TENEMENT HOUSE REPORT.

IT WILL ATTACK EVILS, NOT INDIVIDUALS OR CORPORATIONS.

President Gilder of the Tenement House Commission Tells About His Tour of the Lodging Houses—One Bowery Place as Clean as the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Richard Watson Gilder, President of the Tenement House Commission, made an announcement yesterday which disposes of any supposition that the Trinity Church corporation, which has been so promiscuously assailed of late, will be in any way specifically criticised in the Commission's forthcoming report.

"There seems to be an expectation on the part of some persons in the community," said Mr. Gilder, "that the Tenement House Commission is getting ready to make an attack upon some individuals or corporations. So far as I know there is no such disposition whatever upon the part of the committee. The attack will be upon the evils of the present condition, and the suggestions will be, I think, well considered and moderate, and none will be made that does not command the approval of every member of the committee. It is my hope and belief that these recommendations will win the support of all in the community who are conversant with the subject and who have at heart the best interests of the city."

Mr. Gilder explained further that the testimony taken before the Commission concerning any corporations which own tenement houses, of whatever character or implication that testimony might be, would, of course, be embodied in the report, but in its recommendations the committee would confine itself to general criticisms and proposals. He expects that the report will be ready to submit to the Legislature the first week of its session, and the Commissioners are now at work on it night and day. A number of them met yesterday to consider certain sections of the report. The recommendations will be accompanied by drafts of proposed laws for the correction of the abuses found.

"Whether or not our proposals appeal favorably to the legislators and to public opinion," Mr. Gilder said, "I think the investigation will prove of value, merely for the mass of information collected and the maps, diagrams, and statistics which we have prepared. Some of these maps, relating to the distribution of nationalities, the location of parks, &c., cover ground upon which there is at present no published matter, so far as I know.

"The report will be a sensible and kindly document which will not outrage anybody. It will be a picture of the housing of the great mass of the people. As for the unanimity of the report, individual members of the Commission may have their own particular ideas to present on certain points, but the body of the report and all recommendations for legislation will be made with one accord."

Christmas eve and part of Christmas morning were spent by Mr. Gilder in an inspection of the cheap lodging houses of the east side. He was accompanied by Mr. Reynolds of the University Settlement and Detective Robinson from Police Headquarters. It was about this trip that the reporter went to see Mr. Gilder yesterday.

"There was nothing extraordinary about the tour," he said, "except that I took a detective with me, and I suppose that accounts for the publicity attaching to it. I have been making similar trips for many weeks, although I have not visited the lodging houses before, owing my attention to tenements. Mr. Reynolds thought we would save time last night by taking a detective—that was all. This inspection was incidental and not directly connected with the work of the Commission, which is confined to tenement houses and their attendant problems. No recommendations will be made in our report touching the condition of the lodgings, except that they may be necessarily included in proposed laws bearing upon construction and the like. The lodging houses, however, form an interesting part of the life of that class of people who live in tenements. We started out Monday night about midnight, and in the next hour or two visited six or eight places on the Bowery and around Chatham square. The examination was rather a cursory one."

"How were you impressed with their condition?"

"Well, they are graded in that respect about according to the prices charged. The Majestic, on the Bowery, which has been open about a year, is quite a model establishment. It is run on a very businesslike basis, and the proprietor maintains almost a military system of discipline over the employees. I urged him to open a 10-cent house, for I think he is just the man to conduct one well and successfully. The prices at the Majestic are 20 and 30 cents, and the class of trade is a pretty good one. Mr. Reynolds said that, so far as cleanliness is concerned, he would as soon live at the Majestic as at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. As we went to cheaper and cheaper places the effluvia became more and more intense and more drunkenness was noticeable in the lodgers. At all the places, however, they seem to be in touch with the Board of Health, and the existing laws seem to be pretty well observed. Whether or not changes may be advisable in the laws would take a more thorough examination to determine."

"Did you find any preparations for celebrating Christmas?"

"Yes, in one or two places greens had been put up, and I was told that a free Christmas dinner would be served at the Majestic. I did not visit last night the unlicensed lodgings, which are said to be the worst, and which are occasionally raided by the police for overcrowding, but I may do so later. I shall also inspect the lodgings connected with the police stations and the charitable institutions."

Part of Mr. Gilder's industry in visiting these places is due, he said, to the fact that he is Chairman of the Committee of Seventy's subcommittee on tenement houses. Every hour that he can spare is devoted to the work, and he says that there is none among the other members of the Commission who has not done some very valuable work in some direction. When a child, Mr. Gilder went with his father to the Five Points, and he doubts whether there is anything in the city at present which can compare with the squalor which prevailed there at that time. He believes that there has been a steady improvement in these conditions for the last thirty years.

WELLS'S FOUR BAD CUSTOMERS.

They Bought but Two Pints of Beer a Week, so He Tried the Police Cure.

