WASHINGTON IS SEDATE NOW.

LITTLE VISIBLE DRINKING OR GAMING AMONG PUBLIC MEN.

Change of Which the "To Let" Sign on Chamberlin's Is a Manifestation—Old-Time Scenes at the Capitol That Would Not Be Tolerated at the Present Time.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—The "To Let" sign on the late John Chamberlin's once famous "clubhouse" marks the end of the roystering, excessively high-living clique of Washington legislators, Government officials and prosperous lobbyists who used to make that place their headquarters. The top-notchers, so to speak, of that famous crowd passed away, most of them, or retired to obscurity, a good many years ago, and even their former hangers on and imitators have of late years been cultivating at least the outwardly sedate manner of life.

Things have changed here in Washington. Sedateness of an almost Puritanical sort characterizes the conduct of the men who come here to legislate for the nation or to assist in the execution of the departmental business. Lobbying, so called, is pretty dead so far as its outward manifestations are concerned. Puffy, arrogant representatives in Washington of special interests no longer haul Senators and Representatives around by the buttonhole in plain view of all hands outside the doors of the legislative chambers, as they once did. If any legislative schemes are put through, the details are conducted with extreme furtiveness, if, indeed, they are arranged in Washington at all.

Scrupulous sobriety on the part of the legislators and Government officials is required by modern public opinion in Washington. There is thought to be not a single excessive drinker among all of the members of both of the present houses and among all of the higher Government officials. Men still in middle life can remember when there were actual drunkards among men in high place in Washington. Less than fifteen years ago a member of the lower house was to be seen riding about the main streets in a carriage with his legs dangling out of the windows from which he had playfully kicked the glass, and bawling at the top of his lungs—

Wow! git up steam
With a six-mule team
'Way down in Color-ado!

Less than ten years have passed since Washington witnessed the spectacle of a United States Senator from a Southern State rising to address the Senate while in a condition of such drunkenness that he had to hold on to his desk. His humiliated wife and daughters witnessed the scene from one of the galleries. A cultivated man by nature and training, this Senator talked on this occasion like any longshoreman tipsy with mixed ale; and when he was on the point of falling down where he stood, he was virtually carried out of the chamber. He never addressed the Senate again, but died the death of the drunkard not long afterward.

Less than a quarter of a century ago the sight of a pair of legislators or Government officials reeling arm-in-arm through the streets of Washington evoked only indulgent smiles on the part of those who witnessed it. Such a pair exhibiting themselves now would stand nationally disgraced. Carousals no longer take place in the Capitol. The last of these happened on the House side about ten years ago. The French Spoliation Claims were before the House, one might say for the thousandth time. It was only a day or so before the adjournment on March 4. There was an all-night session of the House. All of the members, or the great majority of them, remained all night for the debate. They were in the mood to be amused.

Huge bowls of steaming punch ornamented the tables of most of the committee rooms. The negro committee room attendants kept replenishing the bowls all night. Congressman swayed through the corridors with flushed faces, their voices pitched high. Even those members who were abstemious by habit caught the infection and drank far more than was good for them. The groups of story tellers in their seats and ranged along the settees at the back of the chamber were so boisterous that Speaker Reed, thoroughly disgusted, had frequently to rap savagely for order and some degree of silence.

Along toward 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning the fun in the committee rooms became fast and furious. A party of singing black boys were impressed from the street and hired to sing in one of the committee rooms for the delectation of the hilarious members. From singing they got to engaging in buck and wing dancing, to the music of harmonicas and banjos and guitars, and a number of the legislators actually patted for them. The sounds of the hot time reached the House chamber, and most of the members flocked out to join in the carnival so that the men who were talking French spoliation claims frequently found themselves addressing empty seats and the Speaker's slumbersome proxy.

When the first gray streaks of dawn began to make the gas-illuminated glass roof look wanly yellow members by the dozen were snoring in their seats, and others were stretched out in unconventional attitudes, asleep on the sofas around the sides and back of the chamber. They didn't seem to mind the presence of the large crowds of spectators many women being among them who remained in the galleries all night to view the game. There were a lot of sheepish-looking legislators prowling around the corridors at daylight, inquiring of one another if they had said or done anything out of the way while this famous Congressional rout and rough-house was at the height of its progress.

Time was, and not so very long ago, when the "cold tea" joke was one of the pet waggish phrases among many of the Washington legislators. The lawmaker, while making a speech, would pause, pick up from his desk a small pitcher filled with whiskey and water, and, with a smile, would remark, "I crave the indulgence of the Speaker and of the gentlemen of the House, while I address myself to this cold tea," whereupon everybody would be expected to laugh while the waggish statesman took a few gulps of the whiskey and water from the pitcher. It is safe to say that no Senator or Representative would do that nowadays for any amount of money.

