VALUE TO MAN OF A FRONT.

DISCOURSE BY EX-TANK NO. 16 ON THE EFFECT OF CLOTHES.

Episode of a Lamppost in Denver—Meeting with a Chin-Whiskered Constable in Bay Ridge—Evolution of the Baby Row Gig in Washington—A Reformed Slouch's Advice to Slouches Who Have'nt Reformed.

"The inestimable value of a front," said Ex-Tank No. 16, the best-dressed member of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates, "never got a-hold of me until after they had tried to vag me about six times. At that, it wasn't until my day for getting vagged was all over that I bloomed forth like—well, just look at me, that's all," and No. 16 surveyed himself with an oleaginous smile of pardonable pride, while all the other ex-Tanks present chimed in with, "Yes, just look at him, that's all!"

"Before the practically incalculable value of a front soaked into what I am pleased to term my mind," continued Ex-Tank No. 16, "they really couldn't be blamed for sizing me up as a dollar recruit for the rock pile, for if ever there was a slouch then I was it before I went in for national rejuvenation," and Ex-Tank No. 16 groaned himself some more, while the club chuckled. "Before he ceased to be a slouch, who, he was it?"

"One morning, when the clock in the steeple was ready to chime 2," went on Sixteen, "I was leaning against a lamppost on Arapahoe street, in Denver. I was thinking; I wasn't thinking about how much like a hobo I looked or about the dent in my hat, but I was thinking about other matters. I had only got into Denver from Omaha about two hours before, and I may have had eight or ten under my waistband; but I was all right, even if I did, in accordance with my lifelong negligence of dress, look like a slob; and I didn't know there was any municipal ordinance against a man's leaning on an Arapahoe street lamppost and thinking.

"A cop about eight feet high came up quietly behind me and gave me a prod with his club.

"'Went away, Louie,' said he. 'Stop dossin' agin the post. You're liable to fall down and come apart. Haven't you got the price of a bunk?'

"'I am thinking,' said I.

"'S'sh'm I,' said the cop, getting a grip on the left sleeve of my coat. 'I'm a thinkin' about runnin' you in. Come on,' and he gave me three jerks in the direction that he wanted to take.

"'Go-ar-way,' said I. 'Turn me loose. You know not what you do. What wouldst thou with me?'

"'Don't get glad with me,' said the cop, 'or I'll rough-house you up some.'

"'Say, what do I look like?' I asked him, going along, though, so as to prevent him from ripping hunks off my arm. 'Is it so bad as all that?'

"'You look like zinc money after it's been run over and stepped on,' replied the cop with brutal candor, 'and it ain't no cinch, but what you'd turn a trick with the wedge and the phony keys at that,' and he gave me two or three yanks to shake me up some in my stride.

"'Which am I, then, suspicious character or rag?' I asked him.

"'Both,' he answered, 'and a chinner from the bottom lands besides. Shut up. I'm only paid for walkin' you. The desk Sergeant'll do the listenin'.'

"Whereupon I decided to abandon frivolous conversation until I was stacked up against the desk Sergeant.

"'What you got?' the desk Sergeant asked the cop when he brought me into the station house.

"'Talky vag,' said the cop. 'Found him a-doin' up a lightpole on Arapahoe street, without visible means o' bunkin'. Don't know whether he's got any of the tools on him, but he looks to me like one of 'em.'

"'Search him,' said the desk Sergeant.

"The cop reached for the inside breast pocket of my bum coat first, and got out by wallet. He dug $800 in twenties, fifties and hundreds out of the middle compartment, and then he wiped the perspiration off his forehead with a bandanna and looked at me with his jaw hanging dislocatedly on the breast of his coat. You could ha' knocked the Sergeant's eyes off with a stick.

"'What's your business and where are you from?' the Sergeant asked me when he got through taking short breaths.

"'Lawyer—Omaha,' said I.

"'Lawyer?' said he. 'You're a merry proposition, ain't you? You look like four days over the mountains on an oil train, and you have the gall to say you're a lawyer. How about that money? Where did you get it? If you're a lawyer, how about your make-up?'

"'That's my business,' said I, 'but to satisfy your curiosity I don't mind saying that my make-up is a little eccentricity that betokens latent genius. Genius runs in my family.'

"'Be careful, my bucko,' said the Sergeant, looking warm beneath the collar. 'You're a vag, and I don't know but what you're a thief, and we don't take stack from that kind here.'

"'Well, I don't like to keep you waiting,' said I, feeling that I'd be shoved back if I didn't open pretty soon, 'and so I don't mind telling you that at 11 o'clock this morning I'm going to appear before the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado to argue a railroad case. If you don't believe it, just dig out of that wallet a letter with reference to the case from a gentleman who ornaments the Colorado bar, and whose non-active partner is now a United States Senator for Colorado. If that doesn't satisfy you, just ring up the gentleman and ask him for a description of the junior partner of his corresponding legal firm in Omaha, or, better still, send your eight-footer along with me up to his house.'

