# REPUBLICAN DESPERATION.

### *VAINLY THROWING DUST IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE.*

**How Tweed's Interest in the Elmira Gazette was Bought—The Course of David B. Hill Praised by Republican Newspapers.**

On the certificate of stock in the *Elmira Gazette* Company recently published in facsimile by the *New York Times* and other Republican newspapers, appear the names of E. L. Patrick, Horton Tidd, D. B. Hill, and William M. Tweed. Mr. Tweed and Mr. Patrick are out of reach, and Mr. Tidd is the only one of the four who can now speak disinterestedly of the circumstances connected with the issue of this certificate. Mr. Tidd has made the following sworn statement:

"About July 1, 1870, several prominent Democrats of Elmira, desiring to aid and strengthen the party, proposed to purchase the *Gazette*, and for that purpose to form a stock company. Accordingly, articles of incorporation were executed in the usual manner and filed in the County Clerk's office of the county, where they have ever since remained, wherein Mr. F. H. Atkinson (the then Chairman of the Democratic County Committee), David B. Hill, a young Democrat 27 years of age, and myself, a practical printer and journalist, were named as trustees, and the capital stock was fixed at $40,000. Stock was subscribed by the trustees and others; and being unable easily to procure the necessary amount from home Democrats, Col. E. L. Patrick, then a popular Assemblyman from Chemung county, of good standing and reputation, personally undertook to procure stock to be taken from outside, but at the same time subscribed in his own name for $10,000 of the stock. He represented that Mr. Tweed, then a leader of the party in New York city, would furnish him the money, and the money was furnished undisguisedly by Mr. Tweed, and Col. Patrick paid it in; and at the Colonel's request a certificate of stock was issued to himself in his own name. He subsequently within a short time endorsed this stock over to Mr. Tweed, to whom it properly belonged. The transaction was an open, straightforward business matter, without concealment or wrong of any kind.

"This was in July, 1870, before there had been any exposure of the frauds in New York city, and before Mr. Hill had been elected to any office whatever. The next fall Tweed was exposed, and being in trouble desired to sell his newspaper stock. He offered it to divers parties in Elmira, but could not readily dispose of it. It was not a controlling interest, being only one-fourth of the whole capital stock, and was not very valuable, as the newspaper was not financially successful. The trustees opened negotiations with Tweed, who was very anxious to sell, which finally led to their offering fifty cents on the dollar for his stock, which he finally reluctantly accepted. In behalf of the company, the trustees, to wit, F. H. Atkinson, David B. Hill, and myself purchased the stock, paying therefor $5,000 in cash, borrowing the money of a prominent capitalist of Elmira (the late Dr. Edwin Eldridge), and giving our joint note for the amount, which we paid in two or three years thereafter.

"That purchase ended forever Mr. Tweed's interest in the *Gazette*. He had the right to sell and we had the right to buy. It was purely a business transaction throughout, we paying all if not more than the stock was really worth in the market."

Of the attack on Mr. Hill, Mr. Tidd says:

"Much contained in those articles deserves no attention whatever. Their unfairness and malice are so manifest, and so clearly designed for political effect, that they require no notice. They do not furnish the slightest ground for any reflection upon the honor or integrity of Gov. Hill, or any one else, or any occasion for condemnation, unless every person who may have happened at any time in his life to have had an honest business transaction with Tweed is deserving of public condemnation. The facts admit of no dispute, and they can be substantiated by documentary and other evidence, and especially by the testimony of several other reputable citizens of Elmira, fully cognizant of the facts."

The absolute lack of foundation for the insinuations against Gov. Hill has been clearly shown by the Elmira *Daily Gazette*. On Oct 2, it said:

"Mr. Hill was a young attorney with little means, but a man of honorable ambition and a personal friend of Mr. Tidd. Mr. Tidd first suggested the *Gazette* purchase to him, and they discussed it with others. They were only able to make the purchase, however, when Col. Patrick, to whom they opened the subject, agreed to help them. How he helped them is completely told in Mr. Tidd's statement. Tweed's ownership of stock for a short time never brought Mr. Hill into contact with him, and the fact that Mr. Hill and Tweed were minority stockholders in the *Gazette* no more established relations between them than if both had bought clothes from the same tailor. Mr. Hill was elected to the Assemblies of 1871 and 1872, but went and returned a poor man. He has never been charged with profiting financially by his political life, nor has any one ever insinuated aught against his personal integrity."

On Oct. 9 it said:

"In April, 1870, the *New York Times*, which has received more credit than any other agency for exposing Tweed's frauds, spoke of Tweed a very good man, and spoke of him with great respect. The Tweed charter passed the Legislature in April, 1870, and the *Times* hailed it as a measure of reform, and jeered at Mr. Gresley and others who opposed it. On the 6th of April, the day after the Tweed charter was enacted, the *Times* said:

> It is [the Tweed charter] shall be put in operation by Mayor Hall with that regard to the general welfare which we have reason to anticipate, we feel sure our citizens will have reason to commend the work in the Legislature as most important and satisfactory.

