THANKSGIVING DAYS OF OLD.

As they are Recalled in Pike County and Bewailed by her Degenerate Sons.

MILFORD, Nov. 28.—"Now, this has been about the snappiest day we've had this month, and yet there hasn't been enough frost in it to make a barefooted boy curl his toes."

The Sheriff was disgusted. There had been such a long spell of warm weather, and soggy weather, and wet weather that everybody was blue. Venison wouldn't freeze, and was hanging up all over town and almost spoiling. Not caring to have them share the same ignominious fate, neither the Old Settler, the County Clerk, the Sheriff, nor the boys had ventured to decapitate their Thanksgiving turkeys. To-day and yesterday, to be sure, had a little snap in them, but not enough to count, and they came too late, anyhow. So, with venison a degree too "gamy," and turkeys unfrozen, the chief factors in a successful and satisfactory Thanksgiving dinner in Pike county were lacking. Hence everybody had the blues—at least every one except the new school teacher, and, as he was boarding, and had got so used to taking everything as it came, and always expecting the worst, such a little thing as a freshly-killed turkey for a Thanksgiving dinner didn't worry him in the least.

"We didn't used to have such betwixt-and-between weather as this at Thanksgiving time when I was a boy," said the County Clerk.

"Course ye didn't," said the 'Squire. "I tell ye, it's 'cause we're dee-generated. It's 'cause we've slopped over an' gone clean back on good ole Dimmyeratic principles. Who ever heerd o' havin' sich weather ez this for 'Thanksgivin' time in the days o' Guv'n'r Wolfe an' Gin'r'l Jackson? When them ole war hosses give it out that we was gointer hev Thanksgivin' ye kin jis' bate the las' gallus button on yer pants that we was gointer *hev* Thanksgivin'.

"Ms an' you don't often gree, 'Squire," said the Old Settler, "but I'm with you thar. Now, in 1840 an' up'ard, w'en Wolfe were Guv'nor, they never was sech Thanksgivin' weather ever heerd on."

"In 1840 an' up'ard?" said the 'Squire. "Wolfe wa'n't Gu'vn'r arter '40. He wa'n't Guv'n'r in '40, come to think on it. His time run out in '39."

"Wolfe wa'n't Guv'n'r in '40?" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Wolfe wa'n't—why, 'Squire, ye mowt ez well say th' I wa'n't born in '13, b'gosh t'mightyi."

"His time run out in '39!" howled the 'Squire. "Do you meanter set thar an' tell me that I don't remember the year that Ebenezer Spring were convicted o' hoss stealin'?" said the Old Settler, emphasizing his remarks, as usual, with his cane. "An' that me an' Squire Fogle o' Rise county didn't go to see ole Guv'nor Wolfe to git him pardoned, 'cause the hoss he stole were blind, b' gosh, an' b'longed to a Whig ax voted agin the Guv'n'r? Do you mean to tell me that I don't remember that, and that the year wa'n't '40?"

"I meanter say," said the 'Squire, "that you nor nobody else didn't never go to see Guv'n'r Wolfe in '40, cause in '39 his time run out. How many times you want me to tell you?"

"Wa'n't Ebenezer Spring your cousin, 'Squire?" shouted the Old Settler.

"Yes, he were," said the 'Squire, "but—"

"An' didn't he steal that blind hoss an' git sent to State's prison fur it?"

"What if he did? Does that—"

"An' did he git pardoned?"

"No; but what's that got to do—"

"Thar yar be!" shouted the Old Settler, triumphantly. "Thar, yar be! Yer cousin stole a hoss, got convicted, an' didn't git no pardon, an' yit you stan' up an' argy with me, b'gosh, that I don't know what I recomember! That's prima faby evidence thar, w'ich ye Guv'n'r from '40 up'ard, or you wouldn't try to say he wa'n't, jis 'cause you feel mad agin him fur not pard'nin' out yer cousin!"

This logic of the Old Settler's had anything but the effect of convincing the 'Squire, and he was about to open with hot shot, when the County Clerk said:

"Wolfe was elected Governor in 1829, so both of you old fellows with long memories had better sit down awhile and see what they're good for."

"Thar, 'Squire!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "I know'd durn well you was way out o' yer reckonin'. I tell ye, when I say a feller's wrong, ye kin set it down fur a fac' that he is wrong, b'gosh t'mightyi!"

"W'at," said the 'Squire, "hist'ry is hist'ry, an' fac's is fac's, an' I guess the two on 'em mus' 'gree on this p'int, for I know it to be a fac' that it were the fall o' '29 that my father missed four shoulders o' mutton, an', gittin' out a sarch war'nt, he foun' 'em in Peleg Dibble's cellar, an' that were the fall Wolfe were lected. Durn it, Major! I furgot Peleg were your uncle, or I wouldn't a said nothin' 'bout it!" And the way the 'Squire winked at the Sheriff and the boys showed plainly that he was sorry. Before the Old Settler's sleeping lion was fairly roused, the new school teacher said:

"Well, there might be worse things than having such weather as this for Thanksgiving. It is better to have bad weather and something to eat than the finest of bracing weather and a lean larder."

