HE WAS A QUEER GIANT.

NO WONDER PEOPLE MARVELLED AT THE LATE COL. RUTH GOSHEN.

How He Went About New Jersey—His Power of Lying—The Story of the Scarlet Serpent—The Giant's Birthplace.

COL. Ruth Goshen, Barnum's biggest giant, whose odd funeral, with its attendant difficulties to the undertaker, was recently described in THE SUN, was a picturesque figure during the latter years of his life for miles on every side of New Brunswick. Not only his conspicuous size and his widespread circus reputation, but his remarkable invention when applied to stories of his own adventure, made him a constant topic of conversation.

At home, on his farm at Clyde, he continually had crowds of circus people, showmen, and freaks of all descriptions visiting him. Among these were always sure to be some pretty women, who frequently turned out to be gymnasts, living cannon balls, and bareback riders. Indeed, for several summers the town of Middlebush, near where the Colonel's farm lay, was a sort of training ground for such of these folks as lacked engagements, but desired to keep up their skill and strength for future exhibitions before possible employers.

At first it caused some surprise, not to say dismay, to the quiet neighborhood, whose only occupation was farming, and whose biggest settlement did not boast a store, to see a rosy young woman with streaming hair and tossing skirts, standing upon the back of a horse galloping wildly down the New Brunswick turnpike. And the remarkable agility of Prof. This and Signor That in leaping over a horse without touching it, or leaping from the back of a galloping horse to pick up a handkerchief in the road, excited an admiration in the farmers' boys that resulted in numerous broken limbs before they discovered that they themselves were not built that way. After a while, though, the farmers got used to all that, and, finally, nothing that ever happened under the eye or auspices of Col. Goshen surprised them.

The Colonel's marital adventures were equally a matter of much gossip. He had three wives altogether, every one of whom ran away, and from each of whom he obtained papers of separation or divorce. This became a chestnut, too, after a few years, and had the Colonel announced his marriage to Queen Victoria one day and his divorce from her the next it is probable that the affair would only have caused commonplace gossip. Astonishing things were expected from Col. Goshen. It is probable that a few months of utter calm in his affairs might have produced some sensation.

With all this the people of Middlebush, and its twin community, Clyde, were mightily proud of their big fellow citizen. He was so big that, as a worthy neighbor put it, "though you'd see him every day for ten year, the ne' time you'd clap your eyes on him you'd think all over agin that he was almighty big." It was his custom to ride over the country on fine days and tell yarns to gaping crowds. Then, whenever a fellow citizen happened to drop into a town the Colonel had visited, he at once became a lion and treated the crowd to endless stories of the giant's home life.

On these excursions around the country the big fellow used always to appear in a rig that would have attracted attention in itself for its oddity, but which, as the accompaniment of a man of astonishing appearance, literally dazzled the eyes of beholders. It was a low, wide wagon, with small wheels straddling over a good deal of road, and had a single uncovered seat. It was drawn by two small mules, harnessed with some attempt at display. The Colonel always wore a scarlet plush jacket on these occasions, which served to heighten the effect of his size by rendering him more conspicuous. He wore a black sombrero, with a brim a foot wide, and carried a long-lashed drover's whip, which he used to crack with considerable skill. The seat of the vehicle seemed enormously broad to such a pigmy as the average New Jersey farmer, but Col. Goshen filled it so completely that there was no room left for the tiny, colored boy that invariably accompanied him to tie the mules when the Colonel alighted and do other menial duty. So the diminutive colored boy invariably shared the floor of the wagon with the giant's feet, and kept his seat by clasping both arms around the Colonel's enormous left leg. The show, so made up, caused no end of astonishment wherever it appeared. It was a well-known sight in New Brunswick, and was not unknown in Kingston, Rocky Hill, and even Princeton.

On these driving excursions it was the giant's delight to stop at a country hotel under pretence of giving his mules a rest, and sit down on the porch or in the barroom. He seldom drank. When he did he seemed to know no difference between the finest of apple and the most fiery and disreputable lightning known to Jersey. It was not whiskey the Colonel wanted, it was an opportunity to exercise his powers as a raconteur to an appreciative audience. Around home the people sprinkled too much salt upon his stories to suit the Colonel's taste. They knew him there. But back in the country, seated upon a bench (he couldn't get into the ordinary barroom arm chair), he at once had a score or more of gaping countrymen about him, who paid him the utmost respect, and swallowed his stories whole. Then the Colonel's broad face would beam, his eyes would sparkle, his great arms would gesture with a grace learned in the sawdust ring, and wonderful tales of his gallant exploits on Mexican battlefields, astonishing adventures in Arabia, in Africa, in the wilds of South America, and in foreign courts flowed eloquently from his lips. He told of duels with giants, none of whom was quite as large as he, in which he was always victor. He gave accurate weights and measurements of the arms he had wielded in battlefield and forest. He told astonishing stories of horses of wonderful size that kings sought far and wide for him to ride.