Two days later, April 8, 1870, this same *New York Times* said:

> "Senator Tweed is in a fair way to distinguish himself as a reformer; that "he had put the people of Manhattan Island under great obligations," etc. "We trust that Senator Tweed will manifest the same energy in the advocacy of the bill to reform which marked his action in regard to the charter."

On the 13th of April, 1870, the *New York Times* heartily commended Mayor Hall's appointments of municipal officers, among them being that of William M. Tweed for head of the Department of Public Works, Peter B. Sweeny, Thos. C. Fields, and Henry Hilton for Parks, &c. "As a whole," said the *Times*, "the appointments of the heads of the various departments of the city Government, which have been announced by the Mayor, are far above the average in point of personal fitness, and should be satisfactory." Surely the *New York Times*, which led the Republicans in their warfare on Tweed, had no idea of calling him a thief in April, 1870! The truth is that no one called him "Thief Tweed" for considerably more than a year after that.

But we have another fact to which we wish to call the *Advertiser's* attention, and it should interest it as much as the above. We find on consulting the files that the *Advertiser* on April 24, 1871, printed the following editorial article concerning the Hon. David B. Hill, who had just then closed his first session's experience in the Legislature:

> Our member of Assembly, the Hon. David B. Hill, returned to his home in this city on Saturday night. During the session of the Legislature just closed the young county has had the honor to be represented by one of the most intelligent and industrious members of that body. Mr. Hill has not only achieved a very high position for himself but he has also done excellently well for his constituents. No important measure in which the people of the county had an interest failed to receive his hearty support, and most, if not all of them, were advocated to a successful issue by him. His predecessor was exceedingly successful in procuring the passage of local bills, but Mr. Hill has been equally successful in securing the passage of bills, and has greatly surpassed him in securing necessary appropriations of money to carry them into effect. Mr. Hill will be welcomed home and cordially greeted by his many political and personal friends, and he will probably be allowed to practice his profession until the time again comes around for selecting some person to work hard 100 days for $300 and pay $5 a day for board.

Now we ask the *Advertiser* of to-day if it believes that the *Advertiser* of April, 1871, of which the late Charles G. Fairman was editor, would have spoken in the above strain of Mr. Hill if it had believed that the then young Assemblymen had done anything disreputable in the Legislature? We know it would not. Mr. Hill was never the tool of Tweed nor any other man; but even in April, 1871, Tweed was not known as a thief. It was some months after that that the exposure came. The *Advertiser* of to-day is unworthy of its former editor when it attempts to attach to Mr. Hill a stigma it knows does not belong to him.

On Oct. 9, the *Gazette* said, referring to the letters from Elmira printed in the *New York Times*: "We cannot attempt to straighten the misrepresentations nor enumerate the falsehoods that this scavenger has furnished and the *Times* has printed. Many of the stories carry their own refutation. Others involve matters which it would require too much time and space to follow through and correctly explain, though every fact is susceptible of explanation without discredit to the Governor. But there is none of this matter that is worthy of credence as he has furnished it, and not one of his letters that it is not disgraceful for a newspaper which pretends to honesty to publish. The first letter sent from Elmira embodied a copy of a stolen certificate. There can be no doubt the copy came direct from the thief himself, and no doubt who the thief is.

"The lies which this scavenger correspondent has told are, as we have said, too numerous to mention. He has said and persisted in saying that Mr. Hill was editor of the *Gazette* from the time of his purchase of stock in 1870. That is false; Mr. Hill was never editor of the *Gazette*. He has said that Mr. Hill was the principal owner of the *Gazette* during the Tweed era. That is false; Mr. Horton Tidd owned a controlling interest in the *Gazette* during all that time. He has said or intimated that Tweed's stock in the *Gazette* was assigned to Mr. Hill on account of political services. That is false; the Tweed stock was bought back with money borrowed from the late Dr. Edwin Eldridge. He has said that Mr. Hill managed the *Gazette* and oppressed its employees. That is false. Mr. Hill never gave personal attention to the business management of the *Gazette* nor had aught to do with fixing the wages of employees. He has said that during the present year many of the *Gazette's* editorials were written in the Executive chamber in Albany. That is false. Mr. Hill has not written a word for the *Gazette* the present year. And so we might go on. In each of this scavenger's letters is interwoven, with a little truth, so much of falsehood that they are totally unworthy of belief. The work of picking out the truth from the falsehood would be great, and it is hardly worth while.

"False and disreputable as the *Times's* course has been, however, we are confident that it is accomplishing very little. It may deceive a few careless people, but no intelligent person who has carefully read the *Times's* series of stories can feel anything but disgust for them. As it happens we have proof that they are not credited. The Independent papers outside of New York naturally look with suspicion on Gov. Hill because of the opposition of some Independents in this State. But such papers as the Boston *Herald* and Springfield *Republican*, whose editors have evidently scanned the *Times's* charges carefully, are not convinced that Gov. Hill is the bad man they would willingly see him made out. The Boston *Herald* remarks that there "ought to be State and national issues enough in New York to conduct the campaign on without going into dirt flinging." The Springfield *Republican* says there has been "a rain of mud" in the New York campaign, but that nothing conclusive" has been proved against Gov. Hill "for his relations with Tweed." That must be the conclusion of every intelligent reader."