"I dunno but what yer 'bout right, my son," said the Old Settler. "Frost makes the blood hop, skip, an' jump, an' its wuth a bushel o' doctor's stuff if it's aroun' when it's due. But fur a stiddy diet to put meat on yer bones, b'gosh, the shank of a turkey or a hunk o' spare rib is wuth a turn at the null durn Ar'tic regions."

"There was once a man lived in a little town where I came from, over on the Tionesta," said the new school teacher, "by the name of Jansen Jacobs. This was fifty years ago or more, for I had the name of being one of the hardest man there was in the whole country. He was a great eater and a great hunter. People used to say that it was a common thing for him to eat a whole turkey, and that his wife always prepared his breakfast as if she was getting them ready for four men. He never allowed any of his family to eat until he was through, and, if he was in a bad humor, made them wait until he had satisfied the appetites of his half dozen dogs from the table. He wasn't a very cheerful man, nor a very popular one; but that didn't disturb him any.

"One season there was a terrible flood in the Tionesta, and a great deal of lumber was carried away. Several mill hands were drowned in trying to save property, leaving large families in almost destitute circumstances. When Thanksgiving time came round some of the folks thought it would be a good thing to make up a wagon load of things and distribute them among these poor families, as otherwise their chances of having much to eat on Thanksgiving would be rather slim. Besides that, almost every man in the settlement volunteered to chop wood for two hours on Thanksgiving morning for the benefit of these families. The committee was certain that, mean as he was, Jansen Jacobs would do a little something in a case like this. When asked if he would give a turkey, or a piece of venison, or anything he pleased, he said:

"'Well, I've got some turkeys, an' I've got some venison, an' I've got some b'ar meat. An' I got plenty on 'em. An' I'm giniter keep 'em. If any body but me an' my folks, widders or no widders, orfints or no orfints, socks their teeth in any of 'em, t'ill be because I don't git in from the woods 'Thanksgivin' to see to it—an' I'd like to see the power that'll stop me from doin' of it. Ez fur cutting wood, I'd rather be ketched in a b'ar trap!'

"Thanksgiving morning Jansen started for the woods as usual. He told his wife he wanted his dinner ready by 12 o'clock.

"'What I don't eat 'twixt twelve an' one,' said he, 'ye kin divide 'twixt yorselfs an' the poor,' and he went out laughing at the good joke he thought he had made.

"Well, 12 o'clock came, but no Jansen. One o'clock, and still no Jansen. This was most remarkable, as he had never been known to be a minute behind his time. But his good wife kept his dinner hot, and suppressed her own and her childrens' cravings for its savory viands. Two o'clock, and still no Jansen.

"'Mother,' said young Peter Jacobs, a lad of 15, 'don't let's wait no longer. Dad's struck the trail of a deer, an' he'll foller it till he gits it. Anyhow, he said that what he didn't eat 'twixt twelve an' one we could distribit 'twixt ourself an' the poor. Let's take him at his word an' pitch in. I'll stan' by ye, mother.'

"That was enough, and they did 'pitch in.' Jansen's family had such a Thanksgiving dinner as they never had before, and the 'widders an' orfints' had no such a treat that day as came from Jansen Jacobs's table, after all, for Mrs. Jansen was a famous cook.

"Old man Jacobs didn't come home that night, nor the next day, nor the next night, and then his wife began to feel alarmed; for wasn't he her husband and the father of her children? So she prevailed upon a party of neighbors to go in search of him, much against their will. Four miles back in the woods they found him. It seems there had been a 'power' that had stopped Jansen from getting back from the woods and preventing any one else from 'sockin' their teeth' in his good things; and as he had vowed that he would rather be 'ketched in a b'ar trap' than chop wood for his unfortunate neighbors, his choice had been given him—Jansen was found a close prisoner in one of his bear pens. He had gone there to arrange it for the night, and while inside had in some way sprung the fall, and down came the heavy door that could only be opened from the outside, and Jansen's visions of Thanksgiving dinner vanished. When taken out he was nearly dead from cold and hunger. He was brought safely round again, however, but the Jansen Jacobs of old was gone. The poor never had a better friend than he was ever after, and he was the kindest of men to his family to the day of his death."

"Served his right," said one of the boys. "Jansen's family had sumpin to be thankful fur, but what have we got to be thankful fur this year?"

