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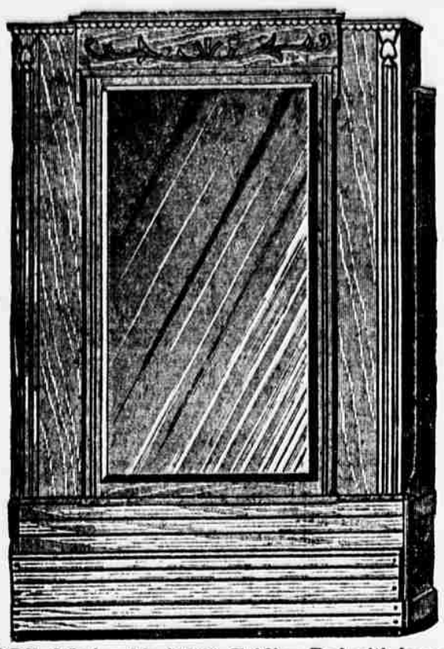
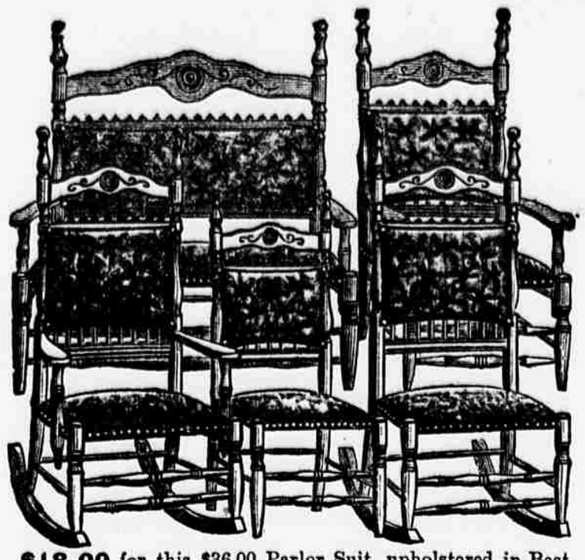
Great Bargain Sale this week to make room for Spring Goods fast arriving from our factories.



$25.00 for this $50.00 Folding Bed with large Bevel Plate; perfect in operation; made in Oak, Cherry, and Walnut.



$18.00 for this $36.00 Parlor Suit, upholstered in Best Silk Plush.

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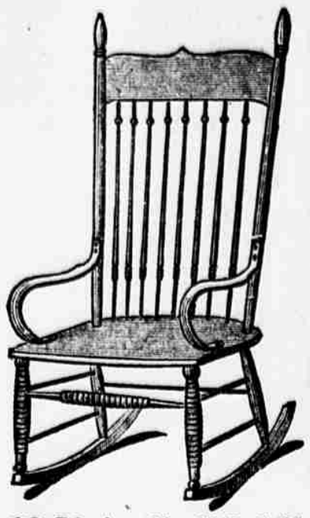
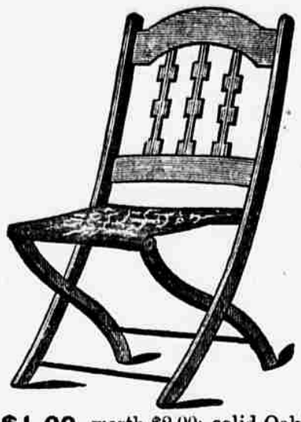


$2.50 for this $5.00 Solid Oak High Back Rocker.

$1.00, worth $2.00; large size Folding Table.

$4.00, worth $8.00, for this fine Bric-a-Brac Table; Oak or Cherry; highly polished.

25c. Highly Polished Slipper Chair.



$1.00, worth $2.00; solid Oak Folding Chair, carpet seat.

$1.75, worth $3.50; large size Folding Armchair, solid Oak, Brussels seat.

50c. Oak Folding Chair, carpet seat.

$7.50 for this large size Platform Rocker, made in Best Silk Tapestry; regular price $15.00.

BROOKLYN FURNITURE COMPANY,

Retail Manufacturers, 553 to 571 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY

How a Woman Came to be the Ruin of Donald Cameron's Bank.