Samuel Wells, who has a little saloon at the West Thirty-ninth street end of Hell's Kitchen, had four customers whom he didn't want. Since the 1st of last January these four have been the most regular customers Mr. Wells has had. They were generally around when the place opened in the morning, and he was forced to invite them out when the place was closed at night. They were always willing to go then, but never at any other time.

Between the opening and the closing of the place the four occupied the four chairs which stood in the barroom. On an average, according to Mr. Wells, they bought two pints of beer a week. Mr. Wells naturally didn't consider them good customers, and occasionally he would invite them to go away. The invariable answer was:

"Say, Sammy, we come t' dis here place January onct, d' ye see? Well, what a mug does January onct he'll do all de rest o' de year, see? We got de habit on us, an' we got t' come. G'wan now, or wese'll bite our names in ye's face, see?"

Mr. Wells could not reply to this argument, and so he continued to suffer; but he formed the habit of telling his friends about his trouble. These friends suggested all sorts of cures. One suggested putting pins in the chair seats; another tacks; another tenpenny nails. Another advised putting firecrackers under the chairs and blowing them out. All these were tried without success.

One day it happened that Mr. Wells told his friend the policeman about his trouble. The policeman looked in the door. Then he advised that the chairs be taken away. That was a brilliant idea, and Mr. Wells praised him as a benefactor. So on Saturday the chairs were taken away.

The customers came in just the same. First they upbraided the bartender because of the missing chairs. Then they upbraided Mr. Wells. Then they wandered around like lost souls, but the habit was so strong on them that they couldn't go out. By and by they got tired, so they stretched themselves out on the floor by the stove.

Then Mr. Wells tore his hair and swore, and went out bewailing his fate. His friend the policeman heard him. To him Mr. Wells complained bitterly.

The two went around to the West Thirty-seventh street station together and told the Sergeant about it. He sent three of the reserves around, and in half an hour Mr. Wells's four customers, soundly slumbering, were carried around to the station.

They explained their habit to the Justice in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. That magistrate held them until he could consult an expert on habits. At last accounts it looked as if they might spend New Year's in jail, and if the habit holds good in all cases but there is no use following out that line of thought at present.

Killed While Playing Tag About a Derrick.

While Thomas Reddy, 16 years old, of 525 First avenue, was playing tag yesterday about one of the hot water derricks at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street with Michael Dunn of 508 Second avenue and another boy, a heavy iron bar at the top of the machine fell on his head, crushing his skull. His companions carried him all the way to Bellevue Hospital, where he died five minutes after his arrival. The Coroner was notified. Reddy was a schoolboy.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christmas Week's Diverse Entertainments at Our Theatres.

This is a week in which people may renew acquaintance with some plays that used to please them at the theatres. "Esmeralda" will cease at Palmer's with Friday's performance, after which the house will be closed until Monday's production of "The Fatal Card." The Kendals at Abbey's are endeavoring to infuse fresh life into "Lady Clancarty," and Rose Coghlan is doing the same service for "Diplomacy," "Forget-Me-Not," and "London Assurance," at the Star. "Claudian" is briefly current at the American. "Youth" is in renewal at Niblo's. "Love on Crutches" will give place at Daly's to "The Taming of the Shrew" to-morrow. "The Amazons" will be repeated for the last time at the Lyceum on Saturday afternoon, prior to the production of "The Case of Rebellious Susan" in the evening.

A revised version of "Prince Ananias" at the Broadway puts Jessie Bartlett Davis into a boy's jet black costume from top to toe for a quarter of an hour, gives additional humor to Mr. Barnabee in his rôle of the strolling player, and increases the number of tuneful songs. A Highland fling by four nimble young women is an interpolation in "Rob Roy" at the Herald Square, where the hundredth time of the opera will fall on Jan. 10, one day earlier than was first announced, owing to the commencement of Wednesday matinées with the new year. A troup of Spanish troubadours called the Tortajadas is the new thing in "Little Christopher" at the Garden. In resuming a stage show the Eden Musée has selected one that is as unique in its way, for the pantomime of "The Dresden Sheperdess" is the only thing current of its kind.

Moving along in their various ways of prosperity are "The Masqueraders" at the Empire, "Too Much Johnson" at the Standard, "A Milk White Flag" at Hoyt's, "Notoriety" at Harrigan's, "The Cotton King" at the Academy, "The Brownies" at the Fourteenth Street, and "Gismonda" at the Fifth Avenue.

A fresh start was made on Monday with "The Country Sport" at the Bijou, the farce being provided with new songs for Peter Dailey, May Irwin, and others. The week locates William Hoey and "The Flams" at the Harlem Opera House, Robert Gaylor and "Sport McAllister" at the Columbus, Lillian Russell and "The Grand Duchess" at the Columbia, Louis Aldrich and "My Partner" at the Grand Opera House, and "The Man Without a Country" at the People's.