On Oct. 14 it said: "In their efforts to discredit Gov. Hill the Republican papers of this State attempt not only to connect him with Tweed in the Legislature of 1871, but failing in that they assert that he was an opponent of reform in the Legislature of 1872. The Legislature of 1871 was Democratic by a small majority. Tweed was then a Senator, and was recognized as a powerful leader. Democrats deferred to him, and Republicans, as it was afterward proved, were bought whenever he wanted their services. He did not buy Democrats, but secured their support for some of his schemes by making them party measures. But Republicans he did buy, and very many of them in the Legislature he absolutely owned from the beginning to the end of the session. In the summer of 1871 the exposure of Tweed's frauds in New York came. It greatly influenced the elections that fall, and helped to secure a large Republican majority in both branches of the Legislature of 1872. It was in that Legislature that Mr. Hill served his second term, and it is the record of that Legislature that we here sketch.

"The Legislature met on the 1st of January, 1872, and Gov. Hoffman sent in a very long message. Much space was devoted to municipal reform, as was natural after the then recent exposure of Tweed's corruption. All this Governor's remarks met with pretty general approval, the *New York Times* among other papers speaking highly of them. The Assembly organized by the election of the Hon. Henry Smith of Albany Speaker. Much was said about its being a reform Legislature and about Mr. Smith being a reform Speaker. His first important act, of course, was to name the standing committees. It was expected that he would put the strong and honest men to the front and the dubious ones to the rear. To some extent he did it. He gave James W. Husted no important committee place, though he was an old Republican member, and he gave David B. Hill places on such committees as the Judiciary, Privileges and Elections, and Indian Affairs, though he was a young Democrat. That was a very good start, and it is one which it will puzzle Republican papers to explain, if they can say that Mr. Hill had not a good reputation."

On Oct. 16 the *Gazette* said:

> "The *Advertiser* this morning prints an electrotype plate giving an alleged fac-simile of a certificate of stock of the *Gazette* company, which was issued to E. L. Patrick in 1870, by him transferred to Tweed and the following year sold back to the *Gazette* company. We think the other Republican morning papers of the State print the plate simultaneously. This is the same transaction of which the Republican papers have long been discoursing. It is the same that was explained by Mr. Horton Tidd. All the facts in the transaction were before the Springfield *Republican* when it expressed the opinion that nothing had been shown to connect Gov. Hill improperly with Tweed. All the facts were before the *New York Times* when it said only last Monday: 'We do not suppose that Mr. Hill was corrupted by that notorious bribe giver' (Tweed).

"What, then, is the occasion for the publication of this plate? The question is not a difficult one to answer. The Republicans admit that the facts convict Gov. Hill of nothing; so they are forced to resort to a picture intended by its origin to deceive ignorant people into believing there is something wrong. It is a mere piece of clap-trap. It embodies a false pretence. It is a species of campaign lying which the Republican managers resort to as naturally as Republican office-holders to peculation. No independent paper and no thoroughly honest Republican paper is in it. If anything were proved against Gov. Hill it would not be necessary to resort to the pictorial business and it would not be resorted to. It is because the Republicans have no case that they are trying to deceive the people."

### *THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.*

**Tragical Meeting with Dike's Gang on the Road to Helena.**

As the stage from Helena, Montana, to one of the mining camps was making its trip last fall, the driver told this tragical story of an encounter with road agents:

"It was in '67," said he, "an' I was drivin' between Salt Lake an' Helena. Road agents wus pretty thick then, an' there was one gang run by Bill Dike thet used ter make things pretty lively fur us. It got to be quite the regular thing at a certain point in the road ter hear the yell, 'Hands up!' Yer can't ever get used ter it. Every time it would make me jump just the same as the first time. We used ter caution the passengers not to fire of they was attacked, but just to let the agents have some small sum to pay toll like.

"Wall, one morning I started outer Salt Lake with a half a dozen inside passengers—all men—and one of the purtiest young women I ever see as a deck passenger. She was going to meet her husband, who was stationed in Montana at some army post. She had the cutest little girl with her. The lady wasn't more'n twenty, and the little gal was about two. She hadn't seen her husband for more'n a year, and was wild to get to him. Just before we pulled out o' the hotel Jim Lane the druv the down coach, and had just got in) came over and says:

"'Say, Tom, Dike and his outfit held me up 'bout sixty mile up the road.'

"Little Mrs. Baird heard what Jim had said, and, stead of gettin' scared, she jest clapped her hands and said, 'Oh, how I should like to see the stage thieves.' It jest seemed to me that it was a temptin' Providence to make a remark like that, an' I spoke up pretty sharp that she might see more stage thieves than she wanted to.

