CUSTOM HOUSE GOSSIP.

THE DEMOCRATS NOW WANT COL. BURT RETAINED.

Col. Erhardt Meets and Greets the Mugwump Naval Officer—The Two Collectors Will See the Naval Parade Together—The Barge Office Will Have Cheerful Visitors, too—Collector Magone Asks that All Hands be Examined on Wednesday.

The singular thing of the week has been a change in sentiment on the part of the Democrats in the service toward Col. Silas W. Burt, the Naval Officer. For several years Col. Burt has not been a shining favorite with the Democrats. Some of the biggest of them thought that the reappointment of Mr. Pearson cleared the slate of any obligation that Mr. Cleveland thought bound him to the Mugwumps. These Democrats objected to the appointment of Col. Burt. He had had five years of the office, from 1878 to 1883, and the Democrats thought it a mistake to give him the place again in 1885. They pointed out that it was one of the easiest and best paid berths at the disposal of the President. They recalled that the Naval Officer gets $8,000 a year and has charge of 200 men, and, moreover, is head of a department without recognized responsibility. The Surveyor of the Port gets the same salary, has 1,200 men to look after, and is hard at work from morning until night. In the opinion of expert Democrats, the Naval Office has been a superfluous bureau. But the unpleasant feeling against Col. Burt has now given place to one of friendly concern in his future. It was announced that this change of spirit came with the statement that Col. Burt would be allowed to serve out his term, which expires next year. The Democrats add that Col. Burt cannot possibly injure them any more, and they are very cordial in their hope that President Harrison will retain him.

It is not believed that Col. Erhardt shares in the new-born enthusiasm for Col. Burt. The new Collector's chilliness was demonstrated in a very quiet yet emphatic way on Saturday. Collector Magone early in the week notified Col. Erhardt that he would be happy to place the revenue cutter Grant at his disposal today if there were no objections from Secretary Windom. Mr. Magone wanted Col. Erhardt and his friends to have a fine opportunity to see the naval parade. Col. Erhardt appreciated the compliment, and on Thursday called on Collector Magone to say so. Col. Burt was with Mr. Magone at the time, and the conversation about the cutter interested him. He intimated that he would like to be one of the party. But as nothing had been heard from Secretary Windom, Col. Erhardt was invited to call on Collector Magone at 12 o'clock Saturday for a final answer. The new Collector was promptly on hand, and by a strange coincidence Col. Burt was again with Collector Magone. Col. Erhardt was then informed that he was welcome to the cutter and that it was at the disposal of himself and his friends. Col. Burt again intimated his desire to be one of the party, and at last said so.

"Let's see," said Col. Erhardt, sotto voce. "How many votes did I get last fall? Seventy-four thousand, wasn't it?"

It was the neatest refusal on record.

Collector Magone will accompany Col. Erhardt and his friends down the bay. Surveyor Beattie has invited his family and friends to see the show from one part of the Barge Office, and Superintendent Whalen and the inspectors and women inspectors and their friends will have the other part of the building. The deputy collectors and their friends have set apart the balcony in front of the Custom House, and will have a fine opportunity to see the Presidential party as it moves up Wall street to the Equitable building.

There is no disposition to force work upon the employees to-day, and to-morrow will be a holiday. Collector Magone has written to Secretary Windom, asking permission to excuse all hands on Wednesday.

The resignation of Edward Hawke, chief clerk and acting deputy collector of Col. Rockwell's division, takes effect to-morrow, and there is a mighty scramble among city Republicans for the place.

The plan now is for Col. Erhardt to call at the Collector's office next Saturday afternoon, say about 4 o'clock, when the deputy collectors will be formally introduced to him. Collector Magone will then say good-by and Col. Erhardt will begin his administration on the Monday morning following.

Appraiser Cooper has not yet made his selections to fill existing vacancies in the Laight street building, and neither has he determined upon any removals just at present.

MISS YOUNG'S ELOPEMENT.

She Returns Heartbroken to Her Mother's House in Flushing.

Miss Lizzie Young eloped on Jan. 7 from her home in Flushing with Temperance Exhorter McComb. They were married in Corona. She has just returned home. She says her husband took her to New York about a month ago, and they lived at 363 First avenue. He earned no money, and she had to work to support him and herself. He refused to allow her to visit her home. Last Monday, however, she heard that her mother was very sick, and she went home. Then she learned, she says, that two days before he had gone to her mother's house and obtained all the jewelry and clothing which she had left behind when she eloped.

She returned to New York, and, she says, found in his pocketbook pawn tickets for the articles. On Tuesday she asked him if she could call on her mother, and he told her if she went she could stay. She did go, and she says she will never live with him again and will discard his name. She appears to be heartbroken.

Two Oklahoma Incidents.

From the Boston Globe.