"Wall, boys," said the Old Settler, "thuz one thing, and that is, we ain't none on us been called on to leave no widders ner orfints ahind us sence las' year this time. I says to M'riar this mornin' at breakfas', M'riar,' says I. 'I'm durn thankful fur one thing, any how, an that is,' says I, 'that you won't be goin' to meetin' t'mor' with widder's fixin's on.' 'Ye be, hey?' says she, pourin' out the coffee. 'Ye be, hey?' says she. 'Wall,' says she, 'Silas, I've often heerd that it don't take much to make some folks thankful,' says she. 'I'm dreadful 'feer'd the roomytiz is ketchin' on to M'riar agin,' said the Old Settler, as he took his nightcap with the rest, and toddled homeward.

ED MOTT.

OVERDRAWN BANK ACCOUNTS.

Comptroller Knox on the Illegal Certification of Checks by National Banks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Comptroller Knox devotes a chapter in his annual report to the subject of illegal certification of national bank checks. He quotes section 13 of the act of July 12, 1882, making it a misdemeanor for any officer, clerk, or agent of any national bank to certify checks before the amount thereof shall have been entered on the books to the credit of the dealer, punishable by a fine not to exceed $5,000, or by imprisonment for a term of not more than five years, or both, in the discretion of the Court. "On the passage of this act" says the Comptroller, "banks which were accustomed to certify large amounts of checks accepted these checks which were drawn upon them, instead of certifying them, and assumed that such acceptance was not in violation of law. The banks claimed that they had power to accept checks after the third and seventh paragraphs of section 5,136 of the United States Revised Statutes. The former authorizes national banks to 'make contracts,' and the latter provides for the 'exercise of all such incidental powers as shall be necessary to carry on the business of banking.'"

The subject was then referred to the Attorney-General, who, on Nov. 24, 1882, rendered an opinion that a national bank cannot legally accept checks drawn upon it where the drawer has not already deposited therewith the amount stated in the check, and that such acceptance by a bank, without the existence of funds on deposit therewith to an amount not exceeding in the aggregate the amount of its paid in capital, would be a violation of section 5,202 Revised Statutes. The Comptroller says:

The proposition for the establishment of a stock clearing house such as is in operation in London, Vienna, Berlin, and other large cities in Europe, was in the mean time brought forward and discussed. An organization was formed and the plan was twice placed in operation, and it is said by those who are well acquainted with such transactions to have been practicable. It was abandoned during the last few weeks, chiefly, it is said, through the fear of some of the banks and stock brokers that it would diminish the magnitude of their business. In the month of August it was rumored that the failure of a firm of brokers had resulted in a loss to the stockholders of the Wall Street National Bank by an over-certification or acceptance of checks, and an examination of this bank during the following month confirmed the rumor, and furnished evidence of an overcertification of the checks of this firm in excess of their balance of cash on hand to the amount of $125,000. The Comptroller thereupon, on Sept. 27, addressed a letter to the Secretary, enclosing a certified copy of the examiner's report, with the request that he would transmit the same to the Attorney-General for the action under section 13 of the act of July 12, 1882. This information was soon brought to the attention of the United States District attorney in the city of New York, the result of which was the indictment of the teller of the above bank, who, on being notified of the fact, appeared before the United States Commissioner and was held to bail to abide the action of the Grand Jury of the court. As soon as the proceeding became known to the bank, it went into voluntary liquidation, on Oct. 17, and immediately thereafter was converted into a State bank, under the laws of the State of New York. The trial, under this indictment, will test the law which provides for a fine or imprisonment of any officer of a national bank who shall certify checks in violation of section 5,208, Revised Statutes.

This proceeding should result in the organization of a stock clearing house, or of some other action by the Stock Board and the banks, through whom this kind of business is transacted, which will render it unnecessary for national banks to certify brokers' checks or lend their credit for such large amounts in the future. It is respectfully submitted that the law, as it now stands, makes it a criminal offence for an officer of a bank to certify the check of a dealer who may inadvertently overdraw his account for a few dollars, or in default of an ordinary obligation, and it certainly should be amended so as to exempt such ordinary business transactions from the penalty imposed.

In conclusion, Comptroller Knox calls attention to the successful operation of the Stock Clearing House in the city of London, quoting an article of the London *Economist* that "as a piece of time and labor saving mechanism it has undoubtedly achieved success," and appending an editorial article of that journal, dated Oct. 6, from which he says it appears that operations of equal magnitude with those in New York are successfully conducted, although the settlements are made fortnightly instead of daily, as in New York.

PROHIBITING POLIGAMY.

