TOLD BY THE BUTTON MAN.

HUMAN NATURE REVEALED IN BUYING CAMPAIGN BADGES.

Revealed, that is, to a Sidewalk Merchant who has Always Voted the Democratic Ticket—Why Women are Republicans.

"Button, sir?"

"Yes, give me a—"

"Yes, boss, I know what you want. It's Cleveland and Thurman for you, sir, and something neat but not gaudy."

"How did you know what I wanted?"

"Easiest thing in the world, sir. I jes' saw you come out o' THE SUN office, and knowed of course you wouldn't be for Harrison. Then I see you're clean shaved and dressed neat, and haven't got a red tie on, so I knowed right off you didn't want anything giddy. It's easy enough to size up folks when you've lived as long as I have and seed as much life."

The button seller was bent and white-haired. He had a straggling white beard and wore silver bowed spectacles, through which gleamed singularly sharp gray eyes. His overcoat was of ancient pattern, reaching to the heels, and was patched and darned in twenty places. His old-fashioned beaver was spattered with fresh mud. A tray was slung to his neck by a string. On the tray was displayed a gay assortment of buttons of all political creeds. He was standing in Park row, near THE SUN building.

"It ain't been a good day," he said contemplatively. "I only sold 42 Clevelands and 31 Harrisons so far. The Republicans ain't out to-day. It's too wet for 'em. Why, bless your heart, there's everything in weather in this business. Cleveland demand goes right along, jes' the same in rain and sunshine, but you can't sell no Harrisons to speak of except when its clear. Then on real nasty days Coogans come out heavy, sir, heavy."

"What do you sell the most of?" asked the man who had bought the Cleveland button.

"Oh, Harrison's. Why, sir, I sells ten Harrison's to one Cleveland. Ain't you ever noticed that in the street, sir? Why, every blessed Republican in the city that's got a vote or ain't got one wears a button, sir. It's actoually surprisin', it is that. The same as the banners hung over the streets. Why, if you'll notice, you'll see a heap more Harrison banners than Cleveland's. But, 'tween you an' me, that don't mean nothin', except that the Republicans 'a making a big show. Why, take your average every day Democrat; he don't want no button. His vote, sir, is pasted right on his face. I can spot him every time, and you could, too, if you was in the habit o' sizin' up folks in the street as I do in this business. Why, sir, when you see a plain, sort o' prosperous lookin' man boomin' along as if he was goin' somewheres to do something, with a sort o' determined kind o' look in his face and a swing as if he was somebody, a bit o' humor lurkin' in the corner of his mouth and an air o' satisfaction and quiet confidence all over him, you can bet your sweet life he's a Democrat and goin' to vote for Grover. You needn't ask him to buy a button. He don't want none. He don't care to make a show, but he knows what way he's goin' to vote jes' as hard. This city's chock full of them sort o' men, and that's the reason this business ain't so good for me in this here city as it might be. See? It's the dudes that buys the Harrisons, sir, and the men that dresses as if they owned the hull city, and rides in cabs. Now this here young chap with a high choker, see me tackle him. Button, sir? Fine Harrison button; only twenty cents. I have protected cheriry cloth, sir. Duty high. All the real gents wears 'em."

The young man stopped and examined a fine silk button which the old man held out.

"Rather high priced, isn't it?" he asked. "You haven't got any with Blaine on it, do you, sir; but Harrison's Blaine's a fine man, you know. Price ain't high to keep in the fashion, you know. All the gents wear this sort."

The young man bought the button, and went on.

The old man turned and said:

"It's the biggest mistake the button makers ever made in their lives not to run a Blaine button on the market. They'd sell like mad, we would, too. They'd ought to 'a made a button with Harrison, Morton, and Blaine, all on it. Why, it's queer, sir, but at least a quarter of the men that buy Harrisons ask first is there ain't no buttons with Blaine on 'em. I've sold many a Harrison button, sir, jes' as the man was pullin' out disgusted, by 'em remarkin': 'Blaine, sir, is for Harrison first, last, an' all the time.' Last election I never saw such trade, now I never did. There was an awful rush for Blaines, and business was a sight bigger 'n it is this year with Harrison on the button. Why, I've seen pictures by the score that proved it, gals that looked as if they didn't know nothin' that Harrison's picture on the button was Blaine. 'But, says they, 'there's Harrison's name underneath.' 'Oh!' says I 'his name's got to be on, because he's runnin' for President; but Blaine, you know, bosses the hull thing, an' so they put his picture there.' My sum, sir, I'm why ain't swa lowed that half a dozen times an' bought the button."

"How about free trade buttons? I see you've got some here?"

"No good, sir. Don't sell more'n a dozen a year. The Democrats won't take em. They say 'Gimme Cleveland,' but these here 'low tariffs' go elegant. Why, the day they came out, with Cleveland's picture on top o' 'em, I sold over ninety, and didn't interfere with the regular Cleveland and Thurman trade a bit. That's the only day, barin' rainy days, that the Democratic sales beat the Republican. Well, little girl, you want a button? Five cents. Here's a pretty one. But what are you crying about, little one? Here, wipe off those pretty cheeks. I'll give you a button jor nothin'."

