CHRIS AND KATY'S WEDDING

THE STORY OF A REUNION AFTER TWELVE YEARS' SEPARATION.

Surprise and Doubt—Changes Wrought by Time—An Unexpected Sort of Wedding—Mediation—The Trouble Happily Settled.

When the steamer Hohenstaufen arrived here on Monday last from Bremen she brought an anxiously awaited passenger. Twelve years ago a sturdy young man left his native village, twenty-two German miles from Bremen, to make his way in the New World, and behind him remained the girl of his choice, who had agreed to wait until Chris should win a fortune in America and send for her to become his wife. On his arrival in America Chris had gone out to Colorado. Now a carpenter, again a mason, and at times a miner, he was always ready to work wherever opportunity offered, and, as he had no vices, not even that of speculating in "sure-thing" mines, he accumulated a very handsome little fortune, which, as he gained it, he sent to a German friend in business on Vesey street to keep for him. A couple of months ago he wrote for Katy to come out and become his wife, and he sent word back that she would come by the Hohenstaufen. Katy's father, a comfortably settled farmer, sent over to the German on Vesey street what he deemed and really was a liberal sum to represent Katy in the new copartnership, and Katy herself was consigned to his care. She came economically, in the steerage. Chris got here from Colorado three or four days before the arrival of the steamer, and spent the interval of waiting at the house of the friend, who lives in Hoboken. But one theme occupied his mind. Katy was coming, and he would insist upon talking about her all the time—how pretty she was, how gentle, how fond, how happy he was going to be.

When the steamer was made fast and the steerage passengers trooped out Chris and his friend were on hand to meet and greet the bride. Chris looked anxiously among the throng, and his heart sank, for nowhere could he see any one who in the faintest degree resembled his betrothed. But his friend, who had been on a visit to Germany only three or four years ago, had seen her there, and had a better remembrance of what she really looked like, recognized Katy at once in a woman who eventually discovered him in the crowd and darted up to him with a cry of recognition. He turned to the lover beside him, exclaiming in German, "Aha! Chris, here is Katy at last," and brought them face to face.

Two exclamations of double and disappointment simultaneously broke upon the air. The lovers did not rush to each other's arms. They stood and stared in mingled doubt and pain, in the sturdy, hard-featured, bronzed man before her, whose garb was that of the strangers to whose land she had come, and whose expression of countenance was theirs, earnest, self-reliant, and keen. Katy could see nothing of the rosy-cheeked young fellow who had won her affections and gone from her so long ago. And he as little could see of the pretty maiden of 18 years, who in his remembrance had always been the same, in the tall, thin, and brown woman, with flat, battered little brown straw hat, small brown and red plaid shawl, short skirts, coarse blue woollen stockings, and heavy cowhide shoes, who now stood before him. In the shock of their first surprise neither stopped to think that time had not stood still for their sakes. They simply sprang to one conclusion, each that the other was a fraud.

With great difficulty the friend persuaded them that there was no deception, that he knew them both, and would be personally responsible for their respective identities. Then references were made to events in their early life, which brought them closer together, and after a little while Katy was taken to a neighboring Chis to the friend's house. Now impatience and affection again took possession of Chris more rapidly than Katy gave way to the reawakening, and he urged an immediate marriage, to which she, with some show of reluctance and evidently much marvelling, consented. A Justice of the Peace was sent for, and he performed the ceremony with a rapidity that fairly took Katy's breath away. She had expected a wedding in church, before a Lutheran minister, with clerical costume and much solemnity. To her a perfect stranger, of far from sanctimonious aspect, rattle off a few words in a language which she did not understand, by no means satisfied her that she was a lawfully married woman, and the more she thought about it the more she became dissatisfied. In a shrill, excited voice she declared her belief that it was all a trick to take away her good name and get the little money her father had sent over for her matrimonial send off; that she didn't believe this Chris was her Chris anyhow, and that she was going right back to Germany on the same steamer that brought her. In that frame of mind she rushed out of the house and started for the steamer.

