A VISIT TO THE COWBOYS.

THE FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE UPON THE RANCHES OF TEXAS.

The Cowboy of Fact versus the Cowboy of Fancy—Scenes About a Fire of Mesquite Roots—The Romance of Life Among Cattle Herds—The Terror of Prairie Fires.

BIG SPRING, Texas, Dec. 26.—The cowboy brass band of the St. Louis Cattle Convention, where the leader waved a six shooter for a baton, was a concession to the dime novel conception of the cowboy and his outfit that is not copied in the haunts of the cattlemen. The picturesque cowboy, who carries the plated end of a pistol handle protruding from his trousers pocket, is to the genuine and daring herder what the supe who stands in attitudes about the stage entrance of a theatre is to the laborious actor who burns the midnight oil. The genuine cowboy of to-day is a faithful employee, who serves the interests of his principal with a fidelity that puts to blush the espionage and the spotting systems of centres of population. It is an error to suppose that the cowboys are wrecks that, drifting with the tide of Western emigration, find lodgment upon a ranch, from which they sally at times to paint the nearest town red. The business of a cowboy has to be learned as any other. It involves patience, endurance, skill, and prompt decision. The cowboys for a ranch are carefully chosen. A certain sort of grit—the Western phrase is sand—is demanded. It shows itself in experience, in a steady gaze from a clear eye, in strength and quickness of movement, and in certain lines about the mouth and chin that tell in and out of the haunts of men. As a rule the cowboys are quiet. The streets of this town are as free from disturbance as those of New Haven. The men stand together in knots, talking about their business. There are perhaps a hundred cowboys and others in the back room of a saloon next door, and a glance at them shows as quiet and earnest a company as is to be found about the faro or roulette tables of the gambling house at Saratoga. They wear nonpareil shirts and hunting leather overalls, but this is as decorous a dress as the silk hat and patent leathers and kerseymeres of the resort of fashion.

The sombrero is the cheapest and the most comfortable hat. It is a shade to the eyes and protection to the skin, and although it costs from $7 to $15, to begin with, it lasts from four to six years, and can be cleaned like any other cloth garment. The flannel shirts are both warm and cool. There is no laundry for linen about a ranch. The corduroy trousers are most serviceable for riding horseback, as the English fox-hunters long ago decided, and it is economy to wear the leather leggings in the mesquite underbrush, where cloth is but a poor armor. There is no affectation about the dress, considering all things. In fact, there is more real affectation to be detected on Broadway. The spurs are no longer than are useful in prompt control of the cow ponies, and the chains which hold them are only used because they don't break like leather.

Those who remember the high-heeled and square-toed boots of other days would be interested to know why the fashion found its home in Texas. The mud here out-sticks a brother. There seems to be glue in the soil, and later Cooper's best, at that. The high-heeled boots are easier cleaned of the mud by kicking than low-heeled boots, and the angles made the square toes facilitate the kicking off of the mud. The cowboy needs a pistol for a catamount or a chance panther, and when he is heeled, as his picture goes, he carries the weapon in a holster and not merely tucked in the belt. There may be a little sentiment of his sort, in his watch chain made of the rattles of rattlesnakes, but one does not see such a chain often. Nor does he see frequently a hat band made of snakeskin. Such additions to the costume, like those of the girl and beadwork upon the sombrero, indicate one who is not an old hand at the business.

OVER THE PRAIRIES.

It was a Sunday when an east wind was blowing and the sky was overcast that I made my acquaintance with the cowboys at home. It was a ten-mile ride across a rolling prairie, where the grass was as dry as tinder, and strewed to be seen for miles and miles, the eye seeking something to look upon besides the undulations in the foreground. There was something suggestive of a mother in the air, because the earth seemed to penetrate to the inner purpose of things. The bachelors inside the occupants of a wagon took like some old Indian bucks. The most interested one of the party, which included only one genuine cowman, was the driver, a youngster who had drifted along the Texas and Pacific Railroad for three weeks on a freight train, hoping to get a setting his transportation for his services. He was turning a rough edge to him. He had a speckled physique and was an iron moulder, from Ohio, turned out of work by the hard times. He had gone South to find one employment after another, as he put it, and before he began to feel for a chance to live in comfort awhile, along the great extent of a land-grant road, he was digging in the coal mines of Alabama. His eyes seemed fixed in terror as he looked out over the desolate prairies. The night before, as a weary railroad track tramp, he had reached the village, and his first employment was to drive the party down to a ranch twenty miles away, his pay being his board. His terror at the ocean of pra rie was explained when he said, "Boys, is it the nearest to heaven can a poorman ever hope to get to live here?"

"What do you think of Texas?"

"Sho! place for a poor man. I've most starved on that railroad. You can't beg, for there's no one to beg from. Oh, I've got back! bless me, if I don't know a poor man's country."