"I—I—I for—forgot w—what kind I was to get," sobbed the little girl, clutching a nickle.

"Who's it for?" asked the old man. "Man or woman? Rich or poor? Workin'man? Blonde or brunette——"

"F—for my sister," sobbed the little girl.

"She wants a Harrison button, little chicken, and don't you forget that," said the button man, "here it is, and a pretty one, too. Now stop crying, and take this other one for yourself. There."

"All the girls are for Harrison," said the old button man as the little girl ran off. "Women are, too, no matter what age they are. Queer? Oh, I don't think so. I've lived a long time, my sakes, and I've got a wife and women myself, and raised three girls. I ought to know. Women, you know, get an idea in their heads, and they can't get it out as long as they live. Now, when the war broke out, the hull North yelled that the rebels was all Democrats, and all Democrats was rebels. The women got that idea in their heads, and they kept it into 'em for four long years. They ain't never forgot it, an' they never will. Why, sir, I went all through the war, sir, and fought for the Union like a man and a patriot. Some blamed rebel shot that finger off at Gettysburg, see? But I've voted Democratic all the time, and, in spite of my war record, whenever my wife's got mad for nigh thirty years, she's said, 'Oh, but you're nothin' but a rebel any how.' So the women is Republican, an' they always will be till all that remembers war times is dead and their daughters who they've taught is dead, too.

"Girls for 'em, sir, girls, sir, every one! 'em is Republican because their ma's taught 'em to be, and some is Republican for other reasons. The girls nowadays is different from what they used to be. They won't wash dishes and sweep. They've got to dress up every afternoon and read novels and play the pianny. If they've got to make their own livin', by gosh, they think it's more respectable (God help 'em) to stand in a store than to do sewin' and cookin'. Now, they've got the idee that it's the respectable thing to be a Republican. They're like these dudes that vote Republican because all the gentlemen, by gosh, votes Republican, and the cruisers and Beefeaters swells are Democrats. At least that's what they say. Now, the girls is the same way. It's proper to be Republicans and despise the Democrats. So they shouts for Harrison and adores Blaine 'jes' the same as if it made any difference what they thought.

"There's big business in it with the girls. You wouldn't think an old hat like me sells buttons I sell is for the girls. All those little silk and enamel affairs are mighty pretty and the girls likes to wear 'em.

"There's another reason why some women are shoutin' for Harrison. You couldn't guess what it is if you was to guess all day. A pretty young woman with a bang o' style and a bustle—oh, Lord, what a bustle—and diamonds and snappy black eyes, got out of a carriage last week and went into a millinner store. She stopped by me and says, 'I want the handsomest and most expensive button you've got,' says. 'Cleveland button, ma'am?' I said it jes' to tease her, you know, for I knowed she wanted a Harrison because she was a woman. But what she said surprised me. Says she, spiteful like:

"'Cleveland button? No, sir. Do you s'pose I'm our nutin' back that Mrs. Cleveland into the White House? Why, she ain't half so good-lookin' as—as lots of other women, and yet the newspapers won't talk about anyone out her as long as she's in the White House. Gimme a Harrison button, sir.'

"I was so clean knocked out I couldn't say a word, and absent-minded like I changed 75 cents for a 20-cent button, and she paid it too.

"What will you do when it is over?"

"Well, sir, I'll have worked my stock down to most nothin' by election day, and then wait to see who gits it. Then I go into the picture business, sellin' the new President and Vice-President. I can work off the hull stock left, too—leastways those of the side that wins. The women come out strong after election, and buys buttons jes' for jubilee. Oftentimes, too, you can sell quite a lot of the buttons of the man that gets licked. The folks that voted for him and feel awful bad ne didn't get there, buy his buttons to keep to remember him by. See the pictur business is the big one right after election. Everybody buys pictures. They want to hang 'em up in their houses for a week or two to rejoice over if they voted for the lucky man. A good many of the other side buys pictures of the new Presidents, too, jes' because they're good Americans and citizens, and want to show that, by gosh, whoever wins, they give up gracefully to the majority, and are in fur the hull country. There's a heap o' patriotism lying round loose among the masses, young man, that the political bosses don't dream about, and don't you forgit it."

"What'll you do after the picture business drops flat?"

"Oh, I'll go back to sellin' garters and shoe strings, and fancy toys, and gim cracks, same as I've done ever since the war," said the old man, sadly. "There ain't much money in it, but it's a livin' for me and the old woman, and the gals is in stores and takes care o' themselves. But I'm better off this winter 'n for four years back. I calculate to have a clean $100 saved up when the excitement's over, and that'll let me lay off at home and nurse the rheumatism on very nasty days during the winter, and will carry us along very well toward summer. I'm gettin' very old now, and—and perhaps I won't have another winter after this un. I'm 72. By gosh, I almost hope I won't. Seventy odd years o' sech a life as I've led is most enough. Button, sir? Cleveland straight—her you are—ten cents. Oh, I knowed you was a Cleveland man by the cut o' your jib. Thank you, sir. May the best man win! Harrison for you, sir? Five cents. Thanks."