"Wall, we pulled out of the city, and went along slick as could be. The little lady never complained of nothing, she never seemed ter get tired, but she'd set there and sing the sweetest little songs to her little gal. Then she'd talk to me about what the West was like. She was jest from New York city, and had the greatest lot of newsier talk about. Wall, about 8 o'clock of the second evenin' we was going along slowly with brakes on down a hill, suddenly a dozen masked men jumped out of the bushes and yelled:

"'Hands up!'

"Half a dozen others wus alongside the coach in a jiffy with their six-shooters pinted at us. It isn't pleasant havin' a six-shooter lookin' you square in the face when thar's a man behind it that has his finger on the trigger and means shoot every time, so I up with my hands and jest yelled out to the men inside 'Don't shoot, gents.' Then they stood us out in a row and went through us. My little lady acted jest as plucky as could be. Jest grabbed her little gal and then gave up her money. I will say it for Dike and his gang that they wus mighty civil to her.

"After they had gone through the passengers they told 'em to get back inter the coach. Es they wus gettin' back one of the passengers dropped a pocketbook he had hid from them. This got 'em mad, and they hit him a couple of licks over the head with the butt of a six-shooter. The passenger grabbed the six-shooter from the road agent, fired at him, and he fell.

"I knew what was coming then. I jest gave a yell, an' let the horses have the whip. Off we started down the hill at a twenty-mile-an-hour gait, but before we had got far them devils jest turned loose on us and gave us a volley. I felt a sharp pain in my left arm. I heard a yell from the coach, and, worse than all, saw that purty little lady give one look at me—an' I'll never forget that look as long as I live—and then she just fell over forwards. Wall, we was out of danger then, but I had my six horses, all of 'em mad with fright, ter stop on a down grade, and my left arm nearly useless.

"Wall, I drove up to the next station that night with two dead people and two wounded men inside the coach. An' the saddest sight I ever see was when that young Lieutenant as had come down ter meet his wife was led up to where she lay. Fur, you see, one buckshot had gone through her heart and the head of the little girl as she held her to her breast to shelter her. That young man jest took one look, an' then turned away. In a minit the crack of a revolver was heard, and the husban' and father had joined his wife and daughter. That was the last thing that Dike's outfit ever done. We had the Vigilants onto 'em in less than a day, and never jet up on 'em till thev was all hanged or shot."

# TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF IT.

### *OCCUPATIONS OF A MIDDLE-AGED HEATHEN NEW YORK SWELL.*

**Time, 9:30 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.—At the Club, at Business, at Delmonico's, at Church, Too, at the Burlesque and Snubbed There, and a Little Game to Wind Up the Day.**

At precisely 9 o'clock Thursday morning a clean-shaven, erect, and light-footed man opened the door of a sumptuous suite of bachelor apartments in a building fronting on Madison square, stepped quickly within, closed the door again, and set some hot water and shaving utensils on a little table at the head of a bed from which came the sound of heavy breathing which indicates exhausted sleep. The servant stepped from the bedroom into the outer room, threw open the windows, admitting a flood of light, and drew aside the portieres. Then he returned to the inner room, and without more ado and with much dexterity he moved the pillows from beneath the head of the sleeping man. The man then rolled over on his back and growled out in a petulant voice:

"How'z weather?"

"Clear as a bell," said the servant respectfully. He took the lather brush in one hand, and pulled the heavy head, which seemed to have instantly gone to sleep again, over on one side, lathered and shaved his master quickly, then brought a wet towel, on which a little ice water had been dipped, and soused the face of the sleeper vigorously. Upon this there sat up on the edge of the bed a blinking, winking, drowsy, and surly specimen of the genus swell. His face was fat and red, his hands plump and as carefully cared for as a woman's, and his hair thin on the crown of his head. As soon as he had got on the edge of the bed, his servant thrust a pair of slippers on his toes, laid a bath robe beside him, and disappeared. The bachelor got up, stretched himself, yawned, kicked a spaniel which came bouncing into the room half way across the floor, and went to the mirror in the front room and stared at himself with considerable complacency. A moment later the solemn servant came back with a bottle of iced soda water in his hand, pulled the cork, and handed the bottle to his master. That worthy put it to his lips, gasped, gurgled, swallowed it all, threw the bottle in the corner, told the servant to smile or he'd break his back, and forthwith tumbled into his bath.

Shortly before 10 o'clock a gentleman of about 40 years of age, whose ruddy face was clean shaven, with the exception of a small dark moustache, emerged from the big apartment house, fixed a single glass firmly in his eye and stared up and down the street. His attire was of the most advanced fashion, his varnished boots were small and well made, his brick-colored gloves quite new, and he wore the shiniest of hats upon his sleek-looking head. The red neck bulged a bit over the collar, and the man as he stood there straightened himself once or twice, but soon relapsed into a settled stoop of the shoulders and a drooping carriage of the head, that seem natural to men after years of dissipation. He gave a few words of direction to the solemn servant, who silently tended him, turned on his heel and walked with more or less briskness to his club. He went directly to the breakfast room, where a table was already laid for him, and one waiter took his hat and stick while the other hurried off and came back with a glass of absinthe, which was taken down at a gulp. Then the newcomer leaned back in a chair, took up a morning paper, and peered at it heavily. Suddenly his eye caught the eye of a fellow club member, who was smiling pleasantly from across the street.