"The whole beauty of this spiel consisted in the fact that it was true. And if there's anything more joyous in this life than having a chump cop on a desk Sergeant in a police station I've still got a dream coming that I was unhobbled and turned loose instantly, and, as again, the Sergeant socked it to the cop for being a pinhead, a lightweight, and an in-and-outer. The old man of my firm in Omaha liked about it, though, and when I got back after winning out the railroad case he went systematically at the job of convincing me of the value of a front. My friends, you see the result.

"The result" hummed the Ex-Tanks, who, speaking of results," went on No. 16, "reminds me of the time when, long before the incident I have just narrated, I was vagged within 15-inch rifle shot of the New York City Hall for not looking like the real thing, that is, like a lawyer. I was nearly vagged. My fellow Ex-Tanks may remember that in former years the racing of running horses was quite a popular pastime in this neighborhood. Still is, do I hear? Um! Is that so? Strange I had not heard. Well, anyhow, at the time I revert to, the racing of thoroughbred horses around a circular track was esteemed as much more than mildly exciting sport. I esteemed it that way myself. I was too busy in fighting the demon rum and in trying to hold jobs for two consecutive weeks at that period to be able to visit the tracks very frequently. But at the time there were institutions known as poolrooms, upon the blackboards of which the names of the contending horses were spread, together with the odds laid at the tracks on or against the chances of each. One Friday, just after being fired from a job, with $11 in hand, I went into one of these old-time institutions—they are lost a memory now, I understand—and bet the house $10 of my $11 that the six horses I picked would win their respective races. That was called a combination. My combination paid $3,000 to $10, and it won.

"Here, said I to myself, 'is where I efface the scandal of racing from this neighborhood. This is my mission. I shall absorb all of the money of the bookmakers. Without bookmakers there can be no racing. Consequently, in shattering the bookmakers I shall put an end to this odious racing business, and the conservative population shall arise and call me the real thing.

"This was my slouchiest in those days, and when I appeared at the racetrack the next afternoon and put down $3,000 with three bookmakers on the horse Gotham to win, at 3 to 1, thus standing to win $1,900, which I thought was good enough for that one day, they viewed me with suspicion. They no doubt thought that I had stolen the money. Gotham lost by a nose. I crunched my $3,000 to $1,800 ticket in my clothes and went forth mournfully to blow somewhere in the neighborhood of Bay Ridge toward midnight, and a constable with chin whiskers was rapping the bottom of my feet as I omitted to say that I was lying in a vacant lot.

"'Come along wit' me, sport,' said the constable with chin whiskers.

"'Well,' said I, getting up.

"'Well, I make a good roust-mendher,' said the constable. 'But as a hobo yeez is not wan, I'm afraid yeez wouldn't be a-sleepin' in th' lot.'

"'The one, two, three' was a cue. It sounded as if the chin-whiskered constable had been against the grape juice.

"'I don't think with that lot; you're mixed,' said I. 'My name is Walton, Joe Walton. Punch the bunch call me. I fell down there that this afternoon on that Gotham thing and it cost me my money.'

"The constable took me to the light of a street lamp and looked me over.

"'Anything in it?' said he, with a show of interest. 'O, lose forve dollars on th' nag meself. Yeez doan't look as if yeez had foive cints t' lose on that wan or anny other.'

"I pulled out my $3,000 to $1,800 ticket and showed it to him in the light. 'Gotham—$3,000 to $1,800,' it read.

"'Only dropped thirty hundred on it, that's all,' said I, not airily, but in an everyday sort of tone. The ticket made a square bullseye on the constable.

"'Thin it's Walton yeez is, is it?' said he. 'Who th' divil would ha' believed it? Ye had betther be off an' away, Walton, before th' sun comes up.' And I took his advice and departed. That's how near I came to being vagged, within eight miles of the house where I was born, for not appreciating the value of a front.

"About a year later they actually got me under lock and key, as a preliminary to vagging me, simply because I didn't have on good clothes. This was down in Washington. The experience was worth an even $500 to me. I went down to Washington to get the job of Attorney-General or something like that, but, as usual with me then, I neglected to consider togs as an essential in an undertaking of that character. I knew a lot of people in Washington, but the cop didn't give me time to hunt them up. The cop, I should mention, found me slumbering on a bench in the Smithsonian grounds. The stuff that they purvey on the trains always had a dopey effect on me, anyhow, and so I sought a sequestered corner of the beautiful park surrounding the Smithsonian Institution and found sweet repose on a bench. I don't know how long it lasted, but I distinctly recall the rataplan skill with which the cop gave me the hot foot. He was a black cop.

"'Yo' ali kin traipse uhlong wid me,' he said, and I was too sleepy by a whole lot to make any kick. I went along.

"'Ah foun' dis heah man uh-sleepin' on uh pahk bench,' the coon cop said to the Sergeant at the desk.

