WAR AGAINST WILD HORSES.

STOCKMEN ORGANIZING A PARTY OF HUNTERS TO SHOOT THEM.

The Herds of Wild Horses on the Plains Proving Injurious to Ranch Owners—Rare Skill and Patience Required to Catch Them.

CHEYENNE, Dec. 1.—Wild horses have become so numerous on the plains that some of the stockmen in this vicinity have organized a hunting party whose object will be to thin them out. The hunters are provided with long-range rifles, fleet ponies, and supplies and forage enough to last all winter, and they will endeavor to make a clean job of it. These horses have existed on the plains for many years, but of late they have been increasing very fast. They are quick to scent the approach of foes, fleet as the antelope that may often be seen browsing in security at their side, and as unmanageable as the wind. Native animals when turned loose on the prairie soon become wild, and if allowed to run without being disturbed breed very rapidly. Horses continually break away from their owners and join the wild horses, and this is the reason why stockmen are aroused over the subject. Men who crossed the plains in 1849 encountered many wild horses, and for years afterward they must have increased rather than diminished. Horses stand the winter much better than cattle, and unless the weather is unusually severe will come out fat in the spring.

Every year large numbers of domestic horses escape from the settlers. Some of them are found, but when mares escape they are never recaptured. In wandering over the plains they encounter the wild bands and from that time forward are as wild as the others. The wild stallions are the guardians of the bands. Always on sentinel duty, they give the alarm when any enemy approaches. In a moment the stragglers are rounded in, a fleet footed stallion leads the van and with others at the flanks away they go in a thundering charge. Nobody has yet been able to overtake them. Sometimes they are lassoed or shot, but such a thing as heading them off in a race is out of the question.

The range of the wild horses at present extends from Texas to the southern Dakota line. They are more numerous in northern Colorado, Wyoming, and western Nebraska than anywhere else on the plains. On the Republican River, on the divide between the South Platte and the Lodge Pole and the North Platte, and as far east as the heads of the Loup and Dismal Rivers the horses range at will. Five or six years ago they could be found on the divide between Sidney and Sterling in bunches of fifty or seventy-five, but now a bunch of twenty-five is considered large. Sometimes there is more than one stallion in a band, but one of them is always acknowledged as chief, winning this distinction by many hard-fought battles with his rivals. One bunch of eleven horses recently seen near Sidney was entirely composed of stallions, but this is explained on the theory that they were probably driven out of various herds when young and gradually herded together as old buffalo bulls are in the habit of doing. From the horse ranch of M. E. Post, about fifteen miles north of Sidney, nearly 200 mares have wandered away and it is believed that at least one-half of them have joined the wild herses.

The wild horses are compact little animals, weighing from 500 to 1,000 pounds. The mares seldom weigh above 800 pounds and stand about fourteen hands high. In color they are usually brown, sorrel, or bay. A gray is seldom seen, unless it is a horse that has strayed away from civilization. Their tails are long, frequently dragging the ground, but their manes are thinner than those of other horses, and not flowing to the knees as they are represented in some books. The eye, probably from being constantly on the watch, is larger than the eye of the domestic horse, and even when tamed the eye remains a distinctive mark of the horse's origin. Wild horses, when captured and trained, are superior to any other horse of the same size. Many of them are used by the cowboys, and others are broken to harness and driven as carriage horses, being entirely true worthy.

Several men living in Sidney make a living by catching and selling wild horses. Until five or six years ago no one knew how to do it, and very few outsiders now understand the methods adopted. Mr. Livingston of that town describes the process as follows: "Two men always work together. Let them start out from Sidney, either north or south, and they are almost certain to find a bunch within fifteen miles. The pair is then to pitch a tent and make a camp, and one of the men, mounted on his best horse, carrying with him a few cold biscuits or something else convenient to eat, starts after the bunch. He does not ride very fast, and at first does not attempt to get near them, but is content to keep the bunch moving, not allowing them to stop and eat. The horses may go only ten or a dozen miles, as they may go fifty or sixty, but, no matter how far they run, they will turn back into the range from which they started. If they go for the mettle of the rider and his horse will be tried to the utmost. The bunch must be kept moving and there is no chance to change saddle horses until they turn, of their own accord, and pass near the camp. Day and night they go. If the weather be clear and the nights not stormy, the rider will continue close after the animals, sometimes half a mile behind and sometimes within a hundred yards. It makes no difference whether it be dark or light, the horse that is ridden and his rider are trained to the business, follows after the herd. When the first rider succeeds in turning the bunch and bringing them back to the camp, he is relieved by the second, who, with a fresh horse, starts after them, while his companion turns in and takes an hour needed rest. This time the first will probably go so far. After a while they become tamer, and the hunter can turn them at pleasure. This may require a week, or it may be done in a couple of days. If the horses do not become scared they will not run so far, and the rider can easily overtake them. The bunch becomes worried and starved out, it is driven toward the nearest corral. Formerly corrals were erected specially for the purpose, but now ranches are so numerous that they are not needed any more. Once inside, the wildest of the herd are roped, and chained and fastened to their legs. Men walk among them and treat them kindly, and they soon learn that there is nothing to be feared. They are turned loose in any ordinary pasture, and when they are wanted they are driven to the corral and roped. If two men can gather a bunch of ten or a dozen horses in a week, they, of course make a good sum of money out of the transaction, as the animals will sell at from $30 to $50 each; but misfortune sometimes overtakes them when in pursuit. A bunch may run away from their pursuer entirely, and not be found for several days, or a stampede in the night may drive off the horses following them and cause him to give up the chase, or possibly he will overestimate the strength of his horse, and ride the faithful animal until he drops. Then he can only pack his saddle on his back and seek the camp.

