday was begun in 1874 by the managers of St. Luke's Hospital. They issued an appeal to the various Episcopal churches of New York city for a collection in behalf of St. Luke's, and asked that the last Sunday of each year thereafter be set apart for such a collection and be known as Hospital Sunday. In 1877 St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children shared in the benefits of the collection. The collection became general for all the hospitals in 1879, when $26,454.07 was received from church collections, individual donations, and collection boxes. The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association of New York City was made permanent a year later, and it was then determined to discourage, as far as possible, the designating of gifts for any special hospital. The institutions which share in the benefits of the fund are St. Luke's Hospital, House of Rest for Consumptives, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, Eye and Ear Infirmary, New York Hospital, Woman's Hospital, Orthopedic Hospital, German Hospital, Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, Presbyterian Hospital, New York Ophthalmic Hospital, Institution for Relief of Ruptured and Crippled, New York Infirmary for Women and Children, Nursery and Child's Hospital, Mt. Sinai Hospital, Hahnemann Hospital, Home for Incurables, and Roosevelt Hospital. The Roman Catholic hospitals are not represented in the association, though invited at the beginning to share in the benefits of the collections.

Unusual preparations have been made this year to interest the general public in the fund. Yellow flags have been put upon the stages and horse cars, and the yellow tin collection boxes have been placed wherever they might catch the eye of a possible giver. The 700 boxes which were provided have not, however, been sufficient, and though the ferry companies offered permission to put the boxes up in the ferry houses, there were no boxes left for those places. Boxes have been placed in the Post Office, the various exchanges, the stations on the elevated roads, in all the drug stores and in every brewery, in the police stations, fire engine houses, in some factories and shops, and in a few restaurants.

The boxes were put up a week ago, and will remain until after New Year's, when they will be collected and the money will be counted. It is impossible at this time to form any idea of the amount of money that has been given. It is noticeable, however, that the habit of dropping odd change into the boxes has increased, and apparently a majority of the grown people who come upon a box anywhere put in a coin. There are 170 boxes on the elevated railroads, and last week they were collected and emptied, many of them being found half full, and the money was all thrown into bags and not counted. Inquiries made at different places where the collection boxes are placed showed that the interest in the collections is widespread. The police have been especially solicitous in the case of their brethren, giving to appreciate the benefits to themselves in increasing the fund. It costs from $1 to $1.15 a day for the care and medical treatment of a patient in any of the hospitals. It is a feature of the plan that any body of men, trade associations, or fraternal societies, may be entitled to send any injured or sick member to a hospital for as many days as it gives dollars to the fund. On this account the police have a particular interest in contributing, for they are oftenest in the way of danger. The firemen, too, have been active in the work, for the general public the giving has been general.

The trade auxiliaries this year are being tried with reference to their permanent organization. The book makers and the cigar and tobacco manufacturers have organized under the same form as the Brooklyn Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association. They have placed over one hundred boxes in their factories where fifty or more hands are employed. The wholesale druggists have a permanent committee. The Brewers' Association has taken hold of the work, and seats a tin collection box to every brewery. The Brewers' Association is also forming a bureau for the care of its sick men and of their families. Contributions have also been invited from other trade organizations.

On Sunday the church collections were made except in a few instances where special Christmas collections for other purposes had been arranged. In those cases the Hospital collection will be taken up next Sunday.

The boxes will be collected next Monday, and it is expected that a good deal of mutilated paper will be found in them. The managers of the association have invited people who have such coins to put them in the boxes, for they can be sold in bulk at a small discount. The boxes on the different elevated railroads will be collected by a special car, which will be run down from the Grand Central to the office of the Treasurer of the association to be counted. The boxes under control of the trade organizations will be collected and the money will be counted by their treasurers and forwarded. It is difficult to say what will be the result. The receipts last year were $141,000, and this year it is hoped that it will reach 200,000. The distributing committee is headed by the Mayor and Postmaster of New York.

The Rev. George S. Baker, Secretary of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, said yesterday: "We have reached a definite standpoint. It was an advantage to every man who can be treated and nursed for $1.15 a day. He spoke of the wonderful unanimity with which people of all classes, nationalities, and sects have responded to the appeal, which reaches and touches the heart of everyone. The interest in the collection had shown that the appeal for contributions was broader than all rules of faith, and the churches, he said, might learn a lesson from it. He was pleased, he said, to see men acting like Christians who do not profess to be Christians.

Slavery in the Far West.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Paul Boyton, in his trip down the Missouri, has run across a definite main communication that he is serious I should look into. One might be wandering along the river, and, if he happened to be a stranger, again resolved over the homestead, and three gaily hatchetes children called him latter. To his sister he confided the fact that he had bought the woman at Plainfield Station, and that he had paid $2 for her as a substitute for his brain who should be had lost. Sixty-eight years ago, married, overworked, and unloved, Hilda ran away. The square is best fixed at a time, and the world resolved to be her home. Hilda's husband, and the child, resolved to be her home. Hilda's husband, and the child, resolved to be her home. Hilda's husband, and the child, resolved to be her home. What longer she done is a common thing among his neighbors. Hilda's husband, and the child, resolved to be her home. Hilda's husband, and the child, resolved to be her home. Hilda's husband, and the child, resolved to be her home