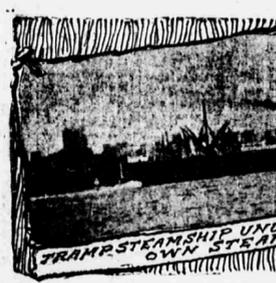


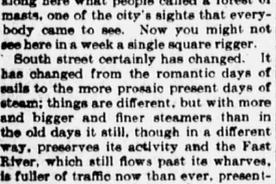
ON THE BUSY EAST RIVER

MARINE PANORAMA TO BE SEEN FROM SOUTH STREET.

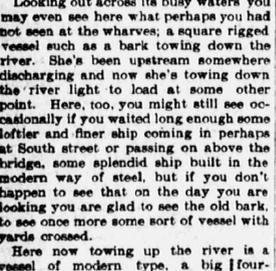
The Clipper Ships are gone and the Forest of Masts, but New Kinds of Water Craft Are There to Make a Picturesque Showing—Able Skippers.



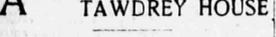
TRAMP STEAMSHIP UNDER OWN STEAM.



TUGBOAT ON HER WAY.



SCHOONER SAILING DOWN THE RIVER.



BARGE TOWING DOWN THE RIVER.

way, this being the time when there rose along here what people called a forest of masts, one of the city's sights that everybody came to see.

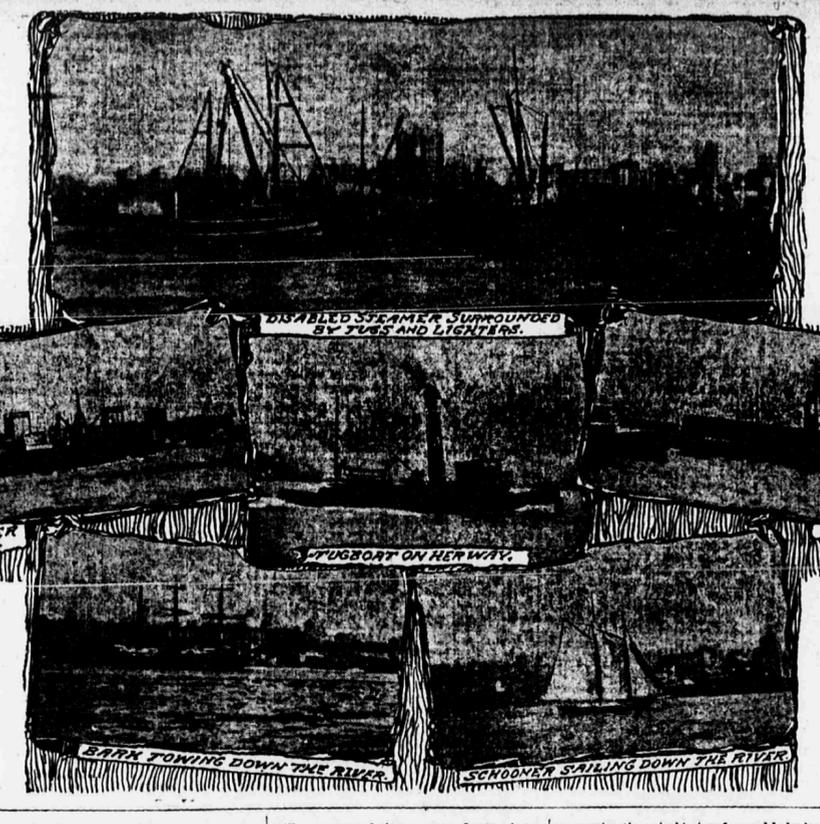
It is a common thing to say that South street isn't what it once was, and that is true. There was a time when its wharves were lined with American clipper ships lying with their stems against the bulkhead stringpiece and their jibbooms projecting over almost into the office windows of their owners on the other side of the way.

Looking out across its busy waters you may even see here what perhaps you had not seen at the wharves; a square rigged vessel such as a bark towing down the river. She's been up somewhere discharging and now she's towing down the river light to lead at some other point.

Here now towing up the river is a vessel of modern type, a big four-masted schooner, a great cargo carrier, bigger than many an old time ship and handled with greater economy.

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DISABLED STEAMER SURROUNDED BY TUGS AND LIGHTERS.

passing here up and down the river, singly and in droves, all day. Here's another schooner, two masted, sailing down the river favored by wind and tide.