The present movement of the stock raisers threatens to put a stop to this business. Mounted upon their grain-fed horses the hunters will pursue the wild bands when they are somewhat weakened by the rigors of winter. Riding as close as possible the men will shoot the stallions from time to time. It is hoped that by killing off all the stallions will have been killed and that the capture of the mares by the wholesale will then be made possible.

ENTERPRISING BANKERS.

An Insight into the Way the Bank of Dansville was Managed.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 3.—The Bank of Dansville suspended in May last. It was simply a bank of deposit, and supposed to be one of the soundest institutions in western New York. Its patrons at the time it closed its doors did not know that it had not for years been responsible to either state or national banking laws, for it had no charter, its business as a chartered state bank having been closed up years ago. Its depositors were women, children, farmers, and mechanics, who had about $250,000 in the hands of the bank when it failed. As bad as the condition of the bank was reported when it failed, the public were not prepared for the actual condition of the institution as revealed by the receiver's investigation, just completed.

The bank was under the control of L. C. Woodruff, Luther Grant, Alonzo Bradner, and A. H. Bradner. Woodruff is the extensive paper dealer of Buffalo. The other parties are his brothers-in-law. The receiver finds that there are nearly $80,000 of notes missing from the bank. The cash balances had not been posted in the ledger since July, 1879. Besides the $8,000 in notes which were not delivered to the receiver by the cashier there were $5,000 in bonds also kept back. The liabilities of the bank are $199,858.34, and reported assets $430,559.55, of which $88,783 is represented by the notes of Woodruff, the Bradners, the Woodruff Paper Company, and others interested in the business ventures of the bank's managers. The cash on hand in the bank is $129. The value of the notes mentioned is said to be merely speculative, and that of the missing notes is not known. Proceedings have been begun to recover the missing papers.

As late as May 14 Woodruff published a statement declaring that the bank was perfectly sound, and that any one of the stockholders could pay its indebtedness. On the 23d of May the bank went into the hands of a receiver. Many deposits were withdrawn, and the failure unless assets or responsibility other than that already known can be established.

Urgently take emulsion specially prepared by some bottle Dr. Chapman's celebrated cod liver oil. It contains other ingredients of great value. Sold by druggists. Now in stock at Leon A's drug store, Williams st. cor. Ann.

Read T. Kelly's advertisement in another column. He gives a gift to every reader of this paper.—Ade.

THE WASHINGTON SPARROW-HAWKS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The return of Congress brings back many familiar faces in the lobby. Every season when the session begins they come, and as it ends they disappear. When it comes again they come, the light of hope rekindled in their eyes, some with the same old threadbare suits of last year and the season before, others well dressed and brisk. Your lobbyist who represents his own claim is usually badly dressed; he who represents somebody else with millions is well dressed and well fed. Some live at the best hotels in the city and rule to the Capitol in their carriages, others live in garrets and hobble to the doors of Congress on crutches, or are carried there on beds from which they have not risen for months or years. One woman is to be seen at the Capitol occasionally, brought there on a bed, who has not been able to walk or rise from her bed for seventeen years, having lost her health in service as a nurse in the army. There are women asking pensions for services performed as nurses and as spies, and in cases where they served in men's clothing, performing men's duties. These are persons, as a rule, who lobby only in their own behalf. The most prominent lobbyists are those employed for others, or who have great enterprises on foot which they see fit to come here and advocate before committees and members.

"The way of the lobby has greatly changed in the past ten or twenty years," said a veteran observer here. "People used to suppose lobbyists to be men who went about bribing members to vote for the measures they advocated. They do it differently nowadays. Of course there are men here who operate on the old time basis. There is an old time lobbyist here, the creature of Huntington and such men, who, I have no doubt, would follow the old practices if he had opportunity. The majority of them, however, operate in a much more legitimate manner. Take such men as Eads and Capt. Cowden and ex-Congressman Dunnell, and dozens of others who might be named; they operate in a respectable, and generally, at least, in a proper way. I suppose they would perhaps feel insulted to be classed as lobbyists, but that is about the size of it. I don't believe that with this class of men any money is paid to members. I don't mean to say that money is not used by them to influence members, but where it is it is generally through some third party. It is so easy, to the shrewd man, to find some way of reaching the member indirectly, that the habits of this class have very much changed. The lobbyist of to-day is not the lobbyist of twenty years ago. Then he operated upon his member direct; now he does so only in small matters. If he has an important matter in hand, he hunts up the member's antecedents, sees who are his friends, and works every lever in the matter. Often the member is influenced to vote for a measure without his own knowledge, or without suspecting that he has been the subject of careful attention by the lobbyist."