There are several new features in the programme at Tony Pastor's. The Fortesque sisters, from the London Pavilion, Tivoli, and Oxford, are young and good looking. At yesterday's matinée they seemed a little nervous, which was owing, perhaps, to the novelty of facing an American audience. Their songs and dances elicited applause. First they came upon the stage costumed in pink, trimmed with white lace. The blonde complexions, features, and hair of the two women were strikingly alike. When the sisters gave a "mirror dance"—without the mirror—their similarity in appearance made the performance a success in its way. One of the Fortesques' songs was "We're Too Fly," and all of their selections were decidedly English. Maggie Cline, who is named in the bills as "New York's most popular favorite," gave several Irish songs and ballads. She has a masculine voice and is a little inclined to overdo her specialties. At the matinée she explained to the audience that owing to a severe cold she was troubled with hoarseness. Despite her hoarseness she sang, talked, and gesticulated with a vim that won applause, and she was encored time and again recalled. One of her songs was "Nothing is Too Good for the Irish." The text of this song was somewhat altered from the well-known version. Maggie has a face that can be twisted into many funny expressions, and when she, with her peculiar grimaces, told how her father, uncle, sister, and brother had prospered after coming to America, the hearers were amused. In another song Maggie told that she once had money and friends, but lost all except one old friend—a "boil on the back of her neck." She could revise her performance by the aid of coarser features and many of her hearers would be better pleased. A young man, who was billed as "Musical Dale," gave several selections of bell harmonies. His method of holding eight bells—four in either hand—required much skill, and was pleasing. Tony Pastor himself appeared in "Christmas Songs." He retains his old-time vim, and the matinée people applauded him again and again. Other Christmas features at Pastor's were the "Knick-knack Dance" by Mr. and Mrs. Deforest, and a series of necromancy and shadowgraphs by Mr. Travelle, assisted by Miss Travelle. The "Courtship in Shadow" was amusing, especially to the young folks, who composed a large share of the audience.

Near-sighted folks must look sharp or lose the biggest novelty of Proctor's programme. It is the appearance of Princess Paulina, a wee speck of humanity, who trips on to the stage in a pink satin trained dress, accompanied by a big, broad-shouldered fellow of about twenty-five times her bulk. Her head comes to his knee, but her voice is of a quality that makes her heard throughout the theatre as she tells the audience her name, age, height, and weight. She claims proficiency in French, Dutch, and Italian, and adds that she knows a "little bit English." She gives a performance in acrobatics, lifts weights and dumb bells, and dances. She finally jumps from a table to the stage, and that is more of a feat than it seems from the telling, for the table is about twice her height. Then she is carried about the auditorium on one hand of her big companion.

The chief specialty at the Union Square is done in and under water by the Finneys. The drier efforts of such performers as Burth and Rudd, Lester and Williams, and Gilmore and Leonard are, nevertheless, in the swim.

Illusions, Hengler's delights, Amelia Glover's dancing, and Flora Irwin's songs are the features at Koster & Bial's. McAvoy and May, Chelli, the Rossow dwarfs, Ivan Tscherniroff and his dogs, Petresci, the Bruet-Rivieres, and the Forrests are continued, as are the living pictures.

Le Clair and Leslie are fun makers employed at the Imperial in burlesques of tragedy. With them are the Rackett brothers, Felix and Cain, and the Zamora family. Performances end with "Old Age and Youth."

The Rose Hill company is showing at the Eighth Avenue collectively in a burletta called "The Fakir's Daughter," and individually in specialties. There is instrumental music from Clara Lawrence, Frank Emerson, and Morton and Eckhoff; singing by J. Herbert Mack and the Woodhouse sisters, a knockabout specialty by Crawford and Manning, and some French quadrille dancing.

In the specialty of the two Macs at Miner's Bowery there is about as much slugging as in a spirited boxing bout, and the reward of merit for these wild entertainers comes in the nightly demand that they do the mutual pounding all over again. Carr and Jordan, the Morions, and Bennette and Gannon are also in the bill.

Both *Punch* and *Judy* are conspicuous entertainers at the Toy Fair in Madison Square Garden's amphitheatre, and the specialties of the three variety stages are selected with a view to pleasing the little folks. Marionettes, jugglers, and trick dogs are included, and altogether there is a chance for the youngsters to have a fine time.

"Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan.

The performance of "Il Trovatore" at the Opera House last night was not marred by the substitution of Mlle. Mira Heller for Mme. Libia Drog in the rôle of *Leonora*. Mme. Drog was kept away by a cold. Mlle. Heller, who seems destined to make her way in New York, undertook the part at very short notice, and acquitted herself with complete credit. There are faults in her voice which seem due principally to the defects in her method of singing, and the music of *Leonora* is not entirely suited to her capabilities. Her middle register is warm and full, her higher notes often thin, and her low notes deficient at times in strength and mellowness. Her greatest successes will always be made in music lying within the measure of her medium voice. She is an actress of force, and is certain to be an interesting artiste in whatever rôles fall to her. It would be interesting to hear her in "Carmen." It is a part which would seem adapted to her voice and temperament.

