SLABS FOR OUR SIDEWALKS.

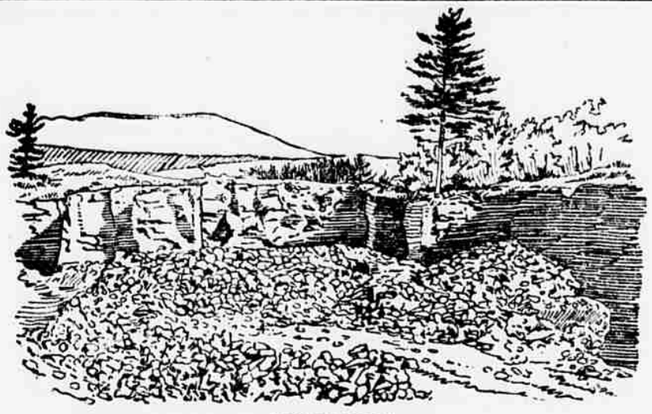
AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY UP IN ULSTER COUNTY.

Something of Which New Yorkers Know Very Little, Although They Constantly Tread on Its Products—Monster Slabs Weighing Tons—Rubbage Now Useful.

Of all the diverse industries in building material there is, perhaps, none larger, yet none about which so little is known as the bluestone industry. New Yorkers walk day by day over the smoothest bluestone sidewalks in the world, yet, if asked where they come from, the majority will say, "I'm blessed if I know." The huge slabs come from the quarries in much the same shape that we see them as

A QUARRY FACE AT WEST HURLEY.

sidewalks. The stone known as Hudson River bluestone is the blue, fine grained, compact sandstone, and the belt of country whence New York gets her slabs is nearly one hundred miles long in this State, stretching from the Helderberg Mountains in Albany county across Greene and Ulster counties, taking in a strip of both Orange and Sullivan counties, and across the Delaware River into Pennsylvania. In Albany and Greene counties the ledge bearing good stone is narrow, as it is also in the town of Saugerties, Ulster county, being found only on the east and east-southeast foothills of the Catskill Mountains, where it is bounded on the



A WORKING LEDGE.

east by the older limestone formations and on the west by the conglomerate and quartzose formations of the Catskill range. The belt widens in the towns of Kingston, Woodstock, Hurley, Olive, and Marbletown, in Ulster county, and in them the quarries are widely distributed over the plateau which borders the Catskills on the southeast. To the northwest and in the valley of the Esopus Creek quarries have been worked for forty years, and that part of the town of Hurley known as Jewellville, or West Hurley, has had the best and most profitable quarries. One quarry at West Hurley, known as the Great Lawson Quarry,

GREAT RUBBAGE BANK AT WEST HURLEY.

was worked by Lucius Lawson for more than thirty years. It is asserted that more than $2,500,000 worth of flag and other stone has been taken from that hole. More than forty acres of ground, in many places to the depth of forty and fifty feet, have been worked over, and the broken stone, or refuse, from the quarry, known as rubbage, has been piled up in banks, in some places an eighth of a mile in length and 100 feet in height.

That probably was not only the most famous but the most profitable bluestone quarry ever opened, and Lucius Lawson, now in the stone business in Chattanooga, Tenn., was once a millionaire. Unfortunate speculations in land and the work of draining the great Beaverdill Swamp, Ulster county, involved Mr. Lawson to such an extent that a few years ago he failed, and lost not only his quarry, but every dollar he possessed in the world. For many years, while Lawson worked the quarry, the ground was owned by the late Gen. Daniel Tompkins Van Buren of Plainfield, N. J., and Lawson paid a quarry rent of so much a foot for the stone taken out. Gen. Van Buren received more than $200,000 in percentages, or, as it is called, "quarry rent." From this quarry probably more stone for sidewalks in this city has been taken than from any three quarries in the bluestone belt.

There are quarries along the Hudson River at New Baltimore, and, thence southward, at Coxsackie and Catskill, and near Rondout, but they are not of the typical bluestone, but of the softer gray sandstone of the Hudson River slate formation. The quarries at Palenville and vicinity, West Saugerties, Boiceville, Phœnicia, Woodland Hollow, Shandaken, and Pine Hill are undoubtedly in the Catskill group of rocks. In working the quarries there is much variation in the thickness and nature of the overlying earth and top rock that must be taken off before the good stone is reached. The work of removing the top is called stripping, and the heavier the top the less profitable the quarry. The many openings in the bluestone belt indicate that the whole territory is underlaid with beds of bluestone, but in large areas the stone is of inferior quality, or the thickness of the ledges is not great enough to warrant their working at a profit. The custom is to lease the land at a certain royalty a square foot of stone taken out, which is generally half a cent a foot. Few of the quarries are worked by companies, and fewer still on a large scale. Nearly all are worked by individuals, or by the associated effort of two or three men of small capital, or by the laborers uniting with no capital other than their tools and labor. Generally a loading derrick worked by hand power and a small hand pump form the equipment. At the larger quarries lifting derricks worked by horse power are employed to hoist the stones from their beds, while at the shipping docks loading derricks are used.

