A NIGHT IN WHITECHAPEL.

THE TRIP OF A NEW YORK REPORTER THROUGH THE LONDON SLUMS.

An Accommodating Police Inspector Violates the Rules for a Consideration—Plenty of Misery and Wretchedness, but Nothing Sensational Seen on the Trip.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—We were given to understand, upon broaching the subject of a tour through Whitechapel at night under the guidance of a police officer, that such a trip could only be arranged with much difficulty and corresponding expense; that the Commissioners had given positive orders to the department under no circumstances to escort strangers into that district, and that for a member of the force to violate this rule would render him liable to immediate dismissal if his offence were discovered. However, our informant knew a man whose wife's brother had a friend who was distantly related in a business way to Scotland Yard, and it was possible that by the use of diplomacy and finesse this friend might be able to induce an officer to take the risk for a proper consideration. The friend succeeded, and an appointment was made for 9 o'clock Saturday night.

The friend was alone when we met him at a station of the underground railroad at the hour appointed, and he informed us that our guide awaited us in Whitechapel, and, moreover, that he was a very famous member of the Criminal Investigation Department. When the friend mentioned the name we were aware that we had fallen into good hands, since Inspector Harris—I may as well call him Harris, as I am ready to swear if necessary that there is no such person—was the one man of all the department who ought to know Whitechapel best, having been born and reared within its confines, and having taken a very prominent part in the non-detection of that distinguished recluse, Jack the Ripper.

Emerging from the underground at the Aldgate station, we came out upon Whitechapel road. This broad thoroughfare runs from Aldgate High street to Mile End, and cannot fail to remind a New Yorker of the Bowery. Like the Bowery, it is brilliantly lighted all night; likewise there is a saloon on every corner, and it is the pleasure ground of pickpockets, thieves, prostitutes, and criminals of all ages, degrees, and previous condition of penal servitude. Like the Bowery, too, it is a dirty channel between dirtier slums, and, like the Bowery, it is livelier by night than by day. At this hour both sidewalks and the pavement swarmed with passengers whose personnel included the lees of London with the dregs of two continents and twoscore nations. The majority of this great throng, of course, was English, but in it savage-faced Lascars and Malays in sailors' blouses; unkempt, swarthy Turks in native costume; ragged, picturesque, and various fakirs of Cathay; Arabs with dirty red fezes about their greasy heads, and various other breeds of Asiatics mingled with the lowest order of Poles, Russians, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Spaniards, Alsatians, Frenchmen, and undoubtedly the human product of every parallel that circles this great globe. Men and women were thronging into the public houses; dirty children sported in the gutters; ruffianly boys played pranks upon each other and the passers by; and slatternly young girls, with depraved faces, strolled along the sidewalks in groups, exchanging coarse jests with the half-drunken men who gathered before the groggery doors.

We had not advanced a hundred steps up Whitechapel road when we found a little group gathered about an old man in the garb of a laborer, whose head was bleeding from a cut, while a tattered woman of the street wiped away the blood with a dirty handkerchief. He had been struck by a stone, thrown by he knew not whom; and a couple of London policemen looked on smiling while he endeavored to recover his scattered senses.

"Pockets! Pockets! Look out for your pockets! All thieves here!" called one of the officers upon seeing strangers in the crowd.

A score of hard faces were turned upon us, but not one in the throng seemed to resent the policeman's reflection upon its collective character. They were thieves, and they admitted it; but that is no disgrace in Whitechapel, only an inconvenience if one is caught.

Scarcely had we crossed the street after this episode when another sidewalk gathering fell apart, and a girl, not more than 16 or 17 years of age lurched out of it and reeled up against the wall of the nearest building, while a shout of laughter went up from the men and women about her. She was so drunk that she could scarcely move or speak; and as she staggered along, groping blindly against the wall, the pedestrians turned laughingly away. The policemen, who were scattered thickly along the sidewalk, paid no attention to her, and the friend, who was used to such spectacles, informed us that if they took every drunken woman into custody they found in Whitechapel on a Saturday night they would find little time to do anything else.

It is something that impresses all Americans in London—the number of drunken women one sees in the streets. This condition is probably due to the circumstance that women stand up and drink at all the London bars with the same freedom as the men. Indeed, on almost any afternoon or evening in any of the lower-class bars—and there are scarcely any high-class ones, except in the hotels, the theatres, and the swellest restaurants—one will find as many women as men gathered before the counter. One sees, even in Pall Mall and Piccadilly in mid-afternoon, drunken women who stagger along unmolested by the policemen. We saw more drunken women than drunken men during our tour that night in Whitechapel.

Inspector Harris, when we found him, sat comfortably upon a stool before the bar of the historic Red Lion tavern, at the corner of Commercial road, exchanging compliments with a pretty barmaid after London's own manner. The Red Lion is historic because, as a legend in red letters upon the wall reads: "Here Dick Turpin shot Tom King," and a gaudily colored picture represents the hero of Hounslow Heath in the act. From a crystal chalice upon the polished mahogany bar there smiled upon the Inspector a modicum of Irish whiskey, and when the friend whispered in his ear that we were the combination he was to cicerone that night, he cordially invited us to join him in the consumption of similar nourishment.

The Inspector was a man of medium stature, slight but powerful figure, gray hair, and some 50 years, but as young and active as any officer of half his age. He proved to be a man of unusual intelligence, too, who thought and read; and yet he was without that solemn dignity and pompous dogmatism that marks most superior officers of police here, even more than in New York.

"Now tell me just what you want to see," said Inspector Harris, after he had taken us mysteriously into a corner.

I told him that we wanted to see all the horrors of Whitechapel, the thieves' dens, the underground lodging houses, and all that sort of thing that we had read about.

"That you have read about in Dickens?" inquired the Inspector.

"Yes."

"Ah!" he said, "that's all done away with now. It's against the law for people to live in cellars, and if we knew where there were any thieves' dens we'd go and clear them out. However, I can show you the lodging houses and the places where the murders were committed and some curious things that you won't find outside of Whitechapel."

The first "curious thing" we were shown was the pistol with which it was alleged Dick Turpin shot Tom King, which the barmaid produced from the strong box of the Red Lion. An inebriated subject who was leaning against the bar begged to be permitted to look at the pistol when we were through examining it; and, the weapon being handed to him, he amused himself by thrusting the barrel in a gas jet and then playfully snapping the lock at the barmaid, calling upon her for a drink or her life. The barmaid paid no more attention to this demonstration than if she had never read of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded fool, though, after all, it would have taken a vivid imagination to conjure any danger from Dick Turpin's antiquated firearm.