I met a man to-day from King Fisher, on the west side of the Territory, and he told of a friend of his who bought a $250 horse to carry him twenty-five miles from the line to a point where he wanted to stake a claim. He covered the distance at a breakneck speed, but when he arrived he was astonished to find an old colored man on the claim all saddled and bridled. Of course the old man had come from the bushes, but when the race-horse man demanded to know how he could have got there so soon with only a cow, the answer was:

"Well, boss, you don't know this here cow; she runs like a deer; yes, sah, lak a deer."

A tramp is having a good time this evening. He was a hidden passenger on a south-bound freight train Sunday night. He was not thinking of Oklahoma and its opening the next day, but when the train reached Edmond station he was so overcome by thirst that he could not sleep. He left his hiding place, therefore, and went to the railroad tank for water. Before he succeeded in getting a drink the train pulled out and left him behind. He was soon asleep, however, under a big tree not far from the station. Having retired very late, he was in no haste to rise the next morning, and was still reposing on the green when, as he describes it:

"I got my right eye open and a big whisker headed form got upon my haunches and waited to see his game. It was about 10 o'clock by the sun, and his whiskers says to me says he:

"Have you staked this?"

"Asked what?" I asked myself, and I said to the critter, What?

"Is this your claim? was his next fly.

"Then I felt. I said, I'm an Oklahoma boomer, bank me if I ain't, and I up and said as tough as I could, 'Yes, this is my layout.'

"Then he says: 'You had better sell it to me you ain't got a gun, and can't hold it down.'

"I stuffed him with some crack about my concealed weapons, but he up and offered me $200 to get out. I stood him off, and he squealed. Finally I touched him for $300 in the chilly cash, and I'm paralyzed if he didn't hand it out. I stuffed the wad in my boot and started to walk as fast as I could. Pretty soon I was in Guthrie, and I dusted from that howling swamp in a Pullman, and here I am, and blame it I know what game to play against."

Philanthropist's War on Circus Posters

From the Chicago Tribune.

The solicitous philanthropists of Philadelphia, who under the name of the "Indian Rights Association" have undertaken to look after the moral welfare of the Indians, have extended their fraternal care so as to take in Georgia sisters and the small boys. They have petitioned Indian Commissioner Oberly that the display of circus bills giving highly colored representations of Indians in war paint, representing the scalping of gallant Custer, be kept from the eyes of the average small boy. It is calculated that it will lead him into the study of dime novels and other pernicious and detrimental pursuits, including the purchase of bowie knives and revolvers and the organization of bands of boy scouts and Indian braves. With sublime unconsciousness of the nature of the thing they have requested Mr. Oberly to see if something cannot be done to prevent the distribution of demoralizing posters. The Commissioner has taken the matter under advisement.

He Eloped Disguised as a Woman.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

SANTA CRUZ, April 18.—It has transpired that Mrs. Henry Van Sickle, the beautiful lady who was recently deserted her wealthy but old husband in Santa Cruz a few days ago, eloped with Mr. Anderson of Stockton. Anderson came to Santa Cruz on Sunday, and dressing like a lady, after shaving off his handsome mustache and arriving out in appearances by the use of cosmetics and other articles of a lady's toilet, went to Capitola in a buggy and called on Mrs. Van Sickle, and made plans for the elopement, which was successful next evening.

NEW PHYSIC AND OLD.

Doses that Outraged Taste and Smell, and Did More Harm than Good.

"Do you know," said a druggist on Second avenue, "that physic to-day is a luxury? It is either entirely tasteless or pleasantly flavored and the old abhorrence of medicine has almost passed away. Do you remember the doses our mothers used to give us when you and I were children? Draughts that choked us, pills that nauseated us, and powders that were worse than a surgical operation. I shudder now, even with all these drugs around me, as I think of them. A single tablespoonful of a muddy mixture that was forced down my throat had a worse and more sickening odor than the combined smells of everything in this store. Though the manner in which drugs were administered to children then was enough to throw the little things into convulsions.

"There was the Gregory powder, for instance. An excellent medicine if it could have been at once deposited, without any intermediate stages of travel, in the place where it was expected to do the most good. But the human anatomy did not admit of that then any more than it does now, and no maternal solicitude or doctor's science could disguise the taste of that awful dose, or smuggle it into the stomach without wrenching and distracting every fibre of the system. Those were the days when every mother thought she knew more about the management of sick children than her neighbor. My mother was a very wise woman, but I think that much learning had made her mad, for she gave me the Gregory mixed up with black currant jelly, and I had to eat it out of a saucer with a teaspoon. I generally reproduced the dose in less than a minute after I had swallowed the last spoonful, but my mother had a theory that if I retained it for thirty seconds its work was accomplished. The lady living next door thought differently, and I have known her to make her boy eat three of the abominable concoctions, each, of course, harder to assimilate than the one preceding it, before she relaxed her efforts to conquer nature, and sent him to bed in disgrace. Even now the sight or smell of black currant jelly makes me shudder. The association of ideas is so strong that I fancy I detect the subtle influence of the Gregory powder impregnating the jam.