Proposed Amendment to the Constitution Prepared by Gen. Rosecrans.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Gen. Rosecrans, member of Congress elect from the San Francisco district, has prepared the following measure, which he will introduce in the House of Representatives at the earliest possible opportunity after its organization:

A joint resolution, proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting polygamy:

Whereas, In pursuance of our duty to guard the development of that larger and more rational liberty for every unit of society, and that higher civilization which consists in the subjugation of reason and justice over the passions, by needful constitutional amendments and provisions, we have forever prohibited such things as treason and slavery; experience have shown to be hostile or impeding to such development, and among them the slave trade and even slavery itself; and

Whereas, Polygamy is condemned for its contravention of reason, its injustice to women, its degrading influence on the character of the female sex, its brutalizing effect on the male sex, and its general repugnance to the spirit of modern society and progress, has always been considered so unlikely to be tolerated among us that no constitutional prohibition of it has hitherto been deemed it necessary to prevent its growth under the protection of State and Territorial law; and

Whereas, The absence of such prohibition has enabled designing men, under pretence of a new revelation from heaven, to appeal to the interests and passions of poor, ignorant people at home and abroad, and to teach them that religion sanctions and the United States allows, the practice of polygamy and to diffuse the poison of this barbarian practice through the Territories of Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho Montana, and Wyoming, to the great injury of the future well-being and liberties of the inhabitants thereof and to the interests and good name of the whole people; therefore

Be the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, be it

Resolved, That, pursuant to the provisions of article 5 of the Constitution of the United States, the following amendment to said Constitution be and the same is hereby proposed for ratification by the Legislatures of the several states, to wit:

AMENDMENT XVI.

SECTION 1. Polygamy, being incompatible with our civilization, is forever prohibited in the United States and all places under its jurisdiction.

SEC. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this by appropriate legislation.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State shall promptly forward authenticated copies of this joint resolution to the several States.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 29.—John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church, in an interview to-day said that he doesn't propose to resign at present in anybody's favor. It was rumored that he would resign in Cannon's favor. He would not admit that there was a split between the Church and the cooperative store, but said that all is harmony and prosperity in the Church. Three hundred missionaries are at work all over the world with great success, and Mormonism was bound to prevail, especially in the United States. More converts have been brought to Utah the past two seasons, since the passage of the Edmunds bill, than any four years before. The Church organ to-night copies the Cleveland Anti-Polygamy Society's Constitution, and adds: "If this secret abomination, initiated at Cleveland, shall spread all over the country, be sure that the hypocrisy of the nation, steeped as it is in the slough of iniquity, shall bring upon it the swift judgment of offended Heaven."

THE NEW CONGRESS.

An Unofficial Roll of the House Completed—Only Two Vacancies in the List.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The Clerk of the House of Representatives has completed an unofficial but perfect roll of the new House. There are two vacancies in the list, one each from Mississippi and Virginia. Mr. Manning, who received the certificate for the Second Mississippi district, has not filed his certificate with the Clerk, and it is unofficially asserted that he will not do so, nor claim any benefits from its possession, unless the House shall act adversely upon the claim of Mr. Chalmers to the seat. Mr. Chalmers has filed with the Clerk affidavits and certificates of officials designed to prove that by reason of a clerical error the vote of Tate county cast for himself was recorded as having been cast for J. R. Chambliss. Among the papers is the statement of the official who made the error acknowledging that fact under oath.

The Virginia vacancy is caused by the resignation of John Paul, who has been appointed to a Judgeship. This seat was contested by O'Ferrall, the Democratic opponent of Mr. Paul, and the vacancy, it is understood, is not to be filled until the House shall have acted upon O'Ferrall's claims.

With the election of Mr. McPherson's successor as Clerk of the House of Representatives, that gentleman will have completed an incumbency of the office covering a period of fourteen years. He was Clerk of six successive Congresses, and then, after an intermission of six years was reelected at the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress. The longest term of service of any of McPherson's predecessors was that of Matthew St. Clair Clarke of Pennsylvania, who held the office fifty years ago, and whose aggregate length of service was a little more than thirteen years.

Mr. Kenyon Retires.

The friends of P. Kenyon of Westerly, R. I., read with regret the following card, which he published in the Westerly *Narragansett Weekly* on Thursday last:

I take this method of notifying those who are now getting stuff of me that at the close of this month I shall stop my wagon. I notify them thus early that they may have ample time to supply themselves elsewhere. I regret being compelled to make this announcement, as I am really attached to this business. Among the hundred families to whom I now leave milk every morning I have many very dear friends. A number of these families have been my patrons for fifteen years, and have steadily refused to leave me for those who have from time to time offered to supply them for less price. As I take leave of the business I wish to assure all these friends that, while I may forget the many severe trials through which I have passed—I may forget the many times I have ridden over a lonely road, through intense darkness and severe storms in my daily journeyings to and from Westerly—I shall not forget, while memory lasts, the many kindnesses which have been bestowed upon me by these friends, but shall, I trust, always hold them in grateful remembrance.

POLICEMAN 2,467 APPEARS.

He Explains that he Had a Lame Foot, and Shot at the Boy Accordingly.

Policeman 2,467, who is Frederick D. Parker of the Thirty-seventh street station, was at Jefferson Market yesterday with the boy whom he shot at in Seventh avenue, near Fourteenth street, on Wednesday afternoon. The boy is Charles Pepperling, 19 years of age, of 450 West Thirty-seventh street. When he was brought before Justice Patterson on Wednesday his jacket was ripped from the left shoulder to the waist, his left cheek was scratched and bruised, and his clothes were covered with dirt and dust.

