GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Why I Was Sent to State Prison and What I Accomplished.

It was the invariable custom of the night watchman of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank at Clio to throw open the front doors and raise the curtains at 7½ o'clock each morning. By that time all the stores were open and the streets full of people. From 7½ to 8 he swept and dusted, and the bells had scarcely struck the latter hour when the bank officials began to arrive. Then the watchman went home, the doors were closed, and at nine the bank was ready for business.

One September morning the cashier, teller, and two of the clerks arrived to find the heavy front doors still closed. Peter, the watchman, had been in service nine years, and this was the first time he had overslept his hour. The grocer on one side and the shoe man on the other had pounded on the bank doors at a quarter to 8, and not receiving any response, were certain that something out of the way had occurred. There were nine of us who entered the bank as the cashier unlocked the doors. The curtains had not yet been raised when we knew that robbery and murder had taken place. When we got the full light we saw Peter lying on his back on the floor outside of the railing. He was fully dressed, and had been struck on the back of the head; and the blow had crushed in the skull. The body was cold, showing that death had occurred some hours before.

Further investigation proved that the door of the vault had been drilled and blown open, and that the bank had been robbed of every dollar of its cash on hand. Taking the loss of bonds, stocks, and cash, the aggregate was about $80,000, about half of which fell upon the bank. Burglar tools, fuse, a flask of powder, and other articles were lying about, and on a desk we found the loaded club which had dealt Peter his death blow. When we came to investigate as to how the robbers had effected an entrance everybody was at sea. They could only have come and gone by the front door. None of the windows had been raised, the back door was heavily barred, and the door leading to the cellar had not been tampered with.

Peter had no key to the lock of the front door. He could open it from the inside, but not from the other. The cashier and bookkeeper, both old and trusted men and stockholders, alone had keys. He must, we concluded, have admitted the robbers to the bank, but the fact of his having been murdered was proof of his integrity. Had he put up a job with them, they would not have finished him off. He was a sharp, shrewd fellow, and what excuse they could have urged to gain admission was beyond our figuring. Detectives were put to work on the case, but not the slightest clue could they get for weeks. It seemed as if the robbers had taken wings as they left the bank. Three months later two men, who were suspected of being "good fellows," were arrested at a point 200 miles away, and in another State, for stealing a horse and buggy. In following up this case to a conviction it was proved that they had arranged to do a bank in a country town, and that the rig had been stolen as a part of the programme. One of the men was recognized as a person seen in our town about the time of our robbery, and the bank people became satisfied that both of them had a hand in the job. They had the goods, and they would have been permitted to drop but for me.

The loss of cash was only about $11,000. About $35,000 in securities belonged to depositors, and the balance was the loss of the bank. None of the securities had been negotiated thus far, and it was my theory that the robbers had them securely hidden away somewhere. While I could not be positive that either of the men arrested for stealing the horse and buggy was the party wanted for our job, two of our citizens were so positive in identifying one of them that I was ready to chance it. The bank had offered a big reward for the arrest of the robbers and murderers, and after due deliberation with myself and several consultations with friends, I determined on a plan. The men had been sent to prison for three years apiece. When arrested they made a fight, and burglars' tools were also found in their possession.

I visited the prison and learned that one had been assigned to the boot and shoe department, while the other had gone to the chair works. I walked through this department and saw him engaged in chair painting. The two were so widely separated that there was no possibility of a meeting except in the chapel on a Sunday. The one in the chair department was the younger by several years.

One day, when I had my plans all laid, I entered a jewelry store in the city from which the men had been sentenced and asked to look at some watches. A tray of them was set out, and I grabbed one of the best and ran out. I could have got clear off as well as not, but my object was to be arrested. On my examination I pleaded guilty and was bound over. When the case came to the higher court a lawyer was assigned me, and had I worked with him the jury would have cleared me. I refused to answer any questions, admitted my guilt, and was regarded by some as light in the head. The jeweller did not desire my conviction, and but for my impudence I should have failed in my purpose. A verdict of guilty was finally reached, and his Honor gave me a year in prison, though I believe he was sorry to suspend sentence in case I broke down and promised reform.