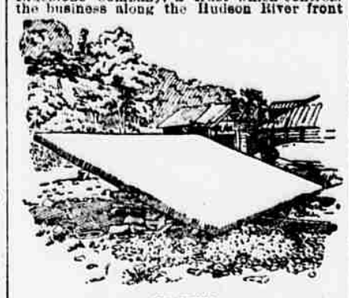
In quarrying, the rock is thrown down or broken by the use of common blasting powder until the stratified beds of flat and regular stone are reached. These beds run in regular blocks, being separated by thinner blocks known as cat faces. The large blocks are split apart in convenient sizes by the use of plug-and-feather wedges, driven in lines of shallow holes. The natural division planes, or joints, are taken advantage of in cutting the blocks. These joints, or seams, are generally vertical, or nearly so, and run in two systems, the one parallel to the strike of the beds, or the ledge also, and the other at right angles to the first, and in the direction of the dip of the beds. The former make the successive benches of the quarry, while the latter are known as end joints. Where the blocks are regular and well defined the blocks are readily cut into rectangular shaped sizes for platforms, sidewalks, crosswalks, and curbing stones. The layers of stone range from one inch to three feet in thickness, the top beds being thinner generally than those deeper in the quarry. In working into a hill h bedding planes, or division seams, frequently disappear, and two or more layers merge into one heavy slab. In most cases these thick strata can be split apart along the planes of bedding, and the cap layer is lifted off by means of wedging on the edges. The size of the stone is always determined by the natural joints, and frequently layers sixty feet long, twenty feet wide, and ten inches in thickness are lifted from the beds. The facilities for handling and shipping limit the size, and such monsters are immediately broken into smaller sizes. It is customary to use the thinner stone for town or village sidewalks, while the thicker layers are worked into curbing, crosswalks, window and pier caps, sills, and flagging.

The slabs are sent from the quarries to tidewater at various points along the Hudson River, Wilbur, in the city of Kingston, being the principal shipping point. The stone is trucked from three to ten miles over heavy stone tramways built especially for the purpose. In this city a span of horses drawing a load of five tons is a sight, yet on the stone roads from the quarrying districts into Kingston an everyday sight is a span of horses hauling a load of ten or eleven tons, and frequently three horses hitched abreast have taken loads of stone weighing fifteen tons to the dock. The morality of this can be shown in the illustration, now in the yard of Osterhoudt Brothers, at Wilbur, is 20 by 24 feet 9 inches, 10 inches thick, and it weighs several hundredweight over twenty tons. It was quarried about four miles from Kingston, at Sawkill, and is probably the largest stone ever brought entirely to tidewater. It being several feet larger and more than three tons heavier than the great stone ingfront of the Vanderbilt residence at Fifth avenue and Fiftieth street, this city, that stone being 15 by 20 feet and 8 inches thick. The monster is so large that it may have to be cut in two for a buyer, as it is larger and wider either way than any sidewalk in America. To cut it will detract from its actual value about twenty per cent. In its present shape it is practically dead money to its owners on account of its immense size. It came very near meeting disaster several times before it was safely removed. Although the quarry is only about four miles from the river, and the road mostly down grade, the truckmen were three days in moving it to tidewater, and during that time three trucks were broken down. Eight horses drew it, although four could have hauled the weight. It was thought safer, however, to have double that number. One side of a toll gate had to be taken down to allow it to pass through, and in crossing the bridge of Esopus Creek the stone it had to be turned up on its edge to an inclination of about fifty degrees to clear the side trusses of the bridge.

The bluestone industry gives employment to a vast body of skilled and unskilled laborers. It is estimated that from New Baltimore, on the Hudson, to Pond Eddy, on the Delaware, at least 20,000 men are employed directly in the various branches of the work, not including those employed on railway trains, some barges, sloops, and canal boats moving the stone from tidewater to market. Ulster county, being the largest producer, employs the most men, and quarrymen, stonecutters, laborers, teamsters, stone measurers, handlers, and machine workers will number at least 7,000. Ordinarily the pay of the men who work at the various branches of the business is good. Stonecutters get from $3 to $5 a day, while the pay of the other branches of skilled and unskilled and machine labor runs from $1.50 to $3.50 a day. When there is a depression in the bluestone trade everything comes to a standstill in the city of Kingston, so badly is business affected.

CAT FACES.

The stone, after a superficial dressing at the quarries, is stacked or piled at tidewater. Slabs requiring further dressing are taken to the cutting sheds, where they are cut into the various shapes and finely tooled. Large stones are put on large bed planers and planed smooth. Others are put under saws composed of strips of thin boiler iron, under the edge of which is kept a quantity of sharp wet sand, and sawed into slabs of the required sizes. Stone for special purposes is put upon a huge, flat, revolving plate of iron, the surface of which is fed with sand and water, and not only rubbed smooth, but also highly polished. After having been delivered in the city, very little or no work is necessary, except fitting to the various purposes for which it is used. There are, however, many yards in New York and vicinity that buy the stone in the rough and dress it, but less is done every year, owing to labor disturbances, but more to the Union Bluestone Company, a trust which controls the business along the Hudson River front

