

ODDEST EXCHANGE IN TOWN.

A STREET CORNER WHERE YOU CAN SWAP ANYTHING.

Left Shoes Exchanged for Right. Warm Coats for Light Ones on the Bayard Street Board of Trade—Strange Exchanges of Poverty—Fortunes Made.

This town has exchanges, which are well known, including the Stock Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Produce, the Real Estate, &c., but have you ever heard of the Bayard Street Board of Trade? It has no official title and no rules except the rule of give and take; but it is a busy place, with

and worn; the poor housewife who needs a kettle and is willing to give up a clock, even if the warm weather is still months off. These are just types of the daily customers of this board of trade. A visitor sees many strange sights. Over in one corner is a young man whose upper garments and hat are good enough, but whose trousers are much to the bad. On his arm he carries an old fashioned four buttoned cutaway coat. A sharp eyed, bewhiskered member of the board, with hat stuck over his ears, is bargaining with him. The young man picks out a pair of trousers and measures them from his waistline down. He is not sure that they are long enough. The exchange member with many negotiations assures him that they are just

"I want some kind of a coat, a heavy coat, for this kettle," the stranger pleads. "That broker may have been up on old clo's, but he was not on copper kettles. His neighbor was, and he grabbed the stranger, who got a coat. "I wish I'd got to that kettle first," said the artist, a bohemian person and sympathetic, who was with the reporter. "I'd give a whole lot for it, for it's the real thing; but I'll be darned if I'll dicker with that fellow for it. These curb brokers are not well dressed or cleanly, but they are very businesslike. They march up and down the street and nearly every one of them has a bundle of clothes of all descriptions laid out over his shoulders. Shoes dangle from the hands of some of

them. Here is a broker who has just acquired a block of four straw hats. You wonder what he is going to do with them. There is no fighting or struggling for trade. It is not like the old days of the Bowery puller. If you stay around long enough you'll be asked if you want to trade, sell or buy. It will not be done in an objectionable manner. You are watching the moving crowd when from the direction of Chinatown swaggers a youth with pale face and sunken cheeks. He has a tough looking companion.



CLEARING HOUSE WHERE EXCHANGES ARE MADE.

its brokers—not the kind of brokers the public knows, but brokers just the same—and a clearing house. There is no dealing in futures, puts and calls. It is a case of "You get what you want when you want it," slightly changing the text of a topical song. In the relaxation of the Christmas holidays a party of Wall Street brokers and some of their friends were discussing the strenuous life of a broker. It was a merry gathering, and Tom Dinean, the lawyer who knows his little old New York, especially the neighborhood of the Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, asked if any one had heard of the Bayard Street Board of Trade. Not one of them ever had.

right. The young man is not satisfied and he is invited into a hallway. It is not the young man's first visit to Bayard street; he is a veteran. He keeps a grip on the coat he carries while he shifts from the trousers he wears to the others. They are snug enough, but he appears not to be overpleased. What bonus will he get for the discarded trousers and the coat in exchange for the trousers he now has on? It isn't a bad coat, and there is a market for it. The broker knows it. He protests vehemently, but finally

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THE CURB MARKET IN FULL SWING.

"It's the only rival of the Chicago Board of Trade," said Tom. "It's true that different commodities are dealt in, but it's the real thing. If you want to exchange a right hand shoe for a left hand shoe, to put it that way, you can do it. You want to see it? Come with me."

agrees to hand over 30 cents. The bargain is thereupon closed. From the outskirts of the crowd a man timidly pushes his way among the brokers. He is a stranger, a lamb not used to the ropes. He amounted to something once; his face shows it. He has a copper kettle—it may have played an important part in many studio functions—and he acts toward it as to an old friend. On his back is a thin, threadbare summer sack coat, and the air is biting. A broker edges up to him.

The sickly youth carries three pairs of fancy patent leather shoes. His face is streaked with the effects of opium and he has a cough. "I've got the con," he remarks flippantly to his companion. "I'm going to the woods—back to the farm, to the old folks. The doc says I'll have to do a lot of walking, and these things"—pointing to the shoes—"ain't no good for that. I'm going to pawn them off for a pair of heavy ones."

corner the wheat market. He is old and lame now and stumbles around with a cane. A big red scarf matches the color of his nose. Biting curses greet friend and foe alike. "That's what ruined him," says a wise broker, pointing to a brown bottle sticking out of one of Old Hutch's pockets. "You hear on all sides, if you inquire, of former members of the board who are now in a more exalted business—retired with a competency. You are told of men who started out twenty-five years ago with a pack and came back with the nucleus of a fortune. "The man who owns that house," pointing to a big tenement up the block, "was one of us," loudly explains a member of the board. "All the houses down the street—those small ones—are owned by a Mr. Gordon, who began with us. There is money in it, but you must watch out and don't be cheated."