When I arrived at the prison I gave my occupation as a chair finisher, and, to my great satisfaction, I was assigned to that work, and soon found myself alongside the man I was after. He was recognized as the person I knew as Jordon Hatch, No. 2,180. I was down as Charles Merritt, No. 2,185. We were at least thirty feet apart for the first three weeks, and I had been there a full month before we passed a word. Then, as we were carrying some work to the stock room, I got a chance to growl to him:

"I thought the cheap-watch grabbers were used as kitchen mops!"

"He knew, then, as I suspected, what I had been for. The world is in prison a week before his offence is pretty generally known. As we passed again I whispered:

"It's a good thing sometimes to be laid by."

His reply to this was:

"Then don't size me up for a horse thief."

During the next two weeks, owing to the illness of one of the finishers, and the fact that another was pardoned, I got nearer to Hatch. But while I seemed to be utterly indifferent to him, I several times caught him looking me over as if interested. He was very handy, and very tasty with brush and stencils, and as I was equally so it finally came about, after I had been in prison about three months, that we worked side by side at the same platform. There was one overseer for fifteen of us, and we had only to exercise prudence and discretion to be able to communicate in whispers. I carried the idea that I grabbed the watch on purpose to be laid by until the hue and cry over a big job had died out, and by abstaining from asking him any question about his past I gave him no reason to distrust me.

I had been in prison for seven months when I was called to the office one day to see a friend, one of the few who were in the plot. He had called to ask what progress I had made. Upon my return to the shop Hatch was curious to know what had passed, and I informed him that I had got word that a pard of mine who had been in the bank job with me, but who had escaped arrest, had converted our hidden swag to his own use and gone to Europe.

"I'd kill him!" he replied. "My pard hadn't better try that on me!"

"But he may."

"Not this pull. Isn't he here with me?"

It was a month before I made another move. I then feigned sickness and got four days in the hospital, and when I returned to work I had some news for Hatch. It was to the effect that another horse thief, whose name I could not remember, but who was in the shoe department, had been receiving the visits of a lawyer, who was endeavoring to get him a pardon or a new trial.

"The —— he is!" hissed Hatch, jumping to the conclusion I hoped he would.

I purposely prevented any other conversation for several days, but it was plain enough that my shot had told and that my man was greatly worried. I pretended to have no interest in the matter, and one day when opportunity offered he observed:

"I'd give a thousand dollars to get a letter out of here to a certain party."

"Better not try it." I briefly replied, and I let him worry again for a week.

It so happened then that I was detailed to the yard for a couple of days to assist in repiling some lumber, and when I returned I had some gossip for Hatch. It was to the effect that the Governor was being worked for a pardon for one of the shoe men, and it was reported that the lawyer who had the case in hand was to get $10,000 if he was successful. I could not give his name, not having heard it, but ventured the opinion that the man must have rich relatives at work for him.

"Rich ——!" he replied. "He's selling some one out on the quiet!"

It was a week before anything further was said. I had saved my good time and was almost ready to go. Four days before I was granted my liberty Hatch handed me a piece of paper on which he had written about a dozen figures and as many letters of the alphabet, and said:

"It is to my mother. She will understand it. If you can get this out with your mail it to the address on the back, enclosing your own address, you will receive at least $1,000 within a week. That shoe man is my pard. If he is working the Governor it is to beat me. I'll take the chances of trusting you. We were in a big diamond robbery in London last year, and the swag is secreted in New York. If this gets to the old woman she will put it in a safe place."

"But the address is Chicago," I said, as I got a look at it.

"That's all right; she'll understand," he said.

I had a sore finger, and I carried the note out hidden in the rag wrapped around the digit. I went straight to Clio, put the paper in the hands of the bank officers and detectives, and after working over the cipher for three days we were no wiser than at first. The address was, "Mrs. Ann Walsh, Chicago, Ill.," and on the second day after our arrival in Chicago a woman dressed in mourning called at the ladies' window and inquired for the name. We followed her to a saloon and restaurant on State street and discovered that she kept house up stairs, while her son, a young man of about 25, ran the business below. The place was looked upon by the Chicago police as suspicious, and with their aid a search warrant was procured and a search made. In a tin box in an old trunk in the garret we found the securities stolen from the bank at Clio. Jordan Hatch's right name was Billy Walsh, and the woman was his mother and the young man his brother. Both claimed entire ignorance of the securities, proving that Billy had the run of the house when home and that he had every opportunity to bring home and conceal stuff. It was not until after their acquittal that we found the key to the cipher. The note then read:

"Put the swag in a safe place at once. Don't reply to this."