Liquor is still, or was during the last session, served in tea cups in the Senate restaurant, "just to take the sin away," as one of the Senators put it, and the members of the lower house who take their little nips at stated intervals see to it that they are well screened from the general view while thus refreshing themselves. Not so many years ago about every committee room in both wings of the Capitol contained well-filled liquor cabinets, but most of these have been routed out. One Senator from a State that is sternly prohibition still clings to his ornate cabinet, filled with liquors and champagnes, in his elaborately-appointed committee room, or rather in a small room leading from the committee room, but this cabinet is kept well under cover, and only the choicest and safest spirits share its proprietor's hospitality.

Personal encounters between law makers resulting from drink have occurred within the recollection of men not yet middle-aged. The details of these affairs were in most cases hushed up, but Washington people always heard about them. Such things do not occur to-day. The present generation of Americans would be stunned, and afterward furious, at a story of a rough-and-tumble fight between a couple of members of the Cabinet over a game of cards. Yet that very thing happened at John Chamberlin's while less than a quarter of the nineteenth century yet remained to be unreeled, and when men spoke about it down in Washington they only winked gravely at each other and wished they'd been standing by to see the mix-up.

Washington correspondents still in harness at the capital and still pretty sprightly and chipper easily remember when big poker games were common under the big dome. The games went on in the committee rooms in both of the wings of the Capitol, and no pretence of keeping them secret was made. Participants in these games would be hastily summoned to their respective legislative chambers to vote, and, having answered to their names, would hustle back to the cards with all speed. Notorious lobbyists would be permitted, or actually invited, to "sit into" these games, and stories are still told of how these lobbyists would complaisantly lose thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to men whose good will they relied upon in immediate or future contingencies. There are also stories of card parties and drinking bouts given by some of these lobbyists at their quarters to the legislators, the "favors" distributed among the guests being bills of large denominations furtively tucked into overcoat pockets while the garments hung in the hall.

The legislators of to-day would no more think of playing cards in the committee rooms than they would think of throwing rocks at the Greenough statue of Washington. They wouldn't even play old maid or grab or cassino behind closed doors in the committee rooms lest the fact of their manipulating the pasteboards should leak out and they should be suspected of engaging in a game of chance for money. Of course, those of the legislators who enjoy their little or their big little game of draw permit themselves the indulgence at their quarters, with boon colleagues as tablemates, when night has fallen and the business of the day is over; but the most inveterate among the Congressional lovers of the game of American draw poker would as soon play bean-bag or tag or puss-in-the-corner in the rotunda of the Capitol as to riffle a deck on the table of a Congressional committee room.

Fifteen or twenty years ago it was no unusual thing to see a brace or trio or quartette of happy-go-lucky lawmakers, generally Westerners, bucking the tiger at the faro layouts alongside sporty young Government clerks over at Jackson City, a miserable little hamlet devoted almost exclusively to gambling purposes at the Virginia end of the Long Bridge. Not only would they go up against the Jackson City brand of faro bank with its manifold splits to the deal, but they would tackle the skilfully-fixed roulette wheels and go into the keno games and shoot craps.

The rawest Jedge Waxem of Wayback in the halls of Congress would no more think of repairing to Jackson City nowadays to scatter a stack of whites or blues around on the cards than he would of failing to request leave to print or of forgetting to avail himself of the privileges of the Seed Division of the Department of Agriculture. There are still walking about Washington plenty of garrulous old chaps who, two decades ago, dealt faro bank in wide-open gambling houses right here in Washington for lovers of the game among members of the two houses of Congress, and stories of the prowess or luck of some of the most eminent among the tiger-bucking legislators of those days are still the staple of mellow conversation among old-time Washingtonions.

Old John Lane, an aged but still sprightly gentleman who has lived in Washington ever since the year 1831, narrates with gusto many stories of the gambling and drinking propensities of some renowned Americans who have occupied exalted stations in Washington during his long period of observation, and he is particularly eloquent and interesting in his description of the famous four-mile heat race in Washington early in the '40s between the celebrated running horses Fashion and Boston, the equine heroes of the North and South respectively.

Both houses of Congress were adjourned that the legislators might see the race, and business in the departments was virtually suspended for the day. The Southern horse lost, and old Mr. Lane describes unctuously how the Southern representatives and officials rode dejectedly away from the track on their horses, with their empty and flattened pocketbooks held up on the ends of their whips as an open and visible sign that there would be nothing doing with them, so to speak, until they had seen the Disbursing Clerk.

The final public manifestations of what has been termed legislative sportiness occurred during the Administration of President Arthur. Gen. Arthur himself was a liberal liver, nor did he care to see long faces about him during his residence in the White House. John Chamberlin's was still a great and prosperous institution in Gen. Arthur's day, and it dates its long, gradual but inevitable decline, from the day Gen. Arthur bade good-by to the White House staff. The feeds which Chamberlin, with the able assistance of Sam Ward, the famous gastronome, used to prepare for cronies like Conkling and Sunset Cox and Sam Randall and Don Piatt and Ben Butler and others, all gone now, have often been inadequately described—it would not be possible to do justice to them.