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"Cameron's bank," as it was known to the commercial world, was a private institution, owned and managed by Donald Cameron, who appeared to be about 50 years old when I entered his employ, and did not look a day older ten years later when the tragedy of which I am about to write took place. "As good as Cameron's bank" was a popular saying. "As honest as Donald Cameron" was another. "As hard-headed and sensible as Cameron" was a third. He was, as a matter of fact, a shrewd, level-headed Scotchman, as honest as you please, and as conscientious as you ever find a man in business or out of it. He wanted all due him, but nothing more.

There were four employees in the bank, and Cameron himself did not miss a day for twenty years. He was his own cashier, while I had the place of teller. I don't think there was ever an opportunity to put my hands on over £20,000 had I desired to rob the bank, but before I secured the place he made himself safe to the amount of £25,000. Even the janitor had to furnish a bond, although there was no possible chance of his getting at a dollar. While he paid fair salaries, Mr. Cameron had the reputation of being very tight and close. Some people said that he had never married because he was too stingy. After a year or so I came to the conclusion that it was because he was unlike other men. He did not seem to be aware of the existence of womankind except when one of the sex had dealings with the bank, and then he treated her exactly as if she were a man.

While I fell into his ways after a bit and was with him for ten long years, I never got to know him. He never smiled nor joked. He never threw off his icy dignity for a moment. He never departed from the first rules laid down. He had our time figured down to minutes. If any of us were obliged to remain even one minute over time, we were paid for it. If any one was a minute late in arriving at the bank, it was charged against him. We had so much stationery to last a month, and if one extra envelope was used it had to be accounted for. He once charged me four cents for accidentally breaking a ruler; he made the bookkeeper pay two cents for breaking a pen holder; the janitor fell over his broom and had to pay ten cents for the broken handle, although he spliced it and continued to use it for weeks. I tell you these things about Mr. Cameron not to slur his general character, but that you may thoroughly understand the sort of man he was.

For nine years there was but one break in our routine. We reached the bank at a certain hour and moment, and generally left just as promptly. Every one hung up his hat and coat on the same hook selected at the start. There was no change in employees, no painting or papering, nothing new. The break occurred when I cashed a forged check for £200. It was a neat piece of work, and I believe Mr. Cameron himself would have been duped. When I discovered that I had been bitten I handed the banker £200 and the forged check. He made no remark whatever, but at the end of the month he charged me up with the loss of interest on the money for thirty-four hours. I made no protest, and that ended the affair. The forger might have been caught, but Mr. Cameron had suffered no loss, and he would have charged me with lost time had I spent even five minutes consulting with the police. This was in January, and the beginning of my tenth year with him.

One day in May a strange lady called and had a long interview with Mr. Cameron in his private office. It was only at rare intervals that a strange lady entered our place. This one was about 25 years of age, richly dressed, and as handsome a woman as you would find in a week's travel. We learned after a bit that she was a Scotch-American who had returned to the mother country to assert her claims to a large estate. I suppose the object of her call was purely business, but it had a queer effect on Donald Cameron. You'll think it funny that a man like him and at that date fully 60 years old should be upset all of a sudden by a woman, but such were the facts in the case. When that hour's interview was ended and Mr. Cameron returned to the counting room he was a changed man. He was actually trying to smile. When he attempted to pick up the routine business he was nervous and uneasy, and when he put on his hat and went out upon the street without saying when he would return we looked at each other with something like consternation.

Well, we had queer times in the Cameron bank for the next few months, and the public did a good deal of sly gossiping about the banker. We got the news from outsiders that the woman was a widow and very well off; that she expected to get about £60,000 out of an estate; that she was staying at a fashionable hotel, and that the most famous law firm in Scotland had her case and were sure of success. A well-known estate was then in litigation, and the papers had something to say almost daily. Mr. Cameron could have found out all the inside particulars by paying a lawyer £5, but I doubt if he would have have parted with a "bob" for full information. After events proved that he accepted the widow's statements and documents without question, though he would not have taken the note of a millionaire for £10 without an endorser.