"The Sergeant asked me what I had to say for myself, and I said it. I mentioned a lot of people in Washington who had the honor of knowing me, and he decided to hold me in a witness room until he had a chance to verify my statements. I was pretty sore when they shucked me into a witness room already occupied by a big, black 'spote.' He was togged out in checks as big as paving blocks, and large rose diamonds. He was sound asleep in a chair, and my entrance didn't cause him to bat an eye toward waking up. I hadn't been in there more than ten minutes before the black 'spote' began to dream out loud. A nightmare was stomping all over him, and he choked and spluttered in his sleep. I took him by the shoulder and shook him awake. He looked at me wildly.

"'Ah sut'nly was uh-dreamin',' he said. 'Ah was uh-dreamin' dat Ah was uh-runnin' one o' dese heah cable cabs, an' dat uh leetle teeny wite baby done got in front o' de cab. Ah couldn't stop de cab, an' Ah was just uh-comin' down on de baby w'en Ah woke up.'

"Then he rubbed his eyes, looked around, and a slow grin crept over his black countenance.

"'Ah won't do uh thing but play de Baby Row w'en dey tuhns me loose from heah,' he said.

"That set me to thinking about the monumental luck that follows the Afro-American brother when he plays his superstitions. I asked the black 'spote' where there was a policy shop in Washington, and he told me. I was turned loose about half an hour later, and I reached the policy shop in time for the 8 P. M. drawing. I had $7, and I put $5 of the bunch on the Baby Row. The Baby Row happened the first rattle out of the dish, and it paid 100 to 1.

"But I might have landed the Attorney-Generalship had I then understood—as I now understand—the value of a front."

SAVED FROM CANNIBALS.

An Old Negro's Appeal for Help as His Captors Bore Him Toward the Congo.

The stories that missionaries send home often throw a vivid light upon the dark and savage conditions that encompass them. One of the teachers of the American Baptist Missionary Union, in his annual report, tells of a recent incident that occurred far up the Congo River among the natives living around the shores of Lake Tumba, only a short distance south of the big river.

Early one Sunday morning, as the missionary and his wife were preparing for the duties of the day, they heard a shout from the lake. An old man was seen seated in a canoe, which a number of stalwart fellows were paddling as fast as they could toward the little river that carries the waters of the lake to the Congo, a few miles north. The old man was crying in a frantic and despairing voice:

"Mpebe na Monkasa."

These were the names by which the missionary and his wife are known to the natives. The old fellow called them again and again, till he saw the white man and his wife standing on the beach. Then he shouted to them:

"Oh, come and save me! They are taking me away to kill and eat me."

The missionary understood the situation at once. The place is not more than a day's travel from the mouth of the great Mobangi tributary of the Congo. The banks of the Mobangi are lined with cannibal tribes, and it is one of the greatest hotbeds of cannibalism. Explorers have often told of the canoes sent out from these tribes to the districts a little south of the Congo for no other purpose than to buy slaves or steal men to carry away to their homes for their cannibal feasts. Here was an old friend of the missionaries who had fallen into the power of these savage foragers. Not a moment was to be lost, for the canoe was shooting past the station and rapidly approaching the foot of the lake.

At a word from the white man a half dozen young blacks launched a canoe in the lake and plied their paddles with all their might. It was an exciting chase. The cannibals, seeing they were pursued, redoubled their energies to reach the river a few miles north of them. It was a boat race in dead earnest, and the stake was a human life. There were six of the pursuers and only four of the fugitive canoemen. The chasing party had a larger sum total of muscle, and this advantage began to tell. Slowly the missionary boat gained on the cannibals, who saw at last that they would certainly be caught before they reached the river. Then they paddled like mad for the shore, and the pursuers were only a few boat lengths from them as they ran their canoe up on the beach.

The cannibals jumped out and three of them made their escape into the woods, carrying with them a considerable quantity of brass wire, the form of money they use in buying slaves. The fourth man was made a prisoner and was taken back to the missionary settlement with the poor old captive, who was now trembling with joy as a few moments before he had quaked with fear. The missionary says that if he had not called for help he would probably have been killed before night.

The expected then happened. Of course, the savages did not relish the idea of returning to their people without any victim and with one of their party missing. The white man felt certain they would try to ransom their comrade, and, sure enough, the crestfallen maneaters after a little while appeared within hailing distance. They had brass wire, they shouted, and how much did the white man want in exchange for their friend. He wanted all they had, and after considerable parleying a lot of wire was brought half way to the station. The old man said he was sure this wire was all his captors had in the canoe, and finally it was accepted and the prisoner released. The men probably made their way as best they could back to their tribe. The wire was worth only $4, but the missionary says this was enough to keep the old man in food for over nine months, and the fair inference is that the cost of living in the upper Congo has been reduced to a bedrock basis.

The Congo State is rigorously suppressing cannibalism as far as its influence extends, and therefore the natives who indulge in the practice no longer dare, in accordance with their former custom, to send large expeditions out to buy slaves. Now and then, however, a small party engage in the hazardous business, hoping by the smallness of their numbers to escape the attention of the whites.

LIVELY DAY IN GORAKHPUR.