"One of the most prominent figures in the lobby is that of ex-Secretary Belknap. He makes Washington his home during the sessions of Congress, and much of the time between the sessions. He lives at the Arlington Hotel, one of the leading hostelries of the city, and devotes his entire time apparently to this sort of work. He is understood to especially represent some of the ordnance manufacturers of the country and others connected with army affairs. He divides his time between the departments, the hotel lobbies, and the Capitol, and is always ready to make a set argument before a department chief, or to wrestle with a member of Congress in his room or in the lobby of the House or Senate. His family are understood to be still abroad, where Mrs. Belknap spends most of her time. He appears to be quite popular, being heartily greeted by the returning members of Congress, while as an attorney he is evidently quite successful, supporting his family abroad and himself in comfortable style here, besides owning some valuable property in Washington.

Another familiar face which has already made its appearance is that of Capt. Cowden of Mississippi River fame. He is seeking the passage of a bill permitting the cutting of a channel from the Mississippi to Lake Borgne, a distance of five miles, the channel to be about one mile in width and ten feet deep. This will have a fall of three feet to the mile, reaching the gulf in those five miles, instead of running 120 miles as it now does with a fall of an inch and a half to the mile.

Another familiar face that is to be here within a few days again is that of Capt. Eads of jetty fame. He is said to be shocked to be classed as a lobbyist, yet he is a most succesful one. He talks not alone to members, but to committees. He goes boldly at his men, placing his enterprises on business principles, and makes the fight for them as a matter of business.

The most persistent lobbyist is perhaps the small one who practises the vocation to get through some petty bill for his personal benefit. Dr. Mary Walker is a sample of this class. She perseveringly pleads for the passage of a bill for her pension or relief, until the average member of Congress flees from her approach as from the threatening of a pestilence. Another persistent lobbyist is a fresh young colored man who hangs about the doors of House and Senate asking members to subscribe to a weekly paper which he publishes and send the copies so taken to some colored men in their respective districts. A pair of lobbyists who do a thriving business are known as husband and wife, the latter a well-developed blonde, who smiles sweetly upon the members from the gallery, or pleads with them in the ladies' room at the entrance of the House. There is another—a woman, who has a record of having "killed her man," who is to be seen often in the lobby. She was last session a frequent visitor to a wealthy member from the West, when some of his friends quietly whispered something of her record in his ear, and their conversation in the lobby ceased suddenly in an end. Still another woman of pleasing address "works" the Senate end of the Capitol industriously, having been so successful as to enlist the sympathies of Mr. Arthur, when Vice-President, for some of her schemes until her true character appeared. The lobbyists are of all sorts of people, men or women, and they live or hope to live directly or indirectly on the legislation of Congress.

THE CHANGE IN OUR CURRENCY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—THE SUN'S double-leaded editorial of yesterday attracts attention here, as it will in other directions. The end of the national bank note currency is even nearer than you predict. It is not the public calamity it might have been, but for the wise provision of law for $10 silver and $20 gold notes to the full extent of the silver and all but the reserve for greenbacks of $100,000,000 of the gold in the Treasury.

The Treasury here is not indifferent to the inevitable on this subject, but the blind partisanship of the Mint and Currency Bureaus against the silver coinage, in which the Secretary sympathizes, has delayed not only the acknowledgement of the pending and rapidly approaching change, but retarded all active preparations for it. Had Judge Gresham consented to retain the Treasury portfolio this state of inaction and indifference would not have been. I chance to know that he fully comprehends the situation and, especially, the importance and signal economy of applying the idle cash balances in the Treasury to paying off the remaining 3 per cent. Folger bonds of 1882. These were issued exclusively to serve the national banks, not to save the 1 per cent. on the extended Windom bonds of 1881, which were being paid off from the surplus balances in the Treasury.

The result of this accommodation to the banks has been the retention in the Treasury of about $2 400,000 a year, which, if even gradually applied to the redemption of the Windom bonds, would have saved $5,000,000 in interest per annum for nearly three years.

The ad interim Secretary is aware of the change in circulation, and is, I believe, preparing to meet it. The money deposited in the Treasury to pay surrendered bank circulation will have to be covered into the sinking fund, and the bonds redeemed or purchased with this fund held uncancelled in the Treasury until the surrendered circulation is presented and redeemed. This fund already amounts to $41,000,000, and the Treasury must prepare to see it increased to $130,000,000, if not $200,000,000 before the end of the revolution in the bank note currency.