"Have a drink?" said the newspaper man.

"God bless you," said the old man, feebingly. "I promised the old woman ten years ago I wouldn't spend a penny for drink an' I never have. But I'm half dead for a mug o' whiskey, and if you pay for it, thank you kindly. Whiskey ruined me in the beginning of my life, young man. That's the reason I'm selling buttons. Look out for it."

TWO COURT MARTIAL CASES.

Gen. Schofield's Reprimands of Lieut.-Col. G. A. Forsyth and Lieut. A. T. Dean.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Col. Compton's regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, is just now having more than its average share of unpleasant celebrity through the conduct of two of its officers. One of these is its second highest in command, Lieut.-Col. and Brevet Brig.-Gen. George A. Forsyth, well known as one of the active and zealous young staff officers of Gen. Sheridan in the latter part of the war and in years succeeding. He was tried by court martial last summer in Arizona on charges of conduct "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline" and "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and also on the charge of presenting or causing to be presented false and fraudulent claims against the United States. Of these charges he was found guilty. There were four specifications setting forth fraudulent duplication of his pay accounts, and on all these he was also found guilty. There was another charging him with borrowing money of an enlisted man of his regiment without giving security, and there were other specifications involving indebtedness to various persons, of which he was found guilty. But, in view of his gallantry in the war and on a recommendation for mercy from all the members of the court and the several reviewing authorities, President Cleveland modified the sentence of dismissal to a reprimand, with suspension from command, duty, rank, and promotion for three years upon half pay. This reprimand has just been administered by Gen. Schofield, commanding the army, and it does not fail to recognize the gravity of the offence:

> The case of Lieut.-Col. G. A. Forsyth should be a warning example to all young officers. A short career, characterized by conspicuous bravery, was followed by a long career characterized by insane pursuit of wealth, culminating in conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman so dishonorable and so ingrious to the military service that it has required the most generous exercise of executive clemency to save this officer from extreme disgrace. If officers of the army will be compelled to rely upon their pay as the sufficient means provided for their support, devoting themselves to their military duties, they will avoid the disaster which so often follows a purely pursuit of money, preserve their own honor, and reflect credit upon the military service.

In this reprimand the contrast made between the short career of bravery and the long subsequent career thus characterized becomes the more remarkable on reflecting that Col. Forsyth not only remained on the staff of Gen. Sheridan until 1881, but was again appointed aide to the Lieutenant-General in 1878, and so remained until 1881.

The other reprimand is delivered in the case of Lieut. Alexander T. Dean, who was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. The specifications set forth that while under the influence of liquor he used vulgar, abusive, and disrespectful language concerning his commanding officer, Major Henry E. Noyes, threatening to kill him should he ever be the cause of his (Dean's) dismissal from the service, and also to disgrace a member of the family of the Major if the latter did not restore him to the command of his men. The bravery of the accused in the war was proved of great service to him, since the sentence of dismissal was followed by a recommendation of clemency from a majority of the court, and accordingly the President modified the sentence to a reprimand, with suspension from rank and duty on half pay, and confinement within the military bounds prescribed by his company for a period of six months. The reprimand from Gen. Schofield takes this form:

> This is the third time in his short service of eight years that Lieut. Alex. T. Dean has been tried by court martial and convicted of gross offences. Executive clemency has saved him from the extreme penalty prescribed by law for his last offences. But the claim which he has brought upon his character cannot be removed except by complete reformation in his conduct, by assiduous cultivation of the traits of character which become an officer and a gentleman, and by subordination, obedience, and respect for superior authority which are indispensable qualities of a true soldier without which even bravery in battle cannot save him from ultimate disgrace and ruin.

These reprimands indicate that Gen. Schofield fully appreciates the character of the offences in the two cases. Lieut.-Col. Forsyth's conduct has already cost him one chance for promotion, since he was the senior cavalry officer of his grade, and would now have succeeded to the command of the Second Cavalry in place of Col. Sweitzer, who has just retired.

GOOD EVENING, MRS. KIMBALL!

Mr. Kimball Said he Was Going Out of Town, but he Didn't Go.

About midnight on Tuesday a gentleman and a fashionably dressed lady sat over oysters and wine in the rear of a popular Twenty-third street restaurant. Across the aisle was a solitary SUN reporter, a fact that is of no consequence except that by being there he witnessed a suggestive incident. The luncheon was well under way of disappearance when a man entered the restaurant and stalked gloomily up the room. To the ordinary observer he looked inoffensive enough; his gloom might have been nothing worse than the result of hunger or a stomach ache, but there was something about him that appalled the gentleman at the table. He turned several colors in a second, and finally became as deathly pale as the last oyster on his plate. The newcomer paused a few feet from the table, and remarked in a steady but low tone:

"Good evening, Mrs. Kimball."