This is a permanent institution of long standing. Men have made their pile there and gone away, and there are others, like the wrecks of Wall Street, who hang on the fringe, always hoping. This board of trade is within a stone's throw of the Bowery, at the corner of Elizabeth and Bayard streets. There is nothing remarkable about the neighborhood. There are the tenements in Bayard street, the old fashioned houses in Elizabeth street and the lines of pushcarts without which most East Side streets would look queer.

But right where Bayard and Elizabeth streets join you will find any afternoon, especially on Thursday and Friday afternoons, when business is brisk, a group of men who clog the corners. It is a moving, pushing crowd of men, most of whom have the long beard of the Chetto. Except for the absence of the roped off enclosure and the noise and turmoil of the Broad street curb market, you might think you had hit Wall street. They seem to do things more quietly and smoothly on the Bayard curb than they do opposite the Broad-Exchange Building.

He carried a big bundle. He had his favorite broker apparently, for he passed over all the others without even a sign that they were around. In a few minutes they were in earnest conversation. The broker opened the bundle and spread out a brilliant waistcoat, an evening suit, drab trousers and a heavy, rough overcoat. It was a good lot. The broker's face showed deprecation, astonishment and then alarm as the solemn individual talked imperiously and finally moved as though to take the clothes away. That was enough. The broker handed over some bills, which were accepted with disdain. "He's a butler for an exiled Pittsburgh millionaire," said a cop who looked on unconcernedly. "He's down here often. His boss must wear his clothes night and day, he gets tired of them so fast."

It is getting dark and the market is about to close. Trades are going on all around. A laborer who is going to a warmer climate is exchanging heavy clothes for lighter ones. Another man who says he just hit town from New Orleans is trading a light suit for a heavy one, throwing in some change to bind the bargain. A broker who has a derby is stopped by a young man with a soft hat. He tries the derby on. It fits. Presto! He walks off with the derby and the trader has the douch hat and a quarter. A Right next to him an old woman all muffed up is bargaining over something.

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It was in 1884 that I searched a certain watercourse in the Assesehurg jungles for tracks of tiger. I found them about five miles from a village called Kakra, in surroundings that suited my methods in every way for the execution of a machan, and I called upon my followers to tie up the buffalo and prepare the place for a kill. Nearby was a temple, ancient and moss-boned. Much to my surprise, my men refused en masse to help me in any way. They at first offered all sorts of feeble objections to the position, which did not deceive me. I felt that there was some strong superstition or other feeling of repugnance which made them hostile to a machan being erected on that particular spot. I went to my tent and pondered, and while so doing my head shikaree approached me, and told me that he would explain matters to the best of his ability. What the shikaree said to me I will endeavor to repeat in his own words. "Sahib," he said, "Tantia the dacoit is in these regions. He is a friend of the poor, but a bitter enemy of the Fringee sahib and the rich. He has murdered many men, and the richer he has gathered up hidden in many places. Chettoo, one of his followers has served you well, and he once knew what I am saying is true, and he once knew what it became known that Tantia Phool had hidden half a lac of rupees in the vicinity of the temple, near where you wish us to erect a machan. Chettoo, your late hunter, knew it also, and he communicated the news to his brother. They both resolved to gather the wealth while Tantia was elsewhere, and having collected some digging implements they set out at sundown for the temple. The treasure was actually buried beneath the temple idol. Chettoo and his brother Ruggo never returned to their homes, and when two of their rela-

tives set forth to find them they likewise returned not. "Some days after these events a brother of mine was hunting for thatch in the neighborhood of the temple, when he discovered four dead bodies. Two of them were skeletons, the third was partially devoured, but the fourth, which was inside the temple, was—owing to the incident having occurred about Christmas—in a fair state of preservation. There were no wounds on any body, but simply a dark mark around the neck, proving strangulation by the Thug's knotted handkerchief and a bruise at the nape of the neck. "The shikaree addressed me, and in his employ two renowned Thugs who could kill their victims before they reached the ground, and those experts watched Tantia as he walked about, but he never spoke a word. The shikaree avoided the spot, though it was known that Tantia had long ago lifted his ill gotten gains and planted them elsewhere.