One story, which he told with great effect on many occasions, illustrates the lengths of imagination to which the giant was accustomed to go, and the degree of gullibility which he expected of his audiences.

"When I was in Brazil," he used to begin, with great impressiveness, "the natives used frequently to come in from the swamps with accounts of a wonderful snake which they called the 'scarlet serpent.' He was eight feet long, and of a dazzling red that shone even in the night. He was not poisonous, but almighty dangerous. His eyes were his power. They were large and protruded from his head. Those who had, to their cost, met the serpent's gaze told me that they never could tell the color of the snake's eyes. It was something brilliant and awful—they never could get any further than awful. There they stopped and shuddered. Every one of these men came out of the encounter blind. That was the snake's power. His awful eyes, when once they met other eyes, whether of man or beast, at short range, instantly destroyed the sight. It was thus the snake protected himself and gained his food, for otherwise he was weak.

"At first I doubted the truth of these stories, for, with my exhaustive knowledge of natural history, I had never heard of such power possessed by living thing. But the testimony was so strong that at last I could not doubt. I at once determined to secure a specimen in the interest of science. Talks with the natives convinced me that I would have to undertake the capture single handed. Far from aiding me, they even refused to offer a suggestion, for the superstition existed that the scarlet snake was a god.

"I was undaunted. I sent once to Paris for six pairs of the finest quality of smoked spectacles, to be prepared by special formulæ and measurements, which I furnished. They were to be graded so that the first pair, perceptibly darkened ordinary sunlight and the last pair made day appear like dark night. Armed with these only, I started on my hunt. At last I found the snake. A quarter of a mile away I felt my eyes pain me, and immediately put on the lightest pair of glasses. With these I approached within a few hundred yards, when I was forced to change them for the next darkest pair. So I graded my glasses by my approach, and donned the darkest spectacles when almost within reach.

"The snake was coiled, gazing directly at me. He trembled visibly. He felt that he had met his master. His eyes were golden red. He opened them wider when I was within a few feet, and my own eyes instantly burned sharply. I made a rush at him, intending to seize him and put out his eyes. But as I started he shook and quivered from head to tail, his eyes distended like globes, and I felt to the ground with frightful pains through my head. I dashed my black glasses to the ground. The snake was gone.

"No, gentlemen, I never got the snake. He still destroys sight and happiness in the wilds of Brazil. It was a month before I fully recovered my sight."

With such stories did the giant beguile the hours that must have hung heavy after his retirement from the business of posing and being admired by crowds of circusgoers. He substituted his own stories for those of the inventive circus agent who had sung his praises for thirty years, and found happiness in it. Before his death he became converted, and confessed to his minister that he had told many lies. In spite of his evident sincerity then, however, he insisted to the last upon many stories that appeared to all as preposterous. It is probable that he sincerely believed them himself on account of having told them so many times for effect. He clung to the story that he was born in Jerusalem, and afterward said that he came from the Isle of Man and his relatives were in New Zealand. He probably believed both stories. They had been told by his agents for thirty years. There are people who say he was born in an east side tenement in this city and spent his boyhood loafing in Bowery saloons.

THE BREWERS' SYNDICATE.

Proposing to Invest $50,000,000 and Issue Double as Much Stock.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The *Enquirer* this morning presents some new and interesting matter concerning the operations and the purposes of the English syndicate buying the American breweries.

The letter to a brewer of this city, from the agent of the syndicate in New York, is deeply significant reading, taken in connection with the interview of Mr. Paul Hauck, who states the purposes of the syndicate very succinctly and clarly. According to Mr. Hauck the Englishmen propose to invest $50,000,000, issue watered stock to double or more that amount, go back to London on the heels of flowery prospectuses, dump their holdings into the English market, aroused to an intense degree of expectancy, reap an enormous harvest and retire from the field with their original capital doubled and leave the new purchasers and the American holders of the stock to hold the bag and make what they can.

P. W. J. Hauck, Vice-President of the John Hauck Brewing Company, said: "I not think any syndicate would pay a fair price for our business. They cannot make any offer we would consider, and I think I can speak for half a dozen other breweries in this city. They simply want to share our profits by giving us a one-third interest. Why should we not have our profits all to ourselves? When I say no cash offers have been made us I do have man that they have not made overtures to us. They proposed to buy our entire plant, paying one-half cash, and then form a new corporation, issue stock, and give us stock for the other half of the value of the property, leaving us in charge as managers on a salary. Their process was very simple. We do the work and they get half the profits without doing any work. That offer was made by a party in New York as agent of the so-called English syndicate, but I believe there is a fair proportion of American capitalists in it. There seems to be another syndicate in the field, which is represented by Lawyer Lauterbach of New York. I don't know anything about this syndicate. It may be that both Lauterbach and Reed are acting for the same company, though each agent is acting independently and making his offers as circumstances may seem to warrant.