When we had come out into the street the Inspector and the friend entered into a discussion as to whether we had better go next to the scene of the castle alley murder or to see Bismarck's autograph. This choice offered wide scope for individual preference, and we were anxious to know how the signature of the Chancellor of the German empire came to be in Whitechapel. The Inspector informed us that the Queen's bread was baked in Whitechapel, and that on one occasion a member of the royal family of Germany, being sick at Windsor, the baker, a German named Damm, had baked loaves of most delicate and perfect bread for said royal personage, and sent it to the castle with a note of condolence, and it was to this note that Bismarck had replied, the bread having, it appears, assimilated easily and pleasantly with the gastric juices of the Hohenzollern.

It was decided to visit the scenes of the murders first, and, as that would bring us around near the bakery, to drop in and see the Chancellor's autograph after witnessing the other horrors.

Crossing Whitechapel road again, the Inspector led the way to a narrow door only a few yards from the Aldgate station of the underground railway. It led into a black passage not wide enough for two men to walk abreast. This passage brought us out into an alley perhaps twenty feet wide, the right hand side of which was lined with wagons that had been brought in from the street at the other end. There was a narrow sidewalk on the left hand side, and two street lamps were burning. Warehouses rose on both sides of the alley, but there were small tenement houses at the end. The Inspector stopped half way down.

"This is where the woman who was killed last July was found," he said. "That night both sides of the alley were lined with wagons. The woman was lying with her head on the curbstone and her feet up toward the building. A policeman had passed the place only fifteen or twenty minutes before the body was found, about 1 o'clock in the morning, and the policeman who found her had stopped to eat some luncheon just at the other end of the alley. He brought his luncheon down to the place where he found her and left it there," added Mr. Harris, facetiously. "The body was a horrible sight," he concluded with disgust, as he mentally recalled the scene. "I didn't eat anything for two days afterward."

Going out at the other end of the alley and traversing a narrow street we came into a broad thoroughfare, crowded with small children and half-grown boys and girls, where a large business was being done from the shop windows in the smaller species of fish. Scores of men and women were standing before these stalls buying halfpenny's worth of shrimps, whelks, or herrings, which were eaten on the spot; a hand organ was playing, and half a dozen shabby girls waltzed to the music; Jewish matrons, greasy by the testimony of two of the five senses, were talking at the shop doors; and, as everywhere in Whitechapel and the other slums of London, old and broken-down hags were trotting feebly about the sidewalks, or sitting huddled up and shivering in the doorways, the happier among them drunk.

No more pitiful spectacle can be imagined than these wretched animal wrecks, beings that once were human now sunken lower than the vilest beasts, the divine imprint long since seared from mind and soul. Gray hair that in other circumstances might have been venerable, but now more dishonored and dishonorable than in sinful youth, straggling from under tattered bonnets, or oftener uncovered to the November winds; bodies rent and sore with the most fearful of maladies; faces utterly bereft of human expression, toothless mouths, and eyes bleared and glazed; scant and bedraggled, vermin-infested clothing that scarce holds together; bare feet, or boots broken and showing the lack of stockings, as torn shirts betray the lack of underclothing! The picture is not overdrawn. Little wonder that these hideous creatures would barter any hope they might have of eternal happiness in the future for liquor or any drug that will give a few moments' surcease of the present misery and pain that racks their poor battered frames. There is no refuge or asylum for them; their only home is the street. Pariahs among outcasts, they would degrade an almshouse, disgrace a prison!

"There used to be a shed down there," said the Inspector, pointing into an alley, "where these old women slept at night. It was piled up with lumber and old barrels. Well, I was hunting a thief down here one night, and he got off around there, so that we had to search that shed. I give you my word there were seventy-eight of those women in there. There was only room for about ten of them to lie down, and the others were wedged in between barrels or squatting on top of the lumber, and some of them asleep on their feet, leaning over boxes. The authorities have boarded up the shed now, but it was against my ideas. The women didn't do any harm there, and it was some sort of a shelter for them at least."

Turning into a side street we stopped before a stairway, over which a dim lamp, bearing the words "Victoria Home," was hung. Inspector Harris paused before this place and said:

"Every one of the Whitechapel murders has been committed within a radius of which this 'Home' is almost the exact centre. The 'Victoria Home' was formerly a charitable institution. Now it is a cheap lodging house, and it is mostly frequented by men who have seen better days—broken-down gentlemen, lawyers, officers, clergymen, and merchants. I'll wager there's many a queer history and many a romantic one hidden in that old building now. But what I started out to say was that when the Ripper is run down I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he'd turn out to be an occupant of that same Victoria Home."

"What is your theory about the Whitechapel murders?" I asked.

"I believe," said the Inspector, "that the murderer is a man who has been driven crazy by misfortune, with which a woman has had a great deal to do. Every murder has been committed just after the public houses close. Now, I believe that he gets to drinking in the public houses and the fury comes upon him while he's in liquor. Then he goes out and murders somebody. I've often seen men sitting alone, morose and sullen, in a public house with a glass before them, and said to myself: 'Ah, my fine fellow, I wonder if you're the Ripper!' I've had many of them shadowed, too; but Jack hasn't materialized yet."

"How do you account for the murderer being able to escape the police after each crime, when he must be covered with blood?" I asked the Inspector next.

"He isn't covered with blood," responded Mr. Harris, with a degree of impatience. "Every woman he has killed has had her throat cut, and he allows the blood to run out of their bodies entirely before he carves them up. All the bodies have been found with the head lower than the trunk, and he has cut all their throats from behind. After the blood has run out of a body there will be no spurts when a cut is made. The Ripper may get a little blood on his hands, but that won't show to a policeman at night. Why, I may have blood on my hands now and you don't know it. Neither do I know if there is blood on yours. We're laughed at for not catching the Whitechapel murderer, but wait until you see the places where the murders were committed, and then tell me what you think about it."

As the Inspector spoke we turned from Commercial into Dorset street, and, after proceeding a few yards up that thoroughfare he led us into a narrow passage between two squalid tenement houses. At the end of this passage, just before the courtyard was reached, Mr. Harris rapped sharply upon a door.

"Who's there?" growled a gruff voice from the interior, while two or three women appeared from the court and shrilly commented upon the 'impidence' of men calling themselves gentlemen rousing up poor people at that hour of the night, as if they didn't have no rights in their own homes.

The Inspector's response was to rap again more sharply than before and to say:

"Come, now, hurry up! Open the door!"

The door was opened a crack and the gruff voice began, "Who the——" and, upon recognizing the visitor, underwent a most remarkable change. "Oh, beggin' your pardon, Mr. Inspector," said a small, servile voice. "Excuse me fer keepin' you waitin'. I hain't got me clothes on."

"Well, get 'em on, and be lively."

Presently the door opened wide, and we entered a room about 10 by 12 feet, that was lighted by a tin lantern. A bed, a chair, and a washbasin were all the furniture. The occupant of the room was a short, stout, middle-aged man, with closely cropped hair and a bad face wreathed in most hypocritical smiles, caused by his delight at a visit from his friend the Inspector. He wore the garb of a laborer.