"Then there was castor oil, said to be the safest of all medicines for a child to take. With me it was certainly not dangerous, for it invariably acted as its own antidote with such startling rapidity that nobody except my devoted mother cared to stay in the room while I was quaffing it; and she only remained to squeeze my nose during the process of absorption, so that two seeds should not be outraged at once. *O tempora! O mores!* I should have howled, if I had been familiar with the quotation, as a large teacup, filled to the brim with the oleaginous ambre-colored fluid, was placed to my lips, and I was told to clasp my hands behind me, throw my head back, and gulp the down in all its native strength and purity. All other repulsive medicines were administered in the same style and proportions when a child was sick; and when he was not sick he was made so by matutinal doses of brimstone and treacle, supposed at that time to be the sovereign preventatives for all the ills that infantile flesh is heir to.

"When I see the little sugar-coated pills, with all their compressed virtues, that have succeeded the great black or brown drastic monstrosities that did more harm than good thirty years ago, when I sell a box of delicate capsules containing castor oil that may be taken without coming into contact with the organs of taste and leaving a greasy flavor in the mouth for a week, when I deal in drugs that leave no trace behind. I repeat that physic is a luxury, and pharmacy has made vast strides forward in the last quarter century."

BEATING A TAVERN.

But It was Clear Waste, for the Bill had Already Been Settled.

One afternoon in 1872 I entered the village of L——, in Missouri, as dead broke as the poorest tramp on the highway. I had already walked thirty miles, and had fifteen more to go before I could hope to find friends and raise money. I had been out with a barn-storming theatrical company, and had got left. Watch, rings, and everything but the clothes in which I stood had already gone, and I knew that I must beat the hotel or take lodgings in a fence corner. I might tell my tale of woe to the landlord in vain. He probably heard a thundred such in the course of the year. Therefore, as I entered the village I determined to give Boniface the grand stand off in good shape. Just before reaching the hotel I picked a child out of the street just in time to save it from being trampled under the feet of a runaway team, but I handed it over to a storekeeper without a dozen words in regard to the incident.

It was a fair village tavern, and I asked for the best room in the house. After a good supper I got half a dozen cigars on tick, and at 10 o'clock went to my room and turned in and slept like a top until an hour before daybreak. Then I got up, quietly dressed myself, and slipped down stairs and out of the front door and started off. After "hoofing it" for about four miles I sat down to rest, and was about ready to move on again when a buggy in which my landlord was seated drove up. I went down into my boots at once, supposing of course, he had followed on to arrest me, but as he drew rein he called out in a cheery voice:

"Ah, good morning. Moving early, I see."

"Y-yes," I stammered.

"You are too modest, young man—altogether too modest."

"You left early to avoid being lionized, I suppose, but it was determined to prove our gratitude. Here, take this."

"Saving for?" I gasped, as he held out four $5."

"For saving the life of my sister's child last evening. They paid your bill after you went to bed, or, rather, there was none to pay. Put this in your pocket."

"But, I——"

"Shut right up! We are not ingrates, and we know a hero when we see one. Jump in and let me drive you over to Tipton, where you can get the train."

And the landlord I had figured to stand off and knock out drove me seven miles over the country and left me with $20 in my pocket!

A REPORTER AS AN EVANGELIST.

He Was Educated For the Ministry, But Took to Drink, and Has Now Reformed.

CHARLESTON, April 28.—Fifteen hundred people assembled in the Grand Opera House here to-day, and were entertained by a sermon for two hours from Henry D. Howren, a newspaper reporter. No preachers were present, but the newspaper men of the city were there in full force, sitting on the stage. Mr. J. A. Moroso, the city editor of the *News and Courier*, introduced Howren to the audience. Howren, who is the son of the oldest Methodist minister in the South, perhaps, spoke for two hours, and made a marked impression. His career is somewhat remarkable. He was born in Florida, and was educated for the ministry by Bishop Pierce of Georgia. While yet under age he was elected to the Florida Legislature in 1880. He came to Charleston a few years later, and was engaged as a reporter by the *News and Courier*. He was a confirmed drunkard, and he drifted around for six or seven years among the newspapers, losing his place as soon as he had got to work. Of late he has spent most of his time in the hospital, having had several narrow escapes from violent death. In his sermon to-day he related his life's history and was frequently applauded.

Howren is one of the few Southern writers who can write the negro dialect, and he will doubtless make his mark, provided that he can keep sober. He said in his address that he took his last drink of whiskey two weeks ago, when the Holy Ghost entered his heart and he obeyed the call to enter the service of God and temperance. A collection was taken up at the close of the sermon, which netted about $60.

She Knew George Washington.

From the Baltimore American.