Neither of the persons at the table stirred. After a slight pause the speaker repeated, "Good evening, Mrs. Kimball!" very loudly. The man at the table gave one scared glance at the intruder, and resumed the contemplation of his oyster. The woman looked up at the ceiling and nibbled at an olive.

"Good evening, Mrs. Kimball."

There was no mistaking that. It could have been heard half way across Madison square. The woman turned her head contemptuously and stared at the man who had addressed her, and then continued to nibble the olive. Her companion did not raise his eye. The invader turned on his heel and stalked out into the cold, but as he passed the cashier's desk he said:

"I want to explain that Mrs. Kimball and I were both going out of town this evening, but it so happened that I didn't go."

"There is no nonsense about that," said the cashier sadly to the reporter, a few minutes later; "it means a divorce suit."

More Points for Truckmen.

Here is some more information for the truckmen:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1888.

William E. Kirne, Esq., 301 Bowery, city.

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 2d of November, I beg leave to state that for some time immemorial the truckmen of the city of New York have been in the habit of storing their trucks in the streets opposite their residence. This privilege was one of custom and not of law. Advantage was taken of this fact by residents of Brooklyn and Jersey City to leave their trucks in the streets, so that I was informed by the police when I came into office that over 300 trucks were thus standing in the streets, preventing the work of cleaning and obstructing public travel. The Truckmasters' Association themselves objected to the storage of these outside trucks, and they asked me to cooperate with them in securing the passage of a law granting them the privilege of keeping trucks in the street, and prohibiting all others but residents from enjoying this privilege. Cooperated with them in securing the passage of a satisfactory law, which gives power to the Common Council with the approval of the Mayor, to authorize the owners of vehicles to keep them in the streets overnight, but not during the day. This law is perfectly satisfactory to the truckmen, and the permits are now being issued as rapidly as they can be prepared.

In the meantime I was informed that the police, who oppose my reelection, were notifying truckmen to remove their vehicles from the street. Thereupon I addressed a letter to the Police Commissioners, and in fact several letters relative to them not interfere with the trucks of any body in the streets until the permits had been issued, and I was assured by the Commissioners that the request would be observed.

You will perceive, therefore, that everything has been done in the power of the Mayor to protect the truckmen in the enjoyment of the rights which they have exercised for more than a generation, and that any attempt on the part of the police to interfere with the truckmen pending the issuing of permits is directly contrary to the wishes and request of the Mayor. Yours respectfully,

ABRAM S. HEWITT, Mayor.

A HEARSE DRIVER TALKS.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS THAT COME TO HIS NOTICE.

What People Do When They Encounter a Funeral Procession—Some Cross Themselves, Some Turn and Walk the Other Way, and Hardly Any will Walk Between the Carriages—Married in an Undertaker's Shop—Bothered by Women.

The crude and absurd superstitions of the dark ages have by no means fallen into incuous desuetude amid the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and every day some evidence may be seen among the most cultured and advanced people of their fealty to the old-time faith in good and bad omens. Who ever heard of a wedding on Friday, and yet Friday may be as bright and warm and fair as a bride's heart could desire. Who had not rather find a four-leaved clover than a clover with three leaves. How many people enjoy being the thirteenth member of a banquet, though the famous Thirteen Club have proved the fallacy of death or any misfortune falling upon the person who enjoys that distinction. How many people like to enter upon a new career or begin an important piece of work on a Friday, even though the immortal Columbus did set sail upon his memorable voyage on one Friday and discovered the wonderful new world on another. How many ladies will stoop and pick up a pin in the street with delicately gloved hands if the head is toward them, or if being obliged to return for something forgotten after leaving the house will sit down for a minute before they go again. The most skeptical disbeliever enjoys seeing the new moon over his right shoulder better than his left.

But of all superstitions, those pertaining to the burial of the dead are most numerous and inconsistent. The writer interviewed a city hearse driver on the subject, and elicited some curious information concerning the unaccountable things people do when they see a funeral procession en route for the cemetery. This driver was a gray-haired son of Erin in a dusty suit of professional black and a faded black Derby, and with an equally rusty and professionally dole ul expression of countenance on his rough, red face, beneath which there lurked a merry twinkle in the shrewd gray eyes and a droll twitch in the corners o' the mouth.

"My friend, how long have you been engaged in this extremely hilarious profession?"

"Nigh on to fourteen years," with a tip of the faded hat.

"And doesn't it make you feel serious to be driving dead men and women about the city all the time?"

"Indeed, no; not half so serious as it would to be driving live men about who are always in the dickens of a hurry to get somewhere before they get somewhere else, and would be worrying about catching trains and boats, and cursing if the carriage was blockaded and a lot of the women! Ah, the dead are spachious; they are easy to please and they give no orders and make no words. I'm as happy with my dead load as a lord, and don't think anything about what I do for them."