A little later of retrospection he lighted a pipe and carelessly tossed the match over the wagon side. The cowman leaped up from his seat in excitement, and fell back relieved as he saw that there is no fire on the stick when it struck fair and free.

"Why, you," he said to the driver, "don't scare me like that again. If you have to light a match, crush the fire out of it with your hand. Suppose that match had fired this prairie. Why, we don't dread the judgment day like we dread a fire in the grass."

The cowman told of the ravages of a prairie fire a year or two ago on the sheep and cattle ranches, when, traveling like a whirlwind, the flames ran in sheep hordes and burned hundreds of sheep, leaving the country so bare that the rest of them were unable to live to be driven to another grazing field. When the grass was taken from the surface of the country, he said, the country was ruined until the grass got back.

PLOUGHING TO PREVENT PRAIRIE FIRES.

"Is there no safeguard against a prairie fire?" asked the writer.

"The sheep and cattle men make a fireguard about their ranches by ploughing two furrows ten or fifteen feet apart. The man with the plough is sometimes two weeks cutting out a ranch, and a camp outfit has to be sent along with him. The prairie dog towns are sometimes a blessing in stopping a fire by starving it out. It's about all the good I ever know a prairie dog to do. A fire once started from night travel for 200 miles, and saved from the lightning, too, for the grass is like strips of tissue paper now. Yes, sir, a match let fall here might do a million dollars worth of damage."

The Ohio boy profited by his experience, and did not supply his pipe until it was cold. He was greatly interested in the herds of antelope—the first he had seen. Two herds were deserted in the distance. We looked at them much as steamship passengers view a school of whales at sea. The graceful creatures flew by in droves, turning around like skilled soldiers and further maneuvering under the generalship of a stalwart buck. The cowman said that where there are tens now there used to be thousands. The antelope was following the buffalo. Leaner wolves lay dead in the prairie grass, at spots poisoned by the sheep men. Prairie dogs also inhabited the country, and the vehicle was sometimes over half an hour passing through one of the prairie dog towns—towns that disappear with the Indian, the antelope, and buffalo, but more tenaciously, for in some of the new Texas towns the prairie dogs continue to mount the outworks of their subterraneous homes in the highways.

In mid-prairie a wire fence stretched on cedar posts was encountered, and when the gate was swung open the vehicle entered a ranch. The fence stretched thirteen miles in one direction. It was ten miles more to the ranch headquarters. Those who fancy that a cattle ranch represents thousands of sleek cattle grazing in meadows and on hillsides together, must correct the fancy by the fact that a good ranch is established upon an allowance of ten acres to a steer, and there is, except at a round-up, no such spirited sight as a mass of cattle ready to take alarm at a man's approach.

At length a little pine board hut is reached. Near by is a windmill, and there are a herd of thousand cattle, sleek and long horned, hovering about the troughs. There is a panther skin nailed up against one side of the house, and several cow skins are staked out on the grass. In a pen close by are the mustangs, with rawide hobbles about their forelegs. It is getting to be twilight, and the cowboys are preparing for the night. They have a hearty welcome for the cowman, who is one of the ranch owners, and who proceeds at once to walk into the portion of his herd near by like a Dutch butt's grower into his conservatory, and to admire the fat three-year-olds. Some of the cattle bear half a dozen brands, and their skins suggest a rude map of some of the smaller South American countries. The bulls paw the earth and wave their long tails.

SUPPER WITH THE COWBOYS.

There was a miniature forest of long horns and the young steers were playful. There were some little old Texas cows that were as light stepping as a deer. They were of the wild breed from the South, hardy and prolific. The cowman said that the boys rarely milked, because the cows were so wild, but he should ask his visitor to try some of the milk of a full-blooded long horn. It was, he said, the sweetest milk in the world. The cattle began to move off to the elevations in the distance, lowing as they went. Soon the western rim of the prairie blazed with a sunset that seemed like a distant fire, and all was as still as death, except the creak of the windmill and the bleating of the young calves.

"Now sling yourselves together." This was the salutation of the cowboy who acted as cook. He attended to his duty with his spurs on. The table was bare, the plates and cups were of tin, and the coffee was in a pot so black that night seemed day beside it. The meat was in the stewpan, and the milk was in a tin pail. The tomatoes were fresh from a can, and the biscuits were fresh from the oven. Delmonico never served a meal that was better relished. The cowboys have a way of putting sweet breads, liver, a bit of tenderloin, marrow, and some calves' brains in a dish that would do honor to the Manhattan Club's *chef*. There was the nicest bit of tenderloin, too, in keeping for a guest. The Ohio boy seemed as happy as a king to get a square meal once more. The milk was certainly as sweet a draught as ever nourished a hungry man. By a smoky oil lamp, far from civilization, a Sunday night meal was enjoyed in peace.

