THE PARIS THAT BEGS.

HOW M. PAULIAN, A PRISON OFFICIAL, COLLECTS HIS FACTS.

Not Content with Official Reports, He Disguises Himself Now as a Beggar, Now as an Organ Grinder, and Obtains His Facts at First Hand, with Some Interruptions.

PARIS, Oct. 25.—M. Paulian has acquired considerable celebrity by his writings upon the world of beggars. Desiring to see for himself, and caring little for second-hand documents, M. Paulian did not hesitate to enroll himself for some time in that strange and unknown society which forms the substratum of life in Paris. This elegant gentleman, the affable *Secrétaire-Rédacteur* (Clerk) of the Chamber of Deputies and chief officer of the penitentiary administration, changed his frock coat for a muddy blouse and for the basket of a ragpicker, and disguised himself as a beggar or an organ grinder to find out for himself.

M. Paulian, as I have said, is the Clerk of the Chamber of Deputies. The duties of this very delicate office are known. They require a profound knowledge of the questions of the day, of contemporaneous political history and of

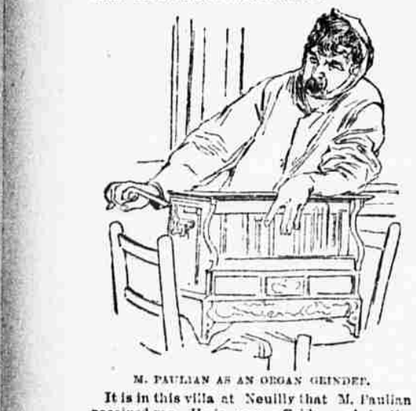
M. PAULIAN.

political economy, together with a familiarity with documents which many of our honorable members would find it difficult to display, in regard to everything that is debated in the Palais Bourbon; and, in addition to this, the functionary must also possess an almost encyclopædic knowledge and an agreeable style. The *secrétaires-rédacteurs* are not only obliged to edit the official reports from the notes of the stenographers, but the special parliamentary committees also claim their services with the title of secretaries, and all those who are a little familiar with parliamentary life know something of the duties of a secretary of a committee.

The special studies made by M. Paulian on questions relating to the penitentiary—he has been a member of all the international congresses on this question for many years, at Rome, at Amiens, and at St. Petersburg—won for him the appreciation of the Deputies, and he was often consulted. Finally the Administration appointed him a member of the Superior Council of Prisons. M. Paulian is the son-in-law of M. Frédéric Passy, a former Deputy, a member of the Institute of France and an economist whose works and words have the highest authority.

Such is the man whose publications and reputation, so interesting and so original, have made him a man of our time. A few American journals have in a few lines referred to the publication by Ollendorff of his last work, "Paris qui Mendie."

M. Paulian lives at Neuilly in the suburbs of Paris, twenty minutes from the fortifications, in a handsome little villa, where he resides with all his family. He has eight children. The eldest is a young man, who passed a brilliant literary examination at the Sorbonne, and will shortly be a professor of one of our faculties. He is only twenty years old.



M. PAULIAN AS AN ORGAN GRINDER.

It is in this villa at Neuilly that M. Paulian received me. He is very affable and in the prime of life. He spoke with a facility and a charm that kept me there for two hours and made me think them too short. Such is the author of "Paris that Begs."

"How," I asked, "did you come to study the beggars, and what was the motive which made you adopt your interesting method?"

"That was not the first time," replied M. Paulian, "that I had recourse to that method. I had already tried it in the prisons, among the ragpickers, and even among the thieves. I was appointed *rectdaire-rapporteur* of the Chamber in 1871. My duties attached me to the commission that from 1871 to 1875 brought out the law which was voted at that time in regard to the prison régime. The President of the commission was the Comte d'Haussonville, at the present time the official representative in France of the Comte de Paris, and it counted among its members M. Voisin. I became interested in penitentiary questions, and I resolved to study them. In the course of these studies I was made a delegate by the Government in a series of international congresses. When I became a member of the Superior Council of Prisons I was struck by the negative results of the inspections. You know something of the duties of an inspector of the penitentiary services. Let us take one example. An inspector wishes to find out something in regard to the food distributed to the prisoners. The director brings him with ceremony into the kitchens. They taste the soup together and consider it delicious; and they forget that they rise from table after a repast got up with particular care. But could they be sure that the impression would be the same after a day passed in a cell, without having had any other kind of nourishment?"

Those words of M. Paulian brought me back involuntarily to one of the best caricatures of our Forain. It was at the time of the Panama scandals. The lady of a prominent financier ruralizing at the prison of Mazas is giving tea with slices of brown bread to a few friends. "This is the bread they get at Mazas," says she. "You will find it delicious with butter."

But my interlocutor continued: "I was arrested and locked up and remained twenty-five hours in prison; and I learned things which had completely escaped the most zealous functionaries. For instance, you know that in transporting prisoners on railway cars they are lodged in compartments in which at both sides there is a series of little cells. The seats are movable, so that the prisoner is never obliged to quit his cell. In this way it was imagined that all communication between the prisoners was impossible. But they counted without the seat. Which, passing under the partitions, is attached to the sides of the prisoners. By means of systematic shocks my companions communicated with each other, and their manner of communication was so simple that I soon acquired the key to it, and then during the whole journey I chatted with my chums, who were good enough to give me their commissions."