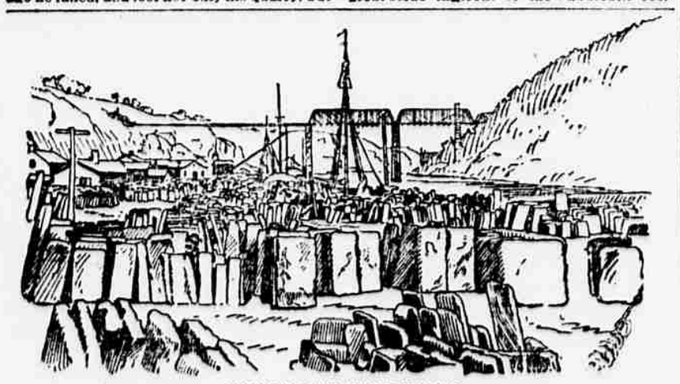


A MONSTER.

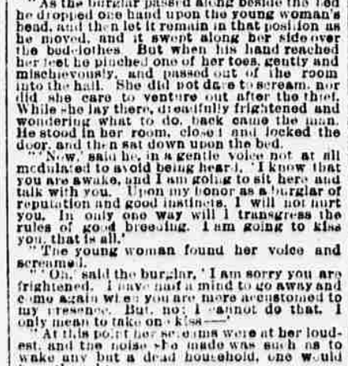
between New Baltimore and Kingston. In 1889 the estimated value of the bluestone product of New York State, with that of Pike and Wayne counties, in Pennsylvania, was $1,800,000, of which fully 75 per cent. came from the district between Kingston and Catskill.

In many localities quarries have been worked out, that term being used when the top rock is so heavy that to take it off will not pay. They have been abandoned, but lately a new use has been found for the refuse stone, and a company has been buying rubbage banks. It has been discovered that the argillaceous and often highly siliceous nature of the rock makes it highly desirable for macadamizing, and in some of the quarries huge crushers are now used in crushing the refuse. A crusher working on the mountain of rubbage in the great Lawson quarry has a capacity of 300 car loads a day. Immense quantities of the coarser grades are being used in this city for concrete, while much more of the pea coal, or gravel, size is being used in the parks and by private parties for the top dressing of drives and roads.

Among the men who made fortunes in the bluestone business were William B. Fitch, Michael Halihan, Lucius Lawson, Nathaniel Booth, the Sweeney brothers, and James V. Cummings. Halihan was rich when he died, but Fitch was poor. Nathaniel Booth has lost his property. Lucius Lawson is trying to make another fortune at Chattanooga, Tenn. Perhaps the most notable person ever interested in the traffic and quarrying of bluestone is John Vetter. Years before Fitch, Booth, Lawson, Halihan, Van Buren or Plainfield were at a tavern on the Ulster county plank road, and he hauled stone from his father's quarry to the docks at Wilbur. Kilgore and George Waters of Kingston developed the great quarries along the Delaware in the years succeeding the war, and Kilgore has made several fortunes. He controls the Delaware stone traffic.



READY FOR SHIPMENT AT WILBUR.



A MOUNTAIN OF RUBBAGE.

KISSED BY A BURGLAR.

The Story of a Girl's Midnight Adventure That is Told in San Francisco.

"I heard the oddest of all burglar stories when I was out on the Pacific coast," said a New Yorker who has just returned from there. "It was told me as having happened to a household in a suburb of San Francisco. Private detectives were employed to hunt the desperado, but the fear of publicity hid the case from the authorities. In the front hall room on the second floor of a detached house slept the daughter of the house, the other members of the family being only her father and mother. The Chinese servant was in all probability at some friend's laundry or over in San Francisco smoking opium, as those servants are almost certain to be after nightfall. But he does not count, at any rate. The young lady was asleep, she was in very poor health, and part of her ailment was an inability to sleep except in cat naps. She heard a noise on the porch beneath her window, and a minute later her window was thrown open and a man stepped lightly into the room. Without halting to see if his action had aroused any one he crossed along the very narrow passage between her bed and her trunk—a way so narrow that it was the young lady's custom to sit on her bed and search her trunk and to lace her shoes by putting one foot at a time upon the trunk while she was seated on the bed.

"As the burglar passed along beside the bed he dropped one hand upon the young woman's head, and then let it remain in that position as he moved, and it swept along her side over the bedclothes. But when his hand reached her feet he pinched one of her toes, gently and mischievously, as he passed out of the room into the hall. She did not dare to scream, nor did she care to venture out after the thief. While she lay there, dreadfully frightened and wondering what to do, back came the man. He stood in her room, closed and locked the door, and then sat down upon the bed.

"'Now,' said he, in a gentle voice not at all modulated to avoid being heard, 'I know that you are awake, and I am going to sit here and talk with you. Upon my honor as a burglar of reputation and good instincts, I will not hurt you. In only one way will I transgress the rules of good breeding. I am going to kiss you, that is all.

"The young woman found her voice and screamed.

"'Oh,' said the burglar, 'I am sorry you are frightened. I have half a mind to go away and come back when you are more accustomed to my presence. But, no; I cannot do that. I only mean to take one kiss—'

"At this point her screams were at her loudest, and the noise she made was such as to wake any but a dead household, one would have thought.