The policeman told the Justice that the boy had assaulted Thomas Danneber, a baker, of 441 West Thirty-ninth street. The baker was not in court, and Pepperling was committed for examination yesterday morning. The policeman, failing to get Danneber yesterday, preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against the boy, who made no defence, and was required by Justice Patterson to furnish bonds in $500 for good behavior or serve six months on the Island. The policeman said he would bring a man to court who had been cut by the boy. He also said to the Justice that the boy held an open knife when he was arrested.

The boy said he had formerly worked in a picture frame factory. He was employed recently as a switch tender for the Hudson River Railroad. His parents were dead, and he lived with his sister.

"I was walking in Thirty-ninth street, near Tenth avenue," he said, "when Danneber ran against me. I had been drinking beer, and was not in a pleasant mood. I turned around and hit the man in the neck. He struck for a policeman, and I ran away. Policeman Parker caught me and took me to the Thirty-seventh street station. From there we went to Jefferson Market. When we were near Fourteenth street and Seventh avenue, I made an excuse for stopping while near a tree. I ran around the tree, intending to escape if possible. Before I got thirty feet away from the policeman, he fired at me without giving a word of warning. Just as he did so I made a short turn around a truck and fell down. The policeman ran to me before I could get up, and began kicking me in the side and back. He cursed me, meantime. When I got on my feet he struck me several times in the face. He then dragged me to the court, ripping my jacket on the way. He told the Judge I had an open knife in my hand. That is not true. I had been arrested once before for fighting, and was locked up for ten days."

Policeman Parker said that the boy attempted to escape from him, and that, as he had a sore foot and could not run, he fired his pistol in the air to frighten the boy into stopping. The boy resisted him, and he had to use force.

CHASING THE WESTCHESTER HARES.

They Lead the Hounds a Merry Race and Beat Them by Fifteen Minutes.

The Westchester Hare and Hounds went into New Jersey yesterday for their regular Thanksgiving Day run. The start was from Post's Alamo Hotel, half a mile south of Greenville. The hares were W. Frank Banham and Daniel Welch. They wore dark suits, with close-fitting trunks and hose, while on their breasts were scarlet hares couchant. The hares received ten minutes' start of the hounds. As they disappeared to the southward around a bend of Garfield avenue they scattered behind them colored bits of paper from pouches they carried. The hounds were to follow the trail marked by the bits of paper and to overtake the hares, if possible. The hounds were P. J. Donohue, E. M. Yeomans, William Rodel, Thomas McIntyre, Percival E. Nagle, Henry Armstrong, William A. Borst, Louis McIvor, Edward Moore, and M. Wilson. They wore red jackets and trunks, with hose and low shoes.

The hounds struck the trail on Garfield avenue, and half a mile from the start were switched off into Currie's woods, looking toward Newark Bay. Trouble began at once. The woods were full of briers and brambles, and the hounds were stimulated to a sharp pace. At the edge of a height overlooking the Morris and Essex Canal was an unexpected gully, into which half of the hounds tumbled. All were on their feet in a trice, and dashed onward. To the eastward they went along the banks of the canal and over the Bergen avenue bridge, then westward on the towpath of the canal to Newark Bay, through a half mile belt of woods, and down a mud bank, where the hounds slid on all fours. No signs of the hares were seen, except the bits of paper. Leaving Newark Bay shore, a swampy ground brought grief to the hounds. They were led around the grounds of the Newark Oil Cloth Company, nearly entirely. There they found a divergent trail like a letter Y. Donohue, whipper-in, and Rodel, master of the hunt, each took one of the trails, and after a run of 100 rods one was found to be a false scent.

Then the hares were traced through McAdams's woods across Avenue D, and back to the towpath of the canal. On the towpath in merry fashion the huntsman was overtaken driving a span of mules, which were dragging a canal boat.

"Och, faith," said the old woman, shaking her stick at the foremost hound, "they're nineteen minutes ahead of yees."

Thence it was a straight run to the Idle Hour Hotel on the New York Bay shore. A short run to the west along Gates avenue to the Alamo Hotel and the hounds were at home. The hares had arrived a quarter of an hour ahead of them having made the distance in thirty-five minutes. The distance was about seven miles, and was made in the quickest time ever run by the Westchester Hare and Hounds. Banham forty yards at the finish. The hound who arrived last was twenty-two minutes behind Banham. Rodel led the hounds in, and the others came in straggling. False scents were thrown up four times. It was a new feature in the club's chase, and it created confusion among the hounds.

Dinner, dancing, and singing were enjoyed afterward.

A Car Driver's Strategy.