"You must see some interesting sights up on your solemn perch?"

"Sure there's plenty to see; but, you know, I'm not always watching out. I am driving the hearse. The strangest thing of all I notice is how many people are afraid to cross a funeral procession. They will wait and wait, in carriages and on foot, until the last coach passes, no matter how long it may be. I drive down town in Chatham street, at the entrance to the bridge, where the biggest crowds of people are, we never have any trouble driving along. The crowd separates and makes a lane down through which every last carriage passes before one of the people dares stir. Could think every coach was loaded with yellow jack, small-pox the way they scatter. It's jolly for us, though. Then a lot of silly old women are afraid to count the carriages in a procession for fear they'll die some time. If there was anything very dangerous in that I guess the undertakers would die a good many times, sometimes women drop dead in the street sometimes they see a procession coming and cross themselves and pray, and men cross themselves, too, only they do it quick and on the sly. Why, I've known women to kneel and cross themselves just going past an undertaker's door, as they thought they had death at ready boxed up in some of the coffins. And some men spit three times, and some take off their hats and keep them off until the procession passes, and others turn and walk with the procession a little ways, and men and women both will cut mighty short corners when they think they are going to meet a funeral, and really I have been scared and trembling, while here I've been drivin' the dead for fourteen years, and haven't died a once, and am as well and happy as an Alderman, with nivar a trouble in the world, barrin' that I'm poor. You don't get any thes drivin' the dead, you know, and they don't pay much, and it's only chance to find their street and number, and help them up the steps along in the edge of the mornin'.

"But women make the most trouble and fuss of all. They must have this, and they will have that, and it everything don't go as they say off they'll go into hysterics, and I'd rather have an army of dead men on my hands than one live woman in a hysteric fit. You never can tell what a woman will do until after she's dead, and then you can depend on her a little. Here was this rich old woman up town, whose husband I buried the other day. Poor man, the doctor was after saying he hadn't a blessed thing the matter with him and he died in sort of a sudden fit of prostration, and I think it was nothing in the world that caused it only livin' with that old parrot of a woman. She had false teeth and false hair and an eye was glass, yet she went mincing and prancing out to her carriage with a lot of lace on, a jingling cut from under her widow's bonnet, and pretending to be that weak she could not stand. But I notice she had strength enough to tell me to be sure and not drive to the cemetery and home again the same way, but to go one way and then drive over so far out of my way to some home another way, for I couldn't follow the carriages home with the hearse, if you please, and the carriages must go home in a different order and by a different way from the one they came in. And then she sat simpering with a nasty little smile on her face, not half bad and no eyes, and a big black-edged handkerchief up to her face with never a tear in her eye.

"Then the other day we had a funeral way down town, where it was so crowded we couldn't have room in front of the house for the hearse, so I drove on a little bit, and my horses stopped in front of the next house, and an old vixen of a woman, with every other tooth in her head gone, and the ones she had as yellow and long as tusks, and she said: 'Ach, now, go way mit dat black vagon. I will not that dead cart haf in front mine house,' and she clinched her fist and jabbered away, but finally said: 'Honey, you needn't worry, the good Lord will let you live as long as ever he can.' You know they think that if a hearse stops in front of a house there will be a funeral there before the year is out. I drove to a church funeral of an old lady once, and when we went to the cemetery somebody in waiting for the carriages I stopped in front of the old lady's house. Before the year was out the old gentleman died, and they all said it was my fault, and that they knew some one would die. Now, that old party was going on 90, and so old and decrepit and mighty disagreeable, I should 'a thought they would 'a been relieved to bury her.

"There's another funny thing women do, and that is they will rent the camp stools that undertakers have on hand for funerals to use at a wedding, and then raise the very old Harry if they are sent there in an undertaker's wagon. I suppose it isn't very cheerful for a bride to see an undertaker's wagon drive up, but some of 'em after they've been married awhile would be glad to see one comin' even if they had to be put in it themselves.