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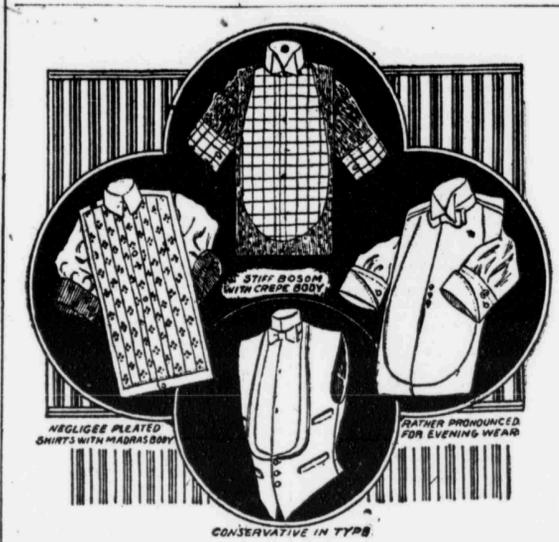
SHIRTS FOR DAY AND EVENING

WHAT THE WELL DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR THIS YEAR.

Efforts to introduce Novelties for Evening Dress Fall—The Negligee Shown in Solid Color Bodies With Fancy Bosoms—The Up to Date Cuff—The Materials.

It is characteristic of the designers of fashions for men that they should busy themselves annually with the styles of evening dress. It may be that they have some influence on the cut of the clothes. With the shirt, however, they always fail. The shop windows of the Fifth avenue haberdashers may show wonderful shirts for evening wear with a line of embroidery down each side of the opening, or a design embroidered all over the bosom; or a ruffle in very tiny form run down one edge of the opening; or the material employed in the bosom of the shirt may be ornamented with polka dots or designs in another shade of white. These variations appear every year, and we are assured that they are the only proper things. Yet they never get beyond the shop windows. New York men are conventional about their dress for the evening. They find

largely been of a kind not visible to any but the wearer. The bosoms of the pleated shirts—and the box pleated shirt is still the most popular for everyday wear—are rarely made of the same material as the bodies, and the shirtmakers delight in devising fantastic contrasts and colors. The most popular material for the bosom of the shirt is still linen. For the bodies madras or fine crepe and silk are used. These are in complementary colors to the bosoms. Thus, pale green stripes on a white ground in one of the shop windows were flanked with a crepe in pale brown and stripes of white and blue had a madras of solid blue for the body. The popularity of soft bosomed shirts for everyday wear still keeps the stiff bosom in the second place, although they have been more popular this winter than they have been for some time. They are not, as a rule, made up in the allover patterns selected for the soft shirts. A colored stripe on a white ground, a crossbar or a small figure are usually the patterns which make up best for the stiff bosom shirts. They have always the stiff single cuff. The absurdity of the stiff turnover cuff as a style is shown by the promptness with which it wears out. The soft turnover cuff is not nearly so popular as it was a year ago. It is still worn by men who never care whether a



nothing so well suited to formal wear as a well fitting shirt of fine linen, with two studs and perfectly plain cuffs. The smartness in such dress comes from the fit of the shirt and the manner in which it is made, and in the fine pearls that one may wear. The studs for men's evening shirts in New York are practically all pearls, although other gems are sometimes worn. In the perfect fit and material of his evening shirt, in his well tied white scarf and in his studs, the well dressed New Yorker finds his greatest enjoyment. It is interesting, however, to see the substitutes for this simple elegance that the makers sometimes put on the market. The new shirt shown in the illustration has three buttons close together in the centre of the bosom and some wonderful new cuffs that are a variation of the soft turned back cuff which was popular first on negligee shirts. Makers in the effort to please customers who were always searching for a novelty applied these stiff turned back cuffs to dress shirts last winter. In order to introduce a still newer modification, they have cut away the corner of the turnover, leaving only half of the linen. If this style has any advantage it is to be found in the removal of a good deal of unnecessary material which when starched makes the sleeves stiff and awkward. Of the three buttons in the middle of the bosom it need only be said that a well dressed New Yorker wearing any such freak fashion would astonish his friends. The shirt for evening wear in this set is seen with the waistcoat to display how much of the shirtbosom should be shown. It has two buttons, and in these rest pearls of medium size. The sleeves for evening wear are rather longer than when made for daily use, and the square edged cuffs fall well over the hand.

shirt looks fresh for two hours or for a whole day. They are indifferent as to what the wearing qualities of a shirt may be. Men who want to look as well as they want without being indifferent as to price realize that smart as the soft cuffs are they are also expensive, as they do not long keep in condition. Another tendency this winter has been in favor of the white shirt rather than the colored patterns, although that has not manifested itself enough to take on yet the nature of a fashion. The white negligee shirts are made with plain bosoms, as a rule, and without pleats of any kind. They are usually in the heavier materials, such as Oxford or Cambridge cloth, when they are plain. This taste for white in preference to colored shirts does not go so far as stiff bosomed shirts, as they are always in colors; in fact it may fairly be concluded when a man is seen in a stiff bosomed shirt that he had it on the night before for evening dress.