"Have you not also made a study of the ragpickers?"

"It was with them that I commenced my studies of Paris Unknown. I published through Hachette a volume entitled 'The Ragpicker's Basket.' I wished to show all the lost riches that this subtle industry gave back to society. My first excursion was in company with the Comte d'Haussonville, who, like myself, carried his lantern and his basket on his back. At first I attempted to interrogate the ragpickers in their own quarters, but I obtained no valuable information. I saw that it was necessary to become a ragpicker myself."

Naturally I knew, like everybody else, the part played by the ragpicker in the manufacture of paper, and I made an allusion to that.

"You are far from the mark," replied M. Paulian. "You have no idea of all that the basket of a ragpicker contains. Just come into my study. I am just now making a collection of everything that can be taken from this basket—the material found in the streets and the things which can be manufactured out of that material. I am doing this for a museum in Holland."

Then in his workshop my interlocutor showed me mechanical toys extremely curious and amusing, and, I might add, extremely ingenious, principally in tin, such as are sold on the boulevards and in our bazaars at from one to fifty centimes. Here, for instance, is a fisherman seated in a boat, who follows in imaginary water the movement of his bait in the current and lifts up his line with a sudden jerk. There, again, are two boxers who punch each other in splendid style, and there, again, are clowns, &c., &c.

"This is the first material," said M. Paulian. "It is the product of portions of sardine boxes. They have also made little railroads. The body of the carriage is made out of the box itself. The handsome yellow wheels are made out of the solder of the same box, which they melt. Then the wagons are covered; and here we have a funny detail. As the Prefecture of Police obliges the manufacturers of these objects intended for children to employ inoffensive colors, and as in this kind of enjoying black is the cheapest, you will remark that there are always three or four baggage cars for one passenger car, which would give a very false idea to a young foreigner who might find himself on one of our railways."

M. Paulian then showed me some buttons, and said:

"These buttons are made with a puncher, and the placards, always numerous after a hot electoral campaign, form a large portion of the material used in their manufacture. I have more than 8,000 pieces of this kind.

"A thing well worth studying is the employment of bones, old wooden shoes, pieces of cloth, and hair, picked up from the ash barrels. The very correct gentleman whom in your travels you see putting on a silk cap is in reality donning a head dress made out of the débris of an old umbrella picked up in the street, and many a lady wears on her head hair that has been obtained in the same way. When for the first time I announced these facts, certain houses in the hair business accused me of injuring their business. Then once more I had recourse to my disguise, and I have had the satisfaction of catching in the act the very writers of the letters of reproach that were addressed to me."

The ragpicker is a very popular type in Paris, and one is reminded of the celebrated Socialist, who died a few years ago, turned into the hero in a drama which was very successful. I asked M. Paulian if this popularity was merited.

"Without a doubt," said he; "I have lived among them. And, what is more, we never find ragpickers in prison. I have had the chance to defend these honest people before the Commission to which I belonged. You know that the Prefect of the Seine issued an order to housekeepers to put their refuse in special boxes, which the scavengers should carry away, which the ragpickers should have no right to meddle with. The people gave to these boxes the very name of the reform prefect and called them '*poubelles*.' I protested against this order; and here is a series of letters which I have been written to me on this subject by ragpickers, whose orthography and style are perfectly correct."

My interlocutor stopped a moment to take down from the wall a ragpicker's lantern. "Here," said he, half laughing and half moved, "is a lantern of honor which the honorable corporation presented to me on that occasion.

"But there are other trades less honorable and also less known as regards their products—the gatherers of cigar butts, for example, who realize little fortunes."

"You also went into the business of picking up butts of cigars?"

"Certainly. I one day asked M. Labure, when he was Under Secretary of State, what the State lost through the business of the cigar-butt pickers. 'The sale of tobacco in France, as you know, is a State monopoly.' M. Labure studied the question and presented me with a very interesting report, from which I deducted this conclusion—that the loss sustained was little or nothing. That appeared to me almost incredible, and as the Under Secretary and myself were curious to see the comical capacity to the marriage of M. de l'Huys, which was celebrated at the Madeleine, the most fashionable church in Paris, I went there in the capacity of a cigar-butt picker, and had the pleasure of pinching the leg of the Under Secretary of State. In one hour I made a handsome profit."

"And now about the beggars?"

"I'm coming to that. The idea occurred to me at a meeting at which were present Dr. Bouloumié, the Secretary of the Society of the Women of France; Messrs. Monod, the Chief of the *Assistance Publique*; Siegfried, at present Minister of Commerce, and Defort, Mayor of the sixteenth arrondissement of Paris.