The cast otherwise was the same as that sang in the opera before. Signor Tamagno's *Manrico* was enthusiastically applauded. Mme. Mantelli was a powerful *Azucena*, and Signor Campanari's singing as *Di Luna* was a conspicuous pleasure of the evening. The size of the audience, which was as small as that of Thanksgiving night, might be taken to indicate that New Yorkers prefer to stay at home on holiday nights.

Sheriff Buttling's Chance to Get Rich.

Sheriff William J. Buttling of Kings county was subjected to a great deal of guying yesterday as the result of the green goods circular he received in Monday morning's mail. It came from a man signing his name F. L. Thompson, West Chester Station, Westchester county, N. Y. It was typewritten and said the writer was prepared to sell Mr. Buttling "a very superior article of its kind," and "something that would enable you to get rich safely and rapidly." Then follows a list of prices at which the writer offers his goods: $450 would buy $5,000, $1,000 would buy $10,000, $1,200 would buy $20,000, and $2,000 would buy $40,000. All telegrams were to be sent to the station at West Chester.

Dwight Miner Comes Back.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Dwight Miner, who fled from Dunkirk in June, 1893, leaving creditors of the Miner Bank in the lurch for $14,000, and who has been hiding in Canada, has returned to Chautauqua county and will give himself up to-morrow morning. He will be admitted to bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The principal witnesses are dead and much of the evidence against him is destroyed.

FUN ON THE NEW YORK.

DANCING AND FEASTING IN SPITE OF NUMEROUS COLDS.

Even Capt. Robley D. Evans Is a Victim of the December Winds—Merry Times on All of the Other Vessels at the Navy Yard.

The transition from the balmy, languorous warmth incidental to a Presidential hunting trip in the South to the present chill of this latitude has fallen heavily upon Capt. Robley D. Evans of the cruiser New York. Ever since the President's flag was hauled down from the staff of the combination craft Wistaria and Capt. Evans returned to the stern realities of life the Captain has suffered from the cold.

This has been in part due to the fact that the New York is at present in dry dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the wind finds a large surface upon which to exert itself. Capt. Evans's cabin seems to get the brunt of the cold, and he has complained of the cold and expressed a desire to get his ship away and into warmer waters. The whole ship's company has suffered from colds, sore throat, and discomforts of that kind, and every morning five or six men answer the sick call. It is safe to say there is not an officer or a bluejacket aboard who has not had a cold. Enough water has been let into the dock to reach two-thirds of the way over the New York's propeller blades, and it is probable that if the tide is high enough this morning the cruiser will leave the dock.

"It is true," said one of the officers, "that nearly every man on the ship has been under the surgeon's care at one time or another since we have been in dock. Unless a ship goes into winter quarters, or is housed over, the cold cannot be kept out. Our ships should leave these waters before Jan. 1, and go to milder climates. The cold is felt so much more keenly when a ship is in dry dock than when she is floating."

It is probable that Admiral Meade will return from Washington Thursday. He has been here for some time to consult with the Secretary of the Navy in regard to the movements of the squadron of which he is in command. It is expected that elaborate manœuvres will be executed somewhere in the West Indies. There will be fleet tactics, signalling, target practice, and evolutions of all kinds. Should this take place the fleet will probably be composed of the New York, Montgomery, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Raleigh, and Cincinnati. The Columbia will not take part as she is coming home to have her boilers retubed. The New York will leave this port the first week in January.

The New York's hospitality was lavishly extended yesterday to the numerous visitors who climed her sides to wish the officers a merry Christmas. In the wardroom, the huge silver punchbowl, the gift of the New York Yacht Club, was kept frothing over with egg-nogg. About a third of the crew were ashore on Christmas day, but the other two-thirds had a merry time of it. The signal-flag lockers were depleted, and the multi-colored squares and triangles of bunting were draped about the main deck. Each mess of bluejackets had screened off its table with flags, and the china and knives and forks had been arranged in intricate designs.

There were others besides Jack himself to appreciate the decorations, for every man who has a sweetheart had her aboard yesterday. On the starboard side of the main deck three or four members of the band played for Jack to dance, and he danced until the musicians were tired out.

On the other ships the sailormen had just as good a time, and while not having even a part of a band for the music, there was always to be found a bluejacket who could strum a few rhythmical chords on a guitar or wheeze all the notes necessary out of an accordion.

HIS BENT WAS CHARITY.

But the Inebriate's Friend Used Strategy, and Saved the Cash.