"'I really wish you would not do that,' said the burglar. 'It will not deter me. What do I care? I can only die at the outside, and I am not the least afraid to die. I have seen you again and again on the streets, and I have made up my mind to risk everything in order to kiss you—to kiss you when you are awake, and know that I am stealing the favor, for I would not risk a day in jail to kiss a woman asleep. Well, if you won't stop screaming I cannot see any use in delaying—'

"Here he put an arm under the girl's shoulders, and gently raising her body, he bent his own and kissed her on her lips as lightly and respectfully as if she had been his maiden aunt. With that he lowered her, still screaming, to her pillow, and leaped out of the window. Her screams brought her father and mother, all too late, and they found her able to tell all that had taken place. Yet in an hour she had grown delirious, and it was a month before she was even mentally herself again. The bravo was never captured."

Amply Endorsed.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A young woman who had a check for $14 on a certain city savings bank presented it at the cashier's desk, and he objected and said:

"You will please endorse it, miss."

She took it over to the desk and wrote on the back:

"I want this money awful bad yours truly please pay the bearer."

ARE YOU A WORKINGMAN?

THEN TOM PLATT TOOK FROM $500 TO $1,000 OUT OF YOUR POCKET.

He Sent the World's Fair Away From the New York He Wants to Rule to Republican Chicago—Will You Help Him?

Senator McNaughton's ringing words, showing to the workingmen of New York how their brethren in Philadelphia were prospered by the Centennial Exposition and how their brethren of Chicago are already prospering because the World's Fair is to be held there, awoke the echoes yesterday among all artisans. The well-known fact that the Republicans, headed by Thomas C. Platt, took from New York the Fair and sent it to Chicago, a Republican city, stirred the workingmen to more than a lively interest in the present battle between the Democratic Party and the Republicans and their calico allies.

The *Union Printer* issued a special illustrated edition yesterday, and, although editorially the paper was announced to be non-political, the editors of the paper say that they feel that at this time the cause of justice and of truth and of labor justify the presentation of the facts with reference to Mayor Grant's intelligence, integrity, and friendship for organized labor. Then the *Union Printer*, in an address to workingmen, shows the benefits that would have accrued to them if the World's Fair had not been sent away from New York by the Republicans, and it conclusively proves how the members of the fusion combine deprived this city of over $300,000,000. Never were truer facts than these:

"Before the merchants, hotel proprietors business men in every line of trade, workingmen in every line of industry, from the laborer who gets his $2 a day to the skilled mechanic who expects $4 a day, make up their minds to vote for the Platt-Power combine for Mayor they should consider and carefully read the following facts, which are undeniable:

"A fund of $10,000,000 for the World's Fair was subscribed by New Yorkers for new buildings to be erected in this city, and was to be supplemented by at least $10,000,000 more.

"This sum would have been expended among the workingmen of this city inside of two years, and thousands of homes would have been made happy and prosperous.

"Again, a small army of employees would be required around the building for the year of the Fair's existence.

"Even the most conservative estimates admit that not less than 5,000,000 of visitors would come from all quarters of the globe to visit the great exposition, and as each one would spend at least $40 during his sojourn in this city, some idea of the immense loss to grocers, tradesmen, and workingmen of the city can be arrived at. Here are figures in brief:

For buildings, &c.	$15,000,000
For supplies, wages, &c.	5,000,000
For visitors' expenses while in the city, say 5,000,000 of people, at $40 each	200,000,000

"Workingmen and others, think of what Platt and his fusion ticket have done for you and for Chicago."

It is then clearly shown that the calico ticket was made up by Thomas C. Platt, the man who deprived New York of the World's Fair, and William R. Grace, who, when he was Mayor, had the work of the city done by contract instead of by day's labor. All the facts go to prove that James F. Archibald, the alleged friend of the workingmen at the Parsons' League, has been nothing but a decoy for professional politicians for a number of years.

How much good the workingmen of New York could have obtained from the World's Fair cannot be adequately told. As Senator McNaughton rightly says, men who were poor before the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia were made rich by it. Every workingman in Chicago is participating in the boom given to that city because Mr. Platt and his Mugwump friends sent the Fair to that Republican city. If the Fair could have been kept for New York, a result for which Mayor Grant and every sturdy Democrat battled, there would be now such a boom among the workingmen as this city has not seen from its foundation. Mayor Grant, when he appointed his World's Fair Committee asked the Central Labor Union, the American Federation of Labor, and all the large labor organizations to send representatives to him to be appointed on the World's Fair committees. Every man whose name was sent into him by a recognized labor organization was appointed. Among them were such men as Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor; Mr. George Warner, representative of the Central Labor Union, and Mr. John R. O'Donnell, the representative selected by Typographical Union No. 6. But Mr. Platt and his Republican friends, together with the Mugwumps marshalled by Larry Godkin of the *Evening Post*, deprived the city of the Fair, sent it to Chicago, and deprived the New York workingmen of millions.

The workingmen are fully aroused to the situation, and they propose to hit their enemies on election day straight from the shoulder.