Within a month after the widow's appearance Mr. Cameron got a new business suit. He had worn the old one four years. This new suit, as we all agreed, was the finest thing he had ever worn. He also got a new hat, went to the barber to be shaved, and there was such a change in his general demeanor about the office that the head bookkeeper, who had been with him eighteen years, seriously thought of tendering his resignation. When a grocery man came into the bank one afternoon at 2 o'clock and solemnly asserted that he had seen Donald Cameron out riding with the Widow Stirling, the routine business was interrupted for fully twenty minutes. When the banker came in half an hour before closing time, looking very happy and humming a tune, we were knocked so completely out that the bookkeeper made the first mistake of his life in adding up figures, and my count of the funds on hand was wrong by nearly £100.

From May to September we were "standing on our heads," as the saying is, and every day brought some new surprise. On the first Monday of September I started off for a week's vacation. That had always been the rule. Mr. Cameron insisted that each of us take a week every year, though each had to lose his salary for that week. I put in my week at Aberdeen. On the first day of my arrival I caught sight of the Widow Stirling in confidential conversation with a very keen-looking, well-dressed man whom I took to be an American. Without any management on my part I overheard enough of their conversation to make me suspect some conspiracy against my employer. His name was frequently mentioned, and I caught something about "plans," "money," "old fool," and "America."

The woman left in the afternoon without having seen me, while the man remained. I fell in with him later on and sized him up, to his discredit. I let him know after a bit that I was from the town where the Cameron Bank was situated, and in a cautious way he made many inquiries about the banker. I learned at the hotel office that the woman paid him a brief visit about once a fortnight. Before the week was out I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind that there was a conspiracy afoot to victimize the banker, but my hands were tied. I not only had no proofs, but he was a man who could not be approached on his private affairs. I was full of trouble for the remainder of the week, especially as the stranger in question left on the departure of Thursday, and the hotel people then announced that they had looked upon him with considerable suspicion for many weeks. He left Aberdeen ostensibly for Dundee, but I accidentally learned that he had bought a ticket clear through to Liverpool and engaged passage for two on a steamer to New York.

I returned home feeling sure that something wrong had happened during my absence. I reached town at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, and Mr. Cameron was at the depot to meet me and ask me to accompany him to the bank. He was not the man I had left a week before. All his sternness and gruffness had returned, and I could detect something beyond that. He looked pale and desperate. I asked if anything had gone awry during my absence, but he only answered by a gesture of impatience. We walked side by side for half a mile without another word being spoken. The bank was always guarded by a watchman inside. He had already been sent away. Mr. Cameron locked the door behind him as we entered, removed his coat and hat, and after taking a seat and motioning me to another, he said:

"The doors of this bank have been opened for the last time!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked.

"Simply that I am a ruined man. I haven't £20 to my name!"

"But the paid-in capital of the Cameron bank is £20,000."

"And yet every pound of it is gone!"

I sat for a time like one stunned by a blow. The Cameron bank had been noted for its conservatism. Its checks were as good as gold all over Scotland and England. There had been no panic, and the failure of no other bank could drag it down. For the moment I had forgotten the Widow Stirling.

"And the cause of your failure?" I asked.

"That woman!" he quietly answered. "She has not only made a fool but a victim of me. By loans and forged drafts she has bankrupted me, and is out of the country ere this."

"But the police—she can be tracked—I know her confederate—there may be time to stop them at Liverpool!"

"Nay! Nay! I shall do nothing of the sort. It would be ruin to me, even if I got every dollar back. Come and count the cash, Andrew."

I opened the safe, and he assisted me to count the gold and bills. Then we took the value of loans and notes and bonds.

"Now check off the deposits," he said as I announced the figures on the above. I couldn't help but notice how nervous he was while I was engaged in this work, but his face brightened up when I announced the figures.

"We will now overhaul the safe deposit vault," he said, as he lighted the way.

We were a safe deposit company or institution, as well as a bank. Being the only one for a long distance around, we had many customers. Many had private boxes and carried their own keys, but yet we had as many as 150 packages, for which the owners held receipts. While he read off the names from our books I made an investigation to see if the box or parcel was all right. Nothing whatever was missing or mislaid.

"Now, Andrew, figure up the rents due up to this date," said Mr. Cameron as we returned to the office.