This English scheme is this: They have a capital of say $50,000,000. With it they will buy all the American breweries they can at the most favorable terms, paying one-half or two-thirds cash; then organize a stock company embracing all these purchases, and issue stock, paying the balance of the purchase price in stock. Now, what is to prevent them from issuing $100,000,000 or $125,000,000 of stock for the $50,000,000 cash really invested? They make the man selling the brewery take this watered stock for the balance due to purchase money, so that the brewer selling for one-half stock and one-half cash really gets but three-quarters of the actual value of his property. After they have bought all they can, and organized a vast corporation with $75,000,000 or $100,000,000 of the stock in their treasury for the $50,000,000 cash expended, the syndicate will return to London, flood the English market with glowing prospectuses of the business, then open their books, as in the case of the Guinness brewery, and the sale will begin. They anticipate, no doubt, such another such crush and just another such rush for stock as in the Guinness brewery, when people trampled over one another in their anxiety to invest. What will be the result? The syndicate stock jumps away above par. The syndicate rakes in maybe $20,000,000, possibly $200,000,000, for their stock, and they are done. They have doubled their capital, perhaps have a few certificates of stock left to keep as souvenirs, and the new purchasers and the American brewers, who hold the balance of the stock, will be left to realize what they can out of the corporation. No doubt, even they will be able to make a little money, but that is neither here nor there. The syndicate does not care a rap whether they make or lose. All it is after is to double its capital, which, if the scheme succeeds, they will be able to do in a couple of years or less."

The syndicate had as little success in St. Louis as in this city. They have made liberal offers—indeed twice the value of the plants—to the Lemp, the Anhauser-Busch and other concerns, but the Anhauser-Busch Company peremptorily declined to have any dealings with them, and the other St. Louis brewers followed suit.

The following letter to a prominent brewer of this city was written on a letter head of Samuel R. MacLean Son & Co., investment bankers and merchants and dealers in all bonds, exchanges, shares, securities, &c., of 39 Broad street, New York, with a foreign office at 133 Cannon street, E. C., London. The letter was mailed in New York and bears date of Feb. 11, inst.

It was evidently a copy taken from an electric-pen-written original and is as follows:

DEAR SIR: Our Mr. MacLean, Sr., has recently returned from our London offices, where he obtained a firm order from rich and influential old clients for the purchase of a well located, successful brewery plant, and with freehold property at any fair, good price, with the old brewery plant preferred to be continued if reasonable terms and conditions (stated herewith) can be mutually agreed upon. As Mr. MacLean now believes this an unusual opportunity for you to negotiate the sale of your brewery at a fair price, to enable either to retire or continue management at a fair salary, backed by a strong party able to make any practical extensions, he requests that you now promptly send him full answers to the following questions required, to wit:

1. When was your business first established, by whom, and with what capital?

2. How many barrels of beer (and ale, or either) you have made each of the years since commencing, up to date, and (about) the price and profit (each) per barrel each year?

3. What has been (about) your annual expenses (total) each year to date?

4. What amount of capital (about) have you added each year to your general business?

5. What is your present valuation of your property and plant (separately), and what the lowest price, with easiest terms of payment for same, are you now willing to have us sell all of yours, that we may negotiate it successfully for usual commission?

6. What (about) was your net profits the last year, with the profits per each other preceding year past since you commenced the business?

7. Can you qualify these answers made by you to the above questions before a notary public now at your place, and furnish an ordinary power of attorney, in name of our Mr. Samuel R. MacLean, good for sixty days or longer time, to enable him to negotiate (after our client's examination) the sale at your above stated price, and advance the incidental expenses (always usual) for the regular professional examinations of the legal and the physical qualities of your property and business, thereby also confirming your statements above as facts, and always required by investing clients, &c.

Your early reply will command our faithful care to this and all business.

On the back of this letter, in lead pencil, was the following:

P. S.—Please keep the within stated letter facts in strictest confidence to and for yourself and own use.

The inclosed "Trust Company" simply enlarges capital with influence for executing general fiscal business and negotiations here and abroad for corporations such as yours.

Mr. Spiegel and another director will resign in favor of new and more active directors from the new shareholders.

The words "inclosed Trust Company" probably refer to some circular that was intended to be sent with the letter, but the envelope contained only the letter, with the pencilled words, as given above.

TWO CHAMPION ATHLETES.

GRAY, THE SHOT PUTTER, AND SCHIFFERSTEIN, THE BROAD JUMPER.

Both Hold the Best Records at Their Specialties—Their Athletic Career—One Born in Canada, the Other in California.

For three or four years past seekers after honors in the athletic field have generally confined themselves to specialties, and with wonderful results, as is instanced in the cases of Page and Baxter, the holders of the best on record at high jumping and pole vaulting respectively. What these men are in these games George R. Gray of the New York Athletic Club is in putting the shot, but, unlike them, Mr. Gray is more than able to hold his own at almost any sport that can be named.