Formal and rigid as the general tone of Washington has become of late years, it somehow or another seems even more so now that there is a "To Let" sign stuck up on the front of John Chamberlin's.

AS TOLD BY THE BIRTHS.

Some of the Different Traits of Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Some differences between the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn appear in the official returns of the Health Department.

Thus in the last quarter reported by the board, there were 144 births of children of Bohemian parentage, of whom 143 were born in New York county and only one in Brooklyn. In the same period there were 187 births of children of Swedish parents, and of these 103 were in Brooklyn and only 84 in New York county. There were 1,465 children born of Austrian parents in New York—Hungarians, Poles or Germans—and of these 1,352 were born in New York county and only 112 in Brooklyn. The same disparity in favor of New York county is to be seen in the case of the children of Irish, Italian and Russian parentage.

But the number of children born of Scotch parentage, as well as of Swiss, Danish, Norwegian and Finn parentage, is as large in Brooklyn as in New York county, and the children of Canadian parentage nearly as large.

Brooklyn retains as a borough its distinction of having the largest number of births of children of American parentage. It is the most truly American of the five boroughs which constitute the present city of New York. Manhattan is the most cosmopolitan.

FRUIT AND COLD STORAGE.

DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW TRADE IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

Early Attempts at Refrigeration—Rapid Growth of Cold Storage Warehouses, Cars and Steamships—Effect on Fruit Trade of the Country—Fruits Stored.

When you buy yellow, juicy peaches or luscious strawberries in season and out and other fruits at comparatively low prices practically all the year round you probably don't remember that you are more fortunate in this respect than your grandfather, and even than your father, for the change brought about by modern methods of refrigeration has become so familiar that people do not think much about it.

The influence of refrigeration on the fruit industry is treated in an article prepared by William A. Taylor, assistant pomologist in the Department of Agriculture and printed in the year book of that department. In the first part of his article Mr. Taylor reviews briefly the development of fruit culture as a feature of the agricultural progress of the world in the last century. One hundred years ago, he says, there was little commercial fruit culture except for wine and for local needs, except in the districts where prunes and raisins were grown for drying.

Even oranges and lemons were carried abroad with difficulty, and no longer ago than 1871 there were, according to an authority, only half a dozen fruiterers in London. As transportation facilities were increased the trade grew rapidly, so rapidly indeed that over-production set in and was not relieved to any great extent until refrigeration both for storage and transit was perfected, or nearly perfected.

Some of the most remarkable work of refrigeration as a means of preserving fruits has been shown to all visitors at the Pan-American Exposition, where grapes, apples and other delicious things were kept sound, fragrant and edible for months.

The records of early attempts at refrigeration, says Mr. Taylor, are exceedingly fragmentary, but enough is said by the ancient writers on the subject to show that ice and snow were stored by the early Greeks and Romans in pits protected from the sun. The ice and snow, however, seem to have been used more for cooling drinks and foods than for retarding the decay of perishable fruits. Other chemical agents were probably used as early as 1607. Fahrenheit used an ice-and-salt mixture in 1762. In this country ice was used early and trade in it developed in the eighteenth century to some degree.

In 1799 a man in Charleston, S. C., chartered a vessel to convey a load of ice cut in New York to Charleston and in 1805 the brig Favorite took 170 tons of ice from Boston to the Island of Martinique for use in a yellow fever epidemic. The shipment was a total loss, and a similar shipment to Havana in 1810 was a failure; but after the War of 1812 Mr. Tudor of Boston, who made the shipments, experimented some more and built up a large trade in the South Atlantic and Gulf States and later in South America and Asia.

By 1834 American ice was shipped to the West Indies, Rio Janeiro, Ceylon, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Batavia, Manila, Singapore, Mauritius and Australia. This trade continued until about 1880, when a very short ice crop in New England, in conjunction with the growing use of practical ice making machines, gave an impetus to the making of artificial ice in the tropics. This killed the importation of ice into these regions.

Mr. Taylor says that the Rev. Benjamin M. Nyce of Decatur county, Ind., began the real experimental work in controlling temperature and humidity in ice chambers. He patented a process of construction in 1858. Large sums were offered for the use of his patents in New York and other States, but he didn't accept them and met with ultimate loss.

In 1865 a distinct improvement was made by an employee of a Fulton Market firm in this city by which a mixture of salted ice was placed in V-shaped galvanized iron tanks which were suspended from the ceiling. This method allowed the holding of poultry and game at a low enough temperature to preserve them for some time. Of this Mr. Taylor says: "This appears to have been the nearest approach to the modern cold-storage establishment prior to the introduction of mechanical refrigeration."

According to the author of the article, Jacob Perkins of London in 1834 invented an ether machine which was the forerunner of the compression machines of this day. In 1850 Carré in France invented the ammonia absorption process by which at the Paris Exposition in 1867 he made six tons of ice a day. Other inventors got at work quickly on the new idea and new machines kept appearing almost every day. Mechanical refrigeration soon became a real fact to be reckoned with. The transportation of fresh meat from Australia almost revolutionized the Australian meat trade.