"You would be surprised after all this if I'd tell you some of the queer things people are not afraid to do. I've eventually seen couples married in an undertaker's shop, the coffins all 'round 'em. Nice, sweet girls backing up against a case of coffins, and promising to love and all the rest of it until death, with never a quaver; and I've seen babies christened in an undertaker's store, and those same babies didn't die, but grew up into the sweetest, naughtiest little rascals you ever seen—some of 'em was my own, if you please, and there's nothing dead or slow about them. A queer thing happened once, away up North, where I used to live. The undertaking business isn't what it is here. They only keep a very few coffins on hand, and when any one dies they telegraph for one to be sent on. Well, an old man died out of town, and the old woman drove into town for a coffin. She was a rare one, now. I tell you—a regular nosy. The undertaker had a coffin, and I had he had ordered for some one else, and which was not the right size when it came. He told the old lady she could have it cheap if it would do, but when he came to measure it he knew it was a little too short. That old woman looked it over, and finally said she'd take it home and try it. So I was loaded into her wagon, and she drove off with the undertaker man beside her. I told you in the first place things were not done there as they are here. The man tried and tried to jam that old man's body into the coffin, but no use, it wouldn't go. Finally he went out in the shed and got a buck-saw and came in with it in his hand. He leaned it up against the coffin, out of which the old man's feet stuck straight and stiff, and said: 'I can make him go in there, if you say so.' And the old lady said, grimly, 'I say so,' and then she left. When she came back the old man was in the coffin and the undertaker's man was gone. But just fancy how that old fellow will be after lo kin' stumpin' into Paradise with his feet in his hand. And that makes me think of a jolly spree I had one time with a fine young doctor up that way. We buried a pauper woman one afternoon, and the young doctor was comin' round that night, and he said, still like, showing me the edge of a V in his hand, 'Where did you be buryin' that woman, Dennis?' and I said, 'I'll show you, sir,' and then I had that folded bill in my hand, you see, and at night we stole out to the graveyard and dug her out. We put her clothes back in the coffin, and fixed the grave all up tidy. Then we tied her feet and head together, put her in a bag, and hung her over the doctor's shoulder. We started on the run down a long hill, for the job had been longer than we thought, and it was getting late, and just then the string broke, and out comes one of that woman's feet and give the doctor one under the ear, and before he gets over that out comes the other foot and takes him in the back of the neck as slick as anything, and down he goes, and over and over they roll, the doctor first and the woman after him. When I got there the doctor was trying to tell his feet from the woman's, and to count the stars he saw flying around his head, and wondering how many corpses were after him any way, and if he was dreaming or had 'em again. And that makes me think of another——"

But the reporter had fled.

A SUICIDE AND A COLLISION.

The Steamship City of Chester has a Somewhat Eventful Voyage.

The Inman line steamship City of Chester arrived at her pier yesterday after a somewhat eventful passage from Queenstown whence she sailed a week ago last Thursday. Among the passengers who came on board at Queenstown was Frederick A. Lomas who had a ticket by the second cabin. He had no sooner got over the rail than two Scotland Yard detectives ran him off behind the galley and searched him. They were rough in their treatment of him. He was very much excited by the incident and protested that he had done no crime. After he had gone to his cabin and all the passengers were on board, the detectives came down to the second cabin, took him into a stateroom and searched him more thoroughly than before.

The unfortunate man was entirely frightened out of his wits by this. When supper time came he sat at the forward end of the row of seats on the starboard side of the smoking room attached to the second cabin with head on his hands until all the rest had been to supper. Then the steward went to him.

"Come down to tea," said the steward.

"Oh, then's you, I don't care for any tea," he said, but on being prevailed he went to the table and ate sparingly. At each meal thereafter it was the same way with him. He had to be coaxed to eat. He did not retire to his berth at night, but sat crouched in the same corner of the smoking room all night as well as all day, speaking to no one.

On Sunday when the steward went to him he asked in a whisper what had become of the detectives, and appeared much comforted when told that they had been left in Queenstown.

At midnight on Sunday when the steward turned in the man sat in his corner with his head in his hands. Four hours later an assistant steward tried to open a door leading to some closet, but could not do so. At 6 o'clock the steward was notified. He forced the door open. The door had been blocked by the body of Lomas.

He had taken a piece of stout twine, tied it snugly around his neck, and then, after knotting the ends together, had just enough of a loop to go over the knob on a closet door. He had slipped the loop over and then stretched out as best he could so as to bring his weight on the string.

Next day he was buried with scant ceremony, the sailors say. The officers of the ship to whom a reporter applied said they had been instructed to say nothing about that or any other matter.

After the City of Chester left Quarantine yesterday morning she met a sand sloop, the Onward, bound down for sand. As a sailor said, "the pilot blowed the whistle for the sloop to get out of the way, but she kept right on, and struck us on the port bow."

The sloop lost her bowsprit and mast, and had a hole knocked in her bow, making her almost a complete wreck. The sloop's mast tore about fifty feet of fender rail from the steamer's bow and knocked a big hole in the bow of her port quarter boat. The tug J. T. Pratt towed the wrecked sloop to Stapleton, Staten Island. Under the law steamers are obliged to keep out of the way of sailing vessels. The officers of the steamer declined to talk about the accident. At the office of the company it was given said no one there had heard of any collision.

The ship had high winds and heavy head seas all the way across. Part of the time the weather amounted to a gale. She brought 84 cabin and 348 steerage passengers.

HERR SEIDL RE-ENGAGED.

There Will Be Good Music at the Brighton Next Summer—Improvements Promised.