Born in the village of Coldwater, province of Ontario, Canada, of Scotch parents, a trifle over twenty-three years ago, he is the recognized champion of the world at putting the shot and holds records in the United States, Canada, Scotland, England, and Ireland. When but a stripling he could more than hold his own with any of the brawny Scots in the

GEORGE R. GRAY,
Champion Amateur Shot Putter of the World.

vicinity of his own home, and as putting the stone is a distinctive Caledonian sport, it was only natural that the young Scottish-Canadian should become proficient with either stone or shot. The genuine Caledonians scorn a shot, and always decide their contests with stones of certain weight. George could easily vanquish anybody around Coldwater at this game, and, as none of his companions could sprint or jump with him, he was regarded as the champion at any sport. When but 19 years old he went to Toronto and took part in a shot-putting competition. He had hoped to secure a good allowance, but his fame had preceded him, and he found himself opposed to some of the best performers in the province on equal terms. He won, and displayed such splendid style of delivery that Duncan Ross, E. W. Johnston, and other experts who were present picked him out as the coming champion. The Toronto Athletic Club induced Gray to compete under their colors, and that fall, at the Canadian championships, when Queckberner, Lambrecht, and Coudon, the three American giants who had always fought it out among themselves, entered the seven-foot circle, they found that the beardless boy, who weighed scarcely 160 pounds, and who was not much higher than their shoulders, was a shot putter from the woods, and they all had to take a back seat, Gray winning comfortably with a put of 41 feet 5¼ inches. In the year following he did not compete at the championship, but in 1887 he won with a put of 40 feet 6 inches, and again carried off the honors last year with a put of 42 feet. In the American championship in 1887 he was first with 42 feet 3 inches, and again last year with 42 feet 10 inches.

Having won the championship repeatedly, the youthful Canuck hungered for records, and when the New York Athletic Club gave a scratch competition, with a view to record smashing, at their Mott Haven grounds early in 1887, Gray came on and met Coudon, Queckberner, Barry, and Lambrecht. He had beaten the record in practice at home, but the strain incident to the journey, together with the excitement produced by change of scene, prevented his accomplishing his purpose, although he won the event. He remained in the city a week longer and got into perfect condition, and in the presence of W. B. Curtis, George Goldie, and others he beat Frank Lambrecht's record of 43 feet, which had stood for several years. In the spring of last year Gray became a member of the New York Athletic Club, and visited Europe with its team, winning every shot-putting competition he entered and making new records, the most notable being his 34 feet 2 inches with the 26-pound shot at Dunshocklin, Scotland. This was so much superior to any performance ever seen in Great Britain that Gray was heralded as a wonder. J. S. Mitchell, the previously acknowledged champion of Great Britain, was one of Gray's opponents on that occasion. At the Northern Counties' championship meeting at Widner, England, he made an English record with the 16-pound shot, hurling the ball 43 feet 9 inches. At the regular English championship, held at Crewe, on June 30, he was again victorious; but the crowning effort of his tour abroad was made at Ball's Bridge, near Dublin, Ireland, where he put the 16-pound shot 44 feet 9 inches. This is the best on record in any country. On his return to America Gray went to Ontario, and competed at the Parry Sound games, winning the standing broad jump, 100 yards dash, and shot-putting contests. When the New York Athletic Club opened their new grounds at Travers Island last fall Gray made a new American record with the 16-pound shot, putting it 44 feet 5 inches. At Montreal was his next appearance, with the usual result, and later on he won five competitions in one afternoon at Orillia, Ont., putting a 12-pound shot 51 feet 5 inches; a 16-pound shot 39 feet 10 inches; throwing a 56-pound weight 28 feet 10 inches; 100 yards dash, 11¼ seconds, and 220 yards dash 25 seconds.

Mr. Gray's last appearance was at the recent games of the Amateur Athletic Union held at Madison Square Garden, where he made a new record at putting the 24-pound shot.

Gray is a splendidly developed athlete, and is one of the most popular members of the New York Athletic Club. He weighs in condition about 180 pounds, and is 5 feet 10 inches high. When fit he can run 100 yards better than :10¾, and will come pretty close to 10 feet in the standing broad jump.

V. E. Schifferstein of the Olympic Athletic Club, the holder of the best record for broad jumping, is a native of California, being a member of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, one of the most popular organizations west of the Rockies. He is 26 years old, 5 feet 9 inches high, and weighs in condition 145 pounds.

He has been prominent in athletics on the Pacific slope for six years, winning the 100-yard and broad-jump championships of that section repeatedly, running 100 yards in 10 seconds and clearing over 23 feet in the jump. It was at the games of the Olympic Club on Washington's Birthday that he made the phenomenal record of 23 feet 5½ inches in the latter game. This eclipsed the old record of 23 feet 3 inches, made by Malcolm W. Ford of New York at the Brooklyn Athletic Association grounds on Aug. 14, 1886, and stamped the young Californian a phenomenon.