"What are you grinning at?" he asked, in a voice that sounded musty and foggy.

"Eh?" said the man addressed. "Nothing in particular. Still, it's very sad!"

"What is?"

"The way your hands are beginning to shake in the morning."

The good-natured bachelor tried to hold the paper still for a moment, found that it shook like an aspen leaf, ordered more absinthe, and grinned back at his friend. The little joke seemed to please them both immensely.

At 11 o'clock the sleek and red-faced man descended the steps of his club quickly, jumped into a cab that was waiting there, and within half an hour was seated in his office in lower Broadway. A small, quick and obsequious little man, the very counterpart of the servant uptown, except that he was more intelligent, rubbed his hands briskly, and smiled pleasantly as the junior member of the firm strode in and sat down lazily at his desk.

"Well, Higgins!" said the junior member, with the same good-natured smile that he had bestowed on his friend of the club. "Observe, I am ready for business!" Then he opened the lower drawer of his desk, pulled out a box of cigars, and said:

"Smoke, Higgins?"

"No, sir, thank you, sir. I never smoke during business hours!"

"That's right, Higgins!" said the junior partner, briskly, striking a match. "Never smoke!—puff. Never smoke!—puff—puff—during business hours. A man's aut to get rattled, you know! Well, now I'm ready to earn my daily bread. What do I do first?"

A gray-haired clerk was called in, and he, with the assistance of Mr. Higgins, managed to get the junior partner to write his name at the bottom of a hundred or two rather pretentious-looking documents. The little gray-haired clerk stood on one side ter the junior partner, and passed the paper carefully under the pen, holding it down with both of his wrinkled little hands. After the name had been written in the hand that still shook, the paper was whisked away by Mr. Higgins, carefully blotted, and placed on a shelf at the side of the desk. Three cigars were consumed during the operation. Then the junior member sent for the cashier, and a long conference ensued, in which the cashier displayed an admonitory and reproachful manner. At 1 o'clock the junior partner and the cashier went to a neighboring café and split half an inch off the top of a bottle of champagne. When they returned the junior partner looked jubilant, and the cashier had an agreeable but rather dubious expression on his face. At 2 o'clock the junior partner stepped into a cab, and twenty-five minutes later alighted at the doors of the café Delmonico. The waiters turned toward him, and he nodded to half a dozen acquaintances before taking his seat at one of the tables. As soon as he was fairly seated, another man, who in attire and manner and face was almost his double, came in and took the opposite chair. After a momentous discussion they decided on having an omelette with jelly, partridge, vegetables, and a quart of Burgundy. Several letters in a handwriting that was indubitably feminine, and of various colors, from violent red to pale blue, were taken to the junior partner and his friend by the head waiter. They read some, discussed others, and stowed one or two quietly away in their pockets, without saying a word to each other about it. Then the junior partner fell to discussing the condition of affairs at Delmonico's.

"Where," he said plaintively, "do all these young dudes come from, and who the deuce are they? All the old crowd seem to have died, or grown domestic, leaving the field to a lot of saplings whom nobody knows or cares about. And look at the gamblers, too! There's Billy Deutsch standing near the door, Larry O'Brien—though he's the best of them, you know—sitting near the desk, and Jim Thompson and Edwards monopolizing the two bow windows in the room. Then there's Fred—"

"Oh, Fred's all right," said his companion quickly. "He's a Wall street man, you know."

"He's a gambler, all the same," insisted the junior partner; "just as all Wall street men are. I know, for I've tried it."

The other man looked up at him quickly, and with considerable surprise, and said:

"Why, were you bitten down there. I never heard of it!"

"Oh, it was a long while ago, in '73. Just before the panic. I went home one Saturday night, and the books in Charley Osborne's office showed that I had a hundred and eighty thousand dollars due me. That's a tidy little sum, you know. The slump came Monday morning, the market fell off fifteen per cent., and by the time I had got down to the office and given letters to the brokers to sell and put me out any way he could, I found that I had not only lost the one hundred and eighty thousand, but I owed my brokers thirty-seven thousand dollars besides. I dropped on Wall street then, and I wouldn't go into it again if I were sure of half a million a year for the rest of my life."

"Deuce you wouldn't," said the other man, with his mouth full of omelette.

"Well, I wouldn't," said the junior member, "and there's a mighty good reason right before you."

He pointed across the room to a man of heavy build and a gray moustache, who was putting on and taking off a pair of eye-glasses nervously. He sat near the ticker, and was looked at with absolute veneration by the crowd of young brokers and speculators in the place.