In a long address to the working people of New York, the undersigned members of labor organizations in this city call upon their brethren to reelect Hugh J. Grant, the man who worked for them. This address is signed by:

Nelson J. McFaddin, Walking Delegate of United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 6.
Thomas Lyons, Walking Delegate of Laborers' Union of New York.
M. J. Murray, General President of the Laborers' Union.
Joseph T. Carney, of the Executive Board of Typographical Union No. 6.
Frederick Beyer, Local Assembly No. 2,431, K. of L.
Harry Tynan, President Rag Workers' Union.
John Lynch, Delegate Pavers' Union No. 1.
Daniel Mack, ex-President Cartmen's Union.
Patrick McAnaly, Argo K. of L. Assembly of Shipwrights.
James Ryan, President Stability Labor Club.
John McPherson, President Lodge 1, U. O. C. and Joiners.
M. J. Carroll, President Bricklayers' Union No. 7.
James Flood, L. A. 2,431, K. of L.
Bernard Blessing, Walking Delegate Plasterers' Union.
John H. Tuttle, Typographical Union No. 6.
Michael Rice, ex-Walking Delegate Lathers' Union.
John F. Reilly, President Bricklayers' Union No. 34.
William Flanagan, Secretary Rag Workers' Union.
William Corcoran, Phœnix Labor Club of Railroad Men.
Robert Farrell, ex-Walking Delegate United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners.
Bartholomew Quinn, Walking Delegate Bricklayers' Union No. 7.
James Taylor, Local Assembly No. 2,431, K. of L.
Henry Strass, President Textile Workers' No. 3.
Patrick Hennessy, Lodge No. 1, U. O. A. C. and J.
Henry Kelland, Eccentric Engineers No. 1.
John Boyle, Secretary Bricklayers' No. 7.
John McAdams, Financial Secretary and ex-President of Ballo Club of Musicians, K. of L.
William Forster, Typographical Union No. 6.
James Noonan, Secretary Social Labor Club.
Hugh Whorlskey, ex-Walking Delegate United Order of Am. Carpenters.
John Clark, L. A. 2,431, K. of L.
William J. Hennessy, Walking Delegate Bricklayers' Union No. 37.
Rudolph Steinmann, Secretary Textile Workers' Union No. 3.
Joseph Kiernan, General Vice-President of Laborers' Union and President of Local Union No. 3.
James Doyle, Walking Delegate Carpenters' Brotherhood.
Thomas McNamee, Steamfitters' Union.
Thomas F. Quinn, Bricklayers' No. 4.
John Hernan, ex-Walking Delegate Laborers Union.
Dennis Cavanagh, Financial Secretary Lodge No. 1, U. O. C. and J.
M. J. Boon, President Social Labor Club.
Thomas Usher, Ballo Musical Club, K. of L.
James H. McKenney, President Bricklayers' Union No. 3.
J. Haley, President Carpet Workers.
John Donnelly, ex-Walking Delegate Bricklayers' No. 4.
Thomas Williams, Secretary Stability Labor Club.
James Flood, Lodge 63, U. B. Carpenters and Joiners.
Patrick Crawley, Secretary Bricklayers' Union No. 7.
John Brennan, Typographical Union No. 6.
Charles McDonald, L. A. 2,431, K. of L.
John B. Sazziatta, Ballo K. of L. Club.
Daniel McLoughlin, Shipwrights' Union.
Thomas Terrell, Walking Delegate Plasterers' Union.
James McKim, Walking Delegate U. Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.
Charles Lundsdorf, Walking Delegate Tin and Sheet Iron Workers.
James Hunt, President Stone Cutters.
Patrick Reilly, Secretary Stone Cutters' Union.
Lawrence Tedeman, Chairman of the Executive Board of Bricklayers Unions.

This is no manufactured list of workingmen such as has been sent out by Mr. Platt and his Mugwump allies. In the address accompanying this list are only a few things which Mayor Grant has done for the city. The fact that whereas two years ago 30,000 children of the poor were deprived of school accommodation and that by the end of this year 27,155 of them will be accommodated, is one of the convincing arguments. The removal of 1,993 miles of wire and poles from the streets, which gave employment to 20,000 workingmen on the subways; the employment of 2,000 men to improve the Dock Department where formerly but 200 were employed; the vast improvements in the Department of Public Works are only a few things that Mayor Grant has done for the workingmen. The address of the workingmen concludes with the authoritative statement that the parties opposed to Mayor Grant, "have tried to or did kill every labor measure that has been before the Legislature, among which are the following: The Saturday Half-holiday law, the Tenement-house Tax law, the Anti-Contract Labor bill, the bill to repeal the obstruction clauses of the Conspiracy laws, the Cheap Gas law, the Labor Day bill, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and World's Fair bill, the Rapid Transit bill, the Weekly law, and all other bills that were in the interests of the many against the few. They have robbed us of our proper representation in both State and national legislative bodies, and opposed every measure that would give New York city the least chance to govern itself.

A day does not pass that does not show the cloven foot of the Republican and Mugwump allies opposed to Mayor Grant. Last night the *New Yorker Herold* (German) quotes the remarks of Dr. Howard Crosby, one of the men at the Citizens' Union, on the ticket nominated for Mayor, and at Sect to candidate of Thomas C. Platt and William R. Grace. The *New Yorker Herold* then quotes this:

From the New York Staats Zeitung, Nov. 3, 1890.