When the reports of Schifferstein's prowess reached the East a year or two ago our boys were wont to remark sarcastically: "Oh, yes, that's another world beater," and intimate that the records were not square and that the races were timed with an eight-day clock. The Olympic Club knew how clever their champion was, and determined last summer to send him East to try conclusions with the flyers at the various championships. Accompanied by his club mate, Purcell, the well-known Irish hurdler and broad jumper, Schifferstein went to St. Louis to attend the Western championship meeting held there under the auspices of the National Association. The famous resolution of Aug. 25 had been passed by the Amateur Union, and it is thought that Schifferstein took part in the St. Louis games unwittingly, not knowing that by so doing he was debarring himself from participating in the big Union championship games at Detroit a week later and other big meetings in the vicinity of New York later on. At any rate, he ran in the 100-yard championship and won in the reported time of 9 4-5 seconds, beating Joe Murphy and others. The fact that Murphy was only beaten three yards in 9 4-5 made Eastern men chary of the time, as the St. Louis man could never beat 10¼, if he could stop a watch at that, and when Schifferstein came to Detroit a few days later he said, "I don't think that time was right; I don't believe I can run that fast." It is said on undoubted authority that the track was down hill and the record was never allowed.

The young Californian was much pained to learn at Detroit that he could not compete in the Union championship. The evening before the games he gave an exhibition of running and jumping to a number of experts. Speaking of this afterward, George Turner of Philadelphia, who has seen Bethune, Johnston, Quirk, Davis, Kittleman, and all the other professionals of note, starting most of the big handicaps in which they participated, said that the Californian was as pretty and speedy a runner as he had ever seen.

At the invitation of the Amateur Union, who deplored the fact that circumstances compelled them to take such a strong stand on their resolution, Schifferstein came to New York. He could not keep in strict training owing to continued bad weather, and spent a goodly portion of his stay here in sightseeing, and went to the Canadian championships at Montreal in bad shape. He was beaten by Fred Westing in the 100 yards and by Alex. Jordan in the broad jump, the latter being decided after dark, lights showing the contestants where to take off. Ten days later, in this city, he convinced everybody that he was an extraordinary athlete by clearing 23 feet 1¼ inches in the broad jump at the autumn games of the Manhattan Athletic Club, beating A. F. Copeland and others.

There is no doubt that he is the best broad jumper now before the public. While East he made a friend of everybody he met, his modest and gentlemanly bearing commending him to all. He is in the employ of a large dry goods house in San Francisco.

V. E. SCHIFFERSTEIN,
Broad Jumper.

CRITICISING SPEED CONTESTS.

A Veteran Stenographer's Views as to the Only Satisfactory Test of Ability.

"There appears to be a good deal of humbug," said an experienced stenographer yesterday, "in the much-advertised speed contests in phonography and typewriting that have afflicted the public of late. The public are told that Mr. Jones of Oshkosh or Miss Brown of New York has taken down 240 words a minute in shorthand, or rattled off 125 words a minute on the typewriter. I have not seen the product of any of these wonderful contests, but a phonographic journal lately circulated what it claimed to be fac-similes of the work done in these contests, and it was gravely conceded that there were anywhere from fifty to sixty-eight per cent. of errors. So far as the typewriting is concerned, the work, according to the fac-simile, was such that no business man would accept it from his typewriter as even a memorandum to be put in his own pocketbook, much less to send it away as a letter or file it in court as a paper in a suit. The fac-simile presented a perfect hodge-podge of words and letters out of alignment and crushed together, or letters written over each other, or words misspelled. The whole effect of the fac-simile was to convey the impression to the mind that a printer's case had been piied. As to the alleged wonderful performances in shorthand, it was conceded by the phonographic *Journal*, that as large a percentage of errors was made in the transcript.

"This is rather amusing to a law reporter, who knows how much trouble he would get into if, in reporting a case in court or before a referee, he should make even one serious error in any number of folios or pages. He is supposed to be absolutely accurate, and his employers, whether in court or before a referee, have the right to expect that he shall be. The amount at stake in a suit, or the life or liberty of a man on trial, may be imperilled by even one serious error in recording the testimony.

"These speed tests are of no practical utility. No stenographer can be properly judged until he is required to take notes in an actual proceeding, where witnesses or lawyers speak as rapidly as they ordinarily do in courts or before referees, and furnish a transcript from that transcript the stenographer can best be judged. I have known stenographers who could take notes that escaped criticism when they were asked to read them aloud, but whose transcripts, owing to the dullness of their understanding, their lack of general education, and their apparently complete ignorance of the subject that they had been reporting, were laughable. A book could be written about the funny blunders that half-educated stenographers make in their transcripts. It may be set down as a fact that a first-class stenographer cannot be too well informed upon any subject, and all first-class stenographers in the city of New York endeavor to improve themselves constantly. Any number of stenographers in and around New York gravely call themselves law stenographers. But lawyers who are afflicted with their transcripts are apt to form a poor opinion of law stenographers in general. There is, perhaps, no higher test of a stenographer's ability in note taking than is presented by an argument in court between distinguished counsel, and before a Judge who likes to take a hand in himself."