Chris, his friend, and several others who had been called in to the wedding, followed her, beseeching, arguing, protesting. At Busch's Hotel they succeeded in arresting her flight and inducing her to enter there to talk the matter over, by assuring her that she had plenty of time to get to the steamer, as it would not return for five days. While she was held in conversation there, the friend rushed over to New York to procure the services of Col. H. H. Bailey, in whose powers as a mediator he had great confidence. With much doubt in his mind as to the result of his persuasive powers in English upon a German woman who could not understand a word he said, but satisfied that his good intent should deserve a fee anyway, the lawyer went to Hoboken, and joined the party. First they had a supper and beer; then they had cheese and Rhine wine; finally the bridegroom, in a moment of hope and recklessness, ordered champagne. And all the while the arguments went on. The lawyer, working through an interpreter, that Katy might understand, led Chris to talk of his old home in the Fatherland, and occurrences there in his youthful days, and thus gradually convinced her that this was really Chris. To satisfy her scruples they offered to get a Lutheran minister and have the ceremony reperformed, and when she agreed to that, they drew her attention to the needless expense involved by so doing, a consideration, which her economical mind readily grasped. At length they got her so confused and overwhelmed by argument that she gave up her design of returning home, and resigned herself to acceptance of the situation.

But now a new trouble broke loose. Chris had drank enough, for the soothing of his perturbed spirit, to become sensitive, and as the remembrance of her bitter words of doubt and suspicion arose in his mind, he grew hotly indignant. Would he live all his life with a woman who had doubted his honor? No, she might go back to Germany. She retorted angrily, and a row worthy of long-married folks broke forth. After long pouring of much argumentative oil upon the troubled waters, friends soothed the anger of the couple, and both apologized. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the matter was settled, and she started out with Chris to go to the friend's house.

When the friend had rushed into the lawyer's office that afternoon it was with the exclamation:

"Dere is big drouble in Hoboken."

The next time he saw the lawyer he grasped his hand and exclaimed joyously:

"Colonel, dot drouble is settled."

FOR COLLECTOR WEBER'S PLACE.

Strenuous Republican Opposition to Ross Patterson's Candidate.

A lively and somewhat bitter contest is now going on between Police Justice Jacob M. Patterson, Jr., Republican leader in the Tenth Assembly District, and the independent Republicans in the district, over the appointment of a Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third District of New York State. The Third District is made up of the Seventh, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-second Wards of the city and parts of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth. The Collector now in office is Gen. Max Weber. The impression prevails among cast side politicians that Gen. Weber will have to vacate the office. Police Justice Patterson's candidate for the place is Ferdinand Eidlitzer, whose principal supporter is Chas. F. Brehm. Both of the candidates live in the Tenth Assembly District. Mr. Eidlitzer is an ex-Senator, having represented the machine Republicans of the Seventh District in the State Senate in 1880 and 1881. Mr. Brehm represented the Tenth Assembly District in the Assembly in 1881 and was the Republican candidate for Coroner at the last general election. The sentiment of a majority of the Republicans in the Tenth District is in favor of Mr. Brehm, and five thousand of them have signed a petition for President Arthur to wait for his appointment. The Republicans of that Justice Patterson's District in New York of the Roosevelt combination, and that Mr. Edman would if made Collector be subservient to that combination. Mr. Brehm was a member of Roosevelt's organization, but he now is active in the ranks of the independent Republicans of his district.

The political association of which Justice Alfred Steckler is President and which has been heavily [illegible] in the Brehm ticket, [illegible] Sunday that unless Mr. Brehm is appointed Collector in the Republican district [illegible] Mr. Brehm.

The Union soldiers who live in the district are said to be almost to a man in favor of Brehm's appointment. If [illegible] to be made, Mr. Brehm will be a member of Congress Zeuvenaar, and [illegible] Republicans of the second district of [illegible].

Justice Steckler and other prominent east side Republicans have met in Washington urging Mr. Brehm's claim. They are confident that Mr. Edman will be disappointed.