"I argued that the charity given in the street was the best way of distributed to professional beggars, who often make astonishing profits at their trade. They were speaking of the beggars stationed at the church doors. I expressed the regret that I had addressed myself in vain to Mgr. de Mun and the late Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, to get them to facilitate inquiry into this matter. M. Defort then proposed to procure me the necessary means in his precinct, and he obtained for me the authority of the curé of St. Germain des Prés.

"Five women formed a line at the door when, covered with rags, my right hand armed with a *poignée*, my back bent and my head covered with an enormous wig, I came to take my place upon the steps of the temple. To describe the effect produced by my apparition would be a difficult thing. I was received with a broadside of jokes and jibes such as you could give the idea of. 'Just look at that old rascal there,' said one of the ladies; 'he ought to be ashamed of himself to come and take away our bread.' 'Perhaps he killed his father and mother,' added another, 'and now he dares to come into the church.' 'He would more at home in jail than here, you disgusting scoundrel,' added a third while passing in front of me and sending me to the second. Their threats kept on increasing, and I really believe that if I had not shown them by an energetic gesture that my paralysed [illegible] was capable of getting cured very quickly those vixens would have torn me to pieces.

"A lady arrives. 'Take pity,' said I, 'on a poor man with seven children and two of them infants!' The lady put her hand in her pocket, brought out a sou and gave it to me.

"Another lady came along. She happened to be an acquaintance of mine, a charming woman living in the Rue des Ste.-Pères. I had invited her to come and witness my experience. She gave me two sous, and didn't even look at my neighbors, she had so much to do to overcome a natural inclination to burst out laughing at the figure I cut. Then a colleague, who accompanied his mother, took out of his pocket a few centimes and distributed them among my neighbors, and I also got my share. A cook gave me two cents. Then came a Senator who knew me well at the time when he was a member of the National Assembly. He was far from suspecting that the old paralytic who held out his hand to him was the former Chief Clerk of that Assembly, and he passed on without giving me anything. I said inwardly, 'there goes at least one man who has common sense.' Several other persons passed in front of me and heard me repeat that I was the 'father of seven children, two of them infants.' They did not hesitate to give me assistance. My neighbors cast angry glances at me. The opposition which I was setting up against them exasperated them.

"Suddenly I began to think that they were conspiring against me, and, sure enough, I was not mistaken. In two seconds they had proposed, discussed, and selected a big resolution: to get me arrested. Their tactics were quite simple. Each time that the policeman on duty passed in front of the church the five women turned around all together and gazed at me, just as they would gaze at a criminal. The sergeant, puzzled by this unusual manœuvre, also turned his eyes upon me. At first his air was like an affectation of indifference. The lady beggars on noticing it nodded their heads as if to say: 'Ah, good; the policeman sees he has something to do here.'

"The representative of authority at last came to a decision. He approached me. 'What are you doing there?' said he.

"'I'm begging, as you see.'

"'What! You are begging, and have the assurance to admit it?'

"'Why, certainly; I am begging just like these women.'

"'Come, move on, or I'll arrest you.'

"'Mr. Policeman, let me call your attention to the fact that I am not on the highway. I am under the porch of the church, and you have no right to arrest a beggar stationed here.'

"'No answering back; just go on.'

"And the officer took me by the arm and shook me like a plum tree. He shook me so violently that my wig, a wig à la Richepin, hired from Pheudonis, the hairdresser of Rue Richelieu, flew up into the air.

"'What's that?' said the policeman in a tragic tone.

"'That's a wig.'

"'Ah, you wear a wig. That is rather suspicious and serious. I must go after the roundsman.' So the officer left the church, and crossed the square, looking back from time to time to see that I did not quit my post. At this moment an omnibus arrived. I concealed myself behind the vehicle, quickly took off my wig and the bandage that concealed my beard, and went straight to the house of a friend, where I put on an ordinary costume.

"I returned and accosted my policeman.

"'Say, officer,' I said, 'a little while ago under the porch of the church you wanted to arrest a beggar man.'

"'Yes, sir, and he has escaped me.'

"'I was that beggar!'

"'Sir?'

"'I say that I was that beggar; and now explain why you wanted to arrest a beggar under the porch of a church.'

"'I imagine, sir, that you must be a Police Commissioner.'

"'Not at all; but be good enough to answer.'

"'Ah, you belong to the secret police.'

"'Not a bit of it; but answer me. I thought that the people stationed at the doors of churches were never meddled with?'

"'Perhaps, sir, you are M. Paulian? I read in the *Petit Journal* that he was a gentleman who begged for fun.'

"'Well, yes, I am he; but tell me now why did you want to arrest me?'

"'I would not,' replied the officer, 'wish to be disagreeable to you, sir, but really your appearance was very much against you.'

"My profit in a quarter of an hour was exactly 13 centimes. One of my neighbors during the same time received 50 centimes, and another one 3 francs and 10 centimes. And the high mass had not yet commenced."

The adventures of M. Paulian did not always terminate so peacefully. At the Church of St. Eustache, where he went to beg, the Billies-in-the-bowl all rose up in indignation, and the cripples were so astonished that their legs grew up again immediately, and the paralytics at once became vigorous. It was a most miraculous cure. Unfortunately the entire crowd rushed upon the intruder, and M. Paulian was so roughly used that he was obliged to take to his heels.