There is one person living in Fairfax county, Va., to-day who knew and remembers Gen. Washington. Mrs. Sarah M. Sewall is the person referred to. Her father, Capt. John West, was attached to Washington's staff during the Revolution and enjoyed his friendship. As they lived only ten or twelve miles apart, the General would frequently drive to Capt. West's on Saturdays, spend the night, and take the Captain and his little daughter to church in his carriage on Sunday. Mrs. Sewall was born in 1792 and is now 97 years old. Her mental faculties are unimpaired, and she is still able to sew and read, and walks without assistance other than a cane. She has lived all her life within half a mile of her birthplace. She loves to talk of Washington. He used to take her on his knee and tell her stories of the war or hum songs for her amusement. She described his appearance and manner with great minuteness. She is a lady of the highest respectability.

Incidental Utility of the Nose.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Capt. John Nelson of the schooner Occidental, which arrived in port yesterday morning from Humboldt, had a very narrow escape from being washed overboard as his vessel was crossing the Humboldt bar. The seas which break on the bar gave no warning of their approach, and Capt. Nelson, who was standing on the port side of the vessel on the cabin, was struck by one of these seas and swept across the vessel of the cabin, and landed upon the starboard side of the poop deck. He struck on his face and would have been washed overboard but, as he says, for his nose, which caught in a hawser and held him for a second until he caught hold of the rail with his hands.

ANOTHER HANDFUL OF CROOKS.

Brockway Goes His Own Bail and Will Stay Indoors Three Days.

Six crooks were held by Justice O'Reilly at Jefferson Market Court yesterday until after the centennial, on the officers' affidavits that they were suspicious characters. Detective Sergeant Stephen O'Brien arrested Frank White, alias Dutch Harmon, at Sheriff and Rivington streets. Harmon served six years for burglary, and has been out of prison only four months. He demanded an examination this morning. He was told he would have one on May 2.

John Gates of Bridgeport was hauled in by Detective Evanhoe.

"I've committed no offence," he said to Justice O'Reilly. "I was walking on the street when I was arrested."

"I suspect him of being a pickpocket," said Evanhoe. Gates's bail was fixed at $1,500.

Central Office Detectives Handy and Fogarty arraigned John Reilly, a general thief. He went back to the cells with John Murphy of 449 East Fortieth street, a suspected pickpocket, arrested by Detective Hickey.

Policeman Michael J. Rear had Frank Baker of 328 Broome street committed on general principles. John C. Kollell of 80 Cortlandt street caught Frank Curran of Gravesend trying to pin his watch in Church street on Saturday night. Kollell held until Detective Flynn came up. Curran was remanded.

William E. Brockway, the noted counterfeiter, who was committed in default of $1,000 bail on Thursday last by Justice Duffy on a charge of being an habitual criminal, secured his release from the Essex Market prison yesterday. Lawyer Osborne telegraphed $1,000 with the city Chamberlain on Saturday afternoon. "I'm going to lock myself up in a room for three days," said Brockway as he departed.

John O'Connell and James Flam were committed until Friday for examination at the Essex Market Police Court yesterday on charges of being habitual criminals.

ASSORTED SWINDLERS.

Some of the Clever Gentlemen who are Waiting for the Visitors From the Country.

The big scoop net that the police are throwing out to gather in the thieves and disreputable characters who are ready to make prey of our country cousins when they come to town to see the centennial show has not yet been drawn tight upon the bunko sharpers and the petty fakirs.

The bunco workers, jovial chaps who meet you in the street, shake you by the hand, call you by a wrong name, apologize, and when you have told your right name hurry away with it to a confederate, who will rob you gracefully, are first to be avoided.

Another fakir is the worker of the soap game, who lets you, as if by accident, see him tuck a $2 bill into a tiny box and drop it into a bag, but who, when you pick the box out of the bag, shows you that the $2 bill was in the one just alongside it. Still another swindler that the police are after is the man "in hard luck," who will offer to sell you a "genuine $4 meerschaum" pipe to take home to the farm for 50 cents, although you could get it in a store for 5 cents if you only knew it was composition.

The man who has the celebrated Mexican lily seed is expected here with a choice assortment of "only a few more" samples of the packet that you put in water, and which in less than three days will begin to sprout into superb lilies. The seeds will be offered at the great sacrifice of a dollar a packet. But any policeman will know that the dollar packet contains some oats of no appreciable value.

Beware, too, of the well-dressed and foreign man who will hang around ferries and elevated railroad stations, and will offer you an eighteen-karat gold ring for the ridiculous small sum of a quarter because he is on the verge of starvation. The law doesn't take kindly to this method of disposing of brass rings worth five cents a dozen.

MISS DELANO REINSTATED.

The Woman Who Called President Cleveland a Pig Gets Back her Clerkship.

From the Rochester Post-Express.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—Miss Delano of Massachusetts, the Patent Office clerk who was removed last fall by the Democratic Administration because she had the temerity to express her private opinion that the President was a pig, has been reinstated. One by one the mistakes made during the Cleveland administration are being corrected by the new Republican officials. Quite a pathetic incident was manufactured out of the removal of Miss Delano, and for a time she did fair to become a national character.