Leopard Troubles Gurkha's Morning Bath.

From the Amrita Bazar Patrika.

About 4 A. M. to-day a Gurkha soldier who was bathing in a tank near the outskirts of the city of Gorakhpur was suddenly attacked from behind. Thinking his assailant was a pig, he *gosh be latach se*, as a Hindustani official loftily put it grappled with it and both rolled over into the tank, where they had a bit of a rough and tumble. The assailant turned out to be a large leopard. He felt the Gurkha something to remember him by in the shape of a number of claw marks, and then proceeded to invade the city, attacking and wounding a number of persons on the way. He finally took up his position in a Kumbar house, situated in the heart of one of the bazaars, quite close to the principal octroi post, the Geghar. Intimation of his presence was at once sent to Mr. Innes, the D. S. P., and to Mr. W. Calnan, the Collector. The news also crept round the station and a regular posse of other sahibs assembled. Mr. Calnan and Mr. Innes got on the roof of the house where the animal was, and by pulling off the tiles and poking the animal up with a long pole succeeded in shooting him. He turned out to be a fine male leopard, in most sleek condition, and measuring 7 feet 3 inches. During his brief career in the city he had injured no less than eleven persons, some of them very severely indeed. The lives of two men are despaired of; one of them had, among other wounds, his elbow crushed from a bite. Two men had their eyes dislocated. A few women were badly scratched all over the body. The people of Gorakhpur were all keenly interested in the occurrence. Hundreds of them visited Mr. Innes's compound to inspect the carcass, and large numbers also went to the hospital to inspect the wounded.

HANDSOME ANDY'S LUCK.

A STORY WITH TWO MORALS FOR AN IMPRISONED BANKER.

The Glory, Downfall and Restoration of a Foolish Man Narrated in the Penitentiary by Smithers, the "Con" Man, for Comfort and Consolation of the the Downhearted Colonel and Jake.

Those highly favored ones—Smithers, the "con" man; the old Colonel, and Jake, the hospital steward, were together one afternoon in the little side room which was one of the many perquisites appertaining to the steward's office. Smithers was getting over an attack of prison rheumatism, the old Colonel was gradually wearing out with the sickness caused by hope deferred; and, as both were justly numbered among the elect of the penitentiary, Jake had extended to them the courtesies of his quarters.

It was the hospital steward, himself a crook of the sneak order, whose good features and plausible tongue had won for him many a soft snap, who was speaking.

"Why, it's dead easy," Jake continued. "When I go out I just hunt up some Christian women and do the tearful, and they fit me out finer than the old guy did his prodigal son."

"Yes, that's about your graft," rejoined Smithers, the "con" man. "Now, me and the Kunnel is too proud for any such snivelling. When we goes out I fall back on my wits and him on his assets—hey, Kunnel?"

"I guess six feet of earth will be all my assets, as you call them, when I leave," said the old man, gloomily. "And it's just as well, too; the dead have more friends than a discharged prisoner."

Smithers looked up somewhat compassionately, instinctively noting how the Colonel's avoidance of the word "convict" accentuated the difference between them.

"Come, Kunnel," he said, "that won't do; you must never speak of croaking in the cooler. Don't you know that a bit adds twenty years to the life of a man like you? Kinder hardens up the system, you know. And, as for friends, why, I'm laying odds that there'll be half of your old club waiting for you when you come sailing down the Hudson River road. Did I never tell you about Handsome Andy and the luck he struck when he finished a five-specker? He wasn't a gentleman like you, of course, but he hadn't ought to have been here just the samee, for the boys put up as tough a game on him as your bank directors did on you."

"Damn them!" muttered the old Colonel fiercely.

"Same here, I'm sure," said Smithers, the "con" man, cheerfully. "Well, to tell you about Handsome Andy. When I first knowed him he had as bang-up a joint just off the Bowery as you'd like to see on a hot day. Bar and restaurant and bowling downstairs; the horses, the wheel, policy and poker on the second floor. All on the Q. T., and keyed up to high G. Everywhere polish and glitter; mirrors, brass, electric lights, glassware and picturs. Swell was just no name for it; and the redhottest thing of the hull bunch was Andy himself, standing outside, dressed to kill, smoking a perfecto, and with a diamond in his shirt front, sending a flash of welcome to all within sight.

"Say, he was the best known man on the east side, and the most popular. The entire push made his place their headquarters. Politicians hung out there, too, and sports from the Tenderloin and the profesh from Union Square. Why, at 12 o'clock Saturday nights in his back room you'd swear you was in the ring at Brighton track.

"Andy prided himself on being a dead-game sport. A sport he was, too, after the amateur fashion. There weren't a game he wasn't up against, nor an event he didn't take in; but there was nothing thoroughbred about him for all that. He was too soft. Andy was—too easy a mark. His hand was always in his pocket, and his roll always in his hand. They worked him, the boys did, both ends and the middle, all the time. They was always hanging up, and he was always putting up. River excursions, bail bonds, subscriptions for this one's funeral and for that one's widder, political assessments, a fine here and a hand-out there. Lordy, if he'd had forty legs instid of two they'd all hev been pulled to twiet their length.