Since James Hazen Hyde disappeared from the ballrooms of New York there has not been seen a ruffled or pleated shirt worn for dress. It is now thought permissible only to wear a fancy shirt of this kind with a dinner coat in the freedom of summertime. Such a garment would be thought very much out of place in New York at this time of the year. This circumstance usefully illustrates one difference between the styles here and in Paris. There men wear for full dress shirts with ruffles. Many New Yorkers now buy their shirts at one of the famous Paris shops and are sometimes tempted to order these shirts, which are in themselves beautiful and very becoming to most men. They are glad when they return here and realize that they have resisted the temptation. What looks possible in the Paris shop would be very much out of place here.

STORY OF INDIA THUGS.

Discoverers of a Guarded Treasure Who Feat the Knotted Handkerchief.

India has many false delusions, one of them being that crimes practised in days gone by are now extinct. I have seen it written, says a correspondent of the London Field, that thuggee has been eradicated. It has been generally accepted that the fearful method of making away with mankind disclosed years ago by Mr. Taylor in "The Confessions of a Thug" has disappeared; but in my opinion, as long as India is India that ancient system of murder will remain as an heirloom to the race of Asiatics prone to that peculiar crime. The story I have to relate is indirectly connected with the dacoit Tantia and his followers. It was in 1884 that I searched a certain watercourse in the Assesehurg jungles for tracks of tiger. I found them about five miles from a village called Kakra, in surroundings that suited my methods in every way for the execution of a machan, and I called upon my followers to tie up the buffalo and prepare the place for a kill. Nearby was a temple, ancient and moss-boned. Much to my surprise, my men refused en masse to help me in any way. They at first offered all sorts of feeble objections to the position, which did not deceive me. I felt that there was some strong superstition or other feeling of repugnance which made them hostile to a machan being erected on that particular spot. I went to my tent and pondered, and while so doing my head shikaree approached me, and told me that he would explain matters to the best of his ability. What the shikaree said to me I will endeavor to repeat in his own words. "Sahib," he said, "Tantia the dacoit is in these regions. He is a friend of the poor, but a bitter enemy of the Fringee sahib and the rich. He has murdered many men, and the richer he has gathered up hidden in many places. Chettoo, one of his followers has served you well, and he once knew what I am saying is true, and he once knew what it became known that Tantia Phool had hidden half a lac of rupees in the vicinity of the temple, near where you wish us to erect a machan. Chettoo, your late hunter, knew it also, and he communicated the news to his brother. They both resolved to gather the wealth while Tantia was elsewhere, and having collected some digging implements they set out at sundown for the temple. The treasure was actually buried beneath the temple idol. Chettoo and his brother Ruggo never returned to their homes, and when two of their rela-

tives set forth to find them they likewise returned not. "Some days after these events a brother of mine was hunting for thatch in the neighborhood of the temple, when he discovered four dead bodies. Two of them were skeletons, the third was partially devoured, but the fourth, which was inside the temple, was—owing to the incident having occurred about Christmas—in a fair state of preservation. There were no wounds on any body, but simply a dark mark around the neck, proving strangulation by the Thug's knotted handkerchief and a bruise at the nape of the neck. "The shikaree addressed me, and in his employ two renowned Thugs who could kill their victims before they reached the ground, and those experts watched Tantia as he walked about, but he never spoke a word. The shikaree avoided the spot, though it was known that Tantia had long ago lifted his ill gotten gains and planted them elsewhere.

There isn't anything in the line of clothes, shoes, hats, cooking utensils, that you cannot trade or sell to these men or that they won't sell or trade to you. Who are their customers? Men—and women sometimes—who couldn't do business anywhere else in the city. The shrewd East Side Hebrew, who delights and grows rich on a bargain; the down and out waiter who has a job in sight and wants a dinner coat, though it may be soiled and frayed, in exchange for an overcoat or some other garment which he needs, but which has to be dispensed with for the sake of the job; the Bowery actor who has a near fur coat that must be shed for a pair of trousers that are not ripped

Railway Acquaintances in America.