In about fifteen minutes I gave him the sum in gross.

"Now, how much do we owe depositors?" was his next question.

"Not over £2,000, sir."

"Be exact, Andrew. I must know to a penny. Give me exact figures."

"Well, then, it is £1,800 10s. 7d."

"Ah! That is better. What should you say land, building, and belongings are worth?"

"About £1,000."

"A good guess, my lad. That will be about the true value under the hammer, for we have the best location in town. Now, there's my land on the hill."

"That's good for £500."

"And my half of the woollen mill."

"That ought to bring up the balance."

"So it will, and my watch will make another £30. The hands are all paid up, and I owe nothing for either pew rent or my board. Here is your salary for next week, Andrew."

"But—but what are you going to do, sir?" I stammered.

"Going away, my lad."

"But there is no need of that. You can pay dollar for dollar even if the news gets out that we are shaky and brings a run. And why should the news get out? It is known only to you and me. You have the confidence of hundreds of good men, and can raise all the money you want to go ahead on."

"That woman!" he whispered, as he dropped his chin into his hands and sat thinking for a long time.

"Give me authority to go to the police, and I'll almost guarantee her capture and the return of the money."

He shook his head in a sad way and did not speak for five minutes. Then he said:

"You can go now. I'll think it over. Come at the usual hour on Monday morning."

I left him sitting in his chair, but as I paused for a moment outside I heard him lock the door behind me. I was about a good deal on Sunday, but there was no gossip. No one knew what had happened. I did not see the banker nor hear of his being seen, though he was a man who never missed his church. At 8 o'clock on Monday morning we had to summon the police to break open the door of the bank. Donald Cameron lay dead on the floor, having fired a bullet into his head with his own hand. There were some written instructions to me, by following which every depositor would be paid in full, and beside them a notice to be pasted on the front door that Monday morning. It read: "This bank closed for two days, after which all depositors will be paid in full."

About the woman? She simply walked off with the man I had seen at Aberdeen and the banker's money, and neither the police nor the public were ever told of the cause of failure, though many shrewdly suspected what had brought it about.

The Guns at Gettysburg.

On the morning of the 3d of July 100,000 men on the field of Gettysburg knew that Lee would attack that day. By 10 o'clock in the forenoon every one knew where the blow would fall. The topography of the field, the bloody struggles on the wings, the movements of troops and batteries—there were a dozen signs to indicate what was coming.

From daylight to 9 o'clock there was a sputter of musketry along the front as the sharpshooters and skirmishers fired at long range. From 9 to 10 the cavalry on the wings had the fight all to themselves. From 10 to 11 a gun here and there shelled the Confederate skirmishers out of the ditches in which they were hiding, but there seemed to be no fighting anywhere. From 11 to 12 Lee was massing 120 field pieces in front of Longstreet and Hill to open on Hancock. Meade posted 100 guns to reply, but to fire slowly.

At noon a few couriers were riding furiously in different directions, but not a gun was being fired. The men in line ate from their haversacks, and the artillery horses nibbled at the grass as they were unchecked by their drivers. Scores of men had pocket telescopes. These were passed from hand to hand, and every gun on the Confederate side was located.

"They are going to batter us with shot and shell and then charge. Lie close to the ground. The shot will fall short or go over us."

So came the word along the lines. It was a wise precaution. But for the caution no one could tell what would have happened. From half past 12 to 1 o'clock seemed an age. At 1 o'clock sharp the boom of a single gun echoed over the battlefield, and a shell came screaming over our heads and exploded 200 feet in rear. That was the signal. Before one could have counted twenty there was a roar which can be compared to nothing one has ever heard. In two minutes the earth was trembling. The stones in the wall in front of us gritted together. Mud had been used as plaster, and pieces of it fell out with chinking. One would have said that nothing could add to that awful roar, but the Federal guns opened in reply, and then men lying down gasped as they breathed and clutched sod or stone as if perched on some dizzy height and afraid of falling.