Hatch had promised me a thousand dollars, but he did not mean I should get it. Mother and son both knew he was in prison, but were afraid to visit him for fear of being suspected of having the securities.

Upon leaving prison the men were tried for murder and robbery. They admitted the robbery, but denied the murder. They explained that they knocked on the bank doors, and told Peter that his wife was dying. In his confusion he opened the door and both pushed in, and as he staggered back he fell and hit his head on the tile floor. It had been so long since the murder and their lawyer made such a plausible theory that they were acquitted of murder though doubtless guilty, and sent for fifteen years apiece on the other charge.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

Republicans Who Want a Hall—The Cost of the New Parks.

No liquor man, saloon keeper, brewery owner, or beer collector, will be appointed to the Excise Board on the 1st of May next.

A number of the Republicans who came in on the Harrison wave in November, and who have enjoyed since then their first knowledge of practical politics, have got the notion strongly embedded in their minds that the Republican party can never amount to much in municipal matters till it buys or hires a hall. A number of Democrats who went out on the same wave that carried the Harrison supporters in have arrived at the opinion that they cannot cope successfully with Tammany unless they, too, get a hall. As a matter of fact, the strength of the Tammany organization is due to its system of popular representation, and not to the fact that the members of the Tammany Society happened to own and happen to meet in a building of their own on East Fourteenth street. The Republican County Committee would be, in no sense, a more representative body, because its members happened to own a hall; they would get no more votes on election day, and would succeed in electing no more local candidates than they do now. Tammany Hall, when beaten, has usually been overthrown by some Democratic faction which didn't have either a hall to its name or its name to a hall. On the other hand, Mozart Hall, Apollo Hall, and Irving Hall endured for a time, in opposition to Tammany, and then died.

Undoubtedly the most absurd rumor regarding local political matters which yet marks the record of 1889 is the suggestion that Mayor Grant had offered the position of City Chamberlain to Richard A. Cunningham, President of the New Amsterdam Club, in return for the alliance of the County Democracy at the next election. First, Mayor Grant has made no such offer; second, Mr. Cunningham is not a candidate for the office; third, his business with the city as a contractor makes him ineligible of appointment; fourth, Tammany Hall is seeking no alliance with the County Democracy, but is endeavoring to secure votes enough to be independent of any alliance; fifth, Mr. Cunningham has no authority to pledge the County Democracy; and sixth, finally, Richard Croker will be appointed Chamberlain on May 1, if he will accept the position.

Philip Malone, whose funeral took place from St. Columba's Church on Monday, was not, as has been published, a member of the Tammany Hall organization, but of the Tammany Society. He was a warm personal friend of the late John Kelly. He was a man of strong convictions, great independence, and ample fortune. He was known on the west side as "Counsellor Malone," and by that designation only. Only last week he was appointed referee in three cases by Judge Andrews.

The exact cost of the new parks beyond the Harlem is to be $9,869,276.93, of which, in round numbers, $2,700,000 is for Pelham Bay Park, $2,300,000 for the Bronx Park, and $2,200,000 for the Van Cortlandt Park. The Crotona Park is to cost $1,142,115.75, St. Mary's $500,000, and the Claremont Park about $380,000. The bonds to pay this indebtedness become due in 1929, but the city has the option of "calling" them ten years sooner. The interest is 2½ per cent.

Although there are 8,000 Italian voters in New York, although their number is constantly being augmented by emigration and by naturalization, and although they are so massed in a few localities as to outnumber other voters in these, no Italian has yet presented himself for public office in New York.