From the Washington Herald. "You may travel 1,000 miles on a railway in Europe and never a man, whether English, French, German or what not, will open his mouth to speak to you if you are a stranger," said J. W. Pike of Philadelphia. "For a total freezeout I accord the palm to the English. My true Briton regards any man who has nerve to speak to him without ever having been formally introduced as reeking with effrontery and, therefore, to be disdained and snubbed. I want to except from these a class of Englishmen who have been about the world a good while. I've met a few of this sort who had knocked about the world and who were not suspicious of a stranger who presented himself as a fellow traveler on their pocketbook. "Maybe in the course of time and the process of evolution we may get the same class like reserve over here in America, but I don't expect to see it in my lifetime, and I am glad to think whenever I enter a parlor car for a ride to San Francisco or Seattle that I shall never meet a fellow traveler who has been traversed I shall be talking with some good American who will say before me that though we had been friends and comrades from our earliest youth."

Digging for Stolen Wealth.

From the Sacramento Bee. "For the past few nights three men, wearing masks and dressed in dark clothes, have been mysteriously digging trenches in the yard surrounding the home of the late Ben Carriek, who, while treasurer of Steney county, during the early and prosperous days of the Comstock, stole the funds of the county, amounting to more than \$30,000. The money stolen from the treasury was never recovered, and it is thought that the three mysterious men believe that it is buried in the yard surrounding Carriek's deserted home."

ODD U. S. GEOGRAPHICAL FACTS

BOUNDARY COMPLICATIONS MAKE LAW ENFORCEMENT HARD.

Few Healthier Low Large Texas Realty is—Four Inhabitants of One County There—Waterford, N. Y., Has the Longest Block and Chicago the Longest Street.

The following collection of geographical peculiarities about the United States embodies many unique facts which are worth remembering: A novel way to demonstrate the enormity of the State of Texas is to spread out a map of the United States and stretch a string across Texas the longest way. Then placing one end of your measure on Chicago you will find that the other end will extend into either the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico. The two largest counties in the United States are Custer county, Mont., and San Bernardino county, Cal. Each of these is a little more than 20,000 square miles in extent, and the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware and New Jersey could be put inside the boundaries of either of them. The smallest county in the Union is Bristol county, R. I., which has only twenty-five square miles. The county in the United States having the largest population is New York, which has more than 2,000,000 people in it. At the time of the last census Bailey county, Tex., which is about as large as Rhode Island, had only four inhabitants. The longest block in any American city is in Waterford, N. Y. This municipal freak is a row of business houses nearly five squares long. It contains the offices and stores of 145 different firms, forty-five tenants and a hotel with eighty-five rooms. The total valuation of the property in this block is almost \$1,000,000. The longest street in the United States and in the world as well is Western avenue, Chicago, which is exactly twenty-two miles long. Its nearest rival is Halsted street, also in Chicago, which is two-thirds of a mile shorter. Halsted street is so much more closely built up that it is usually spoken of as the longest street in the world. By traversing its length one may see all the indications of the varying phases of American life, from the hovels of outcast sin to the palaces of pork packing millionaires. Interspersed with the native Americans on this one street are six distinct colonies where the people speak other languages than English—namely, Germans, Italians, Russian Jews, Bohemians, Poles and Greeks. Halsted street is crossed over and under by twenty railroads. It is estimated to be the chief business centre and lounging place for 175,000 people, more than there are in Arizona, Idaho, Nevada or Wyoming.

About fifty miles from Durango, Colorado, there is a point where four States meet. At this place by stopping a few feet in different directions one can walk in four different Commonwealths in as many seconds. These States are Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. A nearly parallel case is at Harper's Ferry, where the train stops a few minutes to allow the passengers to alight and enjoy a view which permits them to look into three States—Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. The highest and lowest elevations in this country are in California, within 100 miles of each other. The loftiest is Mount Whitney, 14,999 feet high, and the lowest is Death Valley, about 450 feet below the level of the sea. Two Oceans Pass, in Yellowstone Park, is so named because whenever there is a shower in the vicinity and a certain small creek overflows, its waters spread out over the edge of the continental divide and pass into tributaries of rivers which flow to the Atlantic and to the Pacific.

There are a number of cases where unique situations have developed in cities that happened to be divided by State lines. These oddities are the result of differences in law. The boundary between Texas and Arkansas runs along the main street of Texarkana, and formerly if a fight occurred on one side of the street the combatants had only to cross to the other sidewalk to be out of jurisdiction of the authorities governing the territory where the disturbance had taken place. The two sides of Texarkana did not develop equally, because the administration of one State was more enterprising than the other. Bristol is located on the State line between Tennessee and Virginia. One of these States has a regulation preventing colored people from occupying the same street car seats with whites and the other has not, consequently the colored people may stay on one side of the car on the boundary street and sit where they please. The dividing line between Missouri and Kansas is State street in Kansas City. Missouri is wet and Kansas is dry, so one side of that particular avenue is literally lined with "First" and "Last Chance" saloons. This locality is supposed to have been the birthplace of this original form of saloon advertising.