"This is the place," said Mr. Harris, "where Mary Jane Kelly was murdered last November. She was the one who was sliced all to pieces, you may remember, and distributed about the furniture. Well, she was murdered on that bed, and that great stain on the wall is her blood."

The bed, from which our host had just arisen and that was tumbled up as he had left it, was close against the wall and the pillow rested against the broad rusty brown stain the Inspector had indicated.

"There's more of it under the bed; see!" said the occupant of the room, eagerly; and, taking up the lantern he got down on his hands and knees and showed us another stain half the size of the bed blanket, on the floor.

"Where's Kate?" asked the Inspector, "she used to live with Mary Kelly before she was killed," he explained to us.

Kate's name was shouted from the door and transferred from one voice to another through the court yard. Presently a young woman entered the room out of breath from running. Kate was not a bad-looking woman. She was less than 30, she had good eyes, luxurious hair, and as handsome a set of teeth as one often sees. She sat down on the edge of the bed and volubly assured us that she was the identical person who had lived there with the murdered woman. They had paid a half crown per week rent; and, after Miss Kelly's tragic demise, Kate said that she was forced to the outrageous extremity of paying that extortionate amount by herself.

"That was until he came to live with me. Now he pays half," she concluded, indicating the man we had roused from slumber, and acknowledging the relations that existed between them in a most matter-of-fact way.

We went out and left the short-haired man to turn out his light and get back into bed against the ghastly blood stain. The woman escorted us to the street, where we presented her with a shilling or two, at the Inspector's suggestion, just as the man's voice, now gruff again, was heard to call her name.

"Kate! Kate!" she repeated impatiently. "It's always 'Kate!' What'll you do when you ain't got no 'Kate'?" she added, coquettishly bestowing a smile upon Inspector Harris.

"And those people are actually compelled to live in that room with that fearful blood stain on the wall?" I asked the Inspector, as we walked away. "Can't they have it painted out or papered over?"

"Bless you," returned our guide, "that stain pays their rent. Why, that woman Kate made application to have the room back while the police were in possession after the murder, and she's made a good bit of money exhibiting it since."

It was evident that Kate possessed reasonably strong nerves.

A trifle further up Dorset street the occupants of two tenement houses that faced each other across the narrow roadway were gathered on their respective sidewalks enjoying an agreeable Saturday evening diversion. Two girls, neither of them yet 20 years of age, and both under the influence of liquor, were discussing a question of heredity and comparative morals on the pavement. Both were bareheaded, the sleeves of both were rolled up to their elbows, and their language would have staggered an Avenue A car driver. But, though they made the most ferocious threats against each other involving mutual consumption of personal livers with reciprocal execration and evisceration, though they shook their fists within minute fractions of inches of each other's noses and bellowed into each other's ears details of domestic history discreditable to their respective families and immediate relatives, they refrained from blows with the self-control of Parisians.

We stopped at a cheap lodging house in Dorset street before we reached the pugilist's, and the Inspector called out the manager thereof.

"Take these men in and show 'em the place," he said, and, turning to us, he added, "I won't go in. The whole house would bolt for fear I'd come to arrest 'em."

"I'll show you the place," said the friend.

My other companion excused himself from entering without the Inspector, on the ground that he was a married man with a family, and the friend and I went in together. We entered first a large, barren room, dimly lighted by dingy kerosene lamps, and surrounded inside by board benches, upon which were loafing several unkempt Whitechapel savages, with short pipes in their mouths. One of these men arose as we came in and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the edge of the bench, carefully putting that comforter away in the pocket of a greasy waistcoat. This done he slouched up to our conductor and inquired what in the ensanguined place of eternal punishment we were doing there.

"Only a couple o' gents as wants to see the 'ouse, Billy," responded the host, mildly.

"A-goin' to take lodgin's, eh?" inquired Billy, with a sneer.

"In course not," replied the landlord. "What's the matter, Billy? Does you object to me a-makin' of a 'arf crown a-showin' the place to the gents? Business be'nt so good, Billy, that I can throw away a 'arf crown."

"What I objects to," retorted Billy, suddenly raising his voice and glancing toward the others on the benches, "is 'onest men a-bein' made a bloody, bloomink show of! Wot am I a bloody, bloomink show for?" he bellowed. "Did I pay for me bloody, bloomink lodgin's or didn't I? Am I a bloody, bloomink tattooed girl, or a bledink, bloomink fat woman a-writin' me ortograph with me feet? P'raps if 'onest men got their deserts I'd be wearin' as good close as them two gents what thinks they're better'n we are. D'ye think ye're any better'n we are?" he asked in an aggressive tone, suddenly turning to the friend.

During the progress of this harangue the other lodgers had gathered about the spokesman and were regarding us with no great favor, but the friend, a thick-set and burly gentleman, was in no manner disturbed by the menace implied in the question. He ferociously responded that he did consider himself a blankety blanked sight better not only than the speaker, but than any blanked occupant of that particular lodging house, and that if there was any person or persons there who doubted the statement or his sincerity he would take unusual pleasure in wiping up the floor with him or them, collectively or individually. Then turning to me, he said:

"Come on; we'll go up stairs and look at the rooms."

The language and demeanor of the friend had its due effect. There were a few muttered curses, but no attempt was made to slaughter us or to prevent our departure. The lodging house was much like the 10 and 15 cent hotels in the Bowery, and the price was sixpence per night per bed. The beds were empty, however, and Billy, the landlord, told us that his guests seldom retired until after the public houses were closed at half past 12 o'clock.

The war of words was still progressing before the tenement houses with no perceptible diminution in the enthusiasm or vigor of either side and no nearer an approach to personal violence when we had finished our inspection of the lodging house. We now wended our way through another series of black alleys and dirty streets toward the spot whence the bright spirit of Annie Chapman fled at the instigation of Jack the Ripper during the early morning of Sept. 8, 1888. The Inspector stopped before a cat-meat shop in Hanbury street, and beckoned one George, proprietor thereof, to come forth. George was a splendid type—from a strictly ethnographical point of view—of the lower order of Jew. He was a greasy and weazened little man with lips like those of a negro and a nose so utterly out of proportion to his other features as well as his stature as to prove his descent from a race of giants. His hair, which strayed out from under his cap, was of the coarseness of hemp and it curled slightly like the frayed end of a rope.

Being bidden to show us the scene of the murder, George produced a candle and led us through a dark hallway that led from the street to a yard behind the cat-meat shop. A pair of steps led down from the back door into this yard, and George unctuously informed us that all that was mortal of Miss Chapman was found between the steps and the fence, horribly mutilated.

"How were the police going to stop that, I'd like to know?" inquired Inspector Harris with an aggrieved air. "An officer has no business to come into a house unless he's called, and the Ripper made so much noise over the murder of that woman that another woman who was in that second-floor room with the window open didn't know anything about it until the body was discovered. The woman that was killed knew that this was a secluded place, and she brought her murderer in here. The same way at the place we were before where the woman was killed in her own room. My men had no right to go in off the street. Then how were they to blame because they didn't find the Ripper at work?"