In the early 70s mechanical refrigeration was extensively applied to the chilling of meats in this country, and in 1878 a Greenwich street firm in this city fitted up a building for the cold storage of fruit. About 1881 a Boston company started a big building on the same plan. In 1878 the Western Cold Storage Company of Chicago opened a warehouse in which in 1886 a semi-mechanical system was introduced. Fruit was stored in that house from its opening.

Ever since 1890 there has been a marked yearly increase in the number of cold storage warehouses in apple-producing regions, new houses with a capacity of from 10,000 to 50,000 barrels being built every year. The number of the fruit storage houses was estimated in March of this year to be 600 with a total capacity of 50,000,000 cubic feet. The total estimated capacity of all of the cold storage houses, including meat storage places, is 150,000,000 cubic feet.

Of the summer fruits, such as berries, peaches, plums and early pears, relatively small quantities are stored except in the event of a glutted market. Of later fruits, such as Bartlett pears, single houses in the western part of this State have sold as many as 25,000 barrels at one time. In this city the quantity sometimes reaches 4,000 barrels.

Apples are stored in immense quantities, that fruit being stored more than any other because it is so generally liked and is easily kept without losing its natural appearance and flavor. It is estimated that 1,225,000 barrels were stored last year.

Even more important than storage of fruit growers in some regions are facilities for transporting fruit in sound condition for long distances. Ordinary freight cars were early found of no use for long shipments. Ventilated cars were then used and they met with some success. Then the shippers began to make experiments for chilling the cars in transit. The first patent for a refrigerator car was taken out in 1867 by J. B. Sutherland of Detroit. Many early experiments were failures because of the inability of the shippers to replenish the ice in transit.

To Parker Earle, then of Cobden, Ill., Mr. Taylor gives the credit for the greater part of the work in developing the refrigerator car service in the Mississippi Valley and Gulf regions. F. A. Thomas of Chicago joined Mr. Earle in 1887 and they revolutionized the business, providing a through service with special cars under one management.

Strawberries were first transported by them to the Chicago markets from Tennessee. The next year they shipped them from Florida. Some of the cars were early taken to California and in June, 1888, a carload of ripe apricots and cherries was taken from Suisun, Cal., to this city without re-icing. In 1889 Mr. Thomas went after the Michigan peach crop with two big steamers, especially fitted up with cold storage plants.

Development after that was rapid. In 1888 the company which Mr. Thomas organized had sixty cars. In three years it had 600. There are now fifty or more different private car lines and many of the railroads operate specially made cars. An estimate of the number of refrigerator cars places it at 60,000.

On the ocean steamers corresponding progress has been made in cold storage. Mr. Taylor says that the most promising feature of the export outlook is for increased shipments of American apples and oranges. He concludes thus:

"In the production of both of these fruits America stands first in quantity as well as in beauty and quality of product. Both ship well when properly handled, and meet with ready demand throughout northern and western Europe. Both need ocean refrigeration during portions of the season, at least, and present facilities for this are inadequate. Where apples have been stored in refrigeration during the winter, serious risk is involved in shipping in common stowage toward spring, when the prices are usually highest, while, with refrigeration on cars and steamer, shipments can be safely made at almost any time of year.

"For Pacific coast products, including both apples and oranges, the long and expensive haul by rail will probably militate against a large development of exports of these fruits until the construction of an isthmian canal shall make possible the forwarding by cheaper water transportation without rehandling. Speed is of less importance for these fruits than uniform temperature and freedom from unnecessary jarring and bruising. Both of these conditions can be obtained in a properly regulated steamship service, as has been demonstrated in the Australasian trade and will probably soon be witnessed in the Canadian experiments, where a chain of cold storage houses in the producing sections has recently been supplemented with a frequent ocean service affording refrigeration in compartments of convenient size."

BABY ELEPHANT'S JOKE.

It Made Things Very Lively for a Minute on the Buffalo Midway.

She was just back from the Pan-American. She wasn't paying excess on any weight of serious information brought home with her, but she knew the Midway like a book or rather a comic paper. Every page of her experience had a laugh at the bottom and she turned the leaves for every friend she met. Her particular favorite was as follows:

"One evening we were loitering past the animal show, when I noticed a queer sort of a chair in front of the place. It was a heavy, square wooden chair, with arms and a high back. It would not have been remarkable except for its width, which seemed excesive, and the fact that it was so very low. The seat was less than a foot from the ground.

"We stood there speculating as to its use when another group of loiterers stopped near us. They were paying no attention to the chair, but were discussing just what particular fake they would experiment with next. Unconsciously they had stopped near the peculiar armchair which had attracted my attention. They stood with their backs to it, one woman being only a few feet away.