Here were several genuine cowboys, and more came lowing into camp later. They were used to rough life, and, as this was a quiet night, when there was no storm to make the cattle drift over the boundary, they ranged themselves on a bench before a cook stove, where the mesquite roots were cracking into a hot blaze, and without swagger or bluster, horse play, or boisterousness, chatted quietly and good-humoredly about their rides over their ranches, and their droves of cattle, and the round-ups of the cattle men in the vicinity. They were fully informed about the world's affairs, understood something of tariff, knew the points of the late canvass, were all Democrats, with some admiration for Blaine's dash, and a degree of loyalty to Cleveland, chiefly for his winning record in politics. They father pitied city millionaires and tradesmen, and their imagination seemed to be kindled by their relation to the cattle business of the future. They had killed panthers and grizzlies and antelope and wildcats and rattlesnakes, but they did not talk about them.

A FIGHT WITH A WILDCAT.

One of them accidentally referred to a recent experience where dozing in a sheepherd. He was sleeping out of doors, with his boots on, and was awakened by a wildcat that had a sheep by the throat. He leaped up and started toward the cat, when it made a spring for his throat. He had nothing to fight with except his knife, and he drew it, and, by way of apology for relating the story he said that he just had to fight—that that wildcat was after a cut it. He knocked the wildcat off, and it leaped back. He jumped away, and as the animal fell he gave it a kick. This knocked it over, and he kicked himself up and jumped upon its head. It got free, though, stunned, and started for him once more. He knocked it again with object, and, getting it under his feet, stamped it to death. I was never so glad to see anything in my life," he added, as he rolled a Mexican cigarette.

The cowboys are good friends. They love conversation, for it is what they are most deprived of. One sheep herder said that he was for three months in a cabin in north Texas without hearing a human voice, and that the only time that night he had a little visiting was when a man who suddenly came upon him one day. He used to talk aloud to keep himself company. There was an educated cowboy in the ranch. He was a handsome young man, with broad shoulders and fair, broad beard. His chaps were rusty, and his arms were bare. Educated in Baltimore to be a physician, he suddenly left the haunts of men to go to the far West. He was the picture of health, and he seemed to enjoy his life. It was hinted that one of the brunette beauties of Baltimore could, if she would, tell why he returned his face on all society. He studied the heavens, which in the Texas sky are gorgeous in their beauty, and the cowboys say that on summer nights he talks to them like a book.

THE WORK IN A STORM.

The weather is studied here as at sea. When a storm is coming especially at this season, the boss begins. The mustangs are saddled, and a set of fresh chaps are marched behind, is put in the saddlebags, and the boys go off at full gallop to keep the cattle from drifting too far. They ride the boundaries and turn the cattle back. When the cattle are kept in one herd, where there is no fence, the work is light and interesting. The cowboys live. They sleep out at night in their blankets, and go for a day without food without complaint. Their pays from $20 to $30 a month, and they begin to get property, when they are allowed to turn a few cattle, with a special brand of their own, with the herd they attend. Thus it is that the cowboy lays the foundation for a future cattle kingship. Thus the cattle kings began.

SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN GOLD.

The Searchers Frightened Away by Horrible Noises After Finding the Chest.

WERNERSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 4.—The people in and around the villages of Wernersville and Brownsville, in Lower Heidelberg township, are agitated over a story which has leaked out concerning a number of persons who are hunting for a chest full of gold which is said to be hidden under a rock in a valley called Indian Gap, on the South Mountain, not far from Cushion Peak, near Wernersville. The principal member of the searching party is Lena Stertzbach, about 17 years of age, whose parents live in the southeastern part of North Heidelberg township, with several men living near the mountain hamlet of Wernersville. The young lady left her parents' home in the latter part of June to search for the gold which she claimed had been raved out to her in a vision. It is reported that one of the male members of the party at one time lived in a western State, and while there an Indian told him of the hidden treasure, and that he could get it if he had a certain person with him. They visited the place every night where the treasure is alleged to be hidden, and on Christmas Eve was the time when their treasure should be discovered. The two visited the place, accompanied by the father of the girl, and they say they succeeded in getting on the chest, when a horrible noise began, and they postponed the search to New Year's Eve. Whether they succeeded in getting it is not known. The entire party seem to be infatuated with the idea of suddenly becoming rich, and it is said that incantations and many strange antics are performed at midnight to get the spirits to lead to where the gold is hidden.

MADE BY NEW JERSEY YOUNGSTERS.

New Orleans to See What 29,000 of Them Can Do when They Set About It.

TRENTON, Jan. 4.—State Superintendent of Public Instruction, E. A. Apgar, has completed the New Jersey school exhibit for the New Orleans Exposition. It is the most extensive collection of the work of the schools ever got together. It contains the work of 29,000 pupils, about 2,000 of them being from private schools. There are 3,000 maps and 1,000 general drawings in the exhibit. All the maps were drawn from memory, and are not copies. Four hundred and ten photographs of public school buildings in the State will be framed and sent with the scholars' work. Besides the drawings, there are collections of work in mathematics, grammar, essays, spelling, and penmanship.