Somebody must have told him that Monday was Christmas. On no other supposition could just the kind of jag that he possessed on Monday evening be explained. Festal rings of holly berries ornamented his ears, an evergreen wreath hung about his neck, waggling as he walked, and his hat band was full of mistletoe as he lurched to the bridge entrance just at the time the crowd was greatest. A companion in much the same condition, but two degrees less so, was with him, but they were separated by the crowd, and the celebrator with the decorations circulated until he brought up against a post, face to face with one of the little red boxes set out for hospital subscriptions.

"Wazzat boxsh?" he demanded of the bridge policeman on the other side of the post.

"Why, that's a hospital box," replied the officer good-naturedly. "People drop in money for the sick people, you know. You'd better go home to Brooklyn and go to bed."

"Nossir," replied the celebrator, plunging his hand into his pocket and bringing it out full of bills. "Thish th' merry Y—hic—uletide. Won't g'—hic—home till New Yearsh. Make Chrishm's preshent t' hoshpital. Ought t' be in h—hic—hoshpital m'self. Make Chrish—hic—Chrishm's preshent t's—hic—ick 'n wounded. Here!"

Crushing the wad of bills in his hand he endeavored to cram them all into the box at once. Just then his companion, who had been wandering aimlessly about, caught sight of him, and, coming up with a rush, seized his arm in an endeavor to dissuade him from putting the bills in the box.

"Washermasser?" inquired the benevolently disposed one.

"Don't waste y'r money!" cried his companion. "I'm over t' Brooklyn 'n buy drinks."

"Do' wanter buy drinksh—hic—now. Wanter preshent t' hoshpital t' poor an' s—hic—sick. Shay, ai' tha' funny? Try t' shay s—hic—ick, an' shay s—hic, an' soun's jush's goo' 's if shaid s—hic—ick—hic, like meant to shay at firsht. Hurray f' merry Y—hic—uletide!"

"What's th' good of puttin' your money into a letter box?" presented his companion.

"Ish tha' a l—hic—etter boxsh. Gent'man with brash buttonsh sh—hic—aid wash boxsh f' contri—hic—contri—hic—you know, Chrishm's f' hoshpital. Wanter help poor s—hic—ick (there it goesh again), s—hic 'n wounded 'n poor l—hic—hic—hoshpital."

"Come over to Brooklyn, then, and let that letter box alone."

"Letter boxsh, hey? Thash awfl," observed the philanthropist, placidly beginning to poke at the letter box with his cane again. "Give Chrishm's preshent to Uni'Sstate Gu'mment. I'm—hic—citizen; wy shou'l I gi—hic—preshent t' my ke—hic—country."

This was a poser for the other man, and the anguish of deep thought appeared upon his brow. Meantime the inebriate was endeavoring to get the roll of bills in lengthwise.

"Say, this ain't Christmas," suddenly yelled his friend.

"You're a l—hic—liar," was the only reply vouchsafed.

"Any way, you don't wanter make any present to the Government," cried the other, taking a new tack. "Don't y' remember those postage stamps that wouldn't stick?"

"Thassa," responded the celebrator, stopping to consider, and thereby affording to an interested circle that had gathered about an opportunity to make comment.

"It's a shame," said a middle-aged woman.

"He might buy a present for his wife with that money."

"Let him put it in," growled a man with his arms full of bundles. "Teach the blame fool not to get a jag."

"Somebody ought to arrest him," snapped a nervous little old lady. "Where's the policeman?"

The policeman was behind the post. He popped out and said:

"I can't see anything. If a blame idiot wants to get full and give his money to a hospital, he can do it for all of me. I can't see him. I'm a-lookin' the other way."

Then the inebriate himself solved the problem. He picked the roll of bills from the slot in which it was wedged and pocketed it. He solemnly took the evergreen wreath from his neck and decorated the red box with that. Then he turned to the crowd.

"Is tha' boy 'round? he inquired. "C'm over t' Brooklyn 'n have a—hic—drink. 'Sa' my treat."

He and his companion lurched forward into the current of the crowd and were whirled away and on board a bridge train.

"That's hard luck on the hospital," commented the cop.

A Man and $10,000 Missing.

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., Dec. 25.—W. H. Nelson, a prominent grape grower who lived on the east shore of Lake Keuka, a few miles below this village, went to Providence, R. I., early in November last to settle up an estate in which he was interested. His family received letters from him frequently. The last one was received on the 18th of November, in which Nelson stated that he had disposed of his interest in the estate for nearly $10,000, which he had received in cash, and that he would start for home next day. Since that time, beyond the fact that he left Providence as he had written he would, nothing has been heard of Nelson, and no trace of him can be found. It is now believed by his family that he was robbed and murdered.

Anarchists in Convention.

The seventh annual Convention of the Anarchists of German-Jewish tongue was opened yesterday in Paul Wintz's Hall, 88 East Fourth street, this city. Delegates from all the States of the Union except California were present, among them about a dozen women. There was a discussion about means of verbal and written agitation to promote anarchism and the formation of a German-Jewish weekly was decided on. The convention will continue all the week. On Saturday an entertainment and ball will be given at Clarendon Hall, East Thirteenth street, the receipts of which will go for the benefit of the new weekly.