If Mr. McCulloch—as I deem improbable—should fail or refuse to call in the remaining 3 per cents., by reducing his cash balances to a common-sense minimum, and so get wholly rid of the Folger loan by the close of the Administration that created it, the incoming Secretary, you may rest assured, will not lose time in doing so. W.

The Acerbities of Trade.

Two blind old men take their stand daily a few yards apart against the picket fence of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, in Montgomery street in Jersey city. One of them sells lead pencils for a cent apiece. The other sells toothpicks, three in a pine boards, and sells them to the groups that gather around him and watch the skilful pick-up of toothpicks. A disregarded man sits against the fence near by and begs money without one word of plea, for some time he has been half crazy between the blind men. Each asserts that the other is a fraud.

"Why, I know that fellow over there in Jersey," said the pencil-seller yesterday. "I didn't even stop to make my spiel. I used to make sixty cents a day but now I'm lucky if I can make with a quarter. He is a fraud. The man yonder is a fraud, too, though, like me, to be down and out. Why, he can't even get a decent place to sit. Anett and pays $4 a week board. He's rough on real blind men, though, like me, to be down and out. Why, he can't even see."

"Don't you believe a word he says," was the fur-seller's answer. "He can see and I know it. He's a hypocrite and ought to be ashamed of himself. I'm out of spite, I tell you, and I'm starving to death in spite of it. If it comes to a fight, I'd hold the sponge," said the optimist.

RABBI GOTTHEIL'S PLAIN TALK.

The Jews Will Not Take Even the Bible Without Grains of Allowance.

The Rabbi Gotthell, in the Temple Emmanuel, preached yesterday on "The Creed of the Modern Jew." After he had explained that modern Jews want Judaism to be rational, liberal, and practical, he said, "These are our standards. We might defend them were they unpopular, as we Jews know how to do it, if once convinced that God has laid the burden upon us. The old fire has sunk very low, but it is not dead. To those heights we labor to raise our ancient faith with its inspiring traditions. Whatever conflicts with our principles, that we lay aside, reverently, because the shadows of our martyred ancestors rest on them; because they formed part of the whole sanctuary for which they gave their lives, and because they were once the means of consoling and sustaining hearts that were tired beyond measure. More we cannot and dare not do. We believe in God as we can, not as we must. We say our God still, yet not ours in the small sense of a nation or a Church, or a throned in a temple we have built for Him, but ours as children of the Common Father. We worship Him not as we are empoined and ordered, but as our reason commends and our heart dictates. We praise Him, thank Him, invoke Him just as our own feelings impel us, thankful, indeed, for all inspiration we can find in the words of others, and most by those that carry with them the odors of our own soil.

"But our souls shall not remain mute before God. What we have seen and heard, the wonders God has shown us in these days, the sorrows He has put upon us, the hopes and consolations He has shown us, we will recount them in our own house of God and tell them to our children as our fathers did to theirs. That which appears to us unsuitable to our idea of the Divine Being we cannot believe or take it on our lips, if it be written in the Bible or any other writing that once gave food to the hungry. They were largely products of their time and generation, worthy our respect and gratitude for the incalculable services they rendered to mankind, yet only in those things in which they spoke for all time can they awaken a full-toned echo in our breasts. It may be objected, Are you not urging to construct a new Judaism of your own device? In one sense, yes; in another sense, no. Yes, in the sense, which we say modern science has given us a new universe, or Lincoln's proclamation created a new America. In other respects in decidedly no. We cherish the inheritances of the past only viewing it in different light creating, if I may say so, a new past such as we can understandingly believe in and still profitable in many ways for the very reason that we learn to comprehend it and fit it into the general course of human history. Must we only hear and learn, but dare to teach nothing new?"

BROKER COLGATE DEAD.

To be Buried in His Old Guard Uniform, According to His Wife's Promise.

Mr. Josiah S. Colgate, the broker who on Thursday fell down the stairway leading to the engine room of the building in which he had his offices, at 42 Broadway, died in the Chambers Street Hospital yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. He had not recovered consciousness. His wife, his young daughter and son and his only brother, Col. Clinton G. Colgate, Mrs. Pope and other friends were at his death bed. The reception room of the hospital was thronged with his business friends and acquaintances, for he was well known and very popular.

Mr. Colgate was a native of this State and was 52 years old. His father, Charles Colgate, founded the firm of Charles Colgate & Co., bankers, of Wall street. The son served his apprenticeship in the banking house. In 1857 he went to Chicago, where he married Miss Sigourney Tabor, a daughter of Job Tabor, the proprietor of the Richmond House. He returned with his bride to this city and organized the firm of Colgate & Gibson, stock brokers. He was successful in business and was for seven years a member of the Stock Exchange. The firm dissolved by mutual agreement and he embarked in the printing business, under the firm name of Colgate and Hatton. After this venture he returned to the original business and had his office in 42 Broadway.