For the first five minutes the roar shut out all sounds—swallowed them up as a great ocean would another gill of water. Thousands of men closed their eyes and clinched their teeth. Officers who had been standing up disappeared to hug the earth. Now the roar is split and slashed and penetrated by the missiles from the Confederate guns. They are throwing round shot, steel bolts, fuse shell, percussion—every form of missile which portable guns can take in and belch out again. They shriek and scream and whir. They come from in front and from the right and left. Some fall short, and exploding in the dry soil throw a cloud of dust heavenward to sift down on our backs. Others sail high above us and carry death into the ranks of the reserve, while now and then one bursts just right to wound or kill in our own ranks.

No living man will ever hearken to a more terrific cannonade. No battlefield of the future will hold men for two long hours under such a crossfire. The smoke rose up and hung a dead cloud in the air until one thought that night was coming down. Fiery serpents darted in every direction. Exploding shells created sudden great flames, as if kegs of powder had been tossed up to destroy the heavens. There was no lull—no interval. Only those who became unnerved sat up to look around them. Here and there one rose up and ran away. He was not a coward—he was simply unnerved by the situation. Sometimes he came creeping back, while faced and weeping, and sometimes he was struck down as he groped about in the semi-darkness to find shelter from the rain of death.

Two hours, they afterward said. We lying there made no note of the passage of time. It was a nightmare, and yet we did not sleep. Death rode all along our front—he leaped over us—he raced his spectre steed along the fences and highways and fields far in our rear. The cannonade died away slowly. The last few guns seemed to give up grudgingly. The very last sent a screaming shell which fell among the wounded and stopped the groans and cries of five or six forever.

"Up, men! They are coming! Fall in—fall in!"

Yes, they were coming, with Pickett's Virginians in the van, and breaking along like a huge wave. It was a relief to know that we were coming. It was grim satisfaction to watch the advance. Men shouted in exultation as they came nearer and the musketry opened. It was the reaction. We laughed and shook hands, and recked not of the death to come from those advancing columns.

WOMAN AT THE BOX OFFICE.

The Matter-of-Course Way in Which She Blockades the Waiting Line.

It was early afternoon in the lobby at Daly's. The matinée was to begin in half an hour, and at least twenty-five women waited their turns at the box office. The line wound like a snake around the lobby. Sandwiched in among the women were a few messenger boys with notes, and two or three servants in livery.

The women did little to hold their places. Many of them faced about and made up little groups, talking volubly. There was a hitch somewhere, for the line did not move at all, but the women did not seem to notice that. They were talking.

Presently a young man entered apparently in great haste. He glanced at the long line impatiently and looked at his watch. There was no help for it, so he took his place at the end of the line, and tapped his foot on the floor nervously. Minutes passed, and the young man wondered what the delay was. He left his place and stepped out into the lobby where he could see the box office.

There was no one buying tickets. The agent looked out through the tiny barred window, expectantly drumming the table with his fingers. The head of the line was to his right, out of sight. A group of four ladies formed the head of the line. The one whose turn it was at the window had her back to it, and was talking rapidly, almost excitedly, to her three companions, all of whom seemed muchinterested. She gesticulated occasionally with her neatly gloved hand, and joined with the others in a merry laugh every now and then.

The young man hesitated only a moment. He walked to the window and bought a couple of tickets. Then he touched the first lady on the arm and said:

"Pardon me, but it is your turn."

"My turn!" exclaimed the lady, turning with surprise. "Why, what do you mean, sir?"

Then, looking around with a puzzled expression, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, the tickets! That's so. Thank you, sir. I quite forgot. Why—why, Mrs. Brown, I've been talking fifteen minutes. I forgot where I was. I'll tell you what James said in a minute, Mrs. Brown. Oh, Mister, eh—say, please give me the two best seats you have."

The ticket office then resumed business.

"EPHRAIM" AND HIS HABITS.

A Colorado Man Tells of the Big Bear that Stirred Up the Camp at Fairplay.