"Look at the old War-horse! He isn't rattled at all, is he? Oh, no! not at all. He's changed his chair three times since he's been here, and he goes out to look at the tape every two minutes. Every waiter will tell you that of late he hasn't been able to eat anything."

"You needn't be alarmed about him," said the other man placidly. "He's as shrewd as they make 'em, and if he hasn't got three or four solid millions packed away I don't know anything about him."

"Oh, he's all right, as far as that is concerned," said the red-faced rounder quickly, "and I guess it would be pretty safe to say that he has seven or eight millions instead of two or three. I don't know him personally, but I've seen him here very often, and I know that of late he has grown so shaky that he can't keep himself in trim at all, and that his stomach has gone back on him. When the market was going down, everybody said he was a great man, and that he could manipulate the market as he pleased. Now the market is going up, observe the efforts of our friend. He's driving himself crazy with his efforts to keep it down, and he's just about as successful as a mosquito holding down an earthquake. Don't tell me anything about Wall street."

"Well, I won't," said the other placidly, "because you're such a blooming crank on the subject. I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll call for you at 5 o'clock and take you up the road in my new mail phaeton."

"Does it waggle back and forth like a dog cart and make your neck ache?"

"No. It rides as easy as a buckboard on a level Jersey road."

Both men arose and carelessly sauntered away. At 5 o'clock the junior partner left the hands of his valet again clad in a frock suit, with white overgaiters and light gloves. A few minutes later he was bowling serenely up the Fifth avenue beside his friend. They stopped at three or four of the road houses, came down town again, and the rounder bounced out of the mail phaeton with a short nod to his friend, hurried up stairs, and in a remarkably short time came out on the street again clad in evening dress and carrying a heavy coat over his arm. He dined with a relative that night, and at 8 o'clock alighted from a friend's brougham and walked into a church on Fifth avenue to witness the marriage of his niece. He had eaten well, and drunk much wine, and his face was violently flushed. He stooped a little more than he had in the morning, and as he went down the aisle of the church half the people assembled there stared at the man who had had the reputation of living fast and hard for many years. The organist was playing something softly, there was the odor of flowers in the church, and handsome women, magnificently arrayed, were on either side. Among them were bright-eyed young girls and fresh-faced young men, beside whose healthy visages the flushed face of the rounder looked almost purple. Some of the women nodded to him familiarly, others barely bowed, while the men saluted him in a manner that expressed their surprise at seeing him in such an assemblage. The organist still played away; there was a little hum of conversation through the church. Then the bridal party entered, and the red-faced man became lost to himself and all of his surroundings as he looked at the bride. Brides are always beautiful, and the daintiness and refinement of this particular one set the junior partner thinking until the ceremony was over, and he fell into a reverie. He was tapped lightly on the shoulder with a fan, and, turning suddenly, saw a large and rather over-dressed woman who was smiling at him quizzically.

"You are the most incongruous and desolate looking being," she said calmly, "that I have ever seen in a church! How came you in such respectable society?"

"It does seem a bit strange, and it's given me an attack of low spirits. Are you going home?"

"Yes. Will you make us a little visit?"

"I'm a bit afraid to take any more respectability just now. But I don't mind allowing you to drop me at the club on your way down."

"How considerate you are. Come."

At 10 o'clock he sat in the smoking room of his club drinking thimblefuls of brandy, when a lot of chatter about a girl who wore a sort of Queen Anne dress in "Evangeline" caught his ear. A pallid-faced young man with a blasé manner and a forehead nearly an inch high announced that she was the most plump and pleasing specimen of a jolly little burlesque artiste that he had seen since he had left dear old London, and that her eighteenth century sort of a dress, with its high waist and low-cut corsage, was a delicious picture. Then the pallid young gentleman made a punch of brandy and champagne, put some Russian spice in it, and went on talking about the dead girls, Lunnun, and Paree.

The junior partner took a long drink of the punch, hurried out, took one of the club cabs, went to the Fourteenth Street theatre, secured a box, although the performance was nearly over, and went in. The first glance at the stage showed him the girl he was looking for. He stared at her carefully for fully two minutes, and then called an usher to him quietly and asked to be shown to Mr. John Mackay's dressing room.

"Do you know Mr. Mackay, sir?"

"Of course. Show me the way!"

He went down two short flights of steps and came to a door on which was a pasteboard card with the name of the comedian roughly written. The door was opened by the star's valet, and the club man stepped within. Mr. Mackay wore the ridiculous-looking wig that belongs to the character of *Le Blanc*, and was attired in a Roman toga that fell only a few inches below the waist, a pair of black leggings, and light leather shoes a foot or two long. He presented a grotesque appearance as he stood and looked calmly at the intruder.

"Mr. Mackay," said the club man effusively, as he stepped forward and held out his hand, "how are you?"

"Quite well," said the actor placidly, but making no effort to touch the hand outstretched.