"Just as we were about to give up our attempt to solve the chair problem we saw a baby elephant come out of the menagerie building, swing along with the peculiar gait of its kind, and sit down in the very seat we were staring at. The barker came out too and began to get ready to shout for a crowd.

"Just then the elephant, which was flapping its ears and swinging its trunk from side to side, seemed to decide on investigating the group standing in front of him. The woman had her belt pinned down in the back with a large-headed pin that gleamed temptingly in young Mr. Elephant's eyes. He stretched out his trunk and began fumbling with the pin.

"The woman felt something and put her hand around to see that her belt was in place. Before her hand got there the trunk was gone. She satisfied herself that her moorings were secure and then brought her hand back to the front again. Presto, up went the trunk for a second attempt. The woman was so occupied in the discussion that she was probably only half conscious of being touched, for she did not turn around even then. She merely put her hand back on another reassuring expedition, which again missed the exploring trunk.

"Once again the elephant found the field clear. This time he was surer of his ground. He deftly took the head of the pin, drew it out and then swiftly jabbed it—there is no other word for it—into the woman's back. Scream? Of course she did. She jumped about three feet, too, and as she came down she whirled around to see what had struck her. When she saw that elephant she jumped another three feet. If somebody hadn't caught her I think she'd be jumping yet. I have seen the Midway very lively at times, but I don't think I ever observed greater excitement than prevailed for the next few minutes. I must confess that we added to the occasion by going into fits of heartless mirth. The elephant? Oh, he was a model of a joker. He never cracked a smile."

ARGENTINE NEWSPAPERS.

Progress of Printing There Since the Jesuits Introduced It in 1705.

One feature of the progress of the South American States is the increase of the number of newspapers and magazines. A recent issue of the *Demographic Bulletin* of the Argentine Republic gives some details of the development of printing and journalism in that country. The article calls attention to the fact that the first printing office in the region of the River Plate was established in 1705 by some Jesuit Fathers at their missions in Paraguay. They at first used engraved blocks of wood and later separated wooden types. In 1775 they established the first printing office in the Argentine Republic proper. That was at Cordova. When the Fathers were driven out two years after that the printing office at Cordova was abandoned, but it was transferred soon after to Buenos Ayres. There it was called the Printing Office of the Foundlings, as its earnings were applied to the support of the foundlings. It was continued until 1824.

The first newspaper in Buenos Ayres was the *Mercantile Telegraph*, which came out in 1801. At that time there was no freedom for the press, but the revolution of 1801 gave an impulse to the publication of newspapers and from that time on the number kept growing larger.

There are now 739 periodicals published in the country. Of these ninety-four are dailies and 256 weeklies; 682 of them are Spanish, but eleven are English, twenty-four Italian and seven French.

STORAGE MAN TELLS TALES.

QUEER THINGS HIDDEN AWAY IN HIS WAREHOUSE.

The Collection of Them That Drifts to These Metropolitan Magazines Often Surpasses in Interest and Variety the Treasures of Some Museums.

If the managers of storage warehouses really wanted to do the square thing by themselves and the public they would throw their establishments open for general inspection once a week and charge an admission fee of 25 cents for children and 50 cents for adults. People who had never stored anything or who had never bought anything that had been stored in a warehouse might complain a little against the charges at first, on the ground that they were too high and that the company made enough money out of the public, anyway, without taxing it for a peep at the show, but after they had taken a look at the collection of miscellaneous articles on exhibition they would admit that the entertainment was well worth the entrance fee.

"Storage warehouse is a good substantial, commercial name for these great tombs of household things, but Museum of Utilitarian and Decorative Art would be more appropriate," said the superintendent of an uptown establishment. "One thing is sure, no museum in the land can boast of a greater variety of exhibits than can some of the large storehouses. There may have been, at odd times, a few styles of furniture invented, or a few pictures painted, or a few animals turned loose that my patrons and their forbears neglected to secure samples of, but they certainly must have been limited in number. If you ever want to see anything quaint and curious in any line of workmanship don't waste valuable time mooning around in libraries and museums but go direct to the storage warerooms and you will find it. The managers, themselves, never realize what an interesting collection of curios they have on hand till they begin to get the unclaimed goods ready for public auction. Of course they get a complete inventory of each consignment when it is first received, but the freak contingent seldom attracts attention till time to dispose of it.

"One thing that strikes the observant warehouse overseer as worthy of note is the number of stuffed animals and birds that are put in cold storage. Why, we have enough beasts of the field and fowls of the air packed away here now in a comatose state to stock the Central Park Zoo, and the worst of it is we are likely to keep on adding to our collection at a rate that would make the directors of that worthy institution throw a fit. We are particularly rich in cats. Families that have the storage habit don't seem to be able to keep house without a stuffed cat for a mascot. Often, too, they have a parrot and a dog just to liven things up a bit, and it would make a student in natural history feel good all over to catch a glimpse of the bears and things that have been preserved as mementoes of somebody's bravery.