At the last meeting of the Brighton Beach Railroad Company the reëngagement of Herr Anton Seidl was announced by the committee empowered to make the contract, and the directors voted approval. Herr Seidl will therefore wield the baton at the Brighton Music Hall next summer, beginning with the opening of the hotel and continuing for ten weeks, giving afternoon and evening concerts every day in the week. The contract permits the company to continue the concerts for a longer period if necessary. At the meeting of the directors held on Friday evening it was decided that the arrangements for these concerts should be completed speedily, so that there shall be ample time for improvements to be made. Every effort will be made to make Herr Seidl's engagement as successful in all ways as his fame and that of his orchestra deserve. A competent manager will have charge of the musical interests of the place, and vigilant care will be taken looking to the comfort of the public are being carried into effect now. Changes will be made in the hall whereby the audiences will not be subjected to inconveniences which were noticeable last season. Smokers will be allowed to enjoy their pipes during the bidding only. The seats will be rearranged so that season tickets will be the privilege of reserved seats can be secured. This arrangement will meet with the approval of music lovers who want choice of locality, but could not be sure of it last season, particularly on Saturday and Sunday nights.

Complaint was frequently made last season regarding the presence of children in such numbers and under such lax control as to seriously annoy both the audience and the musicians. This resulted from the fact that no admission fee was charged for them, and the privilege was abused. The low price of admission will be maintained, but it will be required for children as well as adults. This announcement will please at least those persons who proposed among themselves last summer to pay the management twenty-five cents a head for the children who were excluded from the orchestra performances in the evening.

The hall is being painted and otherwise improved, the present mild weather permitting work to be done which would otherwise be deferred until spring. Another year visitors to Brighton will note many improvements, and young people will be particularly delighted with the tennis courts and space for other outdoor games.

Herr Seidl's reëngagement, which is secured on substantially the same basis as his last season's contract, guarantees a successful and highly enjoyable summer at Brighton. The place will be made more accessible to this city by the connection to be formed between the Kings County Elevated road and the Brighton Railroad at Bedford avenue. The two roads are now two blocks apart, but the extension of the elevated road will be accomplished in the spring, and New York passengers will thus be enabled to go direct to Brighton Beach from the bridge, and Brooklyn people will enjoy this advantage with them equally, for until the elevated road was completed they had to go to the station at Prospect Park on the street cars.

Died Two Days After Leaving Sing Sing.

John Murray, a discharged convict, registered at the St. John's lodging house at 1,613 Broadway on Friday night last as John McCann. He was found dead in bed yesterday from gas asphyxiation. The gas cock was one of a kind that can be turned all the way around, and it was wide open. From papers in his pockets it appeared that Murray had been discharged from Sing Sing prison on Thursday last. He had $6.17 in his pockets and an order payable to John Murray for $5, signed by James McIntyre, State agent, Albany.

Firing his Barn and Burning to Death in the Flames.

GREENWOOD, Pa., Nov. 3.—Thomas Silverg of this town, a farmer, aged 35 years, set fire to his barn on Thursday night. While neighbors were hastening to extinguish the flames, and in the presence of his wife and three children, Silverg ran and jumped into the flames and was burned to death. No reason can be given for the farmer's incendiarism and frightful suicide, as he had no trouble, and had attended to his work all day as usual.

Mrs. Porter-Burrall's Dressmaker's Bill.

Justice Barrett of the Supreme Court has granted to Charlotta Helena Bradley, doing business as "Worth & Co." in London, an attachment against the property in this State of Sarah Frederica Porter-Burrall of 35 Eaton square, London, in a suit brought to recover $6,113.30 for dresses, costumes, and hats. The largest item is $47 for a black evening gown. Mrs. Porter-Burrall has been defendant in American courts on other occasions. She claims to own large property in Niagara county.

John F. Lynch's Estate.

Upon the application of William J. Boyhan, filed with Administration Clerk O'Brien, the Surrogate has appointed the Public Administrator administrator of the estate of John F. Lynch. The personality is estimated at $25,000. Mr. Lynch's father and brothers and sisters live in county Westmeath, Ireland.

CRIME GOES UNPUNISHED.

SHAMEFUL AND BLOODY RECORD OF LACKAWANNA COUNTY, PA.

The County is But Ten Years Old, yet Thirty-two of Its People Have Been Murdered, but No One Has Been Hanged.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 3.—Lackawanna county, of which Scranton is the capital, was cut off from Luzerne in August, 1878. Although only a little more than ten years old, thirty-two of its inhabitants have met violent deaths at the hands of their fellows. Not a single one of the murderers has been made to suffer the death penalty for any of these crimes, and the longest term of imprisonment given to any of the murderers was twelve years in the penitentiary, the maximum term for second degree murder in this State. Only five of the many criminals have been convicted of murder in the second degree, and not one of first degree murder. That is the Oyer and Terminer record in the office of the Clerk of the Courts here.

Trials for murder have so often resulted in verdicts either of murder in the second degree or manslaughter that, when a fresh murder case comes before the court, law-abiding citizens are accustomed to predict that the jury will either disagree or bring in a verdict for a lesser crime than the one committed.