A large exhibit of kindergarten work is also included. The State normal and model schools send special collections, including botanical and mineralogical displays, specimens in chemistry, and elaborate models of bookkeeping. One of the collections is of pressed seaweeds from along the Atlantic coast. It was made by Superintendent R. S. Morse of Atlantic county.

Superintendent Apgar says the finest specimens of drawing come from Newark, Jersey City, Trenton, Morristown, New Brunswick, and Long Branch, in the order named. In two-thirds of the counties every school is represented in the exhibit. Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, New Brunswick, and Elizabeth furnish nearly two-thirds of the exhibit. The largest previous exhibit of the sort was at the Philadelphia Centennial, to which 14,000 pupils contributed.

A TRAMP WORTH $300,000

Found Nearly Frozen to Death in a Barn with $2,138 in his Pocket.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 4.—Marshal Miller of Delaware, twenty-four miles north of here, has a perplexing prisoner who was arrested as a common vagrant, but developed into a rich property holder. He was found by a farmer, sleeping in a cow shed, in rags, and grimy with dirt. The farmer decided that no man should freeze to death in his cow shed, and he led the tramp to the city prison. He was searched, and $2,138.63 was taken from him in money, and tax receipts for several farms in Franklin and Fairfield counties disclosed his identity. His name is John Swim, and he is worth $300,000. For several years he has been known as a beggar and tramp, going about farm houses asking for food and the privilege of sleeping in barns. He was in danger of freezing when found. The money was taken from him and put in bank. He was ordered to strip for a bath, and pulled off four shirts. The old man promised to enter a poorhouse in Columbus if given his liberty.

To explain his conduct he said that he was 99 years old, and a veteran of the Mexican war. His idea in tramping was to secure without expense, and thus get a pension. The Marshal does not know what to do with the old miser, and has tried to find some relatives. He cannot send him adrift, because he will be followed and robbed. He cannot be held in prison on any charge of vagrancy, as he has "visible means of support." Investigation has shown that the old man has some married children in southern Ohio. He has always lived apart from them since the death of his wife several years ago. It is said that he was swindled in a transaction years ago, and from that time began his miserly life.

BECKY HAPPY IN JAIL.

She Has Been There 83 Weeks, and Has No Troubles Except Alderman Farley.

It is thirty-three weeks to-day since Miss Becky Jones, the obstinate housekeeper of the late Mr. Hamersley, having been adjudged guilty of contempt of court for refusing to tell all she knew about her late employer, was sent to Ludlow street jail. She was put in a room about twelve feet square, on the first floor, just off the dining room. The single iron-barred window faces on Essex Market place, which is kept alive by the soul-stirring imprecations of butchers, the screams and cries of children, and the occasional howling of half-starved dogs and cats. Miss Jones hung a neat white curtain over the window and then examined the bed. It horrified her, and she made life entertaining for Warden Phil Kiernan until she got things fixed. He moved in a marble-top bureau adorned with a mirror, and gave her a large piece of carpet and two chairs.

The first week Becky kept closely to her room, and was seen only at meal times. She said she was ill, and the Warden never passed a drug store for a few days after that without buying a bottle of patent medicine for her. Becky got well, and the Warden claimed the credit of it.

Finally Becky settled down into a humdrum method of passing the days, and seldom varies from it. She locks her door about 10 o'clock at night. If she is not very sleepy she draws her bedstead under the gas light, and lies in bed reading a novel or a tract, if she happens to have one that draws a happy parallel between a ready good and a very bad boy. She never forgets to turn off the gas before dropping into sleep.

She is up about daylight, and tramps steadily about the circular yard in the centre of the jail for half an hour. Then she uses up considerable worsted in making tidies until breakfast is ready. Breakfast is passed in kindly converse with the other unfortunates, who vie with each other in helping Becky to broil. As soon as the meal is over Becky returns to her room and writes several pages of her book, which will tell the world all about her troubles. Then she reads a little, uses up a little more worsted, and receives a number of her friends on call on her. She has her no attached to her home door; the only thing she dislikes about it is the name it bears.

Warden Kiernan met a reporter at the door of the jail on Saturday evening, and told him that Becky had issued orders a short time previously to have the city reporter who came among her at first, Mr. Becky, set near the trusty in a black alpaca dress. A little wooden trunk stood near the bureau. The top of the bureau was neatly covered with white tidies, on which rested a slubby black bag with flat sides and a small lock. The trunk was painted black, and was studded all over with brass tacks in green and gold, and these letters: Becky.

"They stand for Rebecca," said Becky, as she shook the reporter's hand. "I was going to make it Rebecca, which is my name, but I could find anything to put the R and e out of. Sit down over there while I tell you what I wanted to see you for.

"It's about Alderman Farley," she said. "He has been flirting with me awfully. I told him if he did not stop coming in here I'd tell the reporter. Now, I don't know what I'm going to do. He comes around and sits where I am sitting now, and goes on his knees to me. He brought his picture around here, and gave it to me. Here it is."