THE EASY PREY OF SWINDLERS.

Ignorance and Credulity of Italian Emmigrants—Tricks of the Padrones.

The Italians who land at Castle Garden are peculiar among immigrants. They are the most easily misled and defrauded. "They are like sheep," said Mr. Emiliano P. Bergamini, one of their fellow countrymen, who came to the United States thirty-three years ago. "If an Italian goes to a company of them just arrived and can say 'wine' and 'bread' and 'lager beer,' they think he is a professor of English, and will follow him blindly anywhere like sheep astray."

It is because of this confiding disposition and the utter ignorance of our ways and institutions that the Italian immigrants offer so great a temptation to sharpers.

Mr. Bergamini was asked concerning the reported practices of padrones who make a business of importing Italian laborers into this country for the sake of charging them usurious interest on the money advanced for passage.

It is difficult to bring large numbers of men from Italy at one time, Mr. Bergamini said, because the Italian Government, not wanting the farming towns depopulated, requires a notary's certificate from relatives or agents in this country that there are means of support here for every person who comes to these shores. And, moreover, there is little need to send to Italy for laborers, because so many men reach here with small means or none, expecting that relatives or friends, who never come in fact, will be waiting at the dock to meet them. Then they must look at once for work, and in that search about the first person they meet is an Italian who talks English and offers to get them work at surprisingly good wages. Their brightest expectations seem about to be realized; and they usually do not discover, until they have paid over their last dollar or two, that their pretended employer has employed only base arts to rob them.

It is common practice for agents here to buy two or three or five or ten passage tickets at a time of Mr. Bergamini at a dollar or two under the regular steamship rates. Before him as notary, also, they make the necessary certificate that the friends or relatives they pretend to be sending for can be supported here. A month or two months later, Mr. Bergamini says he has observed the buyers of these tickets just outside the doors of his office, where the newly-arrived immigrants go to exchange their money and to get information, collecting the tickets, and from the men whose passages have been prepaid. For this service the agents, who are always Italians, collect from $50 to $90 from the wages of the ignorant laborers.

Then, when men are wanted to work somewhere on a new railroad—for instance, at Cornwall, where the fares is fifty cents—the benevolent agents collect $2.50 or $3 apiece for railroad tickets from Castle Garden. In one particular case where such an overcharge was made, Mr. Bergamini said the agent got the party of laborers on the train and said to them:

"You go ahead, and I'll meet you there."

He not only did not meet them there, but when they reached their destination they found there was no work for them, and they were obliged to come back to New York, the whole party nearly penniless.

Mr. Bergamini says that once when a hundred or more laborers were wanted at Oneida, New York, he himself made the arrangements to send the men and bought them tickets at $1.20 each. When they were ready, he said:

"Tickets, $1.20; bread when you get there, 7 cents a loaf; lodging free. There are no other charges; pay no money to any one."

This was in his office. Fifty feet from his door there was a sleek and plausible agent. He stopped the crowd, asked them what terms they had accepted, and promptly offered to get them work at 30 cents a day more wages on the line of the same railroad on which they already had tickets.

"But you must pay me a dollar apiece first," he said. They all paid and went their way to Oneida. They did not receive the advanced pay promised by the sharper, and so they struck work, until Mr. Bergamini sent his son to them to tell them how they had been deceived.

"And so they are robbed," observed the reporter.

"Robbed! They are skinned alive, and by their brothers," exclaimed Mr. Bergamini.

"There are societies for the protection of animals," he said, "and for the prevention of cruelty to children. There should be a society for the protection of cruelty to Italians."

LAWN TENNIS THE FAVORITE.

Croquet Consigned to Country Boarding Houses by its Rivals.

"Lawn tennis has become a very popular game this year," Mr. Snyder of Peck & Snyder said. "Last year we sold only 1,500 dozen sets, whereas this year our first order before the snow was off from the ground was for 2,000 dozen, and I am confident that at the close of this season we shall sold 50,000 dozen. Last year the game was played in only fashionable watering places, the suburbs of large cities, and on the lawns of country residences of the wealthy. This year demands come from all over the States, even from the most remote military outposts in the Indian country."