"But Andy liked the soft sawder; he liked being a good feller. Say, Kunnel, to play that part for mor'n a season he'd want a bigger bank behind him than you had before the late unpleasantness."

The old Colonel muttered once more.

"Amen from yours truly," continued Smithers, the "con" man. "Well, what was the natural result? Andy's business, like his shirt buzzum, was all front, and, of course, the longer he stuck to it the wuss it got. The fixtures, with all their glitter, belonged to his brewer; his cashier was the agent of his liquor dealer. You couldn't sweep up anything about the place too small to have a chattel mortgage plastered on it. Still, Andy stood out in the entrance and puffed his perfectos, and gave up to all comers.

"The queer thing about the cuss, too, was that he wouldn't take no chances. Many's the time the gang wanted to let him in on some slick job. Many's the batch of bonds he might have negotiated, and the piller case of swag he might have melted down and no one the wiser. But no; he was always too independent elegant. 'I like you, boys, and I thank for your custom,' he'd say; 'but you stick to your business, and I'll stick to mine,' which he didn't. The only stick about him was that he was stuck on himself, and his genitil manner, and black, curly hair, and his diamond pin.

"Now, one night Andy was standing as usual outside his place when he heard a scream acrost the street. He rushed over, and there he saw a tough mug. Abe Conklin by name he done time here as a second-story man and jailbird. Abe had the chariot mor'n once—bothering a little French gal. 'Stow that, Abe,' said Andy; 'you wouldn't be forcing your attentions,' sez he, 'when there's so many a hankering after them, would you?'

"Well, Abe was a surly cuss, so naterally the words of sweetness which coaxed Andy to put to sleep before he know'd he was sleepy; for Andy was handy with his dukes. The little French gal, as soon as, all white-faced and trembling, she see the denoument, caught up her skirts and fled, kissing her hand to Andy like a ghost during the first street. And Andy led up Abe, took him over to the place, gave him a feel and a raw beef sandwich for his jaw, and forgot all about it.

"The next week, however, Andy had been over to a Long Island to a chicken main, and was coming home late, or early, as you prefer. It was a fine night and he was fond of walking, so he strolled along, looking at the stars, and puffing on his eternal perfecto. Well, just as he got to the gashouse nock, a trim figure shot by him and out on the pier. Andy caught a glimpse of a white face that seemed familiar, and he struck a 2:10 gait in pursuit. Straight as an arrow, down and over went the little French gal, and straight as an arrow followed Andy. A few moments later he was staggerin' up the street to the hospital, all bedrib'n himself, and with a drippinger burden in his arms.

"Andy never done things by halves. When the doctor looked grave and said there was complications, Andy stuck his hand in his pocket and smiled; for he had gone dead broke that night, and he knew it, however, as he plucked the sparkler from his front and handed it over.

"'Keep that, Doc,' he sez, 'for collateral, and see that the poor girl has the best of everything. And if I don't rough up the long green,' sez, 'luck it for all I'm worth.'

"I think, in his heart, Andy must have seen his finish that night. At any rate, the very next day it was all over except the shouting. The brewer moved out his stuff, the liquor merchant came down with a bill of sale, the lawyers foreguessed on what was left; and to put the quietus on a thing already dead, a marshal nabbed Andy and landed him in Ludlow Street Jail, on a charge of working off green goods on an old poppy guy from the Bowery. And out on bail he couldn't get it felt to be cleaned out and busted. Let me see, you was tried in the United States Court, wasn't you, Kunnel?"

The old Colonel nodded and muttered.

"Exactly," continued Smithers, the "con" man. "A repeater then, I'm sorry to say, you know that Andy didn't have an earthly show. His lawyer copped the last seed he had, and then gave him the throw-down. The old poppy guy swore that he looked like the man that sold him at the station, the marshals produced a sacred ballot they found in his upper room, and, to clinch matters, Abe Conklin turned state's evidence agin him, and thus got hunk. The boys didn't dare to appear for him, and so Andy was yerked up to this blessed playhouse with thirty years and seven months, giving him big good time seerve—that's ain't your size, and it, Kunnel?—before he could smoke another perfecto again.

"Served him right, too," reflected Jake, the hospital steward. "I'm for being such a dub."

"You think so?" continued Smithers, the "con" man. "Well, he wasn't the sort to write begging letters to Christian women, and so when he went out he had only his discharge money and a particularly gauzy set of prison clothes. It was winter, too, for the United States Judges pay no attention to the statute requiring men to be let out in warm weather; they don't have to. And so, when Andy struck town, he was cold and as down in the mouth as he was on his luck. He did think, he told me, of going into the Grand Union for a pericoto, but he kinder hesitated on the sidewalk and a big policeman told him to move on.