So here on the busy East River and at all hours vessels are passing constantly to and fro, vessels of all kinds and sizes, and the pictures herewith shown being as they were just samples of a few sorts.

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Col. Dabney was one of those men that must have their morning paper and read everything in it, whether it is of interest to them or not.

"Of all the gold darn lies that goes the rounds of the papers," he began, "the one that makes me tired is this talk about honor among thieves."

"Well, you hear a lot of talk about square gamblers and gentleman gamblers," remarked the barkeeper, smiling.

"From what I've seen of 'em in forty years the gambler is square as long as he's winning, and as for the gentleman, that stops at his clothes and his company."

"So passes this marvelous marine panorama of the East River all day long, and when you walk back up the wharf to the street you find there the trucks still rumbling along the stone pavement just as they were before, as they have always been."

He was a withered man, who looked as if he had also physically digested the law.

"I know me well enough," I began, "to feel that I would not ask anything unreasonable of you."

"I hope there is no substance to your innuendo," he said anxiously. "If it is, I'll guarantee you a sound sleep to-night."

"I'm in compliance with your agreement of this morning, sir," he said. "I am come to make the following statement in justice to the living and without harm to the dead."

I found old Peter Bullion mentally counting over his money in an easy chair by the fireplace. He was a large man, who looked as if he had just eaten something greasy in a hurry.

THE HONOR OF THREE GAMBLERS

A Little Game Puffed Off on a Mississippi River Packet.

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how much the third man should strike for. Dalton thought he had a much better scheme, which was to let a much better man win a lot of money at first, so that he would think he had struck an easy thing and be sure to come back again.

"Then they could let him good and hard and win everything he had. After some talk the three sports agreed to work it that way."

"I was dead stuck on his game of poker, he knew it all; but the thing that interested them the most was his pocketbook racket before the draw, and he'd been whistling he flashed his pocketbook on them and it looked to have greenbacks enough in it to be worth anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars, and not a cent of Little Rock money."

"Next morning they talked the thing over and agreed to let the cotton buyer win about \$200 before his draw, and they were to give him all the whistling he could drink and still keep on playing, and to tell him he was the greatest poker expert they had ever seen across the river between his whiskey and his vanity they calculated to get him going so he would not know how much he had lost until it was too late."

"Nice combination for them," laughed the barkeeper. "A man that thinks he can play poker has more money than is good for him and does not know how much he has lost. Say, that was pretty soft for them, eh?"

"You bet it was; and they worked it for all it was worth. Those three made the cotton buyer lose before the draw, and never bet on two pairs till the other fellows had filled, and called two card draws without a pair in their hand, and all that sort of rot."

"They got so interested in showing the cotton buyer how inferior their game was to his that they didn't notice until about half past five that Dalton had fed him pretty near all of their \$500 capital, which he kept stuffing into that pocketbook all the time, and it lying right there on the table in front of them during the whole game."

"He didn't drink as much as usual at first, but along about 8 o'clock they thought it was time to fill him up and throw the harpoon into him to get some of that money back. I calculate they must have overdone it a bit, 'cause the stuff went to his head and made him more intoxicated in singing 'Rosie, the Prairie Flower,' than in playing his hand. He kept passing out and throwing up his cards and singing louder all the time until he had fallen face down going to drop off his chair dead drunk."

"Along about 10 o'clock, when the boat blew for the landing at Hickman, Ky., Mr. Dalton was sitting at the table, still straight. He said he felt pretty bad and wanted to lie down for a few minutes, so Dalton escorted him to his stateroom, holding a chair before him to keep him from falling in the middle of the cabin, but for getting all about the pocketbook, which was left lying on the table."

"He didn't seem pretty drunk," ventured the barkeeper. "About the time the cotton buyer was being helped off with his collar the boat started for home, and Dalton, who had been sitting at the poker table, were still sitting at the poker table. About the same instant the same idea seemed to occur to both of the honorable gentlemen, and they both looked at the pocketbook and then at each other."

"Let's beat it," says one of them, and with that Dalton grabbed the pocketbook and hurried out of the room, leaving Burton stuffing the pocketbook inside his vest as he went.

AT THE TAWDREY HOUSE

The Counterfeits.