"But there is one thing that we get in even greater quantities than cats, and that is clocks. I suppose a warehouse shelters more clocks than any other one commodity unless it is bottles. The funniest part of the bottle industry is that most of them are filled with medicine. I have always had a good deal of curiosity on the score of these sedatives and physics and once I so far lost sight of my own interests as to ask a woman why she went to the expense of storing all the different brands of tonics. She didn't like the interference a bit.

"'What else should I do with them while boarding?' she said. 'I can't afford to throw all that stuff away. It cost a pile of money and I may need it again some time.'

"'But why not take it with you?' I suggested. 'Supposing you should take sick and need it while it is locked up in these vaults?'

"She met my objection promptly. 'Oh, but I won't,' she said, conclusively. And that settled it.

"In spite of the foresight of the chronic dosers a good many of their concoctions finally get around to the auctioneer, in which event they are fired unceremoniously out into the backyard, for much as we dislike to have anything thrown back a dead loss on our hands, we cannot afford to imperil the lives of auction-room patrons, and incidentally our own souls, by offering a bargain sale in medicines whose properties and uses are known only to heaven above.

"Speaking of medicine reminds me of the coffin that was intrusted to our care some ten years ago. It belonged to a man named Jerome White. Mr. White was an eccentric old fellow, and when he reached the age of sixty he made all preparations for death, even to the buying of a coffin. However, he hung on for several years after having passed the three-score mark and he was still in fairly good health when his daughter, with whom he made his home, took it into her head to quit keeping house and go to boarding. This move nearly did for the old gentleman what his sixty-odd years had failed to do. He objected most strenuously to boarding-house life, but, since he had no other relatives who were willing to be bothered with him, there was nothing for it but to pack up and follow his daughter. It was the packing that brought terror to his own soul and to the souls of his neighbors, for the first and last thing that engrossed his attention was the costly coffin. After bribing the expressmen he finally got it hauled around to the house where he had engaged accommodations, but when the landlady saw what it was the men were trying to carry upstairs she nearly had a spasm and ordered them to take the thing straight back where it came from. This course was obviously impracticable, and the old gentleman was finally persuaded to put his coffin in storage along with his daughter's furniture.

"Although that was the only coffin we ever handled we have had plenty of other deposits that tended to make a fellow feel creepy. Take skeletons, for instances. We've had scores of them—I guess there must be a dozen or so lying around now. Usually they are the property of doctors and medical students who, for various reasons, are obliged to shut up shop for a little while and leave their stuff with us in the meantime. The owners of several of these human frames must have got lost in the scuffle after closing their bargain with us, for they never came back to claim their goods and we had to put the bones up at auction. Fortunately, we lost nothing on the transaction. A good skeleton is never a drug in the market. Indeed, judging by my own experience in the abandoned goods line I should say that if a man has money to experiment with he can't do better than plant a few thousand dollars of it in skeletons. He is sure to come out even, at the very worst, and if times are good he is apt to clear as high as 5 per cent. on the investment.

"Another interesting feature of life in a warehouse is the insight you get into human nature. A good many people who make a practice of storing their furniture are full of tricks. In my experience here I have known some pretty slick schemers, but I really think the chief of sinners was a woman who lives—well, the police and her nearest relations alone know where. In spite of this woman's smooth ways—or, what is more likely, because of them—she had at one time been pretty well fixed and when she made arrangements to store her furniture she had carpets and draperies and china that would fairly melt your heart. There was a big lot of the stuff, too—enough, I should say, to set out a twenty-room house from skylight to coal cellar. The woman frankly acknowledged that she was in financial difficulties and, as we expected, we received no payment on her account for many months. At last she came to the manager with a queer request.

"'Here,' she said, 'is $200. I want you to let me have furniture to that amount, but I want it selected so that no two pieces will match. For instance, in picking out the beds, be sure to take the headboard of one and the footboard of another. Observe that rule all the way through in curtains, carpets, and even down to the knives and forks, and you'll soon be wearing diamonds.'

"Naturally, we took no stock in her diamond proposition. Knowing her reputation as we did, we suspected crooked dealing from the start, but since she had paid us the money it was clearly our business to deliver the furniture as commanded and ask no questions. Accordingly, we packed a large van with the most atrocious misfits the collection afforded and dumped the whole mess in the house where she was then camped out. The next morning when I reached the office I found that my chair was being held down by an old lady whose eyes glowed and whose face was drawn. She came at me with the force of a tornado.

"'You have robbed me of $200,' she said, 'you and that woman together, and I want it back.'

"Then she cried. It was some time before I could make out what she was driving at, but at last, by piecing bits of her hysterical explanation together, I learned that she had been beautifully done by the owner of the load of odd furniture. It seems that she had rented the house, 'furnished,' from our tricky patron, but when she and the half dozen boarders who had shared her fortunes and misfortunes in the past and contemplated sharing them in the future came to take possession of their new quarters they found the rooms as bare as Salvation Army barracks.