SHE COULD AND DID FIGHT.

A Pretty Girl Stampeded a Young Man, and None of the Crowd Knew Why.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She had a temper fiery enough to turn her black hair red. Her eyes flashed fire. Her slender frame trembled with rage. Her tongue was tipped with red-hot denunciation. She was a sweet brunette of petite form, clothed in a dark-colored dress and a neatly fitting dark-brown cloak, with puffed sleeves and bell skirt, and rows of black braid running around the waist. A big black hat, trimmed with flowers and feathers, shaded her rosy cheeks, while her piercing black eyes shot angry glances at the object of her hate. She could not have been over 20 years old.

This young lady was tripping down the stone steps at the east front door of the Court House at 2 o'clock P. M. yesterday, looking as lovely as a budding rose on a summer morning. She then betrayed no excitement.

But at the same time a slender young man of the blond type, whose upper lip was ornamented with a fuzz as soft as eiderdown, and who was stylishly dressed in a dark suit, a dark-colored overcoat and a black derby hat, came walking along the street.

It was at the sight of this blond young man that the pretty brunette flew into a rage, and exclaimed in loud and quivering tones: "Oh, you mean, deceitful thing! I could just——" But she never finished the sentence. She was choked with anger. With one bound she sprang upon the defenceless little blond young man, and let her tiny fists fall on his face like the movement of a meat-chopping machine. The young man stood there and never offered resistance, but the expression on his pale face seemed to say: "Now, don't do that, law you might hit me, don't ye know."

By this time the pretty brunette—and what is a more thrilling sight than a beautiful woman being overwhelmed with rage—grabbed the young man's derby hat, threw it upon the sidewalk, danced a jig upon it, and then picked it up and tore it into pieces with her fair, alabaster hands.

The young man muttered something about "keeping still and not creating a scene," but the enraged girl was as uncontrollable as a tigress with the jimjams. She landed with the left and then with the right on his face. She was evidently determined to "even up old scores," and she continued to handle him without gloves.

But a brilliant idea happened to pierce the young man's mind. A Fourth street cable train, south bound, came whizzing by, and he took to his heels and boarded the rear coach. The young lady was equal to the occasion. She lifted her skirts, and with the speed of a sprinter and the agility of a cat she ran and jumped on the moving train. She followed the young man into the coach, where he was sitting, and again began pummelling him with her fists.

The train disappeared, and the large crowd of spectators, who had been attracted by the disturbing which that plucky, petite, and pretty brunette gave the blond young man, did not learn the names of the participants nor the cause of the girl's anger.

It was rumored around the Court House that the girl came from the marriage license office, where she had been waiting to meet the young man. When he did not appear at the hour set, she started to walk away and then saw him sneaking off. The whole affair remains a mystery.

MATURE LOVE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Wedded on Thanksgiving Eve at the Age of 88, He Now Seeks a Divorce.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

KOKOMO, Dec. 20.—A romantic marriage that took place here Thanksgiving eve bids fair to culminate in the wreck of the matrimonial bark. The principals in the wedding were Charles Moore, a wealthy Monroe county farmer, aged 80 years, and Mrs. Amanda Pierce of this place, aged 64. They have not lived together since the ceremony, and the groom has applied for a divorce.

The couple in early childhood were lovers, high spirited, strong willed, and stubborn, a characteristic that remains with them yet to a remarkable degree. A lovers' quarrel and separation by removal threw their lives in different paths. Both married other companions, reared large families, and accumulated a goodly share of this world's goods in the half century that has since passed. A few years ago their consorts were removed by death. Later the lovers of fifty years ago met again. The old flame was rekindled in their breasts, and in a wedding, the ceremony being at the home of the bride in this city Thanksgiving eve.

The nuptials over, the venerable groom returned to his 1,200-acre farm, near Bloomington, and the bride began packing her goods to follow. Then she learned her mind. She concluded that it was not the proper thing for her to leave her children and grandchildren so far away, and informed the groom that he must come to Kokomo and live with her. This turn of affairs did not suit Mr. Moore. He had the house fully all prepared for the new mistress, and contended that he could not afford to comply with her request; that his business interests would suffer thereby, and finally informed her that if she wanted to live with him she must come to his home. The bride refused to comply, and the second great quiz brought matters to a focus yesterday by filing an application for divorce in the Monroe county courts.

One Good Turn Prodnced Another.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

It was a beautiful hat, there was no doubt about it. The man who sat just back of her was in a towering rage; he said there were twelve yards of lace on it, a dozen sand-hill cranes, two jet buckles, a bushel of roses, and three pins. His wife demurred to this.

"O no, Henry," she said, "you are prejudiced. I don't think the birds are quite so large as sand-hill cranes, and I very much doubt if there are more than ten yards of lace on it."