We next visited George Yard where the first murder of the series was committed, April 8, 1888. A "model tenement," a handsome brick structure with balconies running clear around it at each floor and broad steps mounting between the buildings, rose before us. A dozen dirty boys and girls, from 10 to 15 years of age, were gathered at the foot of one of these flights of stairs, and these children made an immediate descent upon us.

"Here ye are, gents! I'll show ye the place!" "Come along o' me, gents! I seen the body!" "Right up here, gents! I live in the same house!" they shouted.

The Inspector led us up the stairs and the children followed. An angle in the second flight, four stairs high, left an open space six feet in extent between that ascent and the flight that led in the opposite direction. The Inspector and one of our infantile guides had a discussion as to which stairs the body was found upon that culminated when Mr. Harris declared that he ought to know as he committed the murder himself.

"The body was found on these stairs," said the Inspector, indicating the left ascent. "Of course, my men have no business to come up here unless they're sent for. Why, the morning of the murder a man that lives in this tenement came home about 3 o'clock and stumbled over the body as he went up stairs. He thought it was only somebody drunk that had tumbled down there, and went to bed without thinking anything more about it. The first man that came down at daylight in the morning found her lying there. But, of course, the police ought to have caught the murderer at it!" he added, in a tone of deep injury.

We visited the scenes of the other murders in Buck's row, Berners street, Back Church lane, and Mitre square, at all of which places the Inspector proved that the police were to be commended rather than blamed for not having detected the murderer, and then Mr. Harris suggested that we visit Ratcliffe highway.

Ratcliffe highway! The name awakened some recollections, of course! It was the place of another series of murders immortalized by De Quincey in the postscript to his famous essay on "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." It was there that the demon Williamson, a thousand times more dangerous than Jack the Ripper, in that the former spared neither young nor old, but bent his energies to the complete extermination of every household he visited, laid the scenes of his crimes. I asked the Inspector if he knew the house where these crimes were committed, now more than three-quarters of a century ago. Mr. Harris knew one house, the one that was inhabited by the Marr family, where father, mother, baby, and serving lad were killed while the servant girl was gone for oysters at midnight. It was No. 29, and I at once recognized the building and the street described by De Quincey, and, as it happened, the hour was just about that on which, so many years ago, Marr sent his servant out for the wherewithal for the supper that was never eaten, and, as on that occasion, it was a Saturday night. To quote De Quincey:

"In this humble quarter of London, whatever the night happened to be, light or dark, quiet or stormy, all the shops were kept open on Saturday night until 12 o'clock at the least, and many for half an hour longer. There was no rigorous and pedantic Jewish superstition about the exact limits of Sunday."

Strangely enough there has been scarcely any change in the locality in the seventy-seven years that have passed since that Saturday night in December, 1812, when the tragedy occurred that shook England to its centre. The house was the same in which Marr and his family were murdered, and, as at that time, the ground floor is given up to a hosier's shop, though the name "T. Truran," instead of Marr, is over the window. There is the same door against which poor Mary leaned, and through which she heard the breathing of the lurking murderer upon her return from her errand, and there is the house next door from the window of which the brave pawnbroker leaped with his iron poker when the alarm was given.

Inspector Harris did not know any more than De Quincey did where the house was in which the Williamson family was murdered; but he was acquainted with another interesting circumstance connected with the Williams murders. Williams, as De Quincey relates, committed suicide.

"He was buried," the Inspector said, "as all suicides were at that time, at a cross-road, with a stake driven through his heart. That cross-road is now the corner of Cable and Commercial streets, and when they were digging up the street a year or two ago to put down gas pipe the workmen found his skeleton, and the man that keeps the public house on the corner has got the skull there on exhibition. The Marr family are all buried in one grave in the cemetery just a little way up the street. Come up to the public house and I'll show you Williams's skull."

We went to the corner of Cable and Commercial streets, and Williams's skull was brought, in its glass case, from the centre table of the publican's parlor and duly admired. Then the Inspector led us to a small building at the end of Ratcliffe Highway, where there were sounds of revelry. This, he told us, was almost the last of the London dance halls. We entered an ordinary public house and ascended a flight of stairs, where was a dancing floor much like a hundred of the east side "ballrooms" of New York. The dancers were a pretty rough lot, and their favorite method of waltzing was what is known in the Bowery as "spieling"—that is they seized each other by the shoulders at arm's lengths, and looking each other straight in the eyes whirled round and round without reversing until they were too dizzy to continue. There was a bar at one end of the room. While we were looking on at the terpsichoreans the proprietor of the place came up hastily and whispered something in the friend's ear, who at once responded, "Certainly," and straightway asked a much-battered damsel to dance. When the music stopped the friend suggested that we clear out, and, upon reaching the sidewalk, he told us that the proprietor had begged him to dance with somebody to avert a row, as the gentlemen and ladies were threatening to "do" their visitors, not liking to be a show for people who considered themselves too good to join in the merrymaking. The participation of one of our party in the dance had, it seemed, been accepted as a guarantee of proper respect.

Just after we reached the sidewalk a drunken sailor, who had been "fired" out of the dance hall, alighted upon the top of his head beside us, and began to bleed and swear copiously. The fond recollections the scene recalled of far-away Hester street and Mr. Billy McGlory was almost enough to make a New York reporter shed tears. Had it not been for the vicissitudes suffered by the h's in the sailor's profanity I could have shut my eyes and fancied myself in the Fourth ward.

Inspector Harris had not yet exhausted the varied resources of Whitechapel.

"Do you want to see a real hero, just like the ones the novelists make?" he asked. "Well, what do you say to finding in a Whitechapel public house a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, decorated by five Governments?"

He informed us that this hero was the Chevalier Constant Von Hoydonck, who, fifteen years ago, brought the English sailing vessel Lennae into the port of Rochefort, France, after she had been taken by mutineers and the Captain and first and second mates killed. Von Hoydonck, then 21 years of age, was steward of the Lennae, which sailed from some port in Holland with a crew entirely Greek, with the exception of a Dutch cabin boy and the steward, a Belgian. Two days out the officers were murdered at night, and Von Hoydonck, who understood navigation, was ordered to take the vessel to Greece, and the leader of the mutiny stood over him and made him explain her course by the chart. In spite of this supervision the steward managed to fool the murderers, and for ten days he cruised up and down the coast of France, out of sight of land, while the mutineers fondly imagined they were sailing straight to Greece. During these ten days Von Hoydonck had managed to throw overboard thirty-six sealed bottles containing appeals in French and English for assistance. Twice during these ten days the brave young steward held the entire crew at bay with a revolver to save the life of the cabin boy. At the expiration of the ten days he made sail for Rochefort, telling the sailors they were arriving at Cadiz, in Spain. Already some of his messages in the bottles had been picked up, and though a dozen of the mutineers escaped in a boat, the steward and cabin boy were taken off under the guns of a French man-of-war and the others captured. The Greeks who reached land were also taken a few days later, and most of them ornamented a gallows.