In an ugly onslaught against Mr. Grant and his associates, Dr. Howard Crosby expressed himself at the Hewitt ratification meeting the night before last in the following manner. He said:

"Mr. Grant has on his side the scum of the community, the emigrants, and the vagabonds."

Apart from it that this brutal expression shows the hoof of the nativist, such an attack upon a political organization, which at least contains among its number as respectable an element as the one to which Mr. Crosby belongs is very much to be deplored. It is even very injudicious, because brutality will never gain votes. Mr. Hewitt's chances have already been weakened by his favorite, Gen. Newton. And in regard to Dr. Crosby he can well exclaim, "The Lord protect me from my friends."

And to-day the *Staats Zeitung* demands that the German mads should give their vote to a man like Scott, whose best friend is Howard Crosby.

This is on a par with the speech of Horace F. Deming of the Executive Committee of the Parsons' League, at the P. M. L. Convention in Scottish Rite Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1890, a few days before Candidate Scott was permitted to appear as the candidate of Mr. Platt and Mr. Grace. On that occasion Mr. Deming said:

In this city are hundreds of thousands of foreigners who are as indifferent to the spirit of our institutions as though they still lived in Dublin, Cork, or Berlin, Florence, or Versailles, and who simply realize that politics means employment and that there is a pay roll amounting to millions of dollars annually.

Deming knew all about that pay roll, for he is down on the Corporation Counsel's books as having received $2,202.81 for services as a lawyer.

In the words of Senator McNaughton, Democrat, every workingman in New York will remember on election day the fact that Thomas C. Platt and his Republicans and their Mugwump allies deprived this great city of the World's Fair, to which, as the greatest city in the Union, it was justly entitled, and at the same time took $300,000,000 away from New Yorkers.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "GIN'RAL."

A Treasure that the Sea Brought to the Thirsty Men of Arran.

Two men sat beside a glowing turf fire on the largest of the Arran Islands, on the west coast of Ireland. One was Bryan Kilmartin, the handsomest and strongest man in Arran, and the other a visiting American. The wind was piping a gale from the west, and the spray shot over the cliffs a mile away and struck the window of the cottage like birdshot. Bryan was in a reminiscent mood.

"Bring in more turf," he called to his daughter, "and some hot wather for the punch."

It may have been the genial warmth and coziness of the room or the effects of the two-year-old potheen; at any rate, he said:

"Mebbe, sir, ye'd like to hear how we captured the Gin'ral? Well, wan day afther a westerly storm word kem from Connemara that some rum had come ashore, and we were on the watch from the top of the cliffs to see could we get our share from the say. We were too far from the wather on the cliffs and so four of us took a hooker (a hooker is a sloop of about seventy tons burthen) and went out around the island. Whin we were well outside two of us got into the canoe and rowed over forninst a rock where there was a strong current running along shore. While rowing the canoe I kept an odd eye over me shoulder to see would I see annything, whin I cotch a peep of something rising on the waves. I kept me ere to her as well as I could fur the rocking of the canoe, and, d—n it, sir, whin it rose on another wave I saw it again, and I'd give me salt but I saw a hoop. We pulled toward her, and I faix it was a barrel o' rum all covered wid barnacles. You must know, sir, that there's no barnacles in this wather, and so, by this and by that, we knew that the rum had been drifting for many thousands o' miles, aiger to be picked up by thirsty min. We had a rope in the canoe ready for the business, and we lashed it 'round the middle of the Gin'ral, for that's the name we gave the barrel. Thin I unshipped an oar and stud it on end, as a sign to the hooker that we had the Gin'ral captured. Ye see, we'd hardly be able to tow the ould soldier, he was that big and fat, and besides, there was a comfortable sea and a taste of a breeze agin us. We kept the Gin'ral from knocking himself to pieces agin the rocks until the hooker kem up. Thin we fixed the tackle that we used to hoist cattle on board the hooker to the Gin'ral and put him in the hold.

"Whin we started for home we knew the coast guards would be watching for us, and as soon as we landed they would take our prisoner away. So we sailed around to a sheltery cove on the inside of the island and lifted the Gin'ral back into the canoe again. The Gin'ral was that plump that he jist filled the measure betune two thwarts. Thin we sint two min to the quay wid the hooker, believe me we knew the coast guard would search her as soon as she got in. Meself and Pat Costello rowed the Gin'ral across the bay, and I was standing up in the stern of the canoe making believe fishing for pollock, but divil a line we had at all. Ye see, the coast guard was watching us wid wan o' thim magnifying glasses. We landed the Gin'ral on a quiet beach two miles away from the coast guard. By this time it was 10 o'clock at night and we were mighty hungry. So Costello wint three miles for grub, and with the help of some fishermin I took the Gin'ral out of the canoe, where he was mighty oneasy, and laid him down on his back on the shore.