A Bleecker street car stopped short in Centre street, near Chambers, yesterday afternoon, and the driver tied the reins to the brake, and, entering the car, asked: "Who paid that small nickel?" pointing to a battered piece of money, with a hole in the centre, in the money box.

Receiving no reply, he returned to the front platform, and sitting on the railing, began to whistle. Seven other cars were quickly blocked by this one, and the drivers ran up to ascertain the cause of the delay. The passengers became impatient, and demanded that the driver should go ahead. He refused to stir until he received another fare in place of the obnoxious nickel. Finally an old gentleman put an extra fare in the box, and the car went on.

"I've a common occurrence," the driver afterward said, "for persons to drop spurious coins in the boxes of bobtail cars. They wait until the driver's back is turned, and then pay their fare. Once there was a young fellow, about a year ago, who used to ride in cars and stages all day. He would sit near the box, and politely receive the fares of the passengers, but instead of depositing the right coin, he would drop nickel plated pennies in the box. He worked it for a long time, but finally was collared. It's impossible for us to find the persons who put bad money in the box, and we generally allow the company to stand the loss."

Female Ball Players in a Peck of Trouble.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 29.—The female base ball club that has been exhibiting in the larger cities of the country the past month has come to grief. The newspapers here refused from the start to give them local notices. They were not permitted to use the base ball park, but rented a large hall. The club has been here ten days. Their tickets sold slowly, the attendance at St. Louis Railroad for expressage. A hotel keeper has attached everything visible in the way of jewelry and light baggage. The transfer company has a big bill against them for carriage hire. To-day the managers applied to Mayor Ewing for passes to New York city. But the Mayor refused to assist them, and now the girls are left to shift for themselves.

Capt. Williams's Adopted Dog.

A sleek-coated hound with a benevolent eye and a shaggy tail walked into the Thirtieth street station yesterday while Capt. Williams was busy with the affairs of the Metropolitan Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The dog sat down by the Captain and showed no disposition to leave. The Captain promptly adopted him, christened him Mohammedan Dick, and entered his registering to Sergeant Ferdinand Maximilian Schmittberger.

Elizabeth Emmons's Great Age.

Mrs. Elizabeth Emmons of Bernards, N. J., will be 100 years old on Dec. 9. She has fair health, but owing to an injury from a fall she has not walked for four years. She is busy working a motto on bristol board with worsted for Washington's headquarters at Morristown.

The Institute Fair.

To every lady who purchases a ticket of admission to the American Institute Fair at the box office to-day a memento of her visit will be given. The fair closes to-morrow night.

SPORTING NOTES.

Boston admirers of John L. Sullivan have given him a $300 clock. Time!

The Knickerbocker Bowling Club of Toronto enjoyed the first game of the season during the late freeze.

Mr. Stephen Roll of Racine has sold his colt Conqueror, by Dictator, to Mr. H. D. McKinney.

Muldoon, the wrestler, is giving representations of Greco Roman stationary in California theatres.

The Dwyer brothers have given their aged race horse Warfield to Mr. John Hannigan of Louisiana race course.

Alfred Greenland, England's popular boxer, has accepted the challenge issued by Mace on behalf of Davis.

A committee, of which Sir John Astley is Chairman, has raised $2,000 for the benefit of Capt. Webb's family.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting Association will meet in the Fifth Avenue Hotel next Tuesday.

Mr. George W. Bishop brought over three English light weights to ride for Mr. P. Lorillard. The lads are Robert McEwan, John Collins, and George Taylor.

Mr. D. D. Withers has lost two highly bred mares, two fillies, and a colt, at Brooklyn racetrack. One of the mares, Nancy, won the Monmouth Oaks three years ago.

The bell has tolled over many great turfmen during the present year, including Prince Batthyany, Lord Gardner, Lord Stanford, Count Lagrange, M. Stirling Crawford, and M. H. Sanford.

The jockeys and stable boys at Brighton Beach and Sheepshead Bay smiled when they heard that the Louisville Turf Convention had pronounced against betting on races and playing craps.

The extent to which the great breeding farms of Kentucky, formerly devoted to thoroughbreds, are raising trotters, is shown by the November catalogue of the Woodburn farm, just received. The list of sires, brood mares, colts, and fillies numbers 118. The dams of Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See were bred at Woodburn.

The racing record has been beaten at only one distance this year—three-quarters of a mile—Force being credited with 1 13, made on the straight track at Louisville, which makes correct timing difficult. Eole's three miles in 5 27, 126 pounds up, though half a second behind the record, was the grand performance of the season.

The fickle goddess has apparently deserted the Plunger. English newspapers print that a crowd of hungry creditors, pencilled note books in hand, are dogging the once heavy winner, for fear his steps will lead him to a homeward-bound steamer. The law against ready money betting offers sportsmen with credit a sure thing if they choose to take advantage of it.

APPLES FOR EXPORT.

Packed in Sawdust or Wrapped in Paper for the Voyage.