We found the Chevalier Von Hoydonck presiding over the destinies of the White Hart Hotel in High street, a man whose appearance any other chevalier might envy. He stood six foot two, erect, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested. The shape of his head was notably good, the features clean cut, the eyes brilliant, and the mouth firm. He looked every inch the hero that he was, and his distinguished manner and courteous reserve reminded me of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, who conducted the famous tobacco shop in "The Dynamiter." Upon being pressed by the Inspector, he consented to tell the tale of the mutiny, but his brief outline of the tragedy, hurrying over the details of his personal action in the matter, gave a very poor idea of the real event as I read it in the narratives from various London newspapers of fifteen years ago that had been pasted in the Chevalier's scrap book. Von Hoydonck's medals were more eloquent. He had in a little glass case decorations from the courts of France, England, Holland, Belgium, and Greece, all inscribed in recognition of his heroism.

It is interesting to note that the Dutch boy, for saving whose life Von Hoydonck received the Hollandish gold medal, is now serving a term in an English prison for robbery, after committing several petty crimes for which he was forgiven.

We visited the place where the Queen's bread was baked, and saw Bismarck's autograph, after leaving the White Hart; and, coming up Leman street, witnessed another street row. Before a corner groggery a girl of not more than twenty years or thereabouts lay flat on her back in the gutter. A woman with a very young baby in her arms stood on the sidewalk in altercation with the saloon keeper, and two policemen looked on smiling.

"You would come into me own place an' beat me, would yer?" the publican was saying as we came up. "Well, I've known you too long, an' the perlice knows you too well! Git away from me place!"

He seized her and pushed her into the rapidly gathering crowd, and the policemen laughingly held her back from him as he turned to re-enter his place of business. Upon inquiry we learned that the woman had roused his wrath by demanding at his bar a tuppenny's worth of gin, placing on the counter at the same time, as evidence of good faith, what seemed to be two pennies, but was found, after the liquor had been consumed, to be one coin of that denomination on top of a half-penny. The girl in the gutter was a mere coincidence, having evidently lost her equilibrium in a careless moment, without considering that she was in a condition of too advanced inebriety to regain it unaided. No one in the crowd heeded her while there was any chance of a fight between the gentleman of the groggery and the fair deceiver; but that happy chance having passed, a few amusement-seekers gathered around the prostrate one. She gazed stupidly about for a few moments, and then said, in a voice that was touchingly pitiful and even sweet:

"Won't somebody help me up?"

The friend stepped in again in an emergency and raised her to her feet, and she staggered away as the gathering dispersed, the two policemen paying no attention to her.

Night having already driven his car a great deal more than half way around yon purple heaven—to employ a figure of the late Anacreon—we started back toward Aldgate station. The side streets were now for the most part deserted, but every few houses we found men and women asleep in the doorways, or lying on the narrow curbstones in the alleys. We passed a little girl carrying a steaming pitcher, and the Inspector said:

"Bet you can't tell what's in that jug!"

Considering that the child was working the belated growler I hazarded that the vessel contained hot grog.

"No," said Mr. Harris. "Hot water. There's a hot-water shop just down the street where they sell it for twopence a jug. You see people that can't afford a fire can pay for a jug of hot water to make tea, or warm cold victuals."

Whitechapel road was still flowing its variegated human stream as we crossed. A sailor, so drunk that he was virtually carried by two women whom he clasped about their necks, was being taken to some vile den, probably to be robbed; troops of women of every degree of wretchedness, destitution, and misery were accosting men as low as themselves as they passed in the street; a blind beggar felt his way homeward, tapping on the sidewalk before him with his stick and waiting at the crosswalks until some kind-hearted murderer, thief, or prostitute should help him over; a man in the uniform of the Salvation Army offered tracts and an occasional remark to the passers-by, accepting patiently the curses and abuse he received oftener than civil attention, and coarse and ribald drunken songs and laughter in which there was no merriment rose above the din of the street.

BADLY BROKEN UP.

The Living Remains of a Man Who Was in a Steamboat Smash-up.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

There was discharged from the Camden county jail yesterday a man who, in the history of surgery, is an anomaly. But for the fact of a Camden woman's suspicion and want of charity this surgical wonder would not have been known to the world to-day. George Burns, a powerful-looking Englishman, last Friday was committed to the county jail charged with being a "drunken and disorderly" person. In January, 1884, he was chief engineer on the steamship Savannah when that vessel was wrecked at Gay's Head. Burns was thrown among the machinery and was horribly cut and mangled, and it was thought he would not survive.

Burns became the patient of the famous Dr. Agnew of surgical fame. His leg was broken in four places, the frontal bone of his head was crushed in, the bones impinging upon his brain from the right and left sutures; his internal organs were so distorted as to lead to the belief that he could not live longer than a few hours, and both arms were broken.

Trepanning was resorted to, Burns being furnished with a silver half skull covering the space occupied by the forehead and over which the skin has grown.

More singular than this is the fact that the ribs on the left side are missing, the body giving the feeling as of solid flesh. By a curious natural process the heart has gone over to the right side where there are ribs to protect it. In the right thigh there is no bone, the femur being broken close to the pelvic bone, and the calf of the right leg is much swollen from being filled by some foreign substance; the knee cap being missing, as well as the right elbow.

County Physician Iszard examined the man yesterday and discovered that the story of his missing anatomy was entirely true. Upon the medical man's recommendation the peculiar prisoner was released. He was on his way to this city to take a position as an engineer when arrested.

A Romance of the Johnstown Flood.

From the Washington Star.

The marriage of Mr. Edward O. Creager of Hancock to Miss Adele Webster of Philadelphia is announced to take place in that city on Sunday evening next. There is a little romance connected with this proposed union. Mr. Creager met with his affianced under peculiar circumstances, having rescued her from drowning in the mad waters at Johnstown, Pa., on the ill-fated 31st of May.

CROWNING GOLDEN DEEDS.

AWARDING THE MONTHYON PRIZES FOR VIRTUE IN FRANCE.

A Boatman and a Parish Priest Receive the Highest Prizes—Eighty-six Prizes—Golden Deeds that Won Reward.

PARIS, Nov. 16.—On Thursday, the 14th instant, the French Academy—"the immortal forty"—met in solemn session to distribute "prizes" or rewards of virtue to the most meritorious individuals to be found in France. The first premium for virtuous conduct thus bestowed in France by the Academy was founded by M. de Monthyon, and conferred publicly for the first time in 1783. Since then this money premium has been yearly distributed to the most deserving. Other generous persons during the last hundred years have imitated the example of Monthyon, so that a very considerable sum is now every year solemnly bestowed in rewarding virtuous and heroic actions.