The Republican organs that first brought out the story of her somewhat forcible expression in regard to the personal character of Grover Cleveland, and her subsequent removal from a comfortable place, where she drew a salary of $1,200 per annum, made the most of their case. They pictured the unfortunate victim of woman's proneness to gossip as a fair young creature just out of her teens, who, on a vacation visit to Washington, had let her indignation at the treatment her giddy tongue was just a trifle too much. Less favored sisters, envious of the young clerk's many favors, maliciously repeated her stinging remark, until it reached the ears of Mrs. Cleveland and her devoted husband, when at once the headsman's axe fell upon the fair neck of the maiden. It was a warning to all Government clerks, no matter how youthful or how handsome, to keep their tongues from wagging.

The truth is that Miss Delano is far from being the thoughtless young creature thus pictured in the public mind. She is rather a woman of mature years, and has been for a long been borne upon the pay rolls of her Uncle Samuel. It was not her youth or beauty that caused the Republicans to reinstate her. They were impelled rather by a strict sense of justice. She undoubtedly was removed because she expressed the opinion that Grover Cleveland was a pig. She was reinstated chiefly for the reason that the Republican officials agree with her.

Rats in the Meal Made him Forget his Bride

From the Chicago Herald.

A dapper young gentleman in a skull cap jumped off a drawing-room car on the 4:38 P. M. train east on the Central yesterday, and went to the candy store in the waiting room and asked for two boxes of caramels. While they were being made ready he noticed the new toy, "Rats in the Meal," and picked one up. The toy is exactly like "Pigs in Clover," except that it is about the size of a watch and the "rats" are live shot. He became very much interested in the game and chased the "rats" around and around for nearly ten minutes. The boxes of candy were ready, but while he had been absorbed the train had moved off.

He was in utter consternation. It transpired that he was recently married and was on his bridal trip. The groom was horrified to find that his bride was on her way to Albany with his hat, overcoat, and belongings. He was at a loss what to do, but finally arranged matters by telegraph with Albany.

Visitors at the Departments.

From the Washington Critic.

Secretaries Blaine, Proctor, and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Reception of all persons not connected with the department at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are Cabinet days, and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the diplomatic corps are exclusively received.

Persons will not be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock each day, unless by card, which will be sent to the captain of the watch, to the chief clerk or to the head of the bureau for which the visit is intended. This rule will not apply to senators, representatives, or heads of Executive departments.

It Has Come to Pass at Last.

From the St. Louis Republic.

TEXARKANA, Ark., April 19.—Somewhat of a local sensation was caused this afternoon by the cutting of a customer's throat by a barber. The barber shop is located in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, Charles Edwards being the proprietor. Charles L. Smithy, a well known business man, went into the shop for a shave and asked that it be done quick. The barber proud of his art, acquiesced, and while he was taking off the last remaining scattering hairs the customer awoke and, thinking alum or bay rum was being applied, straightened suddenly up. The razor was in full service, and by Smithy's action was buried deep in his throat. The windpipe was barely missed, but the injured man is now considered out of danger. Smithy censures only himself, not the barber.

Banished for Attempting Suicide.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

ANDERSON, April 23.—What is believed to be the first instance in this State in which a judicial officer ever pronounced a sentence of exile and banishment occurred this morning in Judge Chilman's court in the case of William Coons, reported in to-day's *Journal* as attempting suicide. He was in jail on the affidavit of his wife, charging him with assault and battery with intent to kill. There was no formal trial, but on promise to leave the State and county he was released. Coons accepted the terms of banishment and left at once, an exile from home and friends.

Eloped to Join the Boomers.

From the Omaha Herald.

An elopement to Oklahoma is the sensation down at North and Texas streets, where Miss Mary Winthrop has deserted the paternal roof to go South with Walter Hanson, a young stonemason. Hanson made love to Mary just four weeks, lacking one of her papa helped her target her baggage out of the house by sleight of hand, and before Winthrop had caught onto the fact had been married and started toward Oklahoma. The father held that the pace was too swift for him, and, returning home, gave it up.

BAPTIZING IN EAST RIVER.

AFRICAN METHODIST CONVERTS FOLLOW THE BAPTIST RITE.

Twenty-three Women and Five Men Led Out Into the Cold Water—A Spectacle that Drew Sightseers by Land and River.

There has been a big revival in the Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church at Bleecker and West Tenth streets for ten weeks past, and the brethren and sisters so deepened and enriched their spiritual experience that many of them went beyond the usual formula of baptism in the M. E. Church and determined to be baptized by immersion, after the fashion of their brethren and sisters in the Baptist Church. Indeed, some of the old members of the church determined to be baptized in Scriptural fashion.

The pastor of the church, the Rev. A. Walters, recently assigned to the church by the Conference, and already popular among the colored population, believes that all converts who desire to be immersed should have the privilege. Accordingly, such converts and church members as desired to be immersed were assembled yesterday in Tucker's bathing pavilion at the foot of East 116th street for the ceremony.