He was a member of the Petroleum Exchange and the Produce Exchange and of the Board of Trade of Chicago, of the Old Guard, of St. Nicholas Lodge, F. and A. M., and of the Order of Red Men.

Col. Colgate said yesterday that on the anniversary of his brother's wedding, which was celebrated on Nov. 29 last, his brother made this request of his wife: "If any accident should befall me, causing my sudden death, I wish you to request that I shall be buried in the uniform of the Old Guard, and request them to bury me with military honors." The promise, of course, was made, but with no thought that she would be so soon called upon to fulfil it. Yesterday was the anniversary of his election as a member of the Old Guard. The Guard will meet at the armory this afternoon and pass appropriate resolutions. They will carry out Mr. Colgate's request. The funeral will be at Englewood, on Tuesday, at 2.

MR. OTTENDORFER'S GIFT.

A New Free Circulating Library—Mr. Carl Schurz Tells Something.

The Ottendorfer branch of the New York Free Circulating Library was opened at 155 Second avenue yesterday. The branch occupies a part of the dispensary building which was founded by Mrs. Ottendorfer. It contains about 8,000 volumes, half of which are English and half German. The main library at 49 Bond street contains 11,000 volumes. Anybody may take a book from the new library on presenting proper reference. The library is open on every week day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., and on Sundays from 4 to 9 P. M. There is a convenient reading room. The librarian in chief is Miss E. M. Coe, and there are four librarians besides, all ladies, in each of the two divisions. Two of these, in the Ottendorfer branch, are Germans.

Mr. Henry E. Pellew presided at the opening exercises yesterday. Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, who gives the new library to the public, made an address, in which he said that his wish was to give to young people something better and cheaper to read than dime novels. Mr. Carl Schurz followed, and told the following, in speaking of librarians:

How much a thoroughly competent librarian may accomplish, he showed in the person of the daughter of the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Spofford. It is a fact well known in Washington that when a member of Congress becomes aware that there are things which he does not know, but which he should be useful for him to learn—a thing which happens sometimes—his older and more experienced colleagues will tell him: "Go and ask Spofford." Spofford, I say, is never asked in vain. It seems he not only knows of the existence of every work in that vast and somewhat promiscuous collection of books called the Congressional Library, and can put his hand at his fingers' ends at every book on every subject, but he can also tell, with remarkable accuracy with regard to almost every volume what it contains, and whether it is worth study or not. Of this, I have myself witnessed some astonishing instances, for when I was in the Senate I found occasion to ask Spofford many a question, and I may add that as a real benefactor to the American people, for it may be said of many acts of Congress that they are the offspring of the legislator's ignorance tempered by the knowledge of the Congressional librarian.

Assistant Bishop Potter also spoke. Among those present were Andrew H. Green, Adolph Schalk, William Steinway, Prof. A. Jacobi, William W. Appleton, Frederick W. Whitridge, and Mrs. C. F. Woerishoffer.

WHAT MAUD S. HAS BEEN DOING.

Trotting Twenty-seven Miles Faster than 2:30, and One of Them the Best on Record.

W. W. Bair, the driver and trainer of Maud S. writes from Chester Park, Cincinnati, that the mare was weak on her legs and short in her stride when Mr. Robert Bonner secured her from Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, but that now she is evenly balanced, free from puffs, and as sound and strong as when she was trotting as a four year old. Mr. Bonner has personally superintended her showing, and her performances while under his charge show the advantage of this exercise of his skill. Maud S. is in quarters for the winter, and has been turned out in the paddock, her shoes having been taken off. From April 14 to Nov. 11, 1884, since Mr. Bonner has had her, she has trotted twenty seven miles faster than 2:30, the last one being the best on record, showing that she has trotted more fast miles than any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States.

The following is a list of her performances in harness: Sept. 2, 2:24¾; 2:24¼; 2:26; 2:26; 2:26; 2:21¾; 2:22¼; and 2:18¾; 2:21¾; 2:21¾; 2:21¾; 2:21¾; 2:17; at 2:17¾; 2:21¾; 2:21¾; 2:21¾; and 2:12¾; Oct. 1, 2:14¼; 2:12¾; 2:24¼; 2:17¼; 2:17¼. These miles were all trotted at Chester Park in Hartford, on Lexington, Ky., she at times the following record of performances: Oct. 22, 2:23; 2:26; 2:23; 2:23¾; Nov. 1, 2:21¾; 2:21¾; 2:19¾; 2:19¾; 2:21¾; 2:19¾; 2:20¾; 2:20¾. After breaking the record she was retired for the season.

Weather Secrets Unveiled.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: This morning the fog is so thick that I can only see a few feet around. Whenever there is a thick fog on land, there is always a warm current of air a short distance above the earth. There is a belt of rain and thunder showers along the north and northwest. As this belt advances the temperature will run up almost to summer heat. As soon as your readers hear the wind whistling from the southeast they can look for the thunder showers; and when the showers arrive there will be a sudden drop in the temperature. This sudden drop seems to be caused by the contact of the warm and cold currents.