The Nineteenth Assembly district, which is known in Tammany circles as "Grant's own," and is the one wherein he resides, and of which he used to be the leader, is being pretty well taken care of politically, more than half of the appointments to office since Jan. 1 having been from this district. Other "Grant's" from the Nineteenth is extremely likely, on May 1, when it is expected William H. Clark, Bourke Cockran's law partner, will be named for Corporation Counsel. For the heavy work of the office, in the way of outside counsel, the aid of these four gentlemen is to be sought: John M. Bowers, Bourke Cockran, Franklin Bartlett, and Delancy Nicoll. Should this programme, as now outlined, be followed, a brilliant administration of the Corporation Counsel's office would result it is believed in Tammany circles, and a decided advantage would accrue to the city in the departure of a number of law clerks, embryo lawyers, and attorneys who have been unable to secure clients, who now prevail in the law department at the expense of the city treasury. The Corporation Counsel who, under the law must be a lawyer himself, and who is paid $1,000 a month for his services, has at present twenty-three assistants. A Democratic official from the city of Buffalo while in town visited the Corporation Counsel's office, and remarked in leaving it that he thought it was a law school, maintained for the benefit of expectant attorneys.

A new apportionment, based upon a new State census, would not be much of a boon to several of the down-town districts. There are five assembly districts between Fourteenth street which have less than 8,000 voters each, and, as it would take an average of 9,000 voters for an Assemblyman, the boundaries of these would have to be increased materially. The districts which would gain are those above Fifty-ninth street. Instead of having four Assemblymen, as now, they would secure ten.

There are six Judges of the City Court, two of whom go out of office on the 1st of January. Of the six Judges, two were chosen as Tammany men, two from Irving Hall, and two from the German Democracy—that is, the nominations were so allotted when made. Political matters are more often brought into view in this court than in other tribunals, for the reason that the Judges themselves have the appointment of clerks and attendants, and this exercise of patronage has involved difficulties in the past. The officials of the Supreme Court are appointed by the County Clerk, and much difficulty is saved in this way. There are usually but three "Part" of the City Court in session, but it requires, it seems, fifteen clerks to do the clerical work required, and the assistance of thirteen attendants is also necessary.

A provision of the Saxton Electoral bill which gives great satisfaction to the election-day workers is the one which permits a voter, on affidavit of his disability, to take with him to the polling place one fellow citizen of his own selection. The very class of persons whose proceedings this bill is believed to reform (the vote sellers) would be just the ones to make the affidavit, and to take in with them to the voting booth the election worker, so that the present secrecy of the ballot would be absolutely destroyed. The man who could not read, read distinctly, or read in English characters, the names of the persons for whom he had to vote, or of the position which they were to fill, would certainly avail himself of the chance which the election worker would be only too glad to utilize and improve.

It is just ten years since such a contest as is promised over the succession of the Commissioner of Public Works took place in this city. Edward Cooper, then Mayor, removed Sidney P. Nichols from the position of Police Commissioner and appointed Charles F. McLean in his place on April 18, 1879. The case was taken to the Supreme Court and ultimately to the Court of Appeals, where the reinstatement of Mr. Nichols was ordered, and he resumed his office on Feb. 7, 1880. The time taken for the controversy was ten months. Should the litigation over the Department of Public Works take as long, the question of Commissioner Smith's retention would not be determined before March, 1890.

THE OLD SETTLER.

He Tells of the Remarkable Conversion of 'Hossyphat Shaddie of Sugar Swamp.

"Th' were a leetle sarcumstance c'nected with me a pullin' the tooth for that sufferin' ol' b'ar, ez I think I tol' ye 'bout the doin' of t'other evenin', w'ich I didn't think of when I tol' ye, 'Squire," said the Old Settler. "I dunno ez I'd ever ha' thunk of it, nuther, if M'riar hadn't ha' said to me, las' night, arter comin' hum f'm hearin' the new dominie f'm Lost Crow Barren, ez had kim over to resky some o' the wanderin' sheep o' Sol's Ridge th't Brother Van Slocum don't seem to hev had no luck a getherin' in—M'riar she says to me, 'It don't seem to me,' says she, 'th't the brothern that's turned loose on the circuits nowadays, to snatch the bran's f'm the burnin',' says she, 'has got the lungs, or kin hammer the poolpit so convincin,' says she, 'ez them th't usety lift the roof an' make the winders rattle w'en I were a gal in Sugar Swamp,' says she.

"'Hain't they, M'riar?' says I.