M. Paulian finished his conversation with other interesting anecdotes, especially amusing stories in regard to the mistakes of the police, for whose sagacity he has not a particularly high esteem. He showed me a series of copper medals which the Prefecture of Police gives to the indigent, authorizing them to grind organs in the streets, to sing, &c. He obtained them all by putting on a disguise. The police never suspected that they had to deal with a high functionary or a bogus beggar.

Then we examined together the rich collection of photographs of beggars which M. Paulian possesses. Here for instance, is the "woman with the wooden legs" and "the fakir," who have been for such a long time in the Rue Auber near the Opéra, types of sedentary beggars. "The fakir," whose real name is Petit, is a philosopher. He remains seated on his crutch, because that has a good effect in the pictures, and preserves him from humidity. When it rains too hard he stays at home and reads his favorite authors, Seneca and Paul de Kock.

As for the "woman with the wooden legs," she was born a cripple, but that did not prevent her from getting married and having eighteen children! She is now 78 years old, and for the past sixty years she has been stationed at the same spot.

Then comes the long series of beggars "in active service," as M. Paulian remarked—professors always out of employment who present

THE WOMAN WITH THE WOODEN LEGS.

themselves as former pupils of the Polytechnique and of the Ecole Centrale or of some lyceum—all the varieties of beggars à domicile. Nothing is more curious than the budget of one of these robbers of the poor. The Bureau of Charity furnishes bread, the curé or pastor gives a meal; children are furnished with clothes by the school fund; the dispensary furnishes linen; the Room-keepers' Aid Society pays rents; the Sisters look after the little dainties; comfortable families in the neighborhood, the pupils of twenty forms, the Mayor, the Deputies, &c., give in cash.

These beggars traffic in everything. They go back to their old homes three times a year and again sell their tickets. There are agencies for this kind of business. They partake of the communion at all the churches, and under the pretext of presenting themselves decently at the altar, they get themselves dressed in new clothes from head to foot. They know all the work of charity, public and private. The professors of mendicity, for there are professors, sell to their pupils what they call "the great game and the little game," that is to say, the list, more or less complete, of all the persons of charitable reputations, and all the establishments of charity.

Mr. A., a rich landlord, gives freely a five-franc piece, and pays rent in election.

Mr. B. never gives money; ask for clothes.

The Widow C. only attends to the cases of children. Ask for baby linen and linen for the mother. You can also obtain gifts of milk by saying that the baby is sick.

Mr. D., a religious house, likes to regulate marriages. He favors baptisms and first communions. Gives new clothes from head to foot.

Mr. F., a solid Republican, very rich. Present yourself as the victim of the Reactionists."

It would occupy too much space to give all the adventures and observations of M. Paulian. But here is one in regard to the beggars that are exploited by their bosses. Who has not seen in Paris those blind men, seated at corners of bridges or at gates, creating a feeling of pity among the people by the picture which they wear on their breasts, representing an alleged accident through which they lost their sight? These pictures are given to them in the morning by their employers, who lead them to their posts and come to bring them back in the evening, take their money, and leave them just sufficient to keep them from dying of cold and hunger.

One day M. Paulian said to one of these blind men: "Tell me, my honest man, where did the explosion occur which is represented in this picture?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the blind man, innocently; "it was purchased at an auction."

The conclusion of M. Paulian is that if the money expended in charity in the streets is considerable the effect produced is generally bad, because this money goes either to the lazy or to smart professionals, and rarely to the worthy poor.

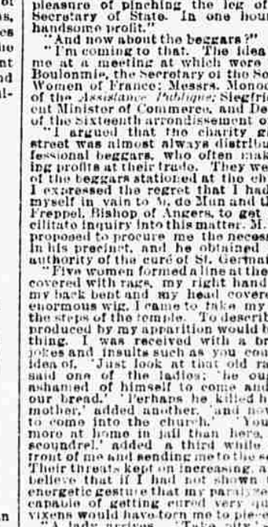
"I do not say 'don't give,' I say give in another manner. All those who are able to work ought to be assisted by work. For example," added M. Paulian, "when you came here I was just in the act of giving a relief to work. I brought a beggar here that I met in the street. I offered him help, but on conditions that he would bottle my wine. He came, and he is working at the present time. He has already through inexperience spilled almost half a cask; but he will go out of here with the consciousness of having earned what I will give him, and we will be morally lifted up.

"With M. Léon Say, former President of the Senate, we founded the Help Union of the Sixteenth precinct, which has almost suppressed mendicity in that quarter. Each member of the committee carries a number of vouchers in the form of Parisian telegram cards. These vouchers are marked with a figure corresponding to the name of the member. A beggar comes to you, tells you that he is hungry and without work. You give him one of your vouchers, you write on the exterior of which you have written the amount that you wish to be given to him. You tell him to go to the establishment, and that he will get work. In general, out of twelve vouchers distributed one or two at most are presented. The mendicants are afraid of work."