Becky showed the reporter a photograph of the Alderman with his smile and watch chain and diamond pin. It was hanging in a clear part of the room. Becky pointed to a row of blue labels which were pasted on one side of the window casing.

"I paste one of those up there at the end of every week," she said. "I have thirty-three there now, but I don't think they will get out until Monday night. I am willing to end my life here, and if it the price of my release is to tell all I know about poor, dear Mr. Hamersley I shall certainly die here. They say I am obstinate, but I am I suppose it is because I was born so very stubborn. Don't you think so?

"Have you any hope of release?"

"Why, Mr. Shepherd is my lawyer, and I believe he is doing something for me. I am contented here, though, and don't much care. Everybody is kind to me. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, who preaches here in Sing Sing, sent me a Christmas card, and so did his mother. Somebody else sent me a book full of prayers and a card full of verses. I've got a lot of novels sent me, too, and such an awful lot of letters. You'd be surprised if I showed you some of them, but I won't, though.

"I should think you'd get a cat or dog, Miss Jones, for company."

"Pooh! I hate them."

THE BODY WAITS.

The United States Army Ventures to Board the New York Police.

Yesterday morning's high tide washed the badly decomposed body of a man on the beach of Governor's Island at Castle William. The body was dressed in a blue jumper and light trousers, and had a strap around the waist. It looked like that of a seafaring man. It had been in the water many weeks. Gen. Jackson, commandant of the fort, at once sent word to Roundsman Burns of the Purge Office police squad, and Roundsman Burns telegraphed to the Police Central Office for instructions. A message was sent back that the law required the Governor's Island officers to bring all dead bodies found on the Island to Pier 1, North River, for removal to the Morgue. The transfer boat, on which passengers are carried back and forth, is the only craft that could be used for such work. Gen. Jackson got mad when he heard the police decision, and sent back this military counter decision:

"Governor's Island has been in the city limits as long as I can remember, and a dead body is not taken away by the police at the next high tide I will bury it in the sand on the beach, and pay no more attention to the matter."

This was telegraphed to the Police Central Office, and word was sent to the Coroner's Office. None of the Coroners did anything more, and neither did the police.

"We've made a study of this dead body question," said Roundsman Burns, "and probably know more about it than Gen. Jackson."

Gen. Jackson says that heretofore in such cases Coroners have sent a small boat over to the Island to remove bodies, and he don't see why the rule should be varied suddenly.

A Victim of Malpractice.

Adele Bhend, wife of J. Bhend, furniture dealer of 1 First avenue, died early yesterday morning from the effects of malpractice. Dr. Weber, who attended her during the brief illness that preceded her death, and reported the case to the police, says that when he saw the woman on Saturday she was evidently dying. She refused at first to say anything as to the cause of her sickness, but when she was told that she had but a few hours to live she acknowledged that she had submitted to an operation which was performed by Mrs. Catherine Sauer of 241 East Thirty-ninth street. To Coroner Messemer she told the same story. She became unconscious, and sank rapidly. When Coroner Levy arrived at the house a few hours later, but one of her daughters told him that a Mrs. Weiss of 112 Forsyth street visited her mother on Saturday, Dec. 27, and called every day until Wednesday last, presumably nursing Mrs. Sauer. On Wednesday she was alarmed at the patient's condition, and said a doctor should be summoned.

On warrants issued by Coroner Levy the two women were arrested and lodged in the Eldridge street police station. They will be examined at Essex Market Police Court to-day.

The Trade of a Cabby.

"What does your rig cost you?" a reporter asked a cabman.

"My cab cost $1,000 and my horse $200. Then the blankets and harness come to about $100 more. I have to keep a good turnout, as my business is nearly all with club men."

"What are your expenses?"

"The board of my horse costs me $20 a month, the shoeing, repairs to harness, and to cab amount to about $10 more, if I meet with an accident, of course, it is a great deal more. Allowing for wear of carriage and extras, my expenses are about $2 a day."

"What are your profits?"

"Anywhere from nothing to $10 a day. They probably average $3 to $4 a day."

"Don't you suffer from exposure?"

"Sometimes, when it blows very cold, but we wrap up well, and are seasoned to the weather."

Aged Mrs. Smith's Funeral.

Mrs. Julia Smith, 75 years old, of 19 Gay street, who was burned by upsetting a kerosene lamp in her rooms and died in Bellevue Hospital on New Year's night, was the mother of Charles H. Smith, a retired broker living at Port Richmond, Staten Island. On Saturday she was buried in Evergreens Cemetery, after a service in Benedict's undertaking rooms, which was attended by her acquaintances in Gay street. Mrs. Smith was feeble minded, and had had her home for three years at Mrs. Claussen's, in Gay street, caring for her. Her husband, who was rich, died several years ago, and left nearly all his money to a Catholic church in Brooklyn. She sued to break the will, but never recovered. Judge Beers of Chillicothe, Ohio, is her son-in-law.