"How much croquet do you sell in New York?"

"A good set—that is, one which would be suitable for ladies and children to play with—is to be had for $10, and that is a great deal cheaper than a similar one could be bought for a year ago. The larger sets for men's use and of the best material cost from $20 to $25 each. This year the manufacturers have thought out a lot of fancy fixings on the handles of the rackets, but they are only to catch the eye. One thing has lowered the price of lawn tennis sets, and that is that the English ball, on which there is a customs duty of sixty per cent, is thus serving unprotected by the American ball. The duty alone would prevent the English ball from competing with the American ball; but, besides this, the American ball has this year for the first time been manufactured fully as hard as the English article, and not so full of lumps. A week ago the regulation as to size of the diameter of the ball was changed by a convention of lawn tennis players in the Fifth Avenue Hotel from 2 15-32 inches to 2½ inches."

"Is there an American racket that will be likely to take the place of the English racket?"

"Dr. Dwight has invented a long, narrow racket which is used in and around Boston; but persons who have been using the Jeffries English racket laugh at Dr. Dwight's invention, and I suppose they will never care to play with it. In fact, players are very squeamish about the shape and weight of their rackets, and, as no two rackets are exactly alike, the player who is purchasing a racket to suit him will sometimes fuss for hours before making up his mind."

"How does the game of lawn tennis compare in popularity with croquet?"

"Well, that's a difficult to tie a single sentence. Making a sweeping statement, I should say that those who formerly bought the highest-priced croquet sets now buy lawn tennis sets, while very cheap croquet sets, which are made in Maine in winter from unseasoned wood, and which shrink and crack, are still in demand and long will be called for in small country towns and for farmers' front yards. But really, croquet was dead before lawn tennis came in vogue. A manufactory in Rhode Island formerly made 25,000 or 30,000 sets of croquet in a year, and now not one. The machinery is running night and day on lawn tennis. Lawn tennis players are, as a rule, men who are converts from base-ball, football, and billiards, rather than women who are converts from croquet. Cricket players make a pastime of it. In fact, lawn tennis is played up to all of its points, a lady can't enter the field against a gentleman opponent. Ladies must wear light garments, loosely made, and must be naturally quick, but, more than all, must be athletic. A man who plays well does not want to play its best game with a woman. She could not possibly be a match for him. In croquet it used to be different."

Taste in Sunday School Songs.

Henry Camp, the musical director of Plymouth Church, has refused to adopt the music in the programme arranged by a committee of five for the use of all the Sunday school children on anniversary day in Brooklyn, claiming that it is inappropriate and in bad taste. He has arranged a new programme for the children of the Sunday schools of Plymouth, Pilgrim, Park, Bethel, and Hawthorne Mission, which they will sing. Mr. Camp's action has caused a stir in the Brooklyn Sunday school world. The committee claim that the music selected by them is the music for the Sunday school children, and that Mr. Camp's action is in bad taste. Mr. Camp says that some children are being taught music in Sunday school classes, and he thinks that the songs selected by the committee are in bad taste.

The songs which the committee have selected are "Golden Chain Galaxy," to music "Cooper and De Witt Talmage," "Christian Endeavor," by G. W. Pierce, "Sunbeams of the Ocean," by George Sayles Bennett, "Beautiful Month of May," by Mrs. Sarah Betts and A. C. Ambs, and "The Beautiful Gate," by Mrs. Sarah Betts and W. S. Pitmann. The music selected by Mr. Camp is "Lead, Kindly Light," "Christian soldiers," and the anthem "Rise Pilgrims."

Schoolmarms in Idaho.

From the Detroit Free Press.

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WITH A TRUANT INSPECTOR.

A DAY AT ENTRAPPING SMALL BOYS INTO A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Beating Up all Sorts of Covers—Why So Few Girls are Caught—Pietro McGonigle's Feats in Two Languages—Willing Pupils.