The failure of the jury to convict John C. Keegan of murder in the first degree last week is generally declared to be an outrage on justice, and has renewed the public feeling that it is impossible to convict a man of first degree murder in Lackawanna county. Here is the shameful record:

Early in 1879 Thomas McCue, Patrick Langan, and J. J. Costello were indicted for the same murder. The two latter were acquitted, and McCue was convicted of manslaughter. He got six years in the penitentiary. In the same year William Scott was tried for murder, convicted of manslaughter, and got ten years. Thomas Barrett was tried for murder in the same year. He was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to ten years.

In April, 1881, James Mullen was tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter. He got ten years. William Burke, who had the reputation of being the worst bully and ruffian in the county, was tried for a most cold-blooded murder in June, 1881. Burke had been in the habit of terrorizing people wherever he went, and the name of "Billy" Burke grated harshly on the ears of decent people. His crime was as clear a case of first-degree murder as ever was tried, but the jury convicted him only of murder in the second degree. The public indignation over the verdict was at fever heat for several days, and to the present time it is the general belief that the jury's failure to do its whole duty was the means of making murder common in this county. Burke got twelve years. At the same term of court Michael Argoni was tried for murder and acquitted, as was also Ernesto Gennaro. Giovanni Bodchi was convicted of manslaughter at the same term, and got eight years and four months.

In October, 1882, James Conners was tried for the murder of his wife at Providence. Murder was the verdict, the second verdict, and eleven years and eight months the sentence. At the same time J. A. A. Burschell was acquitted of murder.

Charles Lasher was tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter in October, 1883. He got long years and a half. J. Vincent Wilson was indicted for murder the same year. He ran away, and the authorities made no effort to bring him back.

In April, 1884, Peter McGrath was convicted of murder in the second degree and got eleven years and ten months for it. In June of the same year Patrick McManamy was tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter. His sentence was six years and three months. Evan Davis was tried for murder in October, 1884, and convicted of manslaughter. Two years and three months was his sentence.

George Karuth was indicted for murder in April, 1885. He pleaded guilty to manslaughter, and got six years. Patrick Shea was indicted for murder in 1883, and in June, 1885, he was convicted of manslaughter. He got six years. Thomas Manley was tried for murder in June, 1885. The jury disagreed, and he was bailed. In February, 1886, he was acquitted.

George Cuff, in his own house in Carbondale, shot one of his neighbors to death in 1885. They had been playing cards and drinking beer all night. The neighbor got hold of Cuff's watch, and wouldn't give it back, and Cuff flew into a passion, and, rushing into an adjoining room, he got his gun and blew his neighbor's brains out. Cuff's defence was that he did the deed, and it was a pretty clear case of murder in the first degree, but the jury disagreed, and at the next term Cuff pleaded guilty, the Judge fixed the crime as second degree murder, and gave Cuff six years and three months.

In August, 1886, the murdered body of an Italian named Andrea Giacomino was found in a clump of laurels just east of the city. His throat had been cut and his skull crushed. A few weeks afterward Mrs. Bridget Waters, a dissipated woman, swore before a magistrate that she saw Bryan Collins kill the Italian. She swore she got down on her knees and prayed Collins to get down on his knees and promise never to reveal what she had seen him do, but that the dead man's face and the horrible gash in his throat haunted her so that she could not keep the secret. Collins was arrested for the crime, but the Grand Jury ignored the case against him and found a true bill against a young Italian named Angelo Pellegrini. Why the Grand Jury did this has never been made public. When young Guarglia was brought up for trial, after four months of wrongful imprisonment, the District Attorney had not a particle of evidence against him, and the trial jury acquitted him in no time. There was something about the evidence in the handling of that case, and the slayer of Giacomino has never been brought to justice. Mrs. Waters always stuck to her story of the crime.

In January, 1886, Michael was acquitted of murder, as were also John and Winifred McAndrew in the April following.

James W. Baird kept a house of ill repute in Oakford alley, near Centre street. On a Saturday night in August, 1886, some men tried to gain admittance to his place after it had been closed for the night. Two of them went to the back door and started boisterously, and a colored attendant dashed out and pummelled one of them. Half an hour later Baird started to go to a neighboring saloon. In Centre street he was waylaid and left on the pavement with a crushed skull. He died that night. Bernard J. McCabe, John J. Keegan, Peter Fitzpatrick, F. J. Jones, and Frederick Boldenweck were tried for the murder. They were tried in January, 1887, and the jury disagreed, after having been out ninety hours. The defendants were out on bail before the trial, and eventually they were released from bonds, the Court holding that they could not be tried again. The District Attorney went before the Supreme Court with the case, and that court refused to take any action, as there was nothing in it to review, because no result had been reached at the trial. And that was the end of the Baird case. At the same term of court Philip Hughes was acquitted of murder.

James Barrett protected his house on Sport Hill against a lot of drunken men one night, using his rifle to do it. He shot George and Giuseppi Morelli to death, and