The ceremony was considerably delayed because the separate bathing rooms for women were not ready, and twenty-three women were compelled to prepare themselves in Mr. Tucker's office. In the mean time Mr. Tucker and two policemen had a tough time in trying to restrain the surrounding population from breaking down his high wooden fences in their wild desire to see the immersions. When the force on the inside was at one side of the enclosure a dozen men and hobbledehoy boys dropped over the fence inside on the other side. After playing this game of battledoor and shuttlecock for half an hour most of those outside had got inside. Then there was more trouble in sending away a lot of boys in boats who had rowed into the slip where the ceremony was to be performed. Over 500 persons, white and colored, were in the enclosure.

Finally all was ready, and the twenty-eight brethren and sisters (twenty-three sisters and five brethren), led by the Rev. Mr. Walters and the Rev. William A. Phillips, marched two and two from the bathing house and formed in a long line in front of the building. A cold wind blew from the southwest, but the brethren and sisters seemed not to think of the cold water. Some stood as if in silent meditation, while others continually looked toward heaven and swayed regularly from side to side, as though in a kind of ecstasy.

While standing the Rev. Mr. Phillips read the formula for baptism and prayed. Then the brethren and sisters took up their march to the water. The tide had ebbed and left a short strip of wet beach, and there the brethren and sisters assembled at the water's edge. The sisters wore white gowns, made loose and flowing, while the brethren were clad in black waterproof material from head to foot.

To reach the spot where the water was deep enough for the purpose it was necessary to wade out from shore fifty to sixty feet. Brother Philip Williams, a stalwart brother over six feet tall, took Brother Samuel Thomas Tripp and Brother Cornelius Spofford on either arm and walked slowly out to the Rev. Mr. Walters, who stood waiting for them. The novitiates were turned to face the shore and the throng of people there. Taking a firm grip with his right hand on the sinews of Brother Tripp's waterproof over his stomach, the minister placed his left hand on the brother's shoulders, and, pronouncing the formula, pushed Brother Tripp backward until he was entirely submerged, and then quickly raised him to his feet, with his features somewhat distorted from having taken some salt water into his mouth. Brothers Tripp and Spofford started for shore, and the witnesses waiting for them sang:

Come into de water an' be baptized.

As the song rose and fell on the air the enthusiasm of the brothers and sisters was aroused. Sister Josephine Wilson and Sister Lizzie Harlan entered the water next, and after they had got their breath they jumped up and down, waved their arms wildly toward the sky, cried "Glory be to God," and clapped their hands in ecstasy while they were led to shore. The singers on shore sang:

Hallelujah, tis done
I believe in the Son.
I am saved by the blood
Of the crucified One.

Some of the sisters were young girls, and there was one aunty with gray hair. The sisters seemed to be most affected by the rite. Nearly all went in soberly and solemnly and returned by short jumps to shore, waving their arms and shouting. Occasionally the stalwart Phillips found his task of taking the sisters ashore far from easy. On one trip he had charge of two matronly sisters who became almost hysterical, and each fell upon his shoulders in a state of collapse, so that he had to brace himself like a tower. At the water's edge both the women broke down in a fervent exclamation. It was unfortunate that as the ceremony was coming to a close the tide had so far receded that the white garments of the sisters were besmirched with black ooze when they were lowered below the surface.

After the ceremony the brethren and sisters sang revival songs in the bathing house.

SMALL SHOES FOR HER.

A Trick of the Trade that Gratifies Some Women's Foibles.

From the Shoe and Leather Reporter.

"I want a pair of French kid button boots. Let me see the very best you have."

"This way, please; here they are; made by Ready, Sale & Co.; the very best in the market. What size did you say?"

"I wear threes, sam."

"Ah! here we a-e; now, then. Fits you like a glove. If I had taken your measure I couldn't have done better."

"They seem to be all right. By the way, are these the same make of shoes that Mrs. Lightfoot wears?"

"Well, to tell the truth, no! She always wears a make that costs a dollar a pair more."

"But you said these were the very best."

"For wear and quality—so they are."

"Then why should Mrs. Lightfoot pay a dollar extra for hers?"

"Why, she won't have any other shoe but Fitem & Co.'s, because she can wear a size smaller of theirs than she can of any others."

"Oh! but you really don't mean to say that I could wear a No. 2 of Whats-his-name's make, do you?"

"Certainly you could. You see they have got a designer of patterns who is a perfect genius, and who understands the human foot the same as a schoolmaster does his A B Cs. He explained his system to me one day, and I find he is thoroughly posted. His idea is, in the first place, to abbreviate the longitudinal pressure forward, and then, by propelling the lateral distention sideways, he of course makes the shoe a size shorter than it would have been if he had made it the full length."

"Dear me! How simple that seems. And you are sure I could wear a No. 2 of this make?"

"Positive. Here is a pair. Try them on and see for yourself."