Truck One's Steel Collars.

When two horses sprang to the shaft of Hook and Ladder Truck 1 in Chambers street on Saturday, as the alarm gong clanged, two jointed steel collars that hung above the shaft slid down and closed with automatic spring catches over the necks of the horses.

"These are the only collars of the kind in use in the city," Foreman Short said afterward, "and they're a great improvement. They weigh only twelve pounds each, which is thirteen pounds less than the regulation iron-bound leather collar, and they can be made shorter or longer or narrower or wider at will. It was a Pennsylvania man who caught on to the idea first."

Anniversary at Jerry McAuley's.

Anniversary exercises were held in Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission in West Thirty-second street yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled. President J. Noble Stearns opened the exercises, and spoke of the late Jerry McAuley. Many of the converts spoke. The Rev. Dr. Taylor spoke also.

DR. NOAH HUNT SCHENCK DEAD.

The Life of a Divine who was a Lawyer Until he was Thirty Years Old.

The Rev. Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck, rector of St. Ann's Episcopal Church on the Heights, in Brooklyn, died at 3 o'clock yesterday morning at his residence, 27 Grace court, in his sixtieth year. About three weeks ago he was confined to his bed with a severe bilious attack. When he was in a fair way of recovery he complained of a pain in his left foot. Dr. Rushmore found a sore on the first toe, and that gangrene had already set in. Dr. Sands of Bellevue Hospital and Dr. Hutchinson were called in consultation, and a few days ago the toe was amputated. The blood of the patient, however, had been poisoned already, and the gangrene extended to the foot and the lower part of the leg. Dr. Schenck's condition had become so enfeebled that the removal of the leg would have resulted in immediate death. On Friday he became unconscious, and remained so until he died. He had long been troubled with lameness in his left leg. When he was 10 years old he cut one of the cords at the back of his left leg with a scythe, in an attempt to mow some grass on his father's farm. Ever afterward the foot and limb were affected.

He was born in Trenton, and was educated in Princeton. He studied law in Chicago, and practised in Cincinnati. When he was 30 years old he abandoned this profession and began the study of theology at Gambier College, Ohio, under Bishop McElvaine. On taking holy orders he removed to Chicago, where he became the rector of Trinity Church, also assuming the editorial management of the *Western Churchman*. After a few years he accepted a call to Emanuel Church, Baltimore, the leading Episcopal organization of that city. He remained in Baltimore until April, 1867, when he assumed the rectorship of St. Ann's, in Brooklyn, then in Washington street, near Sands. Directly after his removal to Brooklyn the erection of the church in Clinton and Livingston streets was projected, and in 1867 the foundation stone was laid. He became the editor of the *Protestant Churchman*. He was put forward as a candidate for the Bishopric of Long Island.

Until five years ago St. Ann's was obliged to struggle under a debt of $175,000, and the foreclosure of the mortgages were threatened. At the critical moment Dr. Schenck's son-in-law, Mr. H. Fulton Cutting, who was then mourning the death of his wife, made the church a donation of $75,000. The congregation in a few months raised the remaining $100,000. Dr. Schenck was tall, and strongly built. He was regarded by many as one of the most impressive readers of the service in the American Church. He preached extempore. He was a delegate from the American Church to the Convention of the Greek Church in Russia some years ago, and was Secretary of the Ecumenical Council held in this city. He was an advocate of Low Church discipline. He was especially zealous in missionary and Sunday school work.

Dr. Schenck was a cousin of Robert C. Schenck, formerly the United States Minister to England, and the brother-in-law of ex-Senator George H. Pendleton. He leaves a widow and ten children—six sons and four daughters—one of whom is the wife of Erastus Corning, Jr. Mayor Low is the Superintendent of St. Ann's Sunday school.

Bishop Littlejohn officiated in St. Ann's Church yesterday morning, and announced the death of the rector.

St. Ann's is one of the oldest churches in Brooklyn, having been founded in 1793. The first building was in Fulton street, opposite Clinton. In 1797 the church was incorporated. The first church erected in Washington street was burned down during a great fire in 1803.

HIS FLOCK WILL BE SCATTERED.

Shepherd Newman Still Missing and his Church in Peril of the Red Fox.

Mrs. Gilbert of Daly's Theatre company was one of the seventy-six persons who gathered in Parson Newman's church yesterday morning to listen to the first services of the new year. She has been an attendant at the church ever since it was built, for Dr. Hepworth. The Rev. A. W. Lightbourn preached, and Trustee Seymour went round with a silver plate and took up the first collection of 1885. It consisted of a very small mound of dimes and nickels.