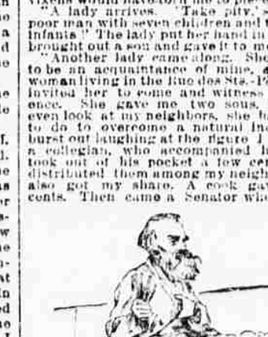
M. Paulian was vigorously attacked by religious journals that did not understand him, and accused him of the crime of wishing to suppress charity. In the same way certain socialists who have not read him maintain that he is void of all sentiment of kindness. But his work has made a great noise and has attracted the attention of private initiative. It was a difficult work, requiring great tact, and moreover a great contempt for existing prejudices, as it was trenchantly difficult thing in France. The methods described by M. Paulian come no doubt from the economic school to which he belongs, and of which his brother-in-law, M. Passy, is one of the most illustrious members. From this point of view he might be attacked, but the documentary evidence, the study of the facts, without which no scientific work can be performed, remains established. It is amply sufficient for M. Paulian to receive the gratitude of all those, without distinction of schools, who are interested in these matters, and this means pretty nearly everybody at the present time.

That is what I was thinking of when my interlocutor was escorting me to the door and apologizing to me for being obliged to return to superintend the work of the printing of his wine. We chatted long enough for the experiment of "assistance through work" of the author of "Paris qui Mendie" to terminate disastrously; and perhaps the correspondent of THE SUN unintentionally caused M. Paulian and his family to drink water at their dinner.

RAYMOND DALI.



M. PAULIAN AS AN OPEN BEGGAR.



THE FAKIR.

WITH THE MOUNTAINEERS.

A SCIENTIFIC MAN'S RAMBLES AMONG QUEER PEOPLE.

Some Fallacies Done Away With—Effects of Tobacco on the Mountain Maids—Superstitions in Which They Firmly Believe.

From the Washington Evening Star.

For the past two years Dr. J. H. Porter has been prosecuting scientific researches in the main chain of the Alleghany Mountains, for the Smithsonian Institution, in furtherance of discoveries already made by him in the valley of Virginia in regard to primitive man and his coexistence with the great animals of the quaternary period. Dr. Porter is one of the best-known scientists connected with the Smithsonian, having written extensively upon the beasts and birds of North America. He is an authority on most scientific subjects.

The Doctor has just returned to Washington filled with information on every subject connected with the localities visited by him, and talks with him recently show that most people in this country know little, if anything, about the people who inhabit the region of country along the southern Alleghanies, their habits, &c. In a recent interview with the Doctor a *Star* reporter asked him about these people, their characteristics and modes of thought, customs, and if they were, as is usually supposed, and as nearly everybody believes, the hardy, rugged people we have been led to believe, who reached gigantic stature and who lived to great age.

Throughout the region to which his very extensive research led him, he found that no such physical condition as has been attributed to the mountaineers of this southern country existed. He brings medical knowledge to bear upon this question, being a graduate in medicine and a professor of that science.

According to his opinion the stature of these mountaineers is not greater than the men of the lowlands, and their average physical well-being not nearly so good. To this end various causes contribute, according to the Doctor, the first of which is the general hardships to which they are inevitably exposed. Added to this are the effects wrought by bad diet, the worst sanitary conditions common in their homes, among which typhoid fever may be said to be perpetually endemic, and an habitual abuse of bad ardent spirits. To so great a degree have these mentioned causes produced the effects stated, that chronic diseases of many kinds are prevalent to an extent not found among better provided communities. And that period of life which is generally found to be accompanied by the highest physical maturity is that also in which bodily decay very frequently manifests itself among these mountaineers.

Among the women this is the fact even to a greater extent than among the men. They are exposed to the same unfavorable influences as are those of the sterner sex, they work much harder, and have less strength. Furthermore, if a class of liquor unfit for human consumption is too generally made use of by the males, a snuff, in inordinate quantities, injures, perhaps not noticed to so great an extent, the opposite sex.

Contrary to the very early age of the majority of these mountain girls are accustomed to take tobacco in this concentrated and exceedingly harmful manner. And it is not one of the least disagreeable features of the association with them to see a snuff stick projecting from the corner of the mouth that would otherwise be very attractive, and rosy lips stained and besmeared with this vile mixture. The question of personal neatness is always more or less a delicate one upon which to trench. And it may be sufficient to say that that cleanliness which is supposed to have an affinity to godliness does not prevail to any great extent among these mountaineers. With regard to the state of culture prevailing among these scattered communities, it is no less fallacious to believe that a plane of the ordinary superstitions rife among these people, and most firmly believed in by them, would sound like Munchausen stories. Taking one class of illusions only from the many which confront one upon all sides, says the Doctor, that a superstitious belief in visitations, such as disturbed the imaginations of men in western Europe three or four centuries ago are accepted here with as unquestioned faith at the present day as they were in Germany or Denmark at that time.

Besides the fabulous stories attaching to the smaller animals, the creations of pure fancy are sometimes of a very impressive and even tragic character.