"Why, these are just too nice for anything. They fit perfectly. They ain't a bit tight. Are you sure they are only twos?"

"You can see for yourself. Size mark stamped in plain figures on sole and lining. There it is; size No. 2; width A."

"Well, I'll take this pair, and after this you won't catch me wearing any other make."

This sound like fiction, but it is a literal fact. The conversation took place just as it is written, with the exception of the names. Although the measurements of the woman's foot called for a No. 3, she was fitted perfectly with a No. 2. The explanation is this: There are manufacturers who, when ordering sets of lasts, instruct the sellers to deliver them unstamped. The stamping is done in the shoe factory, each last being marked a half size or a size smaller than it measures. The uppers are numbered to match the lasts, and the deception is complete.

Kentucky Mountaineers' Dialect.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Kentucky mountain vernacular also has peculiarities, which Charles Egbert Craddock did not find or notice in his Tennessee mountaineers. Here a man who wants to say he fired two shots says he shot two shots. The Western expression of getting the drop is never used, the mountaineer saying instead that he "threwed his gun first." The prefixes in and im are not known, an being used instead as "unpossible," for instance. To "miselist" a man is to deceive and ill treat him, and when a man says "his word is his just" he wants to convey the impression that he is speaking as truthfully as if under oath. The queer expressions are so numerous that it is hard to understand all that is said. A dialogue that was a gem in its way was indulged in by two young mountain gallants, one asking: "Is it mojo fur you to see Nance this arternoon?" The answer was: "No; I don't have bound to, but I am to. The man who has knocked on a door, when asked what he wants says: "I want in," and in the same style he would ask a stranger: "How might you call you?" They have no difficulty in understanding each other, however, for English is treated in the same manner by all, and even those who can read and write talk a great deal as do the less learned.

Postponed Their Great Celebration Half a Century.

From the Springfield Republican.

The quaint cluster of Cape Cod towns, including Bennis, Yarmouth, Barnstable, Sandwich, and Bourne, had they been as amicably inclined as such a group should be, might have celebrated their 250th anniversary this summer. But when the question of locating the unique observance came up for discussion there was a feeling of discord, and this week these towns—Bourne and Sandwich excepted—have voted to postpone the celebration another half century.

HELENA'S FIRST HANGING.

An Old Man's Ride Interfered with It, and Came Near Complicating Matters.

"Indirectly and unconsciously, I made the noose with which the first official—or what the law of Judge Lynch called official—hanging was done in Helena, Montana," said a former resident of this city, who was a member of the pioneer corps that made the preliminary survey for the proposed route of the Northern Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains and foot hills. "It was in 1869, and immediately preceding our advent in Helena, the rustlers and 'bad men,' gamblers, miners, trappers, and generally disreputable classes to be found in all Western towns, held full sway there, with only a muttered thunder of possible resentment from those who saw the necessity of insisting upon law and order. Fights and disorder of all kinds were of constant occurrence, the gambling hells, bordy-houses, and other similar establishments through the town, until at last the 'Regulators' had issued orders to these disturbing elements of society to leave at once, or be summarily cleaned out. The climax of the law-abiding citizen's patience was reached about that time through the holding up of the Fort Benton stage coach by a band of road agents. The band was pursued by the Helena Regulators and engaged in a bloody fight, which continued over a distance of eight or ten miles. One of the Regulators was killed during the fight, and several prominent citizens of Helena and thereabouts were seriously wounded. Exactly how disastrous the engagement had been to the road agents was never known, but one of them, and a notorious one, was captured. This was Big Jim Daly, one of the most desperate characters in the region, a former employee on the famous Russell's ranch, known as a terror from South Havitos to Bozeman, and responsible for much of the lawlessness that prevailed in the community. He was shot through both thighs, and, being unable to sit his horse, fell into the hands of the Regulators, although, wounded as he was, he fought like a fiend to the last, requiring the united strength of several men to bind him with a lariat.

"The captured desperado was brought back to the town, where he was charged with his back to a flag pole in front of the International Hotel, the leading hotel of Helena at that time. Many of his sympathizers and friends stood by, looking angry and threatening, with hands and fingers itching to pull triggers, but kept back by fear inspired by the Regulators, and uncertainty as to how many they might really number in their ranks, kept them from taking any overt steps toward release. The Regulators were led by a well-known leader, a man who had stood high in the world, a college graduate, and very wealthy—yet for all that, a rough and tumble, he was a man of stalwart presence, and of grim, determined disposition that was not to be trifled with.

"Before Daly was tied to the flag pole his wounds had been bandaged and the flow of blood checked. Against this he had made a vigorous verbal and physical protest, and he had not been many minutes bound to the flag pole before he mustered to release a hand with which to relieve himself of the bandages on his wounds, and tried to start the blood flowing afresh, his object being to bleed to death and cheat the hangman. But the Judge was on the piazza of the hotel, and saw the outlaw's attempt. He stole over to where the poor devil was, coaxed him into a sitting position against the flag pole, and did something that he could not move, paying not the slightest attention to the murmurs of the angry crowd surrounding.