"You've never been through it yet, Kunnel, but I tell you it's tough. When you do, I suppose you'll ride home in your carriage, but you won't feel much like looking out the winder. Even an old-timer often wishes he was back again in his seven by three. Andy slunk along—you can't help slinking when you've been doing the lock-step for a thousand odd days—feeling for his mustache, which it wasn't there, and dreading lest he meet some one that would give him the frosty. In a few days, though, he was so much on the bum that he'd have been glad of the chance to work the old-friend racket. His money was gone; he was nervous, he was shivering, he was hungry. I don't blame the gang, Kunnel; they have done down good had they known Andy was on his uppers. But the Lexow committee was a-sitting in town; the word had come straight from Headquarters, and they'd all lit out to pleasanter fields and pastures new—it's Chicago.

"And so Andy walked the streets and dodged the police, without knowing why, and looked in restaurant winders and tried to muster up the sand to work a free lunch, but couldn't, and thought of the days when you didn't have to ask for him to drink, the old days when he wore black broadcloth, with a vest full of perfectos, and his hair was curled and his mustache was waxed out and his diamond sparkler; and then he thought of the little French gal.

"Huh, what did I tell you, the dob?" growled Jake, the hospital steward.

"Oh, you think so?" continued Smithers, the "con" man. "Well, as he thought of her he came to think that he had struck something far colder than the river had seemed that night, and so, almost without knowing it, he turned to the east, down the very street that would lead him to the gashouse dock.

"As Andy, with head down, shoulders up and hands in pockets, sloucked across the avenue a carriage dashed by and splashed him with the slush. But he was two downhearted to even think of swearing. And yet he must have looked up in a sort of bewildered, piteous way, for guess what then happened? You'd never guess right, Jake; damned if you would; but the Kunnel might. That carriage stopped with a jerk. Out jumped a lady, a fine lady, mind you, all silk and lace and feathers and paper slippers, right into the muck, and throwed her arms, with those long bunchy kid gloves on, around Andy's neck.

"'My hero, my angel,' she cried, with tears rolling down her pretty white face, 'I have found you at last; I have found you at last.'

"It was the little French gal, Kunnel; it was the little French gal, Jake, whom I suppose you would also call a dob. And she didn't do a thing but drag Andy into the carriage and fondle him as if he was a baby, calling him all sorts of blessings on his poor cropped head. And then didn't they drive away to the clothier's, the barber's, Delmonico's and the priest; and before nightfall Andy, the dob, found himself the husband of as pretty a little woman as you'd like to see, with a storefull of French notions on Broadway and a fat account in the bank—perhaps the very one you used to ingineer, Kunnel.

"You see, when she finally left the hospital she got word that an uncle had died in France, leaving her a pretty nifty fortun'. So over she went and back she came with the dough in her sock, bound and determined to give it all to Andy. But she couldn't find him; his place was closed; no one seemed to know aught about him; so, being forehanded, as most of them furreners be, Kunnel, she opened a shop of knickknacks and thrux' amazingly.

"And that is all, except that until he died with a gallopin' cornsumptin', like many a wuss man, Andy stood outside the Broadway joint, with curly hair and spiked mustache and diamond pretty bright, covered with a shaved and smoked perfectos to his heart's content. And so you see, Kunnel, it don't do to lose your grip in the cooler. When a man strikes the bottom he's got to rise, even if it's only the round. And as for you, Jake, just put this in your pipe and smoke it: the biggest dub is generally the feller who can't see no good in anything except in his own sneaking cunning."

THEY DEMAND PROTECTION

Against a Plague of Pheasants, Bear and Deer in Pike County, Pa.

STROUDSBURG, Pa., July 9.—"When it gets so that folks have to shoo pheasants and stone bear and deer out of their gardens and fields, it is pretty near time that something was done about it," said a Stroudsburg merchant, just back from a business trip up the Delaware, "and that is just the situation in Lehman township, Pike county. I had business with Eugene White, who lives near Bushkill, and I found him all heated up and in anything but a pleasant humor when I called.

"'It's all on account of the pestiferous pheasants,' he said. 'I might as well turn my chickens loose and give 'em the run of my garden as to have the pheasants pounce down on it as they are doing and scratching everything up. Just look there, now!' said he.

"I looked in the direction he was pointing and saw a group of pheasants strut out from the bushes into Mr. White's garden and begin scratching. I counted ten of them.

"'Are they tame pheasants?' I asked.

"'Tame!' he replied. 'Yes, they are tame enough now, because they know the law protects them, but they will be wild enough by and by, when we have the right to shoulder this gun and go out to shoot 'em! These are wild pheasants all right, hatched in the woods around here, and now putting in their time eating up everybody's garden within reach! See there!'

"More pheasants came strutting in, and they kept on coming until I had counted 300, scratching and wallowing and feeding in Mr. White's garden—300 plump, wild pheasants, the genuine ruffed grouse of the Pocono Mountains! Then Mr. White rushed upon them with wild yells and shouts, but the birds did not rise and boom away with this startling noise peculiar to their flight, but just scooted off into the bushes on foot, like a lot of neighbor's chickens being shooed off the ground.