But that will not occur for several days, for there is also a storm forming in Texas which will move north eastward intensifying as it goes, and the influx of heavy southeast winds at along the coast for the next three days and Sunday will enter foggy and warm and cloudy.

Monday, very warm and rainy.
Tuesday, clear and slightly cooler.
Wednesday, foggy and warm.
Thursday, warm and cloudy.
Friday, thunder showers in New York state, and heavy northeast gales over the south Atlantic states.
Saturday, warm and foggy, followed by northwest gales. J. J. DE VOE.

THE APARTMENT HOUSE SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: That New York is becoming rapidly Parisianized is not a healthy sign for our Western world civilization. When New York was a flourishing village, and even a fair-sized city, the artisan was able to live in his own house, precisely as he now does in the smaller cities of the Union. But as the population grew and the vacant spaces became more valuable, the wretched tenement system came into existence, and drove the laborer, skilled and otherwise, into those pest hives of filth, pestilence, immorality, and crime. The frightful lesson taught by many years of this experience did not, however, seem to impress either the public or the capitalists, for about fifteen years ago a higher class of tenement known as the "apartment house" began to rise in New York. These structures were chiefly occupied by married men of moderate salaries, who formerly either lived in small houses at cheap rents or in boarding houses of the better class. Then it came to pervade society at large and pass as a general axiom that in these lofty and commodious family barracks one enjoyed all of the advantages of housekeeping with none of its discomforts; and thus modest and convenient dwellings have given way by the thousands to the mania for apartment houses, until they are found in all directions roofing in many thousands of families.

But it has remained for the last five years to witness the construction of these apartment houses on a scale of grandeur and palatial magnificence beyond the means of even a single capitalist. It now takes corporations to build and embellish them, and they are tenanted by the wealthiest and proudest families in the city. Let the pedestrian walk along the three sides of Central Park, going either way to the river fronts and south to Madison square, and he will be amazed at these leviathan edifices, some of them running skyward to a height of twelve stories. It is everywhere and among all classes an insane rush to abandon the private house, to give up home—that one word, the most endeared to the Anglo-Saxon race—to live in a restricted community, to throw off the safeguards of privacy, to give up the independence of the family organization, and to court that miscellaneous contact under one roof which has heretofore been abhorrent to those who could afford it fully from its life.

I do not suppose that any healthy and well-ordered family ever preferred a boarding house to a private home. Certainly, in the smaller cities, where land and house rent are within the reach of nearly all, this mode of living is not in any degree encouraged. And surely, while it must be admitted that many of the odious features of the boarding house do not appear in these flats, there are likewise others more repugnant which do obtain. The daily press records from time to time tragic occurrences, which show the dangerous proximity in these tenements which show that they afford a convenient shelter to those who live out of wedlock and perform many kinds of vice. And why, it may be asked, shall a family that is obliged to pay $10,000 per year rental for one of these flats abandon the place where the family privacy is that of the castle, and go into one of these promiscuously herded buildings to encounter moral and physical dangers? Undoubtedly one reason is found in a growing and lamentable dislike of housekeeping, since the pride of the American wife has gone from the housewife, rather than look after a neatly and even luxuriously ordered home, would prefer to occupy a tenth-story suite of rooms in a huge building, with an elevator, where she has not market or kitchen cares, where no one can approach her portal save under gossiping eyes, and where from panic, fires, unstable walls, or otherwise she dwells in imminent peril of her life. Of course these great hives are permanent repositories of little-tattle, furnishing abundant opportunity for chance and clandestine acquaintance, the results of which have been painfully demonstrated in their humbler prototypes, the ordinary tenement house.

It may be argued that the dwelling under one roof, as in the public hotel, is not fruitful of the evils alluded to in the apartment house. But the case is entirely different. The hotel is a public thoroughfare, thoroughly policed by night and by day, open at all points, and therein the life is generally, as it is desirably, transient, and it is managed by a man keen in the business, a judge of his guests, and alive to quick suspicion and the reputation of his house. But with the luxurious apartment, partially after the Paris model, and copying only what is bad in the French system, these restraints to evil influences and the guarding of family privacy are not operative.

The present rapid changes in the family life of New York goes on as it has in the past five years, and as it is bound to be repeated throughout America, the mode of living of our people will have undergone a complete change in less than a generation. Then the money kings will have palaces, all others a single floor. Can this be a desirable innovation? S.

IN VERY BAD LUCK.

A Forlorn and Friendless Person who Walks Broadway in Vain.