"Well, a Thomas concert isn't a millinery show room, anyhow," snarled her lord. "Look at her now. She thinks she's a Thomas look like the headless horseman afoot."

"O, don't; she might hear you!"

"I don't care if she does;" but he lowered his voice. "I hope her husband made a jolly row when the bill came in. I'm sure he did if the price corresponded to the size."

"The size of a bonnet has nothing to do with its cost, dear," said his wife wearily.

"Humph! it ought. I believe I'll speak to her; the music is too good to——"

"O, Henry, don't; she looks so cross."

"I'm not afraid." He leaned forward and made a motion to address the lady, but when he met her eye he fell back in his chair and became absorbed in the orchestra.

The lady was evidently nervous. She kept moving about in her chair and the hat moved with her; sometimes she merely dismembered Mr. Thomas to his gaze; sometimes the whole orchestra was blotted out.

The man back of her enjoyed the music intermittently. Finally, when the last musician went into eclipse he leaned forward.

"Madam," he said in tones of courteous ferocity, "one ought not to interfere with the enjoyment of others. Will you kindly remove your hat? It obscures my view entirely."

The lady's face cleared: "With pleasure, sir," she said. "I quite agree with your remark. I did not like to speak sooner, but one good turn deserves another. Will you kindly desist from beating time on the back of my chair?"

And the music went on just as if nothing had happened.

The Glorious Climate of Texas.

From the Washington Post.

"Yes, sah," said Representative Hutcheson of Texas yesterday morning, in reply to the usual remark; "yes, sah, this certainly is a charming day. But us folks from Texas don't enthuse over it, because you know, sah, we have this kind of weather right along down in our State. Our skies rival the blue of Italy's far-famed cerulean vault, and from the birth of winter, sah, till the beautiful month of May melts in the lap of gorgeous perfumed June, the fragrance of whose roses sweetens the breath of our nostrils till winter, these skies look down on the Lone Star State, and we just such weather as this."

"As good as the far-famed weather of Florida, Mr. Hutcheson?"

"As good, sah? Better. And what's more, we are not eternally talking about it, either. But, then, we don't live through the summers on fish and through the winters on Yankees."

Unconscious Pocket Picking.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Perhaps the only instance on record of unconscious, involuntary, and successful pocket picking was accomplished on the Uniontown express of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

When this train, going east, stopped at Connellsville, a ragged-coated miner was among the crowd of passengers who got off at that station, and it was not until the train had pulled out that he was surprised to find a fine gold watch and chain entangled in the frayed portion of his coat sleeve. The man was totally at a loss to account for the possession of the jewelry, but could only conjecture that in the crowd on the train his sleeve became entangled in the chain and drew it and the watch from the owner's person. He sought some means of returning the property and was directed to Frank Shepard, detective of the Baltimore and Ohio force, to whom he told his story and turned over the property.

Very Much Like a Bottomless Pit.

From the St. Louis Republic.

A wonderful natural cavern was discovered in Lafayette county, Mo., in 1891. It has the usual complement of "rooms," "galleries," "domes," "pits," &c., but its sole title to being something out of the ordinary in the cavern line is a well-like abyss in one of the rooms, which, so far as any one knows, may quite have served as the chimney of hades. It is known locally as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large size have been thrown into it with a hope that they would be heard to strike bottom after a while, but, according to reports, "there were no reverberating sounds come back to the ear by which its enormous depth could be gauged."

A Saving Instance.

From the Washington Evening Star.

"Tell me, honestly," said the novel reader to the noisy writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toe for several moments, as you describe?"

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did, once."

"Who was she?"

"She was a clog dancer."

CRIMMINSES SWINDLED.

THE CONTRACTORS VICTIMIZED BY A FORMER TIMEKEEPER.

A Confederate Gets Orders Cashed on the Score That They Were to Pay for Board Due His Sister—An Engineer a Tool.

Frank D. Jennings, aged 34, of 207 Keap street, Brooklyn, was charged in the Yorkville Court yesterday with larceny by trick and device. Jennings has hitherto borne a good reputation. For some time prior to Nov. 27 he was employed by the firm of John D. & T. E. Crimmins, contractors. He was dismissed on that date for inefficiency, but his honesty was not questioned.

It was on Dec. 8, a pay day, that the Crimminses first discovered that they were being swindled. The first intimation came through their detective. The latter mingled among the workmen when they presented themselves at the paymaster's office. He kept a close watch to see that no "repeating" was attempted. Presently he noticed one young man, who, on getting his order cashed, went back and fell into line again, presenting a second order and getting the money. The detective kept him under surveillance, and noticed that he repeated the operation. He let him alone until the third time he came up, when he tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to explain.

The young man, who was William Sheehan, aged 20, of 439 East Seventy-sixth street, an ex-employee of the firm, said that the men named had boarded with his sister and had turned in their orders to pay for their board.