"'Not be a jugful they hain't,' says she. 'Jis' look at 'Hossyphat Shaddie,' says she. 'The very fust Sunday he opened at the Ridge w'at happened?' says she. 'Meshellam Mosier, who hadn't never sot in meetin' in his life,' says she, 'were fishin' a quarter a mile or better down the creek, an' he overheerd Brother Shaddie a whippin' ol' Satan 'roun' the stump,' says she, 'an' long 'fore the dominie had got half warmed up, at that. Didn't Meshellam turn narvous to wunst?' says she, 'an' didn't he drop his fishpole pooty soon 'cif 'twer hot,' says she, 'an' strike a bee line for the meetin' house? An' didn't the power ketch him in less'n ten minutes arter he got thar?' says she; 'an' the very nex' night didn't he pass 'roun' the c'lection plate 'cif he'd ben doin' of it all his life?' says she. 'An' 'sides that, thar were Gabr'el Stomp o' Fishpole Holler, who were to meetin' that same Sunday,' says she, 'a bein' thar for nuthin' else but to break up the getherin' by gittin' up an' argyin' the p'int,' says she, 'ez he'd done with ev'ry meetin' we'd had for ten year,' says she. 'But 'fore Brother Shaddie had lined half the openin' hymn, "Pinnigon, Inter a cluft o' Dark Despair," the splinters was flyin' ev'ry w'ich way outen the desk,' says she, 'an' a pooty good sized un plinked Gabr'el in the stomach,' says she, 'an' he riz up an' says, 'Yer too many for me, Dominie,' says he; 'yer argyments is the convincest th't I ever see,' says he, 'an' ye went forrid an' jined the mourners,' says M'riar, 'right thar and then,' says she. 'W'at's lackin' nowadays,' says she, 'is more lungs an' a convinciner heft o' jist,' says she. 'If we only had a 'Hossyphat Shaddie now, Silas,' says she, 'the lamp meet hel out to burn long enough for sinners an' the Squire to return,' says she.

"I didn't notice M'riar's sinlwation 'Squire,' said the Old Settler, "but jist smiled an' said, 'Mebbe ye don't know, M'riar,' says I, 'th't if it hadn't ha' ben for me ye wouldn't never ha' had no 'Hossyphat Shaddie on the Sugar Swamp circuit,' says I. 'Mebbe ye don't b'lieve that,' says I.

"'I mowt, if any one else had tol' me,' says M'riar, ruther short like. That riled me a leetle, an' I went off to bed, without satisfyin' her by tellin her how it had kim 'roun' th't if it hadn't ha' been for me Meshellam Mosier mowt na' gone on forever a fishin' on Sunday, an' Gabr'l Stomp mowt na' kep' argyin' doubtfules down, b'gosh, to his ol' day. But w'ile it's on my min', 'Squire, I'll jis' give you the benefit of it 'fore I fergit it.

"I know'd a good many hard uns in Sugar Swamp in my day, but the hardest on 'em were a pussin' baby long side o' 'Hossyphat Shaddie. 'Mongst the ingredients o' his natur' were a p'tic'lar longin' for other peoples' sheep sin' the fall like. He were wuss n the epizooty fer carryin' off hosses, an folks usety look at their sheep in the spring an' say: 'Well, th'll be a good crop o' mution this year, if the ch'ry or 'Hossyphat Shaddie don't git mongst the pastur's.' Ez fer chickens, ev'rybody had a sure cure for 'em, but the p'ints w'ich folks ud save 'em f'm 'Hossyphat. He were p'tic'lar sot agin' meetin's and dominies, an' he'd go twenty miles afoot to 'bust up a getherin'. Wunst th' were a well-meanin' but a leetle too pushin' a dominie sent to hold a few meetin's in the schoolhouse at Wild Gander Ridge. He made th' a talk from the intexts, 'Lo! he hides his face, whatever his mowt meet a feller, an' one day he got inter Balaam Pooler's tavern, 'Hossyphat Shaddie had happened to drop in f'm the woods that day, an' were at Balaam's. The dominie had heerd o' Hossyphat, o' course, but didn't know him f'm a side o' so leather. 'Hossyphat Shaddie' are a p'ticular ornamented a lecturer on the workin' o' miracles. Now if th' were one thing th't 'Hossyphat were strong agin it were them. The dominie hadn't said many words 'fore 'Hossyphat he growled out th't he'd better shet his trap, for ez fer him he wun't baby enough to take any stock in miracles.

"'That's 'cause ye don't know w'at a miracle is, brother,' said the dominie, peaceful 'an calm ez a raisin' o' dough.