The Doctor tells that one Sunday morning he rode up to the door of a well-to-do log cabin, situated in one of the narrow valleys that break down upon the Hiawassee River, and hailing the house out came an inordinately long individual of mature age, arrayed in shirt, homespun pantaloons, a single "galluss" and a big slouch hat, a gun slung on one foot, a top boot upon the other, and hatless. It took some time for the Doctor to explain the object he had in view, but when the mountaineer was finally made to understand that what was required was assistance in digging up the floor of a cave within the house, he said that any human relics which might have been deposited there during unknown generations, the Doctor met with an unhesitating refusal from the old man to have anything to do with the matter whatever. His son's services, however, were secured, and an examination of the cave was made, the father refusing to go further than the entrance of the cavern, where he sat with a pitch-pine torch in his hand during the progress of the search.

After the party had returned to the cabin and stated dinner, for reason for his disinclination to disturb the remains of the dead came out in the following story, which was told with an accent of truth that left no doubt upon the mind of the Doctor that the narrator fully believed every word he uttered. The mountaineer said, substantially:

Many years before, just after he was married, when he came to live with his wife in the small cabin which then served for a kitchen to the more pretentious residence now occupied by him, this same cave contained a pile of human skulls, now mostly scattered, decayed, and broken up from overflow of the stream running near by. One day during the winter season the old man said he had entered the cavern, and, moved by some impulse which he was at a loss to account for, but which plainly referred to supernatural suggestion, he had fitted up and brought away a number of these relics of mortality. They were placed under a shed at the side of his house, and for the time forgotten. The night was dark and still, and the boughs of the trees, which surrounded this lonely little dwelling in the heart of the mountains hung stirless in the air. There was a faint moon, which rose late at night, and it was not until this time that he was awakened by the sound as if of a terrible wind sweeping around his house. He arose from his bed and looked out upon the forest; not a branch moved. No dead leaves were whirled aloft; no sign of the tempest that was roaring in his ears was visible.

He attempted to awaken his wife, but she was in a profound and evidently unnatural slumber. Then, while he gazed out upon the scene, vague, shadowy outlines of human forms, with tossing limbs, were swept around by this whirlwind, which was roaring in his ears. Faint, wild cateries floated past him in the darkness, and he was suddenly borne in upon his spirit that these were the lamentings of the wraiths of the dead whom he had despoiled.

Then, the man said, he dropped upon his knees before the open door and prayed with all the earnestness that terror can inspire to be delivered from the consequences of his desecration of the tomb of these unknown dead, at the same time promising to restore the skulls to their former resting place with the earliest dawn of day, which duty he religiously performed. Upon this promise being made the supernatural visitation instantly ceased. The old man then told the Doctor that he knew nothing of his the Doctor's object in hunting for these skeletons, but that if he did in Americus would not in the then to desecrate one of these cave burying grounds of unknown dead.

The prevalence of animal phantoms has been mentioned, and among these the "headless bull" of the valley of the Chatata is not the least famous. This apparition, however, unlike those of similar order, appears to be more or less purposeless. It terrifies the beholder, but, unlike the "black dog" of the same locality, the "white stag" of the Sequatchie Valley, or the "bleeding horse" which haunts the Stone Mountains, the phantom conveys no premonition of disaster or death.

The chosen haunt of the "headless bull" is a dark, densely wooded vale on the west side of the Chatata. The country is very wild, and all its features savage and gloomy. Not less than a dozen men in the neighborhood informed the Doctor that they had seen this spectre, and their accounts of what they had beheld corresponded almost exactly. His appearance was heralded by a violent commotion among the bushes on the right-hand side of the beaten trail. This was immediately followed by the appearance itself, which, after tearing about in a frantic and aimless manner upon the height, charged straight down upon the intruder. None of these men, according to their own account, waited until the "headless bull" approached very near to them, but made a decided and rapid retreat. In no case, however, did they suffer anything beyond the fright incidental to such an occurrence.

In majority from the consequences of supernatural visitations are not granted to those unfortunates who run across the great "white stag" of the Sequatchie. Sickness or death, either to the individual himself or to some member of his immediate family, invariably follows that experience. It so happened that one night, when an eclipse of the moon had frightened the inhabitants of one of these clusters of log cabins in the Smoky Mountains as much as if they had lived upon the Congo, and peopled the darkness with phantoms as numerous and fantastic as those which ever beset the negro imagination, the Doctor met with a man who had the reputation of being rather more homicidal in his tendencies than most of his contemporaries, and who had actually fired his rifle at the threatening spectre. This man said that, being in hiding in some of the fastnesses of that wilderness, the "white stag" had suddenly appeared before him, and that in a kind of desperation he had aimed and fired his rifle at it. Before the smoke of his gun blew away he heard a shriek exactly like that uttered under like circumstances by a revenue officer who had had the temerity, in company with a posse of hired officers, to raid his private still. Up to that time none of the usual consequences had befallen the individual in question, but his acquaintances were all firmly convinced that the penalty attaching to seeing the spectre must surely be paid, and he himself coincided with this belief.