This statement was investigated and found to be false. It was also learned that the names on the orders were fictitious.

Sheehan was arraigned before Justice McMahon and committed to await the action of the Grand Jury. He was reticent, but the firm knew that he must have confederates in the timekeeper and engineer. The latter was seen—a man named Rosenberg—and he soon convinced the detective that he was innocent, though a tool.

On Nov. 28, the very day that Jennings was discharged, Rosenberg received what purported to be a letter from the Crimmins firm requesting him to use a number of pay orders made out by the timekeeper. Believing the letter genuine the engineer O. K'd the orders that accompanied it, returning them by the messenger. It was these orders Sheehan got cashed.

As the Crimmins firm had not written the letter nor sent the orders, Jennings was suspected. As he was not to be found the firm laid the matter before Justice McMahon, who, on Dec. 13, issued a warrant for him. This was given to Court Detective Vail.

Monday found Vail waiting at the Catharine street ferry. He had with him a man who knew Jennings. At about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon Jennings, though disguised by having cropped his moustache, was recognized while in his way to the ferry. Vail placed him under arrest. He would not admit his identity.

When arraigned yesterday he declined to talk further than to demand an examination. Justice Meade accorded this, and committed the defendant in $2,500 bail. He was locked up.

POLICEMAN KEATING'S BATTLE.

It Took Three Policemen to Arrest Two Italians With Pistols.

Tony Barnica, aged 30, who lives in East Fifteenth street, and Giuseppe Antrarie, aged 35, of 435 East Eighteenth street, were committed by Police Justice Meade in the Yorkville Court yesterday in $1,000 bail each for assaulting Policeman Edward Keating of the East Twenty-second street station.

At 1½ o'clock yesterday morning Keating was called into an Italian shoe shop at 403 East Eighteenth street by a woman, who wanted him to quell a row. He found the defendants and several other Italians quarrelling. At sight of the policeman they quieted, and on their promise to behave themselves Keating left them. He had gone but a few doors when the woman called him back. Knives and pistols were in evidence when he returned, and, realizing that he should have a row on hand, Keating blew his whistle for reinforcements before tackling the gang. On his entrance he was pounced upon by a man with a pistol. Keating grabbed the man, who tossed his pistol to a woman. At the same moment Antrarie came out of an inner room and shouted:

"You damned policeman, get out!"

Simultaneously three men jumped on the policeman and wrenched his club from his hand. Policeman Clark came in at that moment, and with his aid Antrarie was arrested.

Clark started to the station with his man. As Keating, with Policeman Magner, reëntered the place, Barnica rushed from a rear room, brandishing a five-barrelled horse pistol a large as a small howitzer. Before he could bring it into action, however, Magner delivered a blow with his club upon the Italian's wrist with such good effect that he dropped the weapon and howled with pain. The two policemen then lugged him off to the station house despite the efforts of friends to prevent it.

A DIOCESAN SYNOD.

It Will Be Opened in St. John's Church in Brooklyn To-morrow.

The Catholic Diocesan Synod of the Brooklyn diocese, which has been called by Bishop McDonnell, will be opened to-morrow morning in the Church of St. John the Baptist, in Willoughby and Lewis avenues, Brooklyn. Nearly all the 150 or more priests in the diocese are expected to be present, as none is to be excused except for special cause. The Synod will be opened with the celebration of a Pontifical high mass by the Bishop. The Synod will last two days, and, in addition to the consideration of some questions of exclusive interest to the Brooklyn diocese the action of the Baltimore Council on the school question will probably be taken up and ratified.

The Papal discrimination against the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and the Sons of Temperance in the matter of the admission of the boys, so far as formal announcement on this subject has been made from the pulpits, it is expected to be made in the Lenten pastorals. These will be the officers of the Synod: The Revs. Thomas Taaffe and John Hoffman, procurators and judges of the diocese; Rev. Kalvelagen, judge of excuses; the Rev. James H. Mitchell, secretary; the Rev. M. G. Flannery, notary; the Revs. James S. Duffy, John J. Barrett, Peter Matthews, and J. J. Flynn, masters of ceremony, and the Revs. John M. Kiely, Eugene Donnelly, E. J. Gannon, and A. J. Smith, castors. Since the organization of the Brooklyn diocese, in 1853, there have been two Diocesan Synods, the first in 1879 and the second in 1887.

LA ROSA BOASTED OF HIS PULL.

Then Justice Watson Changed His Sentence from a Fine to Imprisonment.

Policeman Conlin of the Greenpoint avenue station, Brooklyn, arrested John La Rosa, who lives in Huron street, late on Monday night, for creating a disturbance in front of a saloon on Manhattan avenue. La Rosa attacked Conlin, who had to use his club to subdue him. When La Rosa was arraigned in the Ewen Street Police Court yesterday, Justice Watson sentenced him to pay a fine of $10 or stand committed to the Kings county penitentiary for four months. La