"It was at this moment that our party of engineers rode up. We were soon made acquainted with the situation. All of the party excepting myself went into the hotel with a detailed explanation, and, after taking a look at the notorious captive, attended to their horses and went into the hotel about their business. I was the youngest of the party, being but little more than a boy, and was full of youthful curiosity. I had a habit when taking to any one of knowing my mind, and, after I had smoked a few cigars, I made up my mind to get out from saloons, the navy, in whose company I was much thrown during the war. While I tied the mules with question-ask-no-lies Daly and his doings, I kept manipulating my lariat in this way, and, as the Judge seemed to be much interested in the knot-tying, I probably did twenty-odd times before I got it perfect and pretty. At last I lost my knot that particularly interested the Judge.

"What do you call that?" said he, interrupting a question I was asking him.

"That's the hangman's noose, I replied.

"The Judge seemed more interested than ever, and, taking the rope, had me show him how to make the knot right there and then. I never for a moment thought that the Judge had any particular reason for wanting to become proficient in tying the hangman's noose, and set to work to teach him. After several essays and trials he was able to tie the knot unassisted, and seemed much pleased at his success. The next morning I found out why the Judge had been so anxious to learn the tying of the hangman's noose, for when the dropped desperado, still strong and defiant, was taken from the flagpole at 9 o'clock and placed in the bottom of a wagon to be carried to the place of execution, the Judge drove a wagon and I had to admit of his riding a bronco, as was the custom—among the articles that accompanied the crowd of Regulators and Daly's leaving friends was the lariat on which was that noose that I had coached the Judge in making.

"Nothing had been hanger yet in Helena and the Judge had determined upon the superiority of a stuffed noose over the rough knot that was usually tied in the end of a rope on occasions of this sort by Regulators, and he had concluded that he would give Helena's first victim in primitive Montana law the benefit of a proper stuffing off. But after making his dispositions for the coming event, the Judge found that the old man was positively averse to intensely dramatic in its denouement. His opinion was an act of tragic heroism that would have been possible nowhere except among those lawless denizens of the Rocky Mountains.

"The crowd that followed the guard of Regulators that escorted Daly to the criminal outlaw's last resting place was made up by gathering friends and sympathizers of Daly's, law-abiding citizens, and strangers within their gates. Among the former was a grim-looking old man, his long gray hair flowing from beneath his broad-brimmed hat, and his gray beard sweeping his breast. His hat was turned up in front, adding to the picturesqueness of his attire. He rode a raw-boned, dejected-looking bronco. Thrown across his arm he carried a rifle with an unusually long barrel. Two big Colts revolvers showed conspicuously in his belt. About three miles out on the trail there was a large scrub-oak tree, whose limb extending out in such suggestive fashion that in passing under it people appreciating the frequent requirements of the region could avoid noticing and commenting on the branch's splendid possibilities.

"Having arrived there, the Judge halted the procession and made a short explanatory speech to the crowd, and, with due regard for ultra-Western law, asked him what he had to say before the final proceedings. Desperately wounded, and despite his sex he was stoic, he only sat staring him in the face, there was no sign of weakening or a trace of fear on Daly's face as he forced himself to a sitting posture in the wagon and in a gruff, strident voice hurled the most terrible imprecations upon the Judge and the Regulators. He ended his tirade by exclaiming:

"Now, you d——d sneaking——, he looked after by my friends, and don't you forget that they'll do it well and quick, and I give you an invite to meet me in hell to-morrow with your show!"

"The Judge started quickly to the side of the wagon, slipped the noose over Daly's head, and gave the other end of the rope to a trusty armed man. The helpless victim was lifted to his feet and held upon each side by a stalwart Regulator.

"Goodby, said the Judge.

"The horses started forward and dragged the wagon from beneath Daly's feet. The noose tightened, but he held and dangling at the end of it the desperate seven and twenty hundred of the men there present were friends of Daly's. But the rope had hardly tightened on the outlaw's neck and swung him from the limbs when both horses and mules, frightened, started off at a gallop, and while I was coaxing the panting animals to a walk the proceedings from beneath the wagon of the hall, throw his long rifle to his shoulder as quick as thought, and as Daly's body spun around face toward him, the loud report of the weapon rang out among the hills. In a few minute movements of the struggling form ceased, and it hung stiff and lifeless at the end of the rope. The old marksman was fully fifty yards from the tree when he fired, but his bullet had been sent straight between Daly's eyes, and ended his misery as one would shoot and end a sick dog. But the old man was not satisfied to let the ends of Montana justice, with the very noose about his neck, hang unchallenged by the guilty. After the Regulators had dispersed of the Judge's instructions as to how they should deal with the man who had flagrantly violated the rules of society, I had to restrain the old man had saved Daly from death by strangling long to meet that fate himself. The Judge turned to the veteran mountaineer,