On Thursday the Academy was presided over by Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, the author of one of the best books on Ireland ever written, and most worthy to be in the French Academy the successor of the great Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, also the devoted friend of Ireland. It was most fitting that a prelate should preside on such an occasion, and that from his lips should fall the graceful and eloquent words of praise suited to the occasion. Eloquent and graceful they most assuredly were on this memorable occasion, as an extract or two will show. Memorable also was this session for the extraordinary number of prizes given, and for the moving recitals of noble deeds and heroic lives quoted by the presiding officer in his discourse.

"Gentlemen," he said, "our Universal Exposition was closed a week ago. Come from every country of the globe to admire the works accumulated on the banks of the Seine by art, science, and industry, and bearing undeniable testimony to the genius of man and the bounty of the Creator, our countless visitors have gone back to their homes. Paris has become once more simply the capital of France. Comparative silence has succeeded to the cosmopolitan tumult which a short time since filled the great city with its loud rumors. This is the hour of thoughtful recollection. The Academy takes advantage of it to fulfil the twofold commission intrusted to it by M. de Monthyon and his imitators.

"Assuredly, most worthy of all encouragement is that fruitful activity which presides over the material, economical, and æsthetic progress in the life of man. Nevertheless, it is only proper to set above this progress the labors of the mind, the art of thinking and writing well; and of setting higher still, in a region to which genius alone cannot reach, the better science of good deeds.

"Eighty-six premiums for virtue in 1889, whereas in 1783 there was but one, in 1820 but two, three, or at most four. Is morality, then, in continuous progress among us? Are we nearly a hundred times more virtuous than were our fathers a century ago? and is contemporary France making great strides toward perfection?

"It would be very flattering to our self-love to have it in our power to say so, but official statistics, with the inexorable exactness of their figures forbid us to believe it.

"During the single year 1886 23,000 children and minors were brought before the criminal courts; so that evil not only increases in extent and depth, but it becomes more precocious. Primary education, taken away from all religious influence, is bearing its fruit. Depravity, favored by all manner of unpunished solicitations, is rapidly undermining the foundations of public morality, and seems to threaten it with inevitable, and not distant, ruin. Some gloomy spirits think that they have in these undeniable facts authority for giving vent to their pessimistic forebodings. Has the moment, then, come to say with these writers that it is all over with our poor France, and that it is labor lost to try to restore her?"

The eloquent Bishop triumphantly refutes all those who proclaim that evil overpowers good in the midst of modern society. The eighty-six rewards thus solemnly bestowed by the Academy fall on persons living in every part of France—in city, town, and country—nor are those thus selected for premiums to be considered as the sole examples of heroic virtue, or as even more heroic than many of their neighbors. The Monthyon prizes can never be awarded a second time to the same persons, so that the eighty-six mentioned this year are only a few among thousands scattered over the broad surface of beautiful France, of France at all times so fertile in the highest generosity of aim and deed!

The two highest Monthyon prizes, $500 each, were awarded one to Pierre Crouailiat, a boatman of Les Sables d'Olonne, the other to a poor country parish priest, Pierre Brassier. Just a few words on each.

Pierre Crouailiat, up to the date of the report, had saved from shipwreck more than forty vessels, brigs, sloops, and fishing craft. The crews of ships belonging to France, England, Germany, and Norway have been indebted to the invincible courage of this heroic man for their lives. "Pierre Crouailiat," says Mgr. Perraud, "is called by his former officers in the marine service a most exemplary seaman. He believes firmly that Providence guards in a special manner those who think little of their own lives while trying to save the lives of others." This brave man has received much public honor. But he seems still to retain his characteristic simplicity.

The Abbé Pierre Brassier is rector of a country parish in the diocese of Rennes, Brittany. He volunteered as chaplain in the French army during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and in one of the most bloody of the battles around Paris showed such heroism that the officers of his regiment petitioned to have him decorated. On his return home, and after his appointment to his present rectorship, the good priest changed his house into a home for all the poor little waifs of the country round about. He has at present fifty boys, every one of whom is taught a trade. As a number of these boys had little sisters, Abbé Brassier soon found it necessary to have a separate home for little girls, over which he placed a charitable lady of his parish. Thus he has every day more than sixty mouths to feed, without any other resource than his unfailing trust in Providence and that care which Providence ever has of those who do His work.

The $500 awarded to this good man will enable him to enlarge his orphanage.

From near the native place of Jules Ferry, where, by the way, Jules Ferry's sister has given such noble lessons of Christian piety and devotion to the poor, we have, on Mgr. Perraud's list, two poor mountaineers of the Vosges, Pierre and Antoinette Nicole, brother and sister. They have inherited from their parents a little homestead, a small farm which they cultivate, and a modest cottage.

"A few years ago," says Mgr. Perraud, "a poor old sick man knocked at their door in the gathering gloom of evening and asked for hospitality during the night. The next morning, as the stranger was about to quit the house, Pierre Nicole said to his sister: 'Could we not keep him with us?' She assented, and the passing beggar became their guest. This act of charity was soon bruited abroad. Other poor and infirm creatures find their way to the cottage and are admitted to its hospitality. The house is soon filled, and to make more room the attic, or garret, is transformed into a dormitory, which is reserved to poor, forsaken, and orphan children. In spite of all that the brother and sister can do, they often have not a foot of room to spare. When thus pinched for accommodation, Pierre always gives up his own bed and sleeps on the ground. One day a poor deformed woman came to their door, who had not been able to find room in the hospital of Saint Dié. There were already no less than twenty-four guests in Pierre Nicole's narrow quarters. The newcomer saw that there was no room left for her, and went her way. She had scarcely gone a mile when an invincible instinct impelled her to return and ask again for admittance in the cottage.

"Meanwhile Pierre Nicole had been made so unhappy by the thought of having had to refuse the wretched wayfarer, that the moment she reappeared he welcomed her with joy. Could he not sleep on a bundle of straw on the floor? So he gave up his bed to the woman.

"In this improvised *Hotel Dieu* (God's hostelry), the creation of two poor peasants, all they have is common. The meals are always placed before their poor guests, and, only when these have had their fill, do Pierre and Antoinette sit down to partake of what is left. When nothing is left they fast."

The rector of Corcieux, their parish priest, says that their house is a priceless blessing for the locality, so touching and eloquent are the examples given to all by this brother and sister. They are now enlarging their home, and the money premium given them by the Academy will help them a little, Mgr. Perraud says, but only a little.

From among the others on the long list of eighty-six premiums we select one or two more: Jeanne Claude Laudet (now Widow Girardot) remembers in her childhood to have seen her parents, poor people, doorkeepers in the civil court of Besançon, giving a hospitable refuge, successively, to an orphan girl, an old man, and a blind woman. These they treated as if they were their own flesh and blood.