"Speaking of bears," said the knowing man from Colorado, "their carnivorous habits are usually much overrated. I have been a resident within the borders of my adopted State for twenty-three years, ten of which were passed in the wildest portion of its grand mountain ranges, and three consecutive years in a part of the, then, Territory, when bears were as common as raccoons are in Virginia. In my hunting and trapping expeditions, alone or with the Indians, I have started these animals from their midday slumbers in their 'wallows' in the sloughs of the Grand, Snake, and Yampah rivers, surprised them in the raspberry patches of the Cochetopa and Gove ranges, and watched them digging for ants' eggs or feeding on the windrows of benumbed grasshoppers that lay along the summer snow line between Long's Peak and Berthard Pass, but have never seen one watching a deer trail or lick, or chasing a bull elk. I have seen a big gray-black brute of this much-maligned family standing as high and looking as vicious as John L. Sullivan, clasping a bunch of sarvisbushes in his mighty arms, and 'gorming' down the fruit in gallon mouthfuls, while a doe and two fawns cropped water cresses within fifty feet of him and plainly in his sight, but never a glance did this bloodthirsty vandal cast in their direction.

"In September, 1870, I killed a black bear in my potato patch in the Yampah Valley. This fellow, in order to reach the garden, had passed through a little paddock where were kept six calves, but I do not think he gave them a nod as he went by. It has been my misfortune to have him raid my camp while I was hunting in the Elk-head range, and, while on my return at night, I found the commissary broadless and butterless, the molasses keg 'busted' and contents missing, sugar an unknown quantity, and cans of corn and tomatoes mashed flat as pancakes. There on the ridge pole of the tent swayed the side of bacon, and on the branch of a pine tree, not ten feet away, hung undisturbed the fat and juicy ham of a spike buck killed the previous evening.

"I must, however, cite an exception to the rule of bruin's preference for vegetable diet; for I did know of a bear that, nightly, went a long distance, apparently for the sole purpose of stealing meat. His den was in a dense pine forest at the bottom of the great rock slide that has for ages fallen from the cliffs and piled up at the foot of Horseshoe Mountain, about eight miles from Fairplay, Park county, Col. I happened to be in the village in August, 1871, on my return from fishing at Twin Lakes, and, with my companions, Gen. Ed. M. McCook and Mr. Henry Martin, the latter a gay 'chappie' from London, put up at the hotel 'Murdoch.' On the outskirts of the town was a little log slaughter house owned by two brothers, Starkey, who supplied the place and the adjacent mining camps with beef and mutton. The old four-footed hermit of Horseshoe used to come and go over this eight miles of rough rock and down timber, crossing the creek a dozen times in his journey, to feast on the ox heads and other discarded offal. He was often seen, but never molested, as the meat of an old ne bear was not fit to eat, and his hide in summer would not pay for the skinning.

"On the day of our arrival the butchers had killed a big steer, and, contrary to their customs, had left part of it hanging in the house. 'Old Ephraim' scented the juicy, grass-fed beef, and, forcing the door, he helped himself to the greater part of one quarter. I heard the remarks of the boys next morning. They were garnished with original and selected profanity, and while all bears were duly anathmatized, this particular specimen was the object of denunciation too shocking to repeat.

"Next thing was how to get even with the robber. It was determined to make a sliding door to the house, raise it by a rope running over a roller, and so arranged that a pull on a piece of meat suspended from a joist would slip the cord and drop the door. District Court was in session at Fairplay—then the county seat—and the town was full of people. Many of the citizens and visitors were likewise full. A prohibitionist was found, and posted in a big pine tree about fifty feet from the trap. He was furnished with a tin horn, about four feet long, which he was to toot when the door fell. Old Murdoch's barroom was full of guests and tobacco smoke, and most of the crowd were listening to Judge Eyester's story of how he located the ledge of iron pyrites in the 'early day,' and how he rode his only mule to death hurrying to the Assay Office in Denver with a load of 'fool's gold'—when 'too-hoo-oot!' came the blast of the trumpet.

"In less time than it takes for a bucking bronco to dump a tenderfoot rider the gang poured toward the slaughter house. Inside all was still, but the door was shut and the watcher assured us that the marauder was caged. Some fellow got a lantern, climed on the roof, and broke a hole, while busy hands tore out the 'chinking,' so that guns could be put through. The man above waited for the signal, and thrust down his light. There was a snort within, a sound of breaking wood, and the next second Mr. Bear came through that door as the circus girl pops through the paper-covered hoop. Not a shot was fired, though there were probably fifty guns and pistols in the hands and holsters of the party. Disappointment was the result of this effort, with the accompaniment of more profanity and adjournment to Murdoch's, when Charley Hall set 'em up and danced the 'Fisher's Hornpipe' on the table. Before breaking up for the night, however, we determined to have that bear, feeling certain that he would be just as determined to come back next night after that meat.