"That was where the expert trickster got in her work. She showed the old woman a schedule of the furniture stored in the warehouse and tearfully pleaded for mercy and incidentally for $200. According to her representaion, that amount would set the house going in apple-pie order and she implored the old lady to make the necessary contribution and thus avoid further delay. Her victim was easy. The money was advanced and then came the grand scheme of delivering mismated bedsteads and old bureaus and chiffoniers. Obviously, the sub-tenant could make no use of such a heterogeneous mass of trumpery and as she had already sunk $200 in the enterprise the sharper figured that she would prefer sending $200 more to the rescue and thus get the rest of the furniture, to losing what she had already put up. But the old lady had got to the end of her rope. She threatened legal proceedings against the smooth woman and our company, but some of her relations finally stopped her on the ground that it was wise to let bad enough alone.

"The dishonest woman never did get money enough to straighten out the furniture tangle and it wasn't long till we had the whole outfit again. We have it still, but it is about time for her ladyship to make another effort to go to housekeeping and I suppose she'll show up one of these days with a new plan for robbing somebody hand over fist."

NECKWEAR OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Col. Roosevelt's Collar Is of a Style That Is Particularly His Own.

"President Roosevelt is liable to revolutionize the collar business if he doesn't change his style," said a Broadway haberdasher the other day. "Since he became President we have had a number of calls for the Roosevelt collar. Of course, there is no such collar in the market either as to name or style. It is my opinion that the President has his collars made to order. Unquestionably there is more comfort in the kind he wears than in most others, but they are not becoming to everybody any more than the high turnovers would be becoming to President Roosevelt. The Roosevelt collar, if you care to get at its genesis, came in Presidential favor when Grant was elected the first time. But Grant wore a bowknot tie, which gave the collar a different appearance from that worn by President Roosevelt.

"Lincoln was the first of our Presidents to discard the old-fashioned stock, which if worn now would make a man look as if he had a sore throat. Lincoln's collars when he became President were part and parcel of his shirt. 'Sewed on,' as a woman would say. I am told that Lincoln was not noticeably tidy in his collars. They had a wilted look always. His favorite neckwear was black silk tied in a careless way quite becoming to him. When Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency the old stock returned to the White House. He wore the wide standup collar, which was encircled by a black satin stock with a short, stiff bow.

"Mr. Hayes's collar was a broad, turndown with long points, but it was not high. It didn't make much difference what sort of tie he wore, as his shirt front was covered by his beard. Garfield's collar was rather tasteful, a turn-down with square points. His tie was black satin with a square bow.

"Mr. Arthur was the most correct dresser of recent Presidents. He wore a high collar with points slightly turned out. The fit was always perfect. He was the first President to wear a fancy scarf, which was always set off by a handsome but never loud scarf pin. He had, so I am told, the biggest stock of neckwear of any of the Presidents. He was rather partial to black with white dots.

"Mr. Cleveland's collars and style of neckwear looked as if they had been made from the same patterns as those worn by Andrew Johnson. However, Mr. Cleveland never confined himself to one kind of collar. I saw him at his second inaugural ball when he wore a plain, wide, turndown, under which was a white string tie.

"President Harrison wore a turndown collar, broad and simple, and a plain black tie, except on state occasions when his neckwear was conventional.

"President McKinley usually wore a standup collar with slight flare points. He liked to be at ease and that's the sort of collar for a man to wear if he wants to feel comfortable in a standup. Mr. McKinley's neckwear was in keeping with his character, simple and unaffected.

"There have been a good many changes in Presidential neckwear since 1825 when John Q. Adams wore the high collar which was completely enveloped by the great bundle of material that was the fashion of the statesmen of the early period. I think he was the last President to appear in that style. But for plain, common sense, unconventional style the Roosevelt collar is, like its wearer, a style of its own."

WILD SHOTS OF HUNTERS.

A Number of Narrow Escapes in the Woods Reported From the Adirondacks.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Some lively experiences, owing to careless shooting, are reported by hunters returning from the Adirondacks. One story is from Luzerne. A hunter from Glens Falls, who wore clothes resembling in color a deer's coat, was shot at twice, evidently with a 30-30 rifle. The first ball glanced over his chest and cut through the lapel of his coat. He shouted to warn the marksman of his presence, but the only response was another bullet, which passed through his hat and actually cut his hair. He shouted a second time and then jumped behind a tree. He did not see the marksman.

John Preston and Archie Olney had an unusual experience while waiting for deer near the shore of South Lake in the southern Adirondacks. They were lying on their sides and had been in the spot only a few moments when Olney felt something hit his foot, giving it a sensation of numbness. Preston experienced a like sensation, and they found that a rifle ball had penetrated Olney's right foot and Preston's left. They did not see the other hunters and did not hear the sound of the gun.

Among the many other minor accidents was one to Scott Hotaling, a railroad conductor, who was hunting near Piseco Lake with Dave Foote. He wore leather stockings and was mistaken for a deer by Foote as he passed through the bushes. Foote shot him through both legs. Then he carried him a mile to the village of Piseco, where he secured a horse, which they rode for five miles to Lake Pleasant. Mr. Hotaling after this rode thirty miles in a wagon to Northville, where he found medical aid.