Mme. Girardot lost her husband soon after their union, and had left for her sustenance a pension of twenty dollars a year. Her needle gained her a modest addition to this. She has never ceased to share her humble lodgings with some sick person, whom she tenderly cares for night and day. She is now 70 years of age, and is not weary of well doing, although she has often experienced bitter ingratitude and bodily injury from her patients. Her sight is failing fast and her trembling hands can no longer ply the needle. She persists, as she has ever done, in only wearing poor and ragged garments and eating only the refuse left by her patients. Surely, for such the Master has a rich reward.

Here is another poor widow, Marie-Rose Neau, now in her 80th year. Having lost both husband and children, she gave herself up wholly to the work of helping others. In the copious memoirs sent to the Academy about her things are told and vouched for which one usually reads of only in the Lives of the Saints. One bitter day in winter she meets a poor woman shivering with cold and gives her her own cloak. To another who was barefooted she gave her shoes and stockings. She would never keep anything for herself; so that in her 80th year all her property has been given away in alms.

When she learned that the French Academy was taking informations about her she was filled with apprehension. "I am too happy in this life," she said. "People honor me too much. I fear that all this will only prevent me from getting to heaven." How many of those who will read these lines would willingly exchange places with this unselfish soul?

But here comes a poor slave woman from Réunion Island, by name Séraphine Douba. She belonged to the noble Planta family, three generations of whom she reared and tended in all their fortunes. When slavery was abolished in the French colonies, Séraphine refused to accept her freedom or leave her masters.

At the present day she is in her 67th year, the sole support of her poverty-stricken children. The city of St. Denis de la Réunion, where she resides, united in its testimony of gratitude and admiration for the virtues of this noble-souled slave woman, and the French Academy and all France to-day applaud the homage thus paid her.

Here, quite near the beautiful part of Paris from which I write, in the Quartier des Epinettes, Batignolles, lives Amanda Meunier with her father and mother and three other children. The father, a lockmaker, lost his health, and is now, when he can work, a street sweeper. Her mother is a helpless invalid. The family is deeply Christian, and this religious sentiment is the secret of Amanda's heroism. Almost from her childhood the girl has managed to support the whole family. At first, when she was seen carrying huge bundles of clothes to the laundry, the neighbors began to inveigh against the cruelty of her parents. But they soon understood why the little girl multiplied herself to do chores and run messages. They called her at length "the little mother." To-day the modest child is astonished to find that God sends her, in her premium of $200, a most providential aid, and in the sudden distinction conferred upon her a pledge that her future and the comfort of her family will be secured.

These are only a few flowers from that insignificant garland of virtue plucked from the luxuriant bloom of France which I send you across the seas, all scentless and discolored by the journey and my handling.

Who knows what souls, kindred souls to those of the France of Joan of Arc, the very sight of the drooping, inodorous leaves may kindle into divine emulation?

Aye, there is a region far above the loftiest level of mere genius and intellectual or material progress where divine ideals and godlike virtue urge the mind to aim high and ever higher, and to endeavor in achievement not to fall beneath our aim. There the superhuman devotion of a Father Damien is the standard held out to sublime spirits, to all who would tread those heights where Christ's example bids us dare and do. BERNARD O'REILLY.

MARRIAGEABLE PRINCES.

A List Respectfully Submitted to All Heiresses Interested.

From the London Standard.

VIENNA, Monday Night.—Rumors of the bethrothal of imperial and royal princes have been so frequent of late that the study of the *Almanach de Gotha* has become almost a daily occupation in chancelleries and editorial offices. Having devoted myself to this agreeable pastime, I find that there has rarely been a time when princesses of royal blood have had so good an opportunity as the present of being elevated to a throne. No fewer than fourteen princes, either reigning themselves or direct heirs to the throne, or the eldest sons of such heirs, are in a position to choose a consort, and the number is increased if the eldest three princes of royal houses not occupying a throne, and the hereditary princes of small German grand duchies or duchies are counted, as they ought to be.

The following is the list, arranged according to the religious creeds of the royal or ducal houses, with the ages of the marriageable princes:

PRINCES OF THE ORTHODOX FAITH.

1.—The Czarevitch Nicholas of Russia, 21.
2.—The Crown Prince Danilo of Montenegro, 18.
3.—The divorced ex-King Milan of Servia, 35.

PRINCES OF ROMAN CATHOLIC HOUSES.

4.—The Archduke Franz Ferdinand (Heir Presumptive—Austria), 26.
5.—The Crown Prince Victor Emanuel of Italy, 20.
6.—Prince Baldwin (Heir Presumptive—Belgium), 20.
7.—Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, 28.
8.—The Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, 24.
9.—Prince Ruprecht (Heir Presumptive—Bavaria), 20.
10.—Prince Frederic Augustus (Heir Presumptive—Saxony), 24.
11.—Prince Pedro (Heir Apparent—Brazil), 24.
12.—Prince Victor Napoleon, 27.
13.—Prince Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, 20.

PRINCES OF PROTESTANT HOUSES.

14.—Prince Albert Victor of Wales, 25.
15.—Prince William of Nassau (Heir Apparent—Luxembourg), 37.
16.—Prince Christian (Heir Presumptive — Denmark), 19.
17.—The Hereditary Grand Duke Ernest Louis of Hesse, 21.
18.—The Hereditary Prince Leopold Frederic of Anhalt, 33.

The number of marriageable princesses of the orthodox faith is very limited. At present there is not one in Russia, and of the daughters of the Prince of Montenegro, the elder are, Princess Helen, aged 16, and Princess Anna, aged 15. There is, consequently, at present not much choice for the Czarevitch if he is to marry a princess of his own creed.

The Roman Catholic princes mentioned above can choose between three princesses of the royal and one of the ducal house of Bavaria, aged 21, 19, 17, and 24 respectively; one widowed princess and three princesses of the royal house of Belgium, aged 25, 19, 17, 17; five princesses of the house of Bourbon between 17 and 20; four archduchesses of Austria, of whom three are 19 and one 20; one princess of Saxony, aged 26, and one princess of Wurtemberg, aged 18. Altogether, there are one widowed and nineteen unmarried princesses.

The number of Protestant princesses between the ages of 16 and 23 is not large. There are two princesses of Wales, 21 and 20; two princesses of Prussia, 23 and 17; one princess of Hesse, 17; three of Holstein, 23, 19, and 17; one of Mecklenburg, one of Saxe-Weimar, one of Anhalt, and two or three more of still smaller houses.

The Creme de la Creme Got There.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

BOLIVAR, Miss., Nov. 29.—The ball given by the young men of Benoit was universally scored a success by all in attendance. The heavenly spheres shone forth in their transcendant beauty on this Thursday night, seeming in perfect harmony with the brilliancy of the event and through mud and mire from Greenville to Rosedale the creme de la creme of the Mississippi Delta came to participate in the terpsichorean fête.

STRANGE FEATURES OF LIFE.