About 2 o'clock every afternoon, in fair weather or foul, a solemn-looking man strides into Broadway in the vicinity of Madison square, and walks toward Fourteenth street. From that hour until after dark he patrols the west side of Broadway from Twenty-fourth street to Union square. He is a masher. He has pursued the same tactics for four years now, and yet it is not on record that he has ever succeeded in his affectionate designs. A detective whose life for years has been passed on Broadway said yesterday:

"He's been playin' in hard luck ever since I've seen him. He works harder than any other masher I ever saw in my life, and I've seen a good many of them along this cow path in my day. If a man keeps steadily at it year in and year out, no matter what he looks like, the chances are that he'll catch something before many months have passed. But this man hasn't struck it once. The fates are against him."

The man's air is solemn, if not morose, though the sadness of his visage is somewhat relieved by the appealing look of his eye. It is a brown eye, rather small, and it looks at the women first with a haughty and subduing stare, and afterward with a pathetic and questioning glance which is apparently never answered. Occasionally women who meet him for the first time exhibit some elements of surprise. This flatters him. He turns his head around with a sort of half smile, and not infrequently whirls about on his heel and follows the unknown object of his attention. He walks to the side of the woman and looks down into her face. The cold stare he invariably receives rather shocks him, and he whirls about once more and continues his walk.

He has a bristling brown moustache, and just now he is wearing a Newmarket coat and a Derby. He is usually well groomed, and carries a cane. All along the route which he regularly patrols the shopkeepers know him, and he is the subject of innumerable jests and gibes. Apparently the man has no acquaintance either among men or women, for he has never been seen with a companion on the street, nor has it come within the observation of the number of men who are interested in him that he has ever been spoken to or recognized in any way by the thousands of people who hurry along Broadway.

Canadian Claimants for the Site of the City of Malden.

HALIFAX, Dec. 4.—About the time of the American revolution Peter Tufts emigrated from England to Massachusetts, and settled on the site of the present city of Malden, where he acquired by possession and purchase a large and valuable portion of the ground now covered by the city. He left only one child, the greater number of whose descendants live in Nova Scotia. After a number of years of peaceful enjoyment and occupation of the property he temporarily left it, and has never been heard of or reported dead, but he was seen in a merchant vessel owned by American patriots. The property, however, was confiscated by the government on the assumption that Tufts had left the country with the intention of joining the rebels. The claimants consider that by proving their case they can have the confiscation set aside and recover the value of the property. The value of the city is nothing in behalf of the heirs here and in the States, and intends taking active proceedings. He says the statute of limitations does not apply in this case. The property amounts to a very large fortune.

Selling Goods by Sample.

Mr. Joseph Mulhattan, ex-Presidential candidate, is a louisville hardware drummer. Recently he was engaged in selling a bill of goods to an old Dutch man in the South.

"You charge seven dollar and a half a dozen for dot knife?" asked the Dutchman in some surprise.

"Yes, $7.50 a dozen. Razor steel, circus ground, brass lined, stag handle, Sheffield make—"

"But a Zinzinnati drummer only last week offered me dot same knife for $7 a dozen!"

"Here, let me see the goods," said Mr. Mulhattan. "You sell your goods at just double what they cost, don't you?"

"Ya, it takes a thing for one dollar. I sell him for two dollars, dot's what I do."

"Yes. Well, that Cincinnati drummer charges you $7 for these goods, and you sell them at $12, and make a profit of $5. I offer them at $7, and you get $1.50 profit of $7.50. Just a dollar and a half more, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," said the old Dutchman, scratching his head as he said it, that was so.

"All right. You just take my advice then, and never buy anything of a Cincinnati drummer if you don't want to get swindled."

And yet Mulhattan was hopelessly defeated!

A Lady's Gift to a Faithful Domestic.

A lady cannot give a more appropriate present than a faithful domestic than one of Kock's Six Prayer Books. It is sure to be appreciated. Why exchange them if it is easy. We have them from $2 to $10. Bells publisher, 104 and 106 West 17th st., second door west of 6th av., second floor.—Adv.

Twelve of any size patterns, one a month, will be given, to $2 year's subscribers of *Demorest's Monthly*, the best journal now in published. Single copies 25c.—Adv.

SO-CALLED RECIPROCITY.

The New Commercial Treaty with Spain.

From the Hour.

The convention is called a commercial reciprocity treaty. It provides for changes in the tariffs of the United States and Cuba and Porto Rico, so as to allow more free trade between these countries. It is agreed that the advantages mutually conceded shall be only applicable to commerce carried on between the countries named, under the Spanish and American flags respectively; that the United States shall admit the sugars, molasses, tobacco, and other products of the Antilles referred to, free of duties, and, in return, that in Cuba and Porto Rico a reduction shall be made in the duties at present in force, on flour and American cereals, and to a large extent in those on salt meat, fresh fish and other articles exported by us; also that a small reduction shall be made in favor of merchandise manufactured in the United States, and the consular and tonnage dues shall be abolished; and in order to avoid embarrasses it is promised that the port customs and sanitary laws will be reformed, by which means the heavy fines now imposed for a violation of these laws will be averted.