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Pierre de P. Ricketts, E.M., Ph.D. John H. Banks, A.M., Ph.D. Analysis No. 14,183. NEW YORK, May 8, 1897. LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO. GENTLEMEN:—As requested by you, we purchased in the open market a sample of "Agate Nickel Steel Ware" and have made a careful chemical analysis of the enamel covering of the same. We find this enamel is absolutely pure and free from Arsenic, Antimony, Lead and other substances injurious to health. We can therefore recommend it for all culinary and drinking purposes. Respectfully yours, RICKETTS & BANKS, Chemists to the N. Y. Metal Exchange.

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FRENCH SARDINES.

Method of Catching and Canning the Fish Followed in Brittany.

The general impression that almost any kind of small fish that is good for nothing else may be turned into the sardine of commerce with the aid of a tin can and some oil is not altogether unfounded, but the real sardine is the French. A bulletin of the United States Fish Commission just issued contains an interesting account of this French sardine industry, which was prepared for it by Hugh M. Smith.

More than $1,000,000 worth of French sardines are imported annually by this country, and the sardine is the leading fishing product taken in French waters. The term sardine is a general one and cannot be restricted to any particular fish. Some writers have contended that the French sardine, like the sardine of New England, is simply the young of some herring-like fish. The differences between the California and the Maine and the French sardine or pilchard are not great. The commercial superiority of the last is largely due to the way it is caught and prepared.

To-day the province of Brittany is the centre of this industry. More than 20,000 fishermen and about 5,000 boats are employed in catching sardines in the waters of Brittany. In regard to the method of catching the fish Mr. Smith says:

"In parts of Brittany nets were formerly used to surround the schools, and then stones were thrown in to frighten the fishes into the meshes. In this way large catches were often made, and the market was glutted; but the method came into disrepute and is no longer followed. Fishing is now carried on exclusively with gill nets made of very fine cotton twine. The nets are dyed a bright greenish blue, and when suspended from the masts to dry add to the picturesqueness of the fishing boats and the wharf scenes. The dyeing is for the two-fold purpose of preserving the nets and rendering them less conspicuous when in the water."

Bait is an important element in fishing for sardines. The gathering of small shrimp-like animals which are one of the natural foods of the sardine in the bays and coves, is one of the occupations of the women, but not enough can be secured, and this bait is supplemented with the salted eggs of the cod, hake, haddock, herring and mackerel. Sardines are caught throughout the year. The fishing is mostly done along shore, though at times when bait is used the boats go off shore eight or ten miles.

The casting of the bait, on the proper use of which a great deal of the success of fishing depends, is always done by the master, or patron, who stands in the stern of the boat on a little platform and uses the roe as required. When the fish have come toward the surface and are on one side or the other of the net his object is to cast the bait in such a way that they will rush against the net and become gilled.

It is interesting to note that women represent the canning factories as purchasing agents because they are able to make sharper bargains than the men. They pay in tokens or tickets which are redeemed weekly. The canning factories are usually large stone structures. The yearly output of individual factories is from 300,000 up to 5,000,000 boxes. Almost every canner has some slight peculiarity in method of preparation which he thinks advantageous and worth keeping to himself, so that visitors are not welcomed at the factories.

When the fish reach the factory they are spread on long tables and sprinkled with salt. Women dress them with great rapidity. Then the fish are sorted into large tubs of strong brine in which they remain from thirty minutes to an hour and afterward they are placed in wicker baskets and washed. Drying is the next process, preferably in the open air. The fish are arranged by hand in wire baskets for this purpose and in favorable weather they dry in an hour.

From the drying flakes the fish are taken in the same wire baskets to the cooking room and immersed in boiling oil, in open vats. The immersion usually lasts about two minutes. The baskets are then removed to a table or platform with an inclined metal top, where the surplus oil is allowed to drain from the fish. After a few minutes the baskets are taken to the packing room, where they are hung on wooden frames over metal top tables for further draining and cooling.

The sardine manufacturers employ two kinds of oil in their canning operations—olive oil and arachide or peanut oil; and small quantities of sesame oil have at times been used. While it is reported that the manufacturers knowingly handle only the oils named, it is understood that cottonseed oil, being tasteless and cheap, is used by the French oil-dealers for adulterating both olive and peanut oil. It is interesting to note that during the fiscal year 1899 the United States exported to France nearly 17,000,000 gallons of cottonseed oil, having a value of $4,000,000.

The sardines are packed in tin boxes of a variety of sizes and shapes, sealed up and then the cans are immersed in boiling water for two hours to complete the cooking, soften the bones and kill the bacteria. The product is then ready for the market.

In comparing the various grades of sardines Mr. Smith says that the best quality of the French lead the world, but that the cheaper grades are not so good as the American sardines.

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