"'Yes, I do,' says 'Hossyphat, taking holt o' the dominie. 'I'm agointer set you onter the stove, an' it won't don' n scorteh you, hotter th'n it be a-ter make the bigger a fool o' ye,' says he.

"'An' 'fore anybody k'd stop him, 'Hossyphat sot the dominie plumb on the stove, an' ez th' were a good deal o' hollerin' an' scorfchin', 'Hossyphat stuck to it, b'gosh, th't he had the best o' the argyment.

"'Now, Sqire, I skeer me with none o' yer talkin' 'bout miracles,' says he. 'D'ye want to know w'at'll make me b'lieve in 'em?' says he. 'Well, I'll tell ye. Sometime w'en I'm fightin' a pa'inter,' says he, 'an' it makes a spring for me, an' w'ile it's a-comin' like a gale o' wind sqoar' fer my wizzen,' says he, 'I stands ties its sinews fer an' fastes dem 'fore it comes, an' it can't onen 'em,' says he, 'then I'll kinder think therz a miracle workin' 'roun' in them parts o' the woods, an' I'll knock under,' he says. 'But th' hain't nuthin' short o' that'll make me do it, though, an' I'll bet a mule ag'in a bushel o' hyna books on it,' says he.

"So, of course, arter that, the 'Hossyphat up to hev a stormy passage through this vale o' tears, an' to hev an everlastin' sizzlin' an' frizzlin' time arter he were yanked over Jurdan. But nuthin bothered him. The spring o' '40, time I were sap b'lin' an' done the favor fer the ol' bar with the toothache, ez I tol' ye, 'Hossyphat Shaddie' from the Nineteenth is extremely likely, on May 1, when it is expected William H. Clark, Bourke Cockran's law partner, will be named for Corporation Counsel. For the heavy work of the office, in the way of outside counsel, the aid of these four gentlemen is to be sought: John M. Bowers, Bourke Cockran, Franklin Bartlett, and Delancy Nicoll. Should this programme, as now outlined, be followed, a brilliant administration of the Corporation Counsel's office would result it is believed in Tammany circles, and a decided advantage would accrue to the city in the departure of a number of law clerks, embryo lawyers, and attorneys who have been unable to secure clients, who now prevail in the law department at the expense of the city treasury. The Corporation Counsel who, under the law must be a lawyer himself, and who is paid $1,000 a month for his services, has at present twenty-three assistants. A Democratic official from the city of Buffalo while in town visited the Corporation Counsel's office, and remarked in leaving it that he thought it was a law school, maintained for the benefit of expectant attorneys.

ENCOUNTERED SNAGS.

Boys' Clubs Seem to Do Well in Some Towns, but Norwich is No Place for One.

NORWICH, April 6.—Several months ago a mild-mannered, gentle Christian came to this city and founded a "Boys' Club." He had organized similar clubs in all the principal cities of the State, in Hartford, New Haven, New Britain, New London, and Meriden, and all of them did well. The Boys' Club in Norwich has encountered snags.

The gentle founder opened a spacious hall in the Ripley block, on Market street, and the small boy of Norwich was invited to come in, make himself at home, and be sociable. A Superintendent, Mr. Greenman, was appointed; all the good people of the town took an interest in the undertaking, and the future looked bright. The founder then went away to found other Boys' Clubs in other towns.

The hall on Market street was furnished with chairs, a library, and sawdust on the floor—an essential precaution, that sawdust. The purpose of the enterprise, which was a worthy one, was to allure the small boy of Norwich away from the street and other haunts of wickedness at night; bring him under the wing of the "Christian graces;" teach him goodness, contriteness, godliness, and cleanliness; train him up as he ought to go, and make a man of him in time. Unfortunately the promoters of the club were unacquainted with the small boy of this town. The club has not been an unalloyed success, though it has approached very closely what its managers called a howling one. At the outset, for a brief period, the moral industry was conducted by the superintendent; later it was run by the boys, and for weeks the management has oscillated, according as the boys or the superintendent were on top or underneath in the sawdust.

For three months there has been a free show each evening with standing room only for those who were remarkably sure on their feet, and the performance has been the same each evening. It was entitled: "Knocking the Superintendent Out." The first superintendent held his own very well, but since he resigned his office a superintendent has lasted, as a rule, only about two or three weeks. Such a consumption of superintendents, who are by no means plentiful, specdily produced a shortage in the market, and it has not been easy lately to supply superintendents as fast as the boys used them up.