The large and humane head of Mr. Sherwood towered aloft as he flashed his eye down First avenue and descried a small boy on the corner of 110th street placidly sitting in a puddle of water eating a ginger bun. He moved slowly down toward the boy, confronting him with great suddenness and a genial smile as he said:

"My son, stand up. That water'll spoil your trousers. Do you go to school? If so, where? If not, you should, as the advantages accruing from a liberal education are many."

Mr. Sherwood then gently stroked his beard and again smiled on the boy, who, having risen at the first appearance of Mr. Sherwood, now sat down again with a comfortable splash and began to whimper. Mr. Cristalli, truant inspector for Italian children, leaned overhim, and spoke a few words in his native dialect. The child ceased crying and promised to show the way to his mother's. He set off down First avenue clinging to Mr. Sherwood's little finger, while that gentleman said:

"Education is a great thing. It's what you need. You're only about 5 years old now, but if you keep on you'll be older, and every profession, pursuit, and occupation will be open to you do you but start out with the liberal allowance of fair general educational facilities."

The child entered a very unpleasant tenement, and laboriously climbed the stairs, assisted occasionally from behind by Mr. Sherwood, who was followed by Mr. Cristalli and THE SUN reporter. On the fifth floor the little boy stopped and pointed to a battered door. Mr. Sherwood opened it at once and walked in. There was a growl, and the six or seven men who were packed into the cramped apartment jumped to their feet mechanically, while a sharp-faced woman left the stove, and burst into a torrent of abusive gibberish. Mr. Sherwood smiled blandly on them all, and said that the weather was finer than it had been. The inspector calmed the woman with a word, explained his mission, and said that the child must go to school. The men gathered round, as the inspector talked, and listened to him civilly, though their eyes were fixed watchfully on the large person of Mr. Sherwood, who suddenly darted forward and secured a child in hiding under the bed. Mr. Sherwood smiled on the child, a wan, sickly, and trembling little girl of six, and looked kindly at the men.

"They look like a pack of cutthroats," said he, in a voice distinctly audible to the lodgers on the floor below; "but they have their good points. I have been among them a long while, and I tell you they are remarkable. Now, this man and his wife and their two children all live in this room and keep seven lodgers besides. As soon as an immigrant comes in he is warned that this is a dreadful country for girls, and that he must marry his daughters off his hands as early as possible, so that they can have natural protectors. The result is that the girls are all made wives at 11 or 12, and are mothers at 13. Ah!" continued Mr. Sherwood, affectionately patting the upturned nose of the little girl under the impression that it was the top of her head, "many and many a time have I captured a shrunken and overworked little girl, explained the advantages of a liberal education, and lugged her off to school only to find that she had been married two or three years and had a family."

The inspector gave the mother two cards of admission to the public school in 112th street, and the little ones were handled off at once, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Sherwood.

"That is the way," said he. "As soon as they understand it they are anxious to comply with the law. Ignorance is the only trouble, and that will be swept away by a liberal education."

He said "Good day" and burst suddenly into the next room. There were three children an affable old man, two puny wives, and a witch-like woman. The children were found the wives watching a pot of rather unsavory vegetables boil. On the table, testing with elegant negligence against the dishpan, sat a youth of perhaps 8 years, who wore variegated trousers, a coat twice or fourteen years his senior, shoes that were too large for proprietorship, and a cowboy white Derby hat balanced with great grace over the left eye. He had an essentially Celtic face and the nonchalance of a Fourth Ward newsboy, but he was amusing the Italians with some story uttered in liquid Tuscan. Mr. Sherwood heard him in amazement for a short time, and then asked sharply:

"What's your name?"

"Pietro McGonigle."

"Do you go to school?"

"Bet yer life. Hundred Twelfth street."

"Why ain't you there?"

"Mother's sick, and I gotta graft."

"What are you doing down here?"

"These is some friends of me fader's. He's a bloody Italiyan what married me mudder after me fust fader died, an' now we live in the nigger tenement house at 113th street, tree doors from Lenox avenue."