"'Blest we be!' said Mr. White, mopping his forehead. 'They'll be back again in less than three minutes!'

"And so they were, and in order to give time to my call on him Mr. White had to summon his hired man to keep the pheasants out of the garden while he talked business with me.

"'The bears and the deer, though,' said Mr. White after the interview was over, haven't bothered me any, but they are vexing other folks around here like everything. Why, only yesterday, over on the Barren, Hi Anderson was feeding in his garden, and he heard a tremendous snort and snuffle. He looked around and, not seeing anything, went on with his hoeing. The snort and snuffle were repeated. Hi looked around again and there he saw a big black bear making all sorts of ugly faces at him over the stone wall and acting as if he was getting ready to climb over the wall, drive Hi away and take possession of that garden himself. Hi picked up a stone and chucked it at the impudent bear, and it hit Brain square on the nose. That seemed to change his mind, but he went away shaking his head and growling back at Hi, and determined, I'll bet anything to come back there, maybe with help, roots Hi out, and gather that garden, as sure as you live. I've heard of two or three more of the settlers back there having to stone and club bears off their premises the past two weeks, and up in the neighborhood of the ponds the deer have played havoc with the farmers' rye. There isn't any law against killing bear, of course, but if a person kills a bear now he only wastes 'em, for their fur isn't any good. I tell you, if things keep on this way, us backwoods dwellers have got to have some protection, or some of us will feel like taking the law in our own hands and making a move on these feathered and furred marauders.'

"And I won't blame 'em a bit if they do," declared the Stroudsburg merchant.

THE WEST VIRGINIA "SOUP."

It Involves a Kissing Bee and a Spread, and Originated During the War.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., July 9.—A novel custom, started in the days of the civil war, prevails in the eastern part of this State. At Shepherdstown they have a picnic called "soups." Each person invited brings a dressed chicken, the host providing the vegetables. Poultry and vegetables are placed in large kettles holding from ten to twenty gallons, and the combination is cooked over open fires for several hours, or until it is reduced almost to a jelly. Pepper and other seasonings are introduced.

The girls and young fellows stir the soup with long-handled iron spoons, keeping up a march or walk around the kettles as they do so. When a girl's spoon clicks against the spoon of a young man he is at liberty to catch and kiss her. Of course, there are many lively skirmishes and a great deal of fun in the game. When the soup is done it is ladled out into plates and eaten. It is said to be delicious.

The custom owes its origin to a company of Stonewall Jackson's men who were recruited in that part of the State.

These ex-Confeds keep up their organization. They have a reunion once a year, at which they celebrate with a grand "soup."

It is said that a "soup" properly gotten up should be made of stolen chickens, but the veterans had to give up foraging after the war and make a compromise by going around in squads and robbing each other's roosts by mutual understanding.

LUXURIES FOR THE DOGS.

MORE THAN $1,800,000 SPENT ON THEM IN NEW YORK YEARLY.

Dogs Here Have Their Doctors, Their Dentists, Their Tailors, Their Swell Boarding Houses, Their Insurance Company—Some Men Who Profit by Caring for Dogs.

"Never since the days of old Egypt, when cats were held sacred, have animals lived in such luxury as the dogs of this city," said a veterinarian who has an extensive practice. "There are no statistics covering the case, but I think it is safe to estimate that at least 75,000 pet dogs live within the boundaries of Greater New York and that fully $1,800,000 is annually expended by fond owners for the maintenance and ornamentation of their pups.

"Thousands of dogs receive greater attention, irrespective of their breeding, intelligence or actual worth, than the costly animals in Central Park. Frequently they are more pampered and better cared for than children, and I have called professionally on many pups that lolled in kennels, slept upon cushions, and wore jewelled collars and embroidered blankets worth in the aggregate anywhere from two to five thousand dollars. But don't you think veterinarians contemplate this lavishness with disfavor. Dogs are a lucrative source of income to us all, and the more luxurious their state the more we receive for our services. Several veterinarians have made small fortunes by attending rich dogs.

"Directly and indirectly the dogs of New York give employment to about 2,000 persons. Many owners of valuable pups hire men to devote themselves exclusively to the care of the animals, and pay good wages for such service, too. I know one wealthy lover of dogs who employs three men to look after his pets and keep them in sound condition. One of these men is an expert in canine lore, and to him is paid an annual stipend of $1,800. The other two men act as his assistants, and each gets $15 a week. I am retained to treat the animals when ill or out of good form, and the wealthy dog lover's expenditures on his dogs amount to something like $10,000 a year.

"Several experts have set up establishments for the care and training of rich dogs, and there are more than 100 canine boarding houses in the city. One of these in upper New York, not far from Central Park, is conducted on an elaborate scale. Its provisions for the entertainment and recreation of valuable pets cost several thousands of dollars, and include everything in the way of recent sanitary improvements. The animals are exercised with that regularity which obtains at a seminary, are taught how to live in houses without violation of polite conventions, and are otherwise educated up to high standards in doghood befitting their superior station in life. The proprietor of this establishment made a reputation in England as an authority on the care and breeding of English bull terriers, and was invited some years ago by a number of wealthy dog owners in New York to come here and open a dog hotel. Now his business has grown so that he is obliged to employ about twenty assistants and operate two branch resorts in the country. Frequently he has charge of dogs whose total value is $100,000, and his income from their care cannot fall short of $10,000.