It was the intention of the good managers of the Boys' Club, so they stated at the outset, to reach the "very worst boys" in Norwich with the new instrument of grace, and that they succeeded. The reaching of some rounds who has visited Ripley Hall on any evening when the worst boys of Norwich were on deck and in a sportive and responsive mood. Usually from 75 to 120 boys congregated nightly at the Boys' Club, and usually they made Rome howl and pandemonium pulsate. To amuse six or ten dozen boys, divert their sinful and corrupting minds, the managers at the start devised a series of exercises, and at long intervals a superintendent was successful in running in a part of an exercise before the boys, who seem to be capable of amusing themselves without much outside assistance, succeeded in getting on top and running the exercise. Several well-known speakers of Norwich, who have learned how to be good and true and desired to instil dewdrops of grace and wisdom into the coming generation, have appeared from time to time before the Boys' Club and essayed the process of instillation, but they never got very far with it; all of them, however, got out of the hall without loss of life and with some of their clothing.

On one evening especially a well-known pious gentleman of this city, a deacon of the Broadway Congregational Church, had his views on moral suasion as an instrument of grace so forcibly wedged into his ribs that he then and there vowed he would not try to do good to the worst boys of Norwich. On that occasion he was quietly standing by the superintendent, who had just come up through great tribulation and sawdust, and he was attempting to carry on a conversation with the superintendent on the "value of a moral example and an exemplary life as a guide to the young." As usual, randomonium ruled with a long and lively sceptre. Finally the disassociated molecules of the prevailing chaos crystallized into a buffet that the gentleman momentarily mistook for a thunderbolt. A bale of hay, recently brought in for one of the club suddenly circulated his way, and it smote him on the right cheek. It circulated with such marked force that it twisted the victim's nose clear around until the tip of it appeared to be peering into the gentleman's left ear with seemingly unnecessary concern.

The effect on the deacon's performance at the Boys' Club has been alluded to as that of "knocking out the superintendent." Sometimes the boys just knocked him out, and at other times, when they were in unusually good spirits, they rolled him in the sawdust and sat on him. The act was always done in good part, but superintendent Greenman noticed that they looked at it in that light. So superintendent after superintendent was retired to the street—"resigned the position," it was termed—and not long ago it seemed improbable that another acrobat could be obtained who was sufficiently fond of ground-and-lofty tumbling to undertake to run the Boys' Club and undertake to continue the work of imparting grace in Ripley Hall. But at the critical moment the managers heard of a young man who had walked from California to Texas, who had ridden steers, broncbos, and other species of wild Western fauna, and they interviewed him, drank with him, and then induced him to go down on Market street and knock the Boys' Club out if he could. But his mission was a failure, a flat one.

The other night a resident who is fond of boys' clubs, and who, more particularly fond of clubs for boys, which is not exactly the same thing, dropped into Ripley Hall at one of the acute moments of intermittent explosion just to see how the Texan was carrying out his contract. He found the superintendent very busy, so busy that he really hadn't time to look up. He had both hands full of business; more explicitly, one hand was full of business and the other was full of hair. The hair belonged to the biggest boy in the assembly, and he was busy also. He was engaged in betting the superintendent in the region of his waistband with both fists, and he, too, was so busy that he didn't look up. All the rest of the Boys' Club were busy; they were howling and kicking against and breaking chairs, all except one young person, and he was a relation of the superintendent. He was busy, though. He was slamming the big boy who was betting the superintendent, suddenly found himself near enough to a settee that was fastened to the floor to seize it. He did so, for he was weakening. But the superintendent, who had just come up through great tribulation and sawdust, and he was attempting to carry on a conversation with the superintendent on the "value of a moral example and an exemplary life as a guide to the young." As usual, randomonium ruled with a long and lively sceptre. Finally the disassociated molecules of the prevailing chaos crystallized into a buffet that the gentleman momentarily mistook for a thunderbolt. A bale of hay, recently brought in for one of the club suddenly circulated his way, and it smote him on the right cheek. It circulated with such marked force that it twisted the victim's nose clear around until the tip of it appeared to be peering into the gentleman's left ear with seemingly unnecessary concern.

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