A SPEAKING TUBE TO A GRAVE.

Extraordinary Precautions Against the Depredations of Ghouls.

From the Philadelphia Press.

A temporary frame hut, just large enough to hold three men, stands oddly among tombstones in the middle of the little cemetery at Fifty-ninth and Market streets. It rests over the newly made grave in the plot of Solomon B. Fridenberg, the Chestnut street jeweller, containing the body of his son, Mono S. Fridenberg, who died three weeks ago. From one side of the hut protrudes a stovepipe, from which smoke may be seen curling every evening. On the other side is a window in keeping with its size.

The interior shows a stove and a bench, and, protruding through the middle of the floor to the height of four feet, an iron pipe two inches in diameter, in the centre of which is an iron rod of the proper size to be moved easily up and down inside the pipe. Toward evening the superintendent of the graveyard, Charles Kreuger, or his son goes to the hut, and, entering it, builds a fire in the stove.

As soon as the sun is set and darkness is coming on two aged men come to the iron cemetery gate, and, being admitted by them, listen intently. With each movement of the rod there comes a sound like the tap of metal against wood, faint and deadened by distance, and the two men look at each other and decide that the body of young Mr. Fridenberg has not been disturbed.

The test with the sounding rod is repeated hourly through the night and sometimes oftener, with all the reverence such vigilance demands. The arrangement is simply to put beyond possibility the disturbance of the body by grave robbers for the purpose. When the burial took place on Thursday, Feb. 7, all the plans for this method of protection had been made in detail. When the mourners and friends had turned away from the open grave a small wooden box with a hole in the middle was lowered and rested on the lid of the cedar box containing the coffin. Through this hole one end of the iron pipe was placed until it touched the lid, and its opening was thus protected from being stopped up by the earth. Then the grave was filled in to the surface, leaving enough the upper end of the pipe in the coffin with the casket by means of the slender metal sounding rod.

Mr. Fridenberg had already ordered the construction of the hut directly over the grave, where the watchmen might stay, and had a stove put in it to keep them from the cold. The pipe in connection with the coffin was run through the middle of the floor as described. The little building was raised and ready for occupancy by the evening of the funeral day. The sounding rod was inserted that evening and tested by the watchmen in the presence of Mr. Kreuger and Officer Long of the Sixteenth district. It proved thoroughly successful, the taps on the lid of the casket coming to their ears unmistakably, but sounding as though afar off. The night watch and tests have been continued ever since, and will be kept up until there is no fear from ghouls.

The keeper of the graveyard, when asked the necessity of the sounding rod tests, when watchmen remained at the grave through the night, explained it by saying it relieved the young man's family from the fear that robbers might think the body desirable enough to tunnel their way to it. Mr. Fridenberg has even gone further than this. He has specially enjoined the keeper's wife to watch the grave constantly during the day until the extra men came. The graveyard is a very lonely spot at night, being surrounded by open lots.

Some weeks ago, before the burial of young Mr. Fridenberg, Officers Lewis and Long, while patrolling in that locality late at night, saw a man skulking along the cemetery fence and made for him. He fled and gave an alarm which brought two more men over the fence from the graveyard with lanterns and spades. All three escaped. The popular impression of the incident then was that they were after the silver handles on the casket of a gentleman just buried. Again, Keeper Kreuger, going out one morning at daybreak, found by the side of an undisturbed grave a lantern and spade left by a robber who had become alarmed.

Mr. Fridenberg when asked last night concerning the watch at his son's grave, said: "It is simply a precautionary measure that is always taken by my family—nothing more."

TOLD AT THE WAITERS' CLUB.

COMMENT FROM A SKILLED SERVANT.

How Waiters have Waiters to Serve Them at their Club, and How All Hands Feel About It—Amusements, Tips and Salaries.

A HANDSOME young man with wavy jet black hair, swarthy complexion, aristocratic black moustache waxed and curled, and daring black eyes guarded by heavy brows, sat a few nights ago in a finely furnished and frescoed room not far from Madison square. He reclined in a cushioned chair in an abandon which his shapely form made languorous and graceful. His dress suit with a silk-rolled collar was faultless, and his varnished shoes and black stockings were of the fashionable sort. A glass of sparkling wine and a half-emptied bottle were on a table near him. In his right hand, which flashed diamond rays back at the chandelier, he held loosely a Turkish cigarette which now and then he carried lazily to his mouth.

"Make yourself at home, my dear fellow," said he, condescendingly, "and do have a glass of this wine. Curse that waiter! Why doesn't he bring that wine glass? Alphonse!"

A young Frenchman in a white apron and the garb of a waiter appeared at the table and leaned forward obsequiously.