The "black dog" is more particularly a forerunner of fatal diseases to those unfortunate enough to behold him, or their families. Many corroborating instances were given to the Doctor to this effect. Numerous persons told how they had cast silver bullets and laid in wait for an opportunity to counter charm this spectre, and one man, otherwise of good report, related circumstantially how he and two friends of his had seen the phantom while riding up from the Chatata. It was brilliant moonlight, and the spectre lay on the ground, he stated, as he and his companions turned their horses' heads homeward. Midway in the path, after going a short distance, they all saw a large, gaunt dog bearing down upon them at a rapid trot. The narrator was riding in the centre, and, as he said, was under the impression for the moment that it was an actual dog, and probably mad. In order to avoid it, he wheeled his horse to the side of the path, and the phantom passed him close enough to have enabled him to touch it with his riding whip. Having done so, however, it disappeared, to use his own expression, "like a cloud of smoke."

In this case, also, the spectre's warning was fulfilled, for he lost his eldest son by typhoid fever before the expiration of three weeks.

DOINGS OF PIKE COUNTY NIMRODS.

They Killed Twenty-three Bears and Deer Last Week—Sport in Sullivan County.

MILFORD, Pa., Nov. 11.—The hunters had a lively and profitable time of it in Pike county last week, and there is now no doubt that the season is open in proper shape, although a good many old-time sportsmen do not think deer hunting is worth bothering with much before the middle of November. In the Mast Hope woods, in the northeastern part of the county, N. Reeves Hankins of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, George Hankins, and W. H. Hanks killed three deer—all bucks—in one day's hunt. They started several more. In the Log Cabin Pond region, in Dingman township, ex-Sheriff John Hoffman, who always knows where to go and get a deer in that neighborhood, killed two. Charles V. Predmore and Asa Hoffman of Middletown, N. Y., also killed a 200-pound buck while hunting with the ex-Sheriff in the same locality. Besides those deer, another party the ex-Sheriff had out captured a big doe. This hunting party consisted of George M. Dunham of Port Richmond, S. I., and Judge Everett and A. L. Williams of Sussex county, N. J.

The chase of this deer was an exciting one. The deer was driven to the runway where Dunham was standing. He had never hunted deer before, but he shot the doe in the neck with one barrel of his gun, and then broke both of the animal's hind legs with the charge from his second barrel. The deer fell, and while it was thrashing about in the brush Dunham, in his excitement, jumped astride of it, and tumbling about with the wounded doe, tried to cut her throat with a very dull pocket knife. Williams now had come on the scene, and he finally got a big hunting knife into Dunham's hands, and that amateur hunter killed his game; a prouder man never shouted in the Pike county woods.

In Lehman and Delaware townships seven deer were killed, among them the biggest buck any one has killed in Pike county for years. This deer was killed by Albert Miller, and after being dressed ready for market weighed nearly 234 pounds. Old Uncle Jake Bensley, once the mightiest of Pike county hunters, but long since gone to the happy hunting grounds, bagged a buck years ago in the same locality that dressed 240 pounds, and no one has any record of a larger one.

"When you hear any one declaring that he is in the habit of killing deer heavier than that," says an old-time Pike county deer hunter, "you needn't call him a liar unless you feel like it. But he is one, all the same."

One of the six other deer killed in the lower part of the county several hunters claim to have a hand in bringing down, but it really gave up to a lucky shot made by Cass Howell. This deer, a buck, had been for several days in the woods on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River, near Ben Mettler's woods, in Sandyston township. Monday three hunters of Dingman's Ferry, this county, crossed over into New Jersey, where they were joined by half a dozen Jersey sportsmen, and routed the deer out, early in the forenoon. When it came out of the woods Cass Howell had to jump out of its way to save himself from being run over and trampled by the deer. Having made his escape, he remembered that he had a gun and sent two loads of buckshot after the careless animal. The buckshot followed the buck, but the buck wasn't shot, but went bounding away, running the gauntlet of a long row of hunters who poured the contents of their guns after him. The deer ran for two or three miles in Sussex county, but the country was getting too open for him and he circled round and dashed back to the river, crossed it, and took to the wooded and thinly settled hills of Pike county.

The deer was in a good way to escape to the fastnesses of the far-back forests of Pike, when he came face to face with Frank Layton and Harry Bensley, who were hunting pheasants. They poured bird shot into or at the buck, and he must have made up his mind that he had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, for he turned and started back toward Jersey again. That was a fatal move. Cass Howell had got across the river, and when the buck reached the Delaware again on his way back to Jersey, he came out where Howell was standing and almost ran over him again. This time Howell had better luck. He fired, and, although only one of his entire charge of buck shot took effect on the deer, that one was fatal and the buck fell dead.

From the Blooming Grove, Shohola, and Paupack deer haunts of Pike county it is reported that ten deer have been killed, and no more bears have come in. Philip Kimble, an old Paupack bear hunter, and his grandson, Frank, captured an immense bear in one of their traps a few days ago. Fastened as he was, they had a lively fight with him before they killed him. They have evidence sufficient to satisfy them that there are five more bears in that locality, all of which they expect to bag before the year is out.