"In the morning, through the combined efforts of carpenters and blacksmith, a door was made strong enough to resist an elephant. At night the same programme was enacted, and about half past 11 found some three hundred men, several women, and several less than a million dogs in the rear of the pen—the front was not considered a very desirable station in view of the previous night's events. The man on the roof had a bull's-eye lantern this time, so he simply let his light shine through the hole. There stood bruin, erect, defiant, silent—his back hair bristling, his pig-eyes blazing. There was a struggle among the crowd to get the first shot, and what do you think? A poor dejected consumptive from Missouri poked his little, brass-mounted, 44-calibre, fifty-grain-of-powder Henry rifle through a crack and sent the bullet into the eye and brain of the great brute. I don't believe he ever saw what he shot at. There was a heavy fall, two or three mighty thumps of the struggling limbs, and the fun was over. I saw the bear weighed on the hay scales at McDonald's barn in the morning, and the mark was 840 pounds."

JOURNALISM FORTY YEARS AGO.

An Old-time Reporter Tells How Newspaper Morality Has Gained Since Then.

The white-headed court clerk sat back in his chair and said musingly:

"You reporters of to-day are a far different lot of fellows than we were forty odd years ago. I was a reporter, although I was just what I am now, clerk of one of the big courts. Two newspapers paid me $10 a week each for years to write up court cases for them.

"Nowadays you boys have got to find something interesting in a case or you won't mention it. In those days it made no difference about that. I used to write two columns of evidence about a case that no newspaper today would even notice. It was easy work. I simply reproduced my notes in full and sent the copy in. It was seldom blue-pencilled. In those days, you know, we had no stenography. We took our official notes in long hand.

"At the close of the day's proceedings in court I used to take my notes and my copy paper up into the tower of the City Hall on summer afternoons and write my copy. That was a rare place in those days. There were no tall buildings, and you could see over the entire city. For company I had the lookout man, who sat there with his telescope looking for fires. Overhead was the fire alarm bell. It was a big fellow, and I held my ears when they rang it. There were few fires then, though.

"Newspapers were very different then from now. Their principal need was stuff to fill their columns. They were not so particular about facts as most New York newspapers are to-day. Once I remember the newspapers were printing sensational stories about physicians, most of them untrue, and I thought I would try my hand. I invented a yarn about a prominent physician of East Broadway kissing a patient, 'the wife of one of the most prominent citizens of New York.' The husband, according to my story, rushed into the room, and a wild scene followed.

"Unfortunately, I narrowed down the 'prominent physicians' to those on East Broadway, which at that time was the fashionable thoroughfare. There were only half a dozen physicians on the street, and they made a big rumpus over it. They demanded that the papers which printed the story should name the guilty physician, since, as the story stood, it injured them all. The editors fell back on me and made it mighty warm for me. But I got out of it by making a great bluff and refusing the name of the man, which I declared had been disclosed to me in confidence.

"The incident illustrates the great difference in the spirit of the newspapers forty years ago and to-day. Many people say that the press is degenerating, that it deals in personalities, and meddles with the private concerns of individuals to a lamentable extent. The fact is, the press is growing better and purer every year. Forty years ago the very best newspapers would print anything for a sensation. It made no particular difference whether stories were true or not, so long as they attracted attention. Such sensational yarns as I wrote on that occasion, in which no names were mentioned, but the alleged circumstances were such as to arouse suspicion as to the parties involved, were common. So long as they were not definite enough to get the papers into legal difficulties, it made no difference, and the editors, while they ostensibly frowned upon 'fakes,' as we call them nowadays, were always ready to take them if only they were well written and sufficiently sensational.

"How different it is to-day! I am a diligent reader of the newspapers, and with the exception of one or two scurrilous sheets, which do not circulate among the better people, I am constantly amazed at the decency, honesty, and accuracy of the New York press. I was brought up in a different school."

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