Patrick Casey's Scheme.

One day a man who spoke with the Irish brogue came over to the store and inquired for me by name, and when I stepped out of the office he inquired:

"Would you like to make $75,000 in a year?"

"Why, certainly."

"It may cost you as much as $7 per week, but you'll be sure to get your fortune in twelve months."

"Explain."

"Well, I know a man named Mulcahy who's got consumption and must die. He used to be a robber, but has reformed now. He made $75,000 in cash at one haul, and it lies buried up the river. He says he'll never touch a cent of it, but I know that the man who takes care of him until he dies will be told where that money is."

"Why don't you take him?"

"I'm a widower, sir."

"But you must have friends?"

"So I have, but I'm giving you the first choice. If you don't want it I'll find others."

The result was that Mulcahy came to see me. He looked like some one I had seen before, but I could not tell who. I saw that he had only a few months to live, and without referring to the $75,000 or the fact of his having been a robber, I sent him to a comfortable boarding house and agreed to furnish him with seven dollars per week. For ten straight months I paid his keep, and he dressed well and had plenty to eat and drink. One day I was sent for to find him dying. I was sorry, of course, but business is business, and as soon as I could make opportunity I said:

"John, you are going to die."

"Yes, soir."

"And that—that money up the river, you know."

"Yes, soir."

"Hadn't you better tell me just where to find it?"

"There's none there, soir!"

"What!"

"Niver a cent, soir."

"But Casey said there was."

"He did, soir. Casey is my brother, and we fixed on that story that I might be properly cared for in my last days. You are a gintleman, soir, if I do say it, and I'll leave you the razor that I've owned these four and twenty years! Good-by to yees, soir, and if you could do the fair thing by me and pay the funeral expenses and buy a headstone I'd go feeling quite content!"

By Way of Wisconsin.

"Pretty cold in the far West, I see?" was queried to the man in the seat ahead, who was enveloped in a bearskin overcoat and cap, and whose face was hidden by a heavy growth of whiskers.

"I should remark!" he answered.

"You from Montana?"

"Exactly."

"How cold has it been this winter?"

"Eighty below, but that was off the trail and not included in the weather bulletin."

"That's awful. How's the state of society out there?"

"Improving all the time. I don't have to kill over one man a week now."

"Then you—you——"

"I have to do it. I'm a Sheriff, you see, and I have to keep the boys in subjection."

"Indians about?"

"Oh, yes; but they are very tame and humble. I have my boots blacked by a chief, and another does my cooking."

"Lots of game?"

"Well, I killed two grizzlies last week."

"Tell me about a blizzard—how it starts and what it is like. You must have endured a number of them."

"Over 200, sir. As to what one of our Montana blizzards is, just imagine a million wildcats——"

A quiet, well-dressed man on the seat opposite, who had been attentively listening to every word, now rose up and touched the Montana man on the shoulder and asked:

"You from Montana, sir?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Sheriff?"

"Yes."

"What district, and what's your name?"

"I—I—!" stammered bearskin in great confusion.

"Say!" whispered the other as his eyes had an ominous flash, "your are from Wisconsin!"

"Y—yes!"

"Never saw Montana in your life!"

"N—no!"

"You are a drover or land-looker!"

"Yes!"

"Thought so. Now shut up!"

And he resumed his seat and took up a paper, and the way old Bearskin kept his mouth shut for the next two hours would have made a deaf and dumb man tired.

The Box On the Platform.

At the dinner station, where we stopped one day on a certain Tennessee railroad, almost the first sight which greeted the eyes of those who got off was a rough burial box on the platform, and seated near it was an old black woman with a handkerchief to her eyes. When kindly asked the cause of her sorrow, she pointed to the box and replied:

"De ole man's in dar."

"Your husband?"

"Yes; died two days ago back yere in de kentry."

"And what are you doing with the body here?"

"I wants to bury it up at Charlestown, but I hain't got money 'nuff to take it on de railroad."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed a man, as he came forward. "What's the difference where a nigger is buried? They want her to bury it here, but she won't. She's determined to take it to Charlestown."

"For what reason?" asked the passenger who had put all the previous questions.

"'Kase, sah, all de fo' chill'en is buried up dar', an' his mudder an' sister, an' de poo' ole man will be lonesome down yere."

"What bosh!" growled the kicker.

"Look here!" whispered the other, as he went over to him. "I'd rather be a nigger with her soul than to be a white man with yours! She's right. Let the family dead sleep together."

He entered the express office, paid for the shipment of the body, bought the widow a ticket to Charlestown, and then dropped a $10 gold piece in her hand and said:

"Give him a decent funeral, mammy, and this will put up a headboard to mark the grave."

"May the good Lawd bress you for——!"

But he hurried in to snatch a bite to eat. While he was gone I made inquiries as to his identity, and finally found a man who replied:

"Why, that's Col. Blank of Alabama. He owned over 300 niggers when the war broke out."

How to Use "ROUGH ON RATS." DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

SOME folks, after buying an article, will destroy or throw away the directions without reading them. Now and again some such person will say rats won't eat ROUGH ON RATS. If asked how they used it, it will be found they sprinkled it about, or, at most, mixed it with a little flour or meal. Ask a complainer if he tried ROUGH ON RATS mixed with lard, grease, or butter, and spread on bread, cut in pieces, and laid about; or if he put it on raw or cooked meat, the leavings of fish, clams, oysters; or if he has mixed it with cheese; or if he has mixed it with eggs and meal or grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food rats could get at; to all of which he will probably answer "No." Now, it's a notorious fact, known all over the world, that ROUGH ON RATS has never been equalled as a rat, mouse, insect, and vermin destroyer; and the cause of any failure is due to the stupid dulness or carelessness of the person setting it, rather than the inefficacy of the article. Occasionally an individual is found who will say the rats eat SOME of the ROUGH ON RATS, but it don't kill them. He don't see any dead ones. If asked if he hears or sees any live ones, he says "No." Is it necessary that you see the dead ones? So long as you are clear of rats and mice what more do you want? If occasionally a few scattering ones are left, set ROUGH ON RATS again, using some other material to mix it with. ROUGH ON RATS is a slow but sure poison. It is not necessary that each and every rat get the dose set. If a few of them get it, it makes them so sick and miserable they will kick up such a rumpus and suffer so much that all are terrified and scared from the dreaded premises, and those that do get the dose, in their misery, work their way out of the building in search of relief and water, and die or stroll away. Thus your house is completely rid of vermin, and it is not necessary that you see dead or dying rats lying about to convince you. EVERY time you set or reset ROUGH ON RATS use a different medium or vehicle to mix it with.

SEE ALSO special instructions with each package for use of ROUGH ON RATS, in clearing out Roaches, Water and Croton Bugs, Beetles, Ants, Insects, Hen Lice, Potato Bugs, Moths, Squirrels, Jack Rabbits, Sparrows, &c.