"Well, for goodness sake, what are you?"

"Me? I'm Irish."

He scrambled down from his seat and swaggered across the room to one of the Italian boys who was crying:

"Here, brace up an' give him a 'stear," he said in an encouraging undertone. "Don't let any fake get the wosst on yer that way."

"Young man," said Mr. Sherwood impressively, "are you aware that a liberal—

"Hey?"

"Are you—"

"Yes, dear son, I am. I get onto you too. Yer a bloomink, blausted peeler lookin' for lads what do the absent act. Savey?"

He knocked his hat over the other eye and thrust his hands into his trousers pocket, which threw his coat up behind like the saucy tail of a bobtailed cur, and, turning to the old woman aside and gave her points in Italian to which she listened with great respect. Meanwhile Mr. Cristalli had found that the children were old enough to go to school, and had, indeed, been attending a school taught by an Italian. He was impressed the mother that the law required the children to go to English and gave her the cards. Then the pair toddled off with tearful eyes and trembling lips under the guidance of Mr. Pietro McGonigle, who promised to "treat them white if he lost a lung."

Mr. Sherwood next achieved an abrupt entrance into the family of a sculptor, a daughter, and two sons. They were in a room flooded by sunlight and baked by a huge kitchen stove. The air was so hot that Mr. Sherwood took off his hat. At this the widow and her daughter rose, bowed and smiled second from Mr. Sherwood, who in turn smiled blandly all around and the boys gave vent to low, musical, and respectful chuckles. Mr. Sherwood cheerfully occupied the worn lounge, and remarked the beauty of the wavy hair which both women possessed, and commended them for wearing such brightly colored scarfs around their graceful shoulders. At this they all smiled again, though they had not the most remote idea of Mr. Sherwood's meaning. Mr. Cristalli chatted a moment with the mother, who rippled and smiled all over as she took the cards for her sons. The daughter, whose age was 13, had just been married, but the boys would go at once. Again Mr. Sherwood smiled as he bowed himself out, leaving the four faces smiling brightly in return.

"Very pleasant!" said Mr. Sherwood, and narrowly escaped falling down stairs in turning to smile again. Then he led the way to the sidewalk and promptly captured two boys from the interior of a coal box. So they went on all day. Mr. Cristalli sending them off as fast as Mr. Sherwood could entice them with his beaming smile into the strong arms of the law.

TO PREVENT THEFTS.

An Effort to Compel Pawnbrokers to Report to the Police Every Day.

A resolution is pending before the Law Committee of the Brooklyn Common Council providing for the further regulation of the business of pawnbrokers so as to require them to take not only the name and residence of a person pawning an article, but also the age, and to furnish a transcript of these entries every twenty four hours to the Superintendent of Police. The amendment, which was prepared by Frederick L. Jenkins, clerk to Police Superintendent Campbell, has received the endorsement of Police Commissioner Jourdan. The claim is its favor is that it will enable the police to find more easily stolen property in the hands of those who buy and to more readily recover stolen property.

Mr. Jenkins claims that $[illegible] worth of property is stolen every week in Brooklyn, and assures that by creating such a ready means of information from the chief source that the thieves have this sum only be [illegible] [illegible] The pawnbrokers claim that it will [illegible] that the business and drive them to the New York and that, which is true that they attract [illegible] articles from thieves, they do not know that the articles have been stolen. A strong effort is being made to defeat the resolution. Anthony Comstock is working against the bill. The requirement about the age is deemed to enable the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to find whether the articles have been pawned by children as the result of a falsehood or mother's drunkenness or through a criminal court. If from the latter cause the [illegible] will be reported to some charitable society. [illegible] giving the family relief.

Marine Intelligence.

Ex-Commodore Joe Nobles of the Columbia Yacht Club went into the office of Capt. Jack Sawyer of New York yesterday in a very despondent state.

"What's the matter, old dog? Did your boat have to be towed home?"

"No, sir, I didn't have any boat to tow home, but I'm in a very despondent state."