"To board a dog at a city canine resort costs from $3 to $8 a week, according to the attention it receives, the style in which its owner wishes it to live, and the reputation of the boarding house. I am certain that as much as $100,000 is annually spent on this item alone. There is no other city in the United States which consumes one-fifth as much dog biscuit as New York. We buy about $150,000 worth of it every year. All told, we order for metropolitan dogs costs in the neighborhood of $500,000 a year. Of course, much of this comes from the tables of the owners. Still it costs something when purchased and must be reckoned among the expenditures for dogs. Assume that the wages received by each of the 2,000 persons directly and indirectly engaged in looking after the animals will average $400 a year, we obtain a total of $800,000. At the lowest estimate the jewelers dispose of $100,000 worth of gold and silver collars, harness and bells for the ornamentation of the pups every year, while the makers of kennels, the blanket embroiderers, the druggists and the manufacturers of fine leather and metal-mounted harness receive as much more. The owners of dogs spend between $80,000 and $100,000 annually for treating sick dogs, and even after the dogs are dead the expenditures go on, for the taxidermists get something like $25,000 every year for stuffing pup carcasses. The aggregate of these sums easily gives a total of $1,800,000.

"There is not a part of this city which has not its dog population, and many parts are actually overrun with them. Cramped apartments and flat dwellings are no restriction to the keeping of dogs, and, as a matter of fact, the flat-dwelling class of people are institution. There are at least 35,000 of them, a number subject to constant increase. To the veterinarian it seems that one-half the people of New York are dog owners, and in those districts where apartment houses abound no dog appears to be the first thing bought by a newly married couple on setting up an establishment of their own. It is owing chiefly to the prevalence of the flat-house dog that many of the veterinarians prosper, for dogs confined to such quarters and not obliged to forage for their food are subject to many disorders. As a general thing, they are overfed, and frequently with food entirely deleterious to canine health. Take any dog in good condition and permit it to lead a flat-house life for half a year, and its system is certain to become deranged. But if the same pup were permitted to run at large in a yard, and there receive its food, the chances are that it would keep in the best of health and improve constantly in strength and weight. Why is this so? Simply because the dog of the apartment is provided with a bill of fare which he is not allowed to consume dirt, as is perfectly natural to him (for the dog is really the dirtiest of animals in habits and instincts), and is forced to remain unhealthfully clean. But the animal feeding in the yard can roll its food about on the ground and cover part of it with dirt. This invariably agrees with the dog and appears to prevent illness. So very frequently when flat-house dogs are taken to the veterinarians and the owners found to be suffering simply from overfeeding, they are placed in a sequestered backyard where they can roll on earth with their provender to their palate's content. It is seldom that this fails to restore the dogs to a normal condition; but perhaps I shouldn't have given that cure away.

"Some people who are very observing realize how much there is to be got out of catering to the needs and luxurious wants of rich dogs have originated many ingenious methods to divert portions of the annual golden harvest to their own pockets. First of all, there is the dog insurance company, a splendid business. I did not believe in such a thing when first the story of his advent went the rounds among us veterinarians, but I learned on making inquiry that he really does exist and is an enterprising fellow, who deserves success. I was called upon by one day I visited his establishment to see him work, and found him in the midst of an operation on a fine little fox terrier. The dog sat on a small, but well balanced table, to which it was secured by a series of straps. A big towel was then wound its neck, and a block of gutta percha set between its jaws kept them apart and prevented it from snapping down on the hand of the operator or his instruments. The dentist was using a drill on his victim, whose gurgles and growls were as savage as the impedimenta of the gutta percha would allow. I was told by the operator, as he set the drill buzzing, that dogs' teeth are treated just as the molars and incisors of man are treated by ordinary dental surgeons. They were filled when necessary, or extracted if the sleepers were decayed. Dogs suffer as frequently and as much from toothache as human beings, but it is only pups belonging to the well-to-do that have their dental infirmities scientifically corrected. Many dogs are brought to their own special dentist for nibbling at the gas pipes. This is a sort of fad among fashionable owners of dogs, and adds much to the revenues of the clever little dogs dentist. Several pups which come to his shop, so the dentist informed me, are having their incisors straightened.

"Quite a new enterprise in this city has taken up dog tattooing and is coining money. I understand. This is how he works: First, he washes the breast of the animal to receive the indelible marking with a solution of corrosive sublimate. Then he shaves the hair from the place and has the operation performed. A tattooing artist is next turned on the denuded spot, which is thoroughly sprayed with ether. A hypodermic injection of cocaine follows. Batteries and needles are prepared in the me