"You must excuse me for pushing my way into your dressing room without an invitation, but I think I met you at the club one night, and as you have a pretty little girl in your company that I want to know, and the play is nearly at an end, I thought I'd come down and have you introduce me to her."

"Is this the course usually adopted by the members of your club when they wish to know the women of the stage?" asked the actor, staring coldly at the club man.

"Well, my desh fellow—"

"William!" said the actor sharply to the servant, "open the door."

"What!" said the club man, "you don't mean to show me the door?"

"That is precisely what I mean to do, and I'm going to order you out at once. You may go back and tell the members of your club that it is not my business to play the go-between for a lot of men of your stamp on the one side and a few women who may be trying to earn an honest living on the stage on the other.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Perfectly, and I tell you to leave this room at once."

The first thing the rounder did after he reached the open air was to escape from it into a saloon on the corner. He was furious with chagrin and anger for a few moments, then an entire revulsion of feeling came, and he took out his card, on which his address was printed, and wrote on the back:

> DEAR MR. MACKAY: Excuse me. I have been dining lately and hard, and I suppose I must have acted like one of the comedians. Please drink this bottle to my health!

This card he tied to the neck of a bottle of champagne, and sent it to Mr. Mackay's dressing room.

He stood irresolutely on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street half an hour later, and then walked into a hansom and went to a gambling club in town. He walked up to the second story, where there was a large green table, about which were clustered twenty or thirty men, most of them in evening dress, and all of them betting heavily. A good many heads were turned to greet the newcomer, but the game went on just the same. A wiry little man had just brought the bank for a thousand dollars, and was dealing baccarat. The rounder drew out a little pocket wallet, selected a bill with pink lines running through it, and tossed it carelessly over a man's shoulder on the table. The sharp little eyes of the dealer caught sight of it, and he stopped for a moment and said:

"There are four figures on that bill, ar'n't there?"

"Yes. It's a thousand-dollar bill," said the nearest player, straightening it out.

"Does it all go?" asked the little man, looking at the rounder, who was carelessly lighting a cigarette from a match held by an attendant.

"Tall goes!" said the rounder carelessly.

The dealer turned over his hand, drew a card, and made 9—an invincible hand. There was a growl around the table. The money was raked into the drawer in front of the dealer, a player got up carelessly and walked out, forgetting his overcoat. The bachelor's friend, the rounder took his place and played steadily with the rest. At half-past 2 he arose, signed a check with a hand that had grown steady at last, passed it over, drove home, threw off his clothes, and fell into a dead sleep at once.

At precisely 9 o'clock Friday morning the solemn servant entered the bachelor's apartments, threw open the windows, shaved his employer, and soused his face with cold water as before. Then the servant handed him a bottle of champagne, to the neck of which two cards were attached. The first bore the one that had been written to Mr. Mackay, and the second bore the words, "I do not know you!" and it bore Mr. Mackay's name on its face.

### Vinegar is Cheap.

**A sign in a Third avenue grocery window reads: "Pure Russet Cider, &c. a Quart."**

"That cider was never moved by a breath of country air," said a man in a blue check jacket, who was passing the window yesterday, "and it was never any nearer an apple than it is now as it stands in the barrel at the rear of the grocery."

"Made of sulphuric acid and glucose, then," suggested a companion.

"No, that's too expensive."

"What is it made of?"

"Well, I was in the shop where it's made. Pure apple cider is worth thirty cents a gallon. Sawdust cider costs about one-fourth of that. We take the sawdust from a lot of wood yards—hemlock, hickory, maple—every kind, just as it comes. We dump it into a big retort and heat it with a coal fire. Just forty-seven per cent. of what boils over is crude vinegar. It has to be purified a bit and boiled down a little, but it is pretty good vinegar. When the wood reaches a certain point in the heating process it becomes charcoal, and is sorted off and sold to filter makers. We can beat the grangers on the vinegar business and not half try."

### Dogs in False Skins.

**In the window of a down-town animal and bird store is a piece of pasteboard on which is painted, "No dogs in wigs here."**

"I'll tell you what it means," said the proprietor. "One of those unprincipled street peddlers had the impudence to stand on the corner down below here and sell an ecru poodle to a customer of mine for $3. She took it home, and next day she came here with it. What do you think? It was a nasty little short-haired yellow dog with the skin of an ecru poodle sewed over it. The fellow had probably lost a poodle, and took that way to save the skin. It was a real trick that in London, before dog fanciers were licensed, all sorts of dogs were put into the skins of those that died, and that rate, even, were sewed up in dogs' skins and sold."

### A Cat in a Meat Can.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 22.—A pet cat belonging to a family in this village disappeared eight days ago, and no trace of it could be found. Yesterday it was found in a lot not far away with its head fast in an empty preserved beef can. The cat was wasted almost to a skeleton. It had evidently thrust its head into the can to obtain scraps of meat that had been left in it, and the edge of the can prevented the cat from getting its head out again. The can had to be cut in two to release the cat.