"You're beastly slow," drawled the young man: "I told you to get another wine glass an hour ago. Now hurry up!"

The waiter left quickly, and soon returned with a glass, which he filled from the half-emptied bottle and handed to the guest of the handsome young man in evening dress.

"Where do you get your waiters?" asked the guest. "I should think that a waiter would object to wait on waiters."

"Not at all," said the young man indifferently, "at least not if he is a good waiter. We don't look on our calling as menial, though perhaps you of other professions look at it that way. A man with the spirit of a waiter looks upon his work as business. There are unpleasant things about it, but what business hasn't got its unpleasant features? When my day's work at Delmonico's is over I come round to my club for a pleasant evening just as any man in any profession might do. The same way with that boy Alphonse. He is at his business now, and generally does his work with the true spirit, even though he seemed slow to me a little while ago. The fact that it is a waiters' club that employs him troubles him no more than it troubles you to be bossed in your office by a man who outside is perhaps your intimate friend. You take his hard words as official, not personal. Now, when Alphonse gets through here he'll probably go to his own club if he's got one. No, the true waiter won't make any objections to a clean, pleasant, easy job like this."

"Suppose Alphonse had some personal friend in the club?" asked the guest, smiling.

"Pshaw! make a jot of difference. A waiter's business is to be attentive and respectful to the man he serves. Alphonse would be both toward his friend while he served him, though, perhaps, he'd be a little more familiar toward him than toward others. He could hardly help that. At the same time, if his friend brought a stranger visitor to the club the visitor would never know from Alphonse that he and his host were personal friends. Outside of the club Alphonse and his friend the club member would meet in familiar equality. Perhaps in Alphonse's off hours his friend would bring him as a guest to theatrical events. There Alphonse would be served by the other waiters of the club with professional attention and deference. It's a matter of professional pride, you know, my dear fellow."

"This is a very neat club house" said the guest, "it makes me suspect that waiters make considerably more out of their business than is generally thought."

"You are mistaken. The club is a small expense among many. Do not think that waiters do not eat and drink and play billiards the same as other people. We take much of our pleasure here, and the income goes far toward expenses. Dues are trifling. It is a very cheap luxury, and one that is almost necessary to men who spend their lives viewing the club and social pleasures of the wealthy. We acquire similar tastes without knowing it, and enjoy, I assure you, their gratification. With our knowledge, too, of the inside workings and management of clubs, we are able to do the very best for the smallest money."

"How much do waiters make, any way?"

"Some of us do very well, indeed," said the handsome young man, knowingly. "The regular wages for waiters the land over, in any establishment that professes anything at all, is $25 a month. Not much, you think? Considering the sort of man one must be to get into a first-class house, the pay is paltry. No good up-town restaurant or club will look at an applicant who hasn't a good address, gentlemanly bearing, and at least a common education. Then he must have the best of references, and his chances are much better if he knows a few men of wealth and fashion about town. To get into either the restaurant or café at Delmonico's a waiter must know the three languages well. What are they? Why, English, French, and German, of course. He must speak all three fluently, and with some accuracy. The three languages are almost an essential to a place in any good uptown resort, but Delmonico makes them a cast-iron requisite. No, $25 a month is insignificant."

"But tips must amount to something."

"They do. That is just the scheme the hotel men are working. They insist on the best of help and then make their patrons pay for it. It is the patrons' fault, of course. If people didn't give tips, the hotel folks would about double salaries. But they know that their waiters will fare well, any way. Delmonico's, naturally, is the finest berth that a waiter can get, and the café is about twice as comfortable a place, financially, as the restaurant. Why, at times the waiters there make comfortable livings in tips in the single hour each day from 5 to 6 o'clock. It is then the swells come in, light cigars and cigarettes, and take their before-dinner cocktails. A cocktail costs twenty cents. Five well handled cocktails, a quarter of a dollar, may have been married in Camden each year. Last year the number was 4,900, and of these only about ten per cent. were New Jersey couples.

The case with which a young couple can skip across to Camden is well advertised by dominie's house and be tied up has been demonstrated time and time again through newspaper exposures of marriages of mere children, imbeciles, and runaways. Two Chinamen were recently married there to two Irish lasses, and on another occasion a clergyman wore a thick veil on the face of a negro woman who was about to take a white man as a husband. The business has been so well advertised by the ministers who cleverly insert their residences in the marriage notices in the newspapers that it has attracted trade, and one or two clergymen moved over from Philadelphia and settled near the ferries. One man in particular printed on cards and letter heads a diagram of the river, ferries, and part of Camden indicating the location of his residence, with dotted lines showing the best route to take to reach it. Others made bids for the business, but lately it has become somewhat unpopular, and perhaps four or five Camden ministers enjoy a complete monopoly of the trade. An authority on the subject said yesterday:

"You can put it down as pretty accurate that the average fee paid by Pennsylvania grooms to the Camden ministers is close to $2. I have received all the way from a big copper cent in a nice envelope to a crisp $20 bill, and I am pretty certain that the average is not much below $2. This means that the four or five men who have the bulk of the business realize handsomely on the nearly 400 weddings of Pennsylvania couples they have each month. Say four of them have 300 weddings. That is $600 at least, probably more, or $150 per month apiece, which is not to be sneezed at by clergymen of small salaries."