"By this time the news of the capture of the Gin'ral had gone abroad, and twenty fishermin kem running to see what was he like. They were that aiger to see what kind o' blood was inside the Gin'ral that I bored a hole in wan end of him, and out spouted a stream of rum as big as me little finger. Shure, we din't know at the time what it was, but we knew well it was gone. I hadn't me first drink down before I axed for more of it. Whin 11 o'clock came, sir, there was scarce a man from our village but was sitting on the beach around the Gin'ral. There was near 100 min, sir, if you'd believe me, and in a little while every wan of them was roaring drunk. They were that noisy that I was afraid the coast guard would be alarmed. So I got a lot of tankards (wooden buckets containing about eight gallons), and filled them with the liquid and stowed the tankards in the canoe. We hadn't as many tankards as would empty the Gin'ral, so we had to take him. The byes on the beach were raising the divil's own ruction, and we had to get out to save the Gin'ral.

"By this time we were a bit brave, and we thought we'd land close to Costello's house. Bedad, whin we were close to the shore, who should rise out o' the rocks but a coast guard. We shoved off and hid the tankards in a cliff. Thin we rowed away wth the Gin'ral again to another beach, and we set three Connemara hooker min drunk out of the gallon we had left in the Gin'ral. They were shuttering drunk whin they kem ashore. We filled another tankard, and had the full of another big tin can, about tin quarts, beside. The last tankard we stole, and it was a potato patch in bloom. The Gin'ral was empty now, and we left him on the beach at high wather mark. He might go to sea again if he liked. Divil a hair we'd care. We carried the big tin can of rum home, and every man we met we gave him a jorum of it. We divided the rum that day equal among the 4 captured the Gin'ral. We had a grate night drinking the rum. We stood the schoolmaster on his head, and made him talk Latin through his nose, and we kept up the fun until Sunday morning at 10 o'clock."

Bryan replenished the fire, and was silent for a moment as he gazed at the glowing turf. Then he resumed:

"That was a grate time, sir. Nearly every able-bodied man in the village was drunk on the strange liquor. I think it was Howlin rum, and 'twas powerful strong. I was from Friday morning until Sunday morning busy with the Gin'ral, and all I had left of the rum to sell out of my share was the worth of wan shilling and sixpence."

Another Eye and Ear Institute.

Although it was only incorporated in September, the New York Institute for Eye and Ear Diseases is now comfortably located at 208 West Forty-second street. The object is to maintain a free hospital and dispensary for the care and treatment of persons afflicted with diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. A practical course of instruction is to be given to those desiring to study any of these special branches. The institute has at present accommodations for twelve patients. Particular attention is to be given to the care and treatment of the aged blind. The dispensary is open for the treatment of the poor. Persons recommended by the profession as deserving of charity are to be treated gratuitously. It has been noticed that many persons who are well able to pay are taking advantage of charitable institutions not intended for their use, and such persons are to be discouraged from coming to this institute. A patient here who has been refused it in any other institution will not receive treatment. The executive surgeon in charge is Dr. Charles A. Bucklin. It is the intention to make this institute supply for the west side of the city the same advantages that have for the last seventy years been supplied by the New York Eye and Ear infirmary for the east side.

Driven to Suicide by His First Debt.

From the Washington Post.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Oct. 29.—Charles Fridinger, aged about 75 years, who has for a long time been the messenger for the First National Bank of this city, cut his throat with a razor before a looking glass, with suicidal intent, about two o'clock this morning. He lies in a critical condition. Recently an attachment was levied upon the effects of his son-in-law. To lift the attachment, the First National assumed the debt, which Fridinger promised to liquidate. This distressed the old man, and he was seen several times to be crying and exclaiming to himself: "First debt I ever owed." He brooded over the matter until in a fit of temporary insanity he made the attempt on his life.

WHY DO MEN DRINK?

A Drinking Man Starts in and Gets a Good Ways Into an Explanation.

"What makes you drink so much, any way?"

"Well," said the man, "I don't know that I can resolve that problem for you. Sometimes I solve it to myself in one way and sometimes in another; sometimes when I'm drunk, sometimes when I'm sober, and sometimes when I'm neither drunk nor sober, and I assure you that I don't know in which of these three states I come nearest to the truth of the matter. My mind is often clearest when I'm drunk and dullest when I'm sober. This I know to be a fact, and so when I am sober I wisely have a great deal of deference for the opinion I had of myself when I was drunk, just as a dullard may sometimes be found who knows his inferiority and defers to the opinion or judgment of a superior. Let's take a drink. I have some important business to attend to this evening with a rigid abstainer on principle, who hates a drinking man and won't have anything to do with one under any circumstances if he can help it. So I want to appear sober and have my wits about me. Let's take a drink."

We were in Duane street at the time, and went into one of the famous old-time gin mills, now shorn of much of its ancient gloomy glory by the removal of great festoons of cobwebs which used to hang like tapestry about the walls and from the ceiling, and amid which old bummers could daily be seen threading their way with noiseless tread, like so many ghosts of what had once been men and were far from contented with being ghosts, and so filled their shivering skins with such elixir of life as they found in steaming goblets of Lochnagar and Irish whiskey. But the place was famous in its day, and was one of the shows of the town. Nor were those who frequented it bummers and "old soaks" alone, for the proprietor, now long dead, and rich when he died, counted among his daily guests many well-known lawyers and merchants, who liked good stuff and plenty of it, and knew where to get it at a reasonable price. If I remember rightly, the proprietor's name was Dave Patullo, and the place was known far and wide throughout the whole country as Cobweb Hall.