# IN FEAR OF THE REDSKINS.

### *FRONTIER TELEGRAPH EXPERIENCES.*

**In a Constant State of Alarm When the Savages are On a Scalping Tour—One Operator's Experience with Five Indians and Another's with Five Old-time Rustlers.**

DRAGOON, Arizona, Oct. 20.—The telegraph operators at some of the exposed points in this region are valiant fellows, but it frequently happens that they cannot be convinced that duty demands of them a strict attention to the company's business regardless of self. One man up at Derrickville—Tommy Dyer—lost a week's pay and experienced considerable hardship by abandoning his post, and three or four others of the boys have had trouble of various kinds since the Apaches set out on their last scalping tour.

Last week the operator here received a brief message from Dyer, saying: "I'm off. Injuns two miles north." Nothing more was heard from that quarter for three or four days, though the operator here called the place regularly about once an hour. At length one afternoon he got a feeble and uncertain sort of an answer, which, the best way he could make it out, was to the effect that a detachment of troops were in that neighborhood, and that the operator, who was nowhere to be found, had probably been carried off by the hostiles, as Indian trails were everywhere to be seen. The boys here felt very sorrowful over Dyer's fate, and they were on the point of sending off a flattering biography of the missing telegrapher, when a lively rattle from one of the receivers was heard, and everybody paused to listen. The ticking continued for a minute or two, and then somebody ejaculated: "That's Tommy, now. Where is he?" An inquiry or two over the wires sufficed to locate the missing operator at Talbot's Mills, about thirty miles from his own office, a place where he said he had gone for shelter and found deserted by the operator. Tommy's last message before closing his key and starting on his journey again created some amusement here, and was:

"There hasn't been an Injun within forty miles of this place, and yet the operator can't be found with a fine-tooth comb. They've got too many plugs in this country. They're n. g."

The boys tried to tell him that he had deserted his own office without cause, but as they got no reply they concluded he had gone.

The same night a new man at Pikestaff edified the boys all along the line by sending messages describing the progress made by the Indians in that neighborhood, and saying that it was his intention to stay there and sell his life as dearly as possible. After he had assured everybody to this effect several times, he broke in with:

"Hostiles killing and burning east of here. Think I'll go out and help clean them out."

Toward evening the next day he announced that a squad of troops had arrived; that they had seen no Indians, and that, as he was getting lonesome, he would go along with them.

Speaking about the nervous condition of the boys at these and other points, Henry Welter, an old operator, said to-day: "Of course it's fun to sit around in a place where you feel safety and laugh at these fellows, but it's not very humorous to be in one of those offices all alone and feel that a redskin or two may come in on you at any moment. I had an experience two years ago at Pender, over in the Mogollons, which I shan't forget very easily. The savages had been moving around pretty lively for several days, and nearly everybody had left the country or was ready to leave. I didn't have any business to do except to answer inquiries from citizens, newspapers, and soldiers. About twice an hour I'd get a 'rush' message asking for Indian news. Sometimes the inquiry would convey intelligence to me that I had no other means of knowing, as, for instance, when somebody would say that the redskins had done so and so, and then ask me for particulars. When I got those inquiries I would step out in front, look around for a minute, and then go inside and forward the particulars of the Indian situation. I wrote a good many pretty fair war sketches in that way, but at length I found that I was getting nervous and excitable. Every time the wind made a noise I'd jump. Then I would get up and look out on the deserted country. Perhaps a party of volunteers would call on me for a few moments and advise me to clear out, besides giving me information of some atrocity perpetrated near at hand. I got so finally that when my instrument would click I would almost fall out of the chair, and then I sent word to headquarters that if they wanted me to stay they would have to give me a couple of bards. This was done, and we got along all right after that."

Fred Connors said he had had an experience with actual redskins. He had not only been exposed to them, but he had had them right in his office. "At San Rita," he said, "when this disturbance began last spring, we had reports almost every day to the effect that the savages were coming. I got ready to move out half a dozen times, but eventually I held my ground. One day two bum operators came along and said they were looking for deserted telegraph offices. If they found one they intended to prompt it and stay there in spite of the Indians. Well, I told them they might have a chance right there, if they waited long enough, as I had run the risk of being scalped for about as long a time as I cared to. They proved to be pretty good companions, and we had a lot of stories over and over for a day or two, and almost forgot about the hostiles. At length the subject came up, and one of them asked me what I would do if the redskins swooped down on us suddenly. I told him I did not know, but that if I got good place to hide I would crawl into it the first thing and await developments. They said they would do nothing of the kind. The aboriginals were an ignorant and superstitious creature, who stood in awe of the supernatural, and as all telegraphy was miraculous to him he would be afraid even of the men who were familiar with it. They said they would want their weapons handy, of course, but with a couple of good guns and the telegraph instruments they would scare out any savage that ever lived. I was just wondering whether they would or not, when in popped four or five of the toughest-looking redskins you ever saw. They were armed to the teeth, and they looked as though they could use us up in about three minutes. I was a little startled, but not so much as my visitors. One of them gave a yell, and, saying by