The new law would doubtless put an end to many of the scandalous marriages that take place in Camden, for the County Clerk's office closes at 5 o'clock at night, and unless he should arrange to keep late hours there could be no midnight elopements to the Gretna Green across the Delaware River.

pression that because he got a job on the avenue he owned the street. No, sir, that story makes me indignant. You'd be astonished to know how many swell people fly in the face of customs and never tip a cent. If they go to a first-class place they get first-class service, nevertheless, sir, unless they run across some small-souled chump such as you've just spoken of. As for five-cent tips, the circumstance I have been speaking of, the twenty-cent cocktails is about the only occasion when such a tip is given, and as I told you, also, it is a big tip for the amount of service involved. I have got as much as $5 for an ordinary small dinner served in the café for two, while I was waiting on numerous others at the same time. I suppose a quarter is the most frequent tip at Delmonico's. We get plenty of tens, too, and frequently a half."

"Is your experience at Delmonico's a fair sample of a waiter's income, tips included?" asked the curious guest.

"Cats! No," replied the handsome young man, lighting a fresh cigarette and again lolling lazily in his chair. "The waiter at Delmonico's is in clover. The Hoffman House café probably comes next in point of desirability. One can take in about $90 a month there, and on rare occasions touch $100. The Brunswick follows with an income of about $70. The general run of the best up-town restaurants is about $60 a month—not so very bad when your living is thrown in."

"How where no tips are allowed?"

"Oh, the clubs pay bigger wages to make up, the same as hotels and restaurants would do if the public didn't pay the difference for them. The majority of good clubs will pay $40 a month—seldom less. A few—the New York Club, for instance—pay $50. The clubs, too, take up annual collections on Christmas for the waiters, and this generally amounts to about $100 apiece. Then the clubs furnish uniforms, which still further advances comparatively the waiter's income. Hotel waiters are obliged to clothe themselves. The American plan hotels, like the Windsor, for instance, pay nothing in tips worth speaking of."

"That sounds very well for you lucky fellows who are fixtures in fashionable up-town resorts," said the waiter's guest. "But how about the rank and file of waiters in restaurants whose patrons do not give tips, and who are not too sure of their situations?"

"Oh, those fellows!" said the handsome young man, as he threw away a half-smoked cigarette and lit a fresh one. "Those fellows! Heaven help 'em! Alphonse!"

The little French waiter appeared.

"Another small bottle of the same, and, Alphonse, don't have it too cold."

A PROCESS OF EVOLUTION.

How My Wonderful Cat Got her Education.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* They tell me that THE SUN prints good stories about animals. I don't quite know if my recital will be classed as good, but the points are strictly true. Those who are interested, like myself, in trained canaries and house cats of fine breed may think it worth reading.

Ordinarily, the average bird and cat cannot dwell together in perfect amity until the cat absorbs the bird. My experience with both pets develops one of the rare exceptions that prove the rule. If there was ever a feline beauty it was Amber. She was a light yellow, semi-Angora, whose silky fur invited protracted caressing. Her favorite nook indoors used to be a broad window seat where the afternoon sun made it warm as toast. Sometimes the shade of this particular window happened to be drawn down when puss wanted a nap, but the fact didn't balk her intentions at all. She got the end of the pendant curtain cord in her teeth, walked leisurely a little distance from the window, where she wound the cord several times around a chair leg. This, of course, pulled the shade out from the window, and puss would leap lightly into her corner and coil down to sleep, apparently little regarding the extraordinary means she took to get there.

Occasionally, as a great favor to me, perhaps, Amber stole softly into my room as I was sitting at the table writing, and, with a premonitory, courteous mewing, vaulted from the carpet to my right shoulder, where she would sit for half an hour blinking down at my work. I used often to hold the centre piece of a barrel head, a broad bit of plank, level with my eyes with both hands, and bade puss jump. Instantly she would crouch low before it, and the next moment land lightly in close proximity to my head. Usually, to make her stand on her hind legs, I had to raise my finger, besides speaking; but holding the board as described I could not "suit the action to the words." Puss probably appreciated my situation, for, holding the plank with her on it, I would simply say "Up!" and, poised nearly five feet from the floor, she would rear back on her haunches, with front paws close together, ears pressed forward, and tail waving to and fro in respectful salutation. Then, with my pet Amber still upright, I would work my grip of the board from its sides to underneath, and, supporting it with the ends of my ten fingers, slowly elevate it high above my head. In this way I have transferred puss to the top of a cupboard or a high shelf, and then rescued her therefrom.

Amber disliked whistling, and showed her aversion in a curious manner. When