After the service some of the congregation stopped to ask when Parson Newman would be back. Nobody could tell. Deacon Foster said that if the Parson were wise he'd stay in California, where it was a great deal warmer than it is in the Parson's church. Trustee Seymour said he supposed he would have to be sold, because the managers couldn't pay the mortgage arrears of interest or any other lawful debts.

"We'll have to get out," he added. "I don't see what help there is for it."

Preacher Lightbourn read a notice that an election would be held next week to select trustees to fill the expired terms of Gen. Grant, Treasurer Seymour, and Ferdinand T. Hopkins, who brought the still pending suit to oust Parson Newman, and put the church property in the hands of a receiver to keep the Newmanites from selling it.

"We'll try and get along without a row at the election," Trustee Seymour said, "and I don't think Hopkins will be redected."

Trustee Hopkins differs entirely from Trustee Seymour on this point.

High Prices for Roses.

"Flowers were very dear during the holidays, and so, alas!" said a florist.

"Why?" asked a reporter.

"There was an unusually large demand for them for dinner parties, balls, and other entertainments. Then, again, roses are scarce at this time of the year. The variable weather is bad for their growth."

"What is the price of roses?"

"For the best variety—La France—we charge 40 cents apiece. Catherine Mermet are 30 cents apiece; that is the kind usually worn in the corsage."

"Is it the fashion to wear corsage bouquets?"

"Not nearly so much as it was a year ago. I think the hard times have put a damper on wearing it which I

"How is it that street venders sell roses so cheaply?"

"You will generally find on examination that the roses are defective—some are frost or slightly withered. Florists sell only perfect flowers."

"Do you grow your own flowers?"

"Oh, no! We buy them of a wholesale. Not one florist in ten has his own greenhouses."

"Why are roses always dear?"

"Because they are more in demand than any other flower, and requires great care in raising them. Then, as there is a great loss on stock by decay, we have to charge a large profit to equalize matters. In having one hundred roses we find that twenty are worthless."

"What is a Jacque rose worth today?"

"One dollar each, and hard to get at that."

One of the 125 Street Cable Cars.

The first car built for service on the surface cable roads of the city was exhibited for two hours yesterday on the switch at Franklin's statue. A Third avenue conductor was detailed by President Lyon of the Third avenue surface road to explain its new features to the people who crowded around to ask questions. It is handsome and strongly built, and the same size as the ordinary street car, but stands higher on its wheels. The interior is fitted with cane-bottomed seats and has a little stove on one side. The platforms are guarded with iron gates to keep passengers from getting on or off while the car is in motion. The cable grips under the car. The cars are of simple construction, and are operated and controlled by one man. The new cars will be run on 125th street, between the East River and Fort Lee Ferry. The cable company expect to have them in operation some time in February.

St. Leo's Church Debt.

A lady and gentleman of this city saw the notice in THE SUN last Monday of the measures being taken to pay off the debt of St. Leo's Church during 1885, and the following day announced their intention of aiding the work by giving $5,000 each. Three other subscriptions of the same amount have been obtained since Christmas. Endeavors will be made to get the remainder of the proposed eleven subscriptions of $5,000 by February, when the debt interest is due. Mr. John Alexander of Free Trinity Church, who, for a time, has been designated by Father Dueer, the pastor, as treasurer of the fund, and will receive subscriptions.

A Wild Dream of the School Man.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton preached on "The Attributes of Deity" yesterday, setting forth the character of the Almighty as a mother as well as a father of the human race. He said that the common idea of God was derived from the teachings of men, who had naturally clothed Him in a character of an oriental, dignified and serene middle-aged man, the greater portion of His own creatures for the most part. This idea had been dwelt upon by the teachers of the world until the world had come to believe "that wild dream of the school man, the dream of a loving Father exercising His own son to satisfy law."

Fire in a Union Square Hotel Chimney.

Soot gathers in large quantities in the kitchen chimneys of the Union Square Hotel, and they require frequent cleaning. The soot has caught fire a number of times, and Mr. Shook rebuilt the chimneys so that no damage could be done to the hotel in case of such a fire. The soot took fire in a chimney, on the cellar floor, at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and an alarm was sent out. The soot burned itself out in the flue before the firemen arrived. The guests of the hotel knew nothing of the occurrence.

Openings.

494 BROADWAY.
GRAND OPENING OF THE PRINCE ALBERT WINE ROOM AND RESTAURANT. Table d'hôte dinner, from 12 to 2 P. M., 50c., including wine or coffee.
Fine imported liquors and cigars a specialty.

Miscellaneous.

A.—UP-TOWN ADVERTISERS May leave their favors for THE SUN at the only authorized up-town advertisement offices:
1,238 Broadway, corner 31st st., till 9 P. M.
806 West 23d st., corner 8th av., till 8 P. M.
760 2d av., entrance on 47th st., till 8 P. M.
1,853 4th av., cor. 14th st., till 8 P. M.
1,007 3d av., near 60th st.
206 East 125th st., near 3d av., till 7:30 P. M.
No extra charge.