We ordered two hot Lochnagars, although it was rather early in the season for such drinks, and then entered the back room and sat down at one of the tables—the very one, in fact, at which I had sat, years ago, with many men, nearly all of whom are now dead and gone, while others make occasional visits to Blackwell's Island on their way to the Potter's Field, and still others are well and prosperous as politicians, lawyers, authors, and what not, one of them being a professor of mathematics in a well-known college, another a distinguished physician in this town, and still another the estimable and beloved pastor of a Presbyterian church in one of the Hudson River villages, with a charming wife and a host of blooming children. When our hot Lochnagars came steaming to the table, the man went on to talk as follows:

"You wanted to know why I drink so much. Well, just at present it is because I so much want to drink, and for the past three months that has been the general explanation of the matter. Suppose you ask a glutton why he eats so much, and his answer, *mutatis mutandis*, will be precisely the same as mine. Why does your spouter, like that fellow over in the corner who is up on his ear over the 'labor problem,' talk so much? Because he likes to talk. Why does your bookworm read so much? Because he likes to read, and not at all because he wants to know things. And so you can go on through the whole list of things that men and women do. It is Lever's old song over again:

"Then here's to Martin Hannigan's aunt,
And I'll tell you the reason why:
She ate because she was hungry,
And drank because she was dry.

"You see, I acknowledge the corn and state the matter frankly as it is. I haven't drawn a sober breath since last August, and, so far as I can see, I am not likely to draw one for many a moon yet to come. It may be for years, and it may be forever. What do I care? The thing has to run its course. I have nothing to do with it. It is, to parody Matthew Arnold, a 'power, not ourselves, that makes for'—not exactly righteousness certainly, but for something that I know nothing whatever about."

"You have no will in the matter; can't stop yourself?"

"Oh, come, now," said the man, "don't go into metaphysics. The two absolutely certain events over which a man has no control whatever are his birth and his death. He must be born and he must die. They are both outside his will, and if you mean to tell me that any of the minor and really unessential things that he does between these two extremes are under his own control, why, I simply can't talk with you. Stick to facts, and order two more hot Lochnagars."

"Oh, I'll order the whiskey fast enough, and do you stick to facts yourself. To say that you load yourself up to the muzzle seven days in a week because you like it is so general a statement that it doesn't mean anything at all. Come closer to the mark. All your friends are worried about you, and say you are going to the dogs. If I were in your place I wouldn't drink a drop. John, bring us two more Lochnagars! Make mine stronger than the last."

"Mine, too," said the man, "and put less sugar in it! Don't put any at all," and then, turning to me, he continued: "When a man drinks much he gets to dislike sweet things, and I suppose he finds all the carbon he needs in his alcohol. No, Tom," he went on, "you're right; you're right! I suppose I drink because I have to brace myself up for business, and if I don't drink I'm just like a rag. You see, I have matters of grave importance to look after, and I must keep my head clear, no matter what happens. Now, to-night I absolutely must have a level head when I see my man. It's a matter of $300 to me, and if I should come in like a rag on my mare I couldn't transact the business. See? Rag can't transact business, can he? Why, when I go down to the office in the morning about 11 o'clock my hand shakes so that I can't even write my own name. Business must be attended to, however, and so I go out and get a cocktail. Then I feel all right for about twenty minutes, and in that time I go through business that a temperance man couldn't do in three hours. See?

"Do you eat a good breakfast?"

"No," said the man, "I never eat till after business hours. If you use up your vital powers in digestion, you won't have much left for work. You have just so much vital energy, and the question is, how shall you expend it? In digesting or in necessary work? Any sensible man knows the answer. You must work; you've got to work, and so you've got to be in a condition in which you can work. See? If I should eat a breakfast it would be all up with me for the whole day. I couldn't do a stroke of work. After business hours I generally take a bite of something. Indeed, I ate a sandwich just before I met you, and it sits rather heavy on my stomach now. John, bring us two more hot Lochnagars! Same as the last! The fact is, Tom, old man, I'm driven almost to death with work, and my brain actually can't stand the pressure without stimulants."

"Why don't you try coffee, old fellow?"

"Oh! coffee! Coffee doesn't agree with either my nerves or my stomach, and makes me shake as though I had the palsy. To a system like mine coffee is a specific poison, and, besides, it doesn't touch the spot as whiskey does. Dear old Lochnagar! How it calls up old times!"

"You'll ruin yourself completely, though, if you don't let up on whiskey. I don't care how intelligent a man may be or how strong or how capable he is, whiskey will fetch him! John, two more of the same!"

"I say, old fel," said the man, "aren't you going it pretty steep? Bring only one, John; enough's enough, and I've got to see my man to-night, and so I must keep straight. Make mine light, John! I say, old chap, aren't you doing a little too much of this sort of thing yourself?"

"I? Oh, I can stand any amount of tod, and, besides, my work is all over for to-day. I never drink till after business hours. See?