In the never-failing bear country of Greene four bear hunters have started in on their annual fall foraging for sheep and hogs and calves, and are getting themselves into more or less trouble. The beechnuts and other "slack" are abundant in that locality this fall, and bears are correspondingly on hand. Jacob Roberts of Greenfield had one of his sheep killed and eaten by a bear the other day. The bear was seen, and was a big one. Whether he was the one Tunis Smith killed the next day, or the one that got away with his traps, the other bear hunter's traps the same night, is not known. Smith claimed to have killed three bears besides that one. Henry Whittaker of Porter township had killed two at last accounts.

While deer are unusually plentiful in Pike county this fall, small game is scarce. The pheasant shooting has been poor so far. An English cock pheasant was killed on the Jersey side of the river, above the village, last week. The best bird shooting reported is that of a party of four sportsmen from Hoboken, N. J., who bagged forty pheasants and woodcock in two days in the neighborhood of Shohola Farms.

The reports from the Sullivan and Delaware county woods are that both large and small game are abundant there this fall. So far as heard from, six bears have been killed in the Fremont region, seven on the Mamakating hills, four in the Forestburg woods, in near Narrowsburg, three on the Neversink, and four in the Beaverkill country. One day last week three large bears, a buck and two does, crossed out of the woods and into a clearing in the farm of George Morgan, near Glen Spey. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan watched them for an hour, when the deer became alarmed at something and were out of sight like a flash.

Four bears killed in succession last week by a big bear crossed Forest Lake, near the outlet, in plain sight of a man named Hoffman and a companion, who were at work there. Wheelbrain came the fourth day to cross for was tied with two rifle balls and fell in his tracks. He was in fine condition and fat. Hide and all, he weighed 300 pounds.

A she bear, with a white patch on her breast or breast, and accompanied by her family of three last winter's cubs, has been keeping the country at and about Yulan in a state of commotion for a week past. She has already ravaged several orchards to feast on the apples, her cubs with her, one of which was shot and killed the other day. The death in her family has not caused her to cease business, and she and the other two cubs are prowing around the same as before. Hunting parties are out every day and night after this persistent family of bears, but the old bear has succeeded in keeping her forces together and outgeneraling her foes up to date.

EAST SIDE DOMESTIC LIFE.

One Quaint Phase of It as Seen in the Small German Saloon.

There is nothing cosier anywhere in New York these cool autumn days than a genuine east side German saloon. East side saloons are of many grades, from the stale-beer dives of the deeper slums to the fawdry resorts of the Bowery, thronged all day long with a hungry and thirsty crowd that represents in little the composite life of that thoroughfare. But the German saloons of Avenues A and B are like neither of these extremes, and in many things are unlike any grade between the two. They are different still from those cheerful east side German resorts that are at once saloon and restaurant, where you may have passable coffee and cakes for a trifle, and frankfurters with sauerkraut for a little more.

A true domestic German saloon occupies a room, cellar, or a ground floor apartment fronting on the street and running through to a bit of sunlit greenery in the rear. The proprietor lives somewhere above stairs, and he, his wife, his daughter, and a hired hobbledehoy fresh from Germany tend bar by turns. The note of the place is domesticity. The stranger gets an impression that it is overrun with idle employees. The rear of the apartment is peopled with chairs and beer tables, and at noon the dependants of the proprietor take turns in dining at one or more of these tables. Nobody seems busy at any time, and there is rarely a crowd present. Three or four barrels are ranged along the wall beside the bar, and from these whoever for the moment is tending bar draws, from time to time, a great pitcher full of wine. The barrels usually contain cheap Ohio or California wines, cider, and at this season, must, or *federweiss*, as the Germans call it—sweet, cloudy new wine, not yet settled upon its lees, and perhaps in some cases unfermented.

The quiet of such a place would drive a Bowery barkeeper mad with the anticipations of ruin. But the German proprietor seemingly finds the peace of his place exactly to his liking. Children of all ages troop in and out by the side door opening upon the stairway that leads to the family apartments above, but they are evidently quite as much at home in the saloon. The fat vrou sits knitting and smiling by the stove, when she is not required behind the bar. A tot of three or four years plays about among the customers, now reaching for a penny suspended above her head, now pausing for a sip out of some one's glass, until the mother says, "Na, she has had enough wine. She likes it. Well, one more sip," and then Gretchen is packed off up stairs. The copper kettle sings a drowsy tune from its perch on top the great stove, the November sunlight falls pleasantly in at the rear windows, and lights up the houses visible across the street. Seated peacefully sipping the sweet *federweiss*, the customers may gaze out upon the active life of the avenue. Nobody speaks loud. A drunken man would seem almost as much out of place there as at church. Nobody talks politics, though political placards of all parties are impartially displayed along the wall. It seems as if a sudden utterance of socialistic or anarchic sentiment would create as much consternation in that quiet company as the explosion of a bomb.

There is a period quite three-quarters of the company about the luncheon hour. Whole families come in and take retired tables. A really shabby visitor is rare. A local business man comes in now and then, stands with one foot on the iron rail at the base of the bar, and drinks contemplatively a full glass of red or white wine. Few of the customers call for beer.