SHARP.—Skates ground by steam power, 10c. MARSTERS, 55 Court st., near City Hall, Brooklyn. Open evenings.

Wanted—Females.

A.—A.—A.—Sixty (60) Wheeler & Wilson and Willcox & Gibbs OPERATORS for sixty (60) new machines on ladies' undergarments; steam power. L. DANNHAUSER, 155 and 157 South 5th av.

A NUMBER of operators on ladies' undergarments; none but experienced hands need apply. Parties wishing to take work home must furnish samples and references. DANZIG & SONDHEIM, 112 Greene st.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Good wages, steady work; rose and flower makers; experienced hands only. MAEX HELD & CO., 600 and 602 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER makers wanted on blossoms and piquets; also learners. ALBERT STEIN, 581 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—First-class flower, rose makers, and branchers; steady work. H. S. BOSWORTH, 88 Prince st.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Piquet makers; also learners. Call all week. J. KATZ, 121 Elm st., 1st floor.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Girls wanted on small work. 100 South 3d st., Williamsburgh, basement door.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Forty girls; also good hands; work given out. B. RION, 152 Bleecker.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Competent forelady wanted. A. W. MAAS & CO., 119 Mercer st.

A GIRL to work on a numbering machine. JOHN B. POWERS & SON, 106 Chambers st.

BOOKFOLDERS wanted at bindery, 14 Vesey st.

CORSET CORDERS and ironers wanted. T. W. LOVE & CO., 243 and 245 Hudson st.

EXPERIENCED operators and sample makers on lace caps; steady work. ASCHER & SAMELSON, No. 615 Broadway.

FIRST-CLASS operators on fine shop coats and one basting puller. 146 Eldridge st. LOUIS MEISTER.

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

GIRLS on glass and paste work; also learners. GEO. KEMMET, 257 Hutton st., Jersey City Heights.

HANDS on alpaca coats; also girl to assist. 344 4th st., Brooklyn, E. D.

LADIES can get plain sewing at home, with machines on easy payments. 183 Av. A, between 11th and 12th sts.

LINING MAKER on ladies' fine shoes. JAMES BOYD & SONS, 73 Thomas st.

OPERATORS and pasters on men's shoe and gaiter uppers. 201 Canal st. BENEKE BROS.

OPERATORS and basters on all kinds of alpaca coats. Call all week at 514 West 45th st.

OPERATORS on W. & W. and W. & Gibbs, on infants' fine slips. 590 Broome st.

PAPER BOXES.—Wanted, some good g'ue workers; experienced hands only. 9 and 11 Laight st.

PAPER BOXES.—Wanted, experienced hands on trim and oval work. HAAS & CO., 172 Grand st.

ROSENTHAL BROS., 98 Wooster st., want experienced girls on ruffling.

SEWING MACHINE.—Forewoman for W. & G. machine. Address, stating wages, references, LADIES, box 163, Sun office.

WANTED—Experienced operators on Swiss caps; steady work. PLOCK & HOFFMANN, 352 Canal st.

WANTED—Experienced hustle operators, eyelet-ers, finishers, and a few small girls. 1 Bond st.

YOUNG GIRLS can obtain situations free, lodging and meals at 6 cents each, at the Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place, one block east of Cooper Institute (under care of Children's Aid Society).

Wanted—Males.

A STRONG BOY to attend fires and make himself useful in a manufacturing place; can live with employer; good reference required. 227 Pearl st., near WHITE, box 122, Sun office.

A YOUNG Job compositor. One who prefers a steady job (he can work to high wages may address NEATNESS, box 180, Sun office.

A BLACKSMITH horseshoer wanted at THOMAS K. MURPHY'S shop, Tarrytown.

BOY WANTED to distribute job type. C. A. COFFIN & ROGERS, 85 John st.

BOY WANTED; one who can set type. R. DOUD, Printer, 30 Nassau st.

COMPOSITORS Wanted.—100 compositors; 35c. per 1,000 ems; permanent employment. Apply at 24 and 30 North Moore st.

OYSTER COOK who can open oysters; also an engineer to run a gas engine. 352 Canal st.

PAPER BOXES.—Paper cutter and man on plue. C. A. WAGNER & BRO., 8 Wooster st.

RULING MACHINE feeder wanted. 75 Fulton st., corner Gold st.

SHOE CUTTER wanted in custom store; also shoemakers and repairer; also Bootblack. 30 Cortlandt st.

VALUABLE INVENTION.—Agents wanted to place on the market a new and valuable invention that sells at sight. Address HASKINS & YOUNG, Novelty Works, Meehanicville, New York.

WANTED—Immediately, 5 more young gentlemen and 7 more young ladies to learn telegraphy; we are having more calls for operators than we can possibly fill, at salaries from $45 to $125 per month; now is the time to learn; every graduate obtains a situation. Catalogue free. Office, Atlantic Telegraph Instit