Painted in black, on a white pine board, in the salesroom of a Dey street firm, was the sign, "Newtown Pippins—For Shipping."

"Are these apples for the European trade?" was asked.

"Yes, but trade is not very brisk. Apples are more plenty on the other side, and are rather scarce on this, as compared with last season."

"Where do the shipping apples come from?"

"The sign there calls for Long Island apples. We get larger and softer ones from West Virginia, but they are a little too soft. Good ordinary apples grow in most of the Middle States, but shipping apples must be very choice. We sort them over as they come in. Then we repack them, sometimes in cork dust, sometimes wrapped in fine paper like oranges, and sometimes without anything to separate them from each other. They keep well in either packing for the length of time required for the trip over."

"What is the price of the shipping apple?"

"From $4 to $12 a barrel. Exporting apples is a risky business. Sometimes the market is caught and money is made, only to be lost on the next lot. More than 800,000 barrels were exported last season, but those figures will not be reached this winter."

A New Fire Escape.

On Wednesday afternoon a man suddenly slid out of a fourth-story window of the Metropolitan Storage Warehouse in Mercer street. He dropped easily to the sidewalk. The spectators at a little distance were puzzled to know how he dropped so gradually. Those nearer saw that he was supported by a wire cable strong enough to hold 1,200 pounds, but less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. When he reached the ground he loosened from about him a broad belt, and instantly wire and belt flew up to the window whence he came. Then another man dropped out of the window and came down, and a score or more of descents were made in like manner.

The performance was a public exhibition of a new automatic fire escape. It is intended to be a permanent fixture made fast to the floor beams above and close in front of a window. The wire is wound on a reel which carries seventy-five feet of wire cable. Inside the reel is a coiled spring that is wound up as the cable is drawn off, and when the weight lowered has been removed, it reels the cable back ready for somebody else to use. Behind the reel is a small governor, to which motion is given by the cable going out, and which, by its action on a beveled face broke around the reel, regulates the speed with which the cable is paid out, so that a man of 200 pounds weight will not be lowered any more rapidly than a child of thirty pounds weight.

Stole a Stove to Cook a Contingent Turkey.

William Thompson of 17 Beach street, while passing the hardware store at 310 Hudson street on Wednesday afternoon, picked up a stove and walked away with it. He was arrested after he had dropped the stove and broken it. He said at Jefferson Market yesterday that he wanted a Thanksgiving dinner. He had coal and wood. The other necessary articles were a turkey and a stove. He happened to see the stove first, and forgot to get the turkey later in the day. He was held for trial. When he entered the Jefferson Market jail he was told that all the prisoners were to have turkey. He sighed deeply and remarked: "If I had known it I'd have got locked up for disorderly conduct."

Who is Boss of Chatham Street?

"Get out of there, d'yo hear?" said a bridge policeman at the New York end to a vender of Evacuation Day medals who stood at the foot of the elevated railroad platform.

"Not for you," was the retort.

The policeman made a rush for the vender and shoved him away.

"Come into the middle of the street and I'll punch your jaw," said the medal vender. The policeman went back on the bridge. The bridge policemen say that their jurisdiction includes the bridge approaches, and that the New York approach extends to the Register's Office. They do not like to make arrests, because when they take prisoners to court their pay does not go on.

Wanted—Females.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Wanted, all kinds of flower makers; also beginners. Apply to Mrs. Walker, at Leon, LEGG & CO., 102 Prince st.

A GIRL, who has experience on a Gardner collar and cuff ironer; good salary. Apply at 89 Cortlandt st., between 12 and 1 o'clock P. M.

A COLORIST on ferrotypes; a young lady of some experience. STERRETT, 116 Chatham st.

BOOKBINDING.—Wanted, girls to paste. J. SEARLE, 27 Park place.

BONNAZ.—Good operators wanted at 230 Church st. H. METTAIS.

DRESSMAKER wanted; one good, competent hand, at 251 West 48th st. Miss O'KEEFE.

EXPERIENCED operators on W. & W. on drawers, on power machines. 85 and 87 Mercer st.

FREE Sewing Machine School, open daily from 9 to 5, at Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place, 8th st.

HANDS on boys' and children's jackets; work all year around. N. J. SCHLOSS & CO., 220 Mercer st.

SHIRT FINISHERS wanted. ROBERT K. DAVIES & CO., 536-542 West 23d st.

WANTED—Good operators on the W. & G. straw sewing machine. AUGUST LEWIS & CO., 61 Wooster st.

WANTED—Expert collar and cuff ironers. WASHINGTON STEAM LAUNDRY, 52 and 54 Grove st.

WANTED—Girls to fold leaflets. Call Friday. BURROW GILES LITHO. CO., 224 Centre st.

WANTED—Two first-class shirt ironers, and boy to do errands. American Laundry, 420 6th av.

WANTED—Experienced flat scarf hands. WEILL & LEON, 55 Franklin st.