Now, if this means anything, it means that we exchange the free consumption of fifty millions of people for the consumption of one and a half million, with the right to impose some duties still allowed to the million and a half. Their productions are to be admitted here free; ours must go to Cuba and Porto Rico handicapped by some duties anyway. If the exchange were free on both sides the two islands would still have an immense advantage over us. With these Spanish ports free our trade would not be increased over four millions of dollars. Yet we shall be obliged to pay duties on this amount, while we take off a tariff that brings us in at least twenty-five millions annually in sugar duties. In addition to the damage which the operation of the treaty would cause to the sugar industry in Louisiana, there is the harm to our tobacco to be considered. Sugar is a kind of a hothouse industry, but tobacco grows here naturally and well. Yet the tobacco trade would be utterly ruined by the free importation of the superior article from Cuba. It is nonsense to say that this foreign leaf would be mixed with our own in the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. Does any one suppose that smokers would smoke a half-good cigar when they could get one that was wholly good of Havana tobacco?

It is the opinion of well-informed lawyers also that the stipulation declaring that the advantages mutually conceded shall only be applicable to commerce carried on between the United States and Cuba and Porto Rico, under the Spanish and American flags, is contrary to some of our statutes, and in conflict with other treaties to which we have consented. We need not expect Spain to exclude other nations anyway. She certainly will not consent to injure her steamship lines plying between England, France, and her colonies. She will not offend Germany for our sake. Trade between those countries and these islands is necessary for the latter. The Cubans must get their rice via England, their linens and part linens from there, also their codfish. Jerked beef they get in from the South American States. And these things, with wine from Spain, are the chief articles used in Cuba. The people will not give them up; they cannot do it. Of what avail, therefore, is it to say that these advantages shall be conceded only between our ports and those of Spanish Rico?

We get no adequate return for what they give us. They will not take largely of our fresh fish, salt meat, nor many bushels of our wheat and other cereals. And as for the flag business—well, it will be easy enough for the English to put their vessels under the Spanish flag, and thereby reap all the advantages supposed to be confined to Cuba or the United States. They have such a start on us in the carrying trade that we could never catch up with them. Consular and tonnage dues it is stipulated shall be reformed. But there is no assurance that the port dues shall be made equal in both countries. The Spanish Cortes would have to be further consulted on that point, and it is not likely that they will ever allow the dues of Cuban ports to be brought so low as those in ours. Our shipping, therefore, would still be heavily handicapped. Where, then, is the reciprocity about this treaty? Surely, it has all been made against us, and on our side.

AN OLD REPROBATE

Tells of the Trick that He Played Upon His Auxious Wife.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"You see, Martha got in the habit of sitting up for me at an early age, and she can't break it off. I couldn't persuade her to go to bed and mind her own business, so I studied on the matter. We live in one of the centre houses of a block of five-story-and-attic buildings. There's scuttles in the roofs of all of them, and I persuaded Mr. Greenup, who lives in the adjoining house, to let me in his house just as late as I chose, and I went up through his scuttle and over to mine, and so down into our bedroom. I could see Martha, from the head of the stairs, sitting in the front room eying the clock with a look that was a very tart chrome. But I undressed and quietly got into bed, and then I lay waiting developments. Every now and then I'd hear Martha give a short, fidgety cough. Then I'd hear her get up and prance around the room a little, and by and by go to the front windows and slam the shutters.

"After I'd lain there about an hour, I heard her get up and go stand out on the front steps for a good five minutes. Then she came in and slammed the door and locked it and commenced coming up stairs. Every other step she'd say: 'Oh, the wretch. Won't I give it him! I know where he is! I know where he is! He needn't think he deceives me! Oh, the villian!' But the time she had nearly got to the landing I think she must have seen the light streaming out of the door that I'd left ajar. I could hear her stop, and then I commenced to snore. I was afraid to look, you see, but I could feel her cautiously come up to the door and lookin. Well, sir, I'd have given my pension from the war of 1776 to have seen her about the time she saw it was me. I'll bet it was fun. But I was afraid to do anything but snore. Then she came into the room, and, by the way she breathed and stood around, I had to nearly bite my tongue off to keep a straight face on me. I could feel that she sat down in a chair, and was dumfounded. I never let on, but kept on snoring like thunder; but when she kicked over a chair I knew she intended to wake up, kind of dazed like, and says:

"Why, Martha, dear, ain't you come to bed yet?"

"Jarphly,' said she, awful slow and solemn like, 'why, must be four or five hours ago. Don't you remember when I told you not to go to sleep again in the rocker, but to come up to bed?' and I turned over and professed to go to sleep again.

"She never made any reply, but acted in a dazed, bewildered sort of way, and when she got to bed I could tell she didn't sleep a wink for three hours.

"This morning it was fun to watch Martha. I could hardly keep a straight face. At the breakfast table, and all the time I was about the house, she'd eye me when she thought I wasn't looking; then, when I'd notice her, she'd turn away and be awfully busy at