As I lollied by the desk, both for lack and in hope of better things to do, I heard the clerk thus gaily accented:

"Oh, Mr. Billkins, here is the \$20 you so kindly let me have the other day. Now, don't forget to scratch it off my account, you dear man, and thank you."

It was Mrs. Lemuel Neiff who laid the glittering piece on the counter and then tripped blithely away, leaving even a touch of tenderness on Billkins's sunny face. A pretty woman still, despite the faded eyes and the light curls recklessly stuck here and there—that was more, an attractive woman.

From her flattering tones, her caressing smile, her pleading hands, to the plump and pleasing curves of her form coquetishly adorned, everything about Mrs. Neiff, so spontaneous and natural even when artificial, combined to make her a general and constant favorite in the house.

A trifle to clever mentality she was in any case, but all the more remarkable when one recalled, as I, as an old friend, could, the thousand and one ways of indirect asking and direct taking by which she and her husband managed to enjoy the luxuries of life on a very modest if not meagre income.

Lem and Louise they were affectionately if patronizingly called; and he was as harmless, if not so enterprising, as she. A quiet, agreeable man, who never protested, who always accepted in chronic good nature, it was a positive, wedding benediction to see him arrayed for a stroll of a Sunday afternoon immaculate in high hat, long coat and patent pumps, with a gardenia in his button-hole, so blissfully proud of the wife who walked at his side.

With her fingers to her lips Mrs. Neiff joined her husband, who had just entered, leaning lovingly on his arm.

Presently Mr. Flewcomb, our proprietor, came out from the fastnesses behind the safe and beckoned to me.

"What kind of a game are those damn Neiffs trying to work on me, Sniffen?" he demanded, when we were alone and looked within the mysteries of his innermost shrine.

"What?" I blurted, raving stupefied at a stack of twenty dollar gold pieces on the desk before him. "You don't mean that?"

"I just do mean," he retorted. "Counterfeits, every one of them, sent back from the bank with the sting of a sharp inquiry. She's been feeding them out every day for the last week. I won't stand for it, Sniffen, not a little bit. If it hadn't been for you and the other old softies whom they have jerked around by the nose I—"

Here I broke in, pleading so vigorously that it must be a dreadful mistake, that they were kind, good folks. She's been feeding them out every day for the last week. I won't stand for it, Sniffen, not a little bit. If it hadn't been for you and the other old softies whom they have jerked around by the nose I—

but she seemed so queer and pressing. If she asks her father to change it he'll detect it at a glance, and he's as hard as nails, oh dear!

"Yes, and Billy Precedent struck me about the same time for the twenty I had from him, high out of duty, and her gotten all about it, but he hadn't. If his father, the Judge, sees it, look out for the black cap!"

There was a rap on the door. With a warning glance for control, I answered myself. In stalked the Rev. Dr. Mincey, who officiated at a little chapel not two blocks away.

"While I am alive to the confidences of my sacred office," he announced, "I can't allow it to be used as a shield for fraud and theft. I am well advised that these two abominations of the Lord came primarily from the Neiffs, male and female. Unless I am at once repented I shall leave a little of the Lord's fire in your hearts."

I took a roll of bills from my pocket; I paid over forty good dollars in redemption of his two gold pieces.

"You will do well to preserve silence," I warned him as I escorted him to the door. "If you got these pieces in the way I think you did."

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"Now, my dear sir," I said, returning to the affable cashier at the mint gave Florence's two gold pieces the very best of characters.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "as good as gold, the standard weight and fineness can make them. Why, it is a pleasure to see that issue again. These must be part of a lot that had been shipped back and forth by the Atlantic as bullion for fifty years without once being uncoined. It all came out, don't you remember, in some famous trial or other a few years ago, and I believe it was a dangerous counterfeit out, we are advised. I should like to see it."

"Let me accommodate you," I ventured, and he gave me the two coins, which got from Mr. Mincey the very worst of characters.

With the plot so thickened there was obvious on one thing to do, that is, to get from Mr. Mincey the very worst of characters.

Here the grump became a gale. "There, there," I said. "I remember Guerin, that odd dick of a consumptive foreigner, remember how kindly you took him in! Here I could scarce refrain from smiling. There is some mystery about all this; I do not believe the man was a crook. Possess your souls in patience. I'll see Guerin for the first thing in the morning. Florence and Billy have already been disposed of to my mind and Flewcomb has promised to wait a couple of days. By that time we shall see what we shall see."

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