YOUNG GIRLS can obtain situations free, lodgings and meals at 8 cents each, at the Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place, one block east of Cooper Institute (Society for Prevention of Children's Aid Society).

100 WANTED.—Ladies can secure steady work and sewing machines; easy payments. 1,064 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

Wanted—Males.

A AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH Company want well-recommended boys, between 14 and 16 years old. Apply at 8 Dey st.

A STRONG, intelligent young man for the blacksmith trade. SMITH, box 146, Sun office.

A COMPETENT COOK, 230 West st., between Beach and North Moore.

A COMPOSITOR wanted at THOMAS J. EAGAN'S, 138 East 42d st.

BOYS to sell wax matches. Call at the factory, 418 Water st., and get fitted out; large profits.

COMPOSITOR wanted; a first-class man; steady work. Call at 98 Maiden lane.

EDGE GILDERS and cloth work forwarder. Address A. W. JACKSON & SON, 76 N. High st., Columbus, Ohio.

ENGINEER, hotel carpenter, shipping clerks, colored waiters, porters, wire workers. 739 Broadway.

FINISHER.—A good job blank book finisher wanted. Apply at 45 John st., top floor.

BEERLESS FEEDER; also young man who can set type. KILPATRICK & CO., 160 William st.

PLUMBER.—Wanted, a first-class plumber; no other need apply at 100 East 52d st.

ROOFERS and cornice makers wanted at GREGORY'S, 140 West 38th st.

THREE more car builders, good mechanics. 39 Walworth st., Brooklyn. Brooklyn Railway Supply Co.

WANTED—A good tin and sheet-iron worker for general work in country shop; married man preferred; to a good man steady work guaranteed. M. H. MADDEN, Portchester, N. Y.

WANTED—A clockmaker; one who thoroughly understands all kinds of French clocks, no others need apply to JAMES H. HART, 313 and 315 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

WANTED—Sewer brickmakers at Waterbury, Conn.; wages $6 per day; pay every two weeks. W. E. DEAN, Contractor.

WANTED—Engraver on metal and designer for label work. Address PITTSBURGH LABEL CO., Pittsburgh, Pa., stating experience and salary.

WANTED—Ten printers for steam lithographic press work to Cincinnati. Apply to SIGOURNEY LITHOGRAPHIC CO., 44 West 23d st., city.

WANTED—Watchmakers—Twenty-five watchmakers wanted; young men preferred. Call at WATERBURY WATCH CO.'S, 52 Maiden lane.

WANTED—Steady, neat, polite, single colored man to run elevator in apartment house; references required. 99 Wall st., room 9.

WANTED—A first-class job dyer; also a lady to tend dyer's store; must be experienced. Apply at 65 Bowery, Summit Hotel.

WANTED—A single man that understands moving furniture and express business. Call for 3 days at No. 126 West 54th st.

WANTED—A good, strong boy; one not afraid of work; wages, $3 per week; references required. 56 Warren st.

WANTED—A bright boy or young man that can letter. GEO. R. MacINTIRE & CO., 183 William st.

WANTED—A man to finish speiter hat dies. AUGUST LEWIS & CO., 61 Wooster st.

WANTED—A first-class plate printer and a stamper. HAGGERTY'S, 290½ Broadway.

WANTED—Boy about 15 years of age, at C. M. CHURCH'S SONS', 99 Chatham st.

WANTED—A fireman for an apartment house. Apply at 101 West 54th st.

WANTED—Gordon feeder; must make ready. 7 Lispenard st.

WANTED—Waiter. 291 West st. Apply all day.

YOUNG MAN wanted to make himself generally useful in oyster house. Apply at 1,930 3d av.

YOUNG MAN to drive butcher wagon. Call after 1 o'clock P. M. 275 3d av.

Situations Wanted.

A YOUNG MAN (Swedish) wants a situation as coachman or driver; understands the care of horses thoroughly; can milk, attend furnace, and do most any kind of work; sober, honest, and obliging; good references. Address ANDERSON, box 168, Sun office.

A YOUNG MAN desires a good, permanent position; a wholesale house preferred; five years' experience; understands bookkeeping; good reference. Address AUGUST, 256 Jay st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A RESPECTABLE, hard working, and poor woman wishes washing and ironing; she is very needy. Call on Mrs. NEVINS, 128 Hester st., room 14.

COMPOSITOR wants steady situation; quick and clean; steady and reliable. Address STEADY, box No. 162, Sun office.

WANTED—Situation to take care of horses, and be generally useful; no objections to the country; best of references. Address K. O., 501 Greenwich st., N. Y.

Amusements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. GERSTER.
LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE OPERA PRIOR TO THE HOLIDAYS.
Mme. ETELKA GERSTER
TO-NIGHT (FRIDAY, NOV. 30).
First time this season, Bellini's Opera,
I PURITANI.
Elv