"AS THE TWIG IS BENT"

The Good Work Done by the Newsboys' and Children's Aid Society

TO PREVENT WICKEDNESS.

A Society Whose Object is to Reduce the Number of Inmates in the Jail and Reform School—How the Society Was Organized and How It Grew—Its New Home—An Encouraging Outlook.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS bent the tree's inclined."

More than one hundred and fifty years have rolled by since Alexander Pope gave utterance to the foregoing truism, and in that period millions of human twigs have been unnaturally bent and as a consequence millions of living trees have grown distortedly until death removed the vital sap and left the trunks lifeless, but none the less ugly. Up to the middle of the present century mankind generally contented itself with punishing the criminal and the unfortunate—the products of vicious surroundings; today thousands of philanthropists, rich and poor, old and young—toil incessantly to prevent vice and pauperism by searching out the youthful twigs and so directing their lives that maturity shall display the nobility of true manhood and pure womanhood, free to the fullest possible extent from all suspicion of moral weakness.

CONCERTED EFFORT.

Work of this nature has been going on in this city for some years past, but it was left for those who organized the Newsboys' and Children's Aid Society to make concerted effort in behalf of those who by reason of their youthfulness were unable to materially help themselves. A temporary home for children was established in 1884 and it has been in steady and successful operation ever since. This has not been done without difficulty. Many a time did it seem to all, save a faithful few, as though the charitable enterprise would have to be abandoned because the necessary financial support was not forthcoming. From the day of organization up to the day of his death Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite of the Supreme Court of the United States, was president of the trustees of the society; a tower of strength. His interest in the good work never flagged. He was present at every meeting and his activity did much to tide the young organization over several troublous periods. In all he did and in all that has been done since his death much valuable assistance was rendered by the incorporators: Henry Strong, Samuel F. Miller, E. M. Gallaudet, Crosby S. Noyes, Joseph H. Hawley, Henrietta C. Metzerott, Mary E. Hood, Emily M. Webb, James K. McCammon, John W. Thompson, Thomas S. Childs, Jane L. Childs, Sarah D. La Fetra, Rose A. Foster and Flora Payne Whitney.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY.

The society originated with a few ladies who were moved by stories in the daily newspapers to care for some of the waifs that so frequently and improperly appeared in the city Police Court. Those youngsters were necessarily sent to the work house because they could not be provided for in the fully populated reform school; there was no reform school for the girls, anyhow. But a very small percentage of the little ones had committed any crime, yet they were compelled to associate with the vile characters which the work house was intended to hold securely. The result was disastrous to the little ones and most dangerous to society. Cozy, warm and brightly lighted reading rooms were first provided and to these the newsboys and all other boys were invited. Games and books were provided and proved most effectual counter attractions to the pool rooms. There was an absence of hampering rules, the boys being permitted to come and go as they pleased between the hours of 5 and 10 p. m. Almost immediately it became apparent that dormitories were absolutely necessary to the successful prosecution of the salvage work. There was no money available for this extension of the scheme, and for awhile it was difficult to keep even the reading rooms open.

A GENEROUS FRIEND.

Just when it seemed as though the society must disband a friend to helpless childhood agreed to give $300 annually for the rent of a building, but made strict provision that her name should not be made public. With this gift, which has always made its appearance since the promise, the home at 517 12th street was established. Other friends contributed cots and bedding, and very speedily were the couches used. Many a child was saved from moral destruction by those who toiled beneath the roof of No. 517. From that building boys and girls—comfortably clad and with new hopes born in them—have gone forth to lives of honesty, sobriety and success.

A NEW HOME.

About a year ago the society was notified that it would have to look out for a new home, the house it was then occupying having to be sacrificed to make way for an improved structure. It was then proposed that permanent location be had at No. 310 E street, and this would probably have been brought about had it not been discovered that a good title to the property could not be secured. This house was occupied, however, until February 1 of this year. On that day the home was removed to 927 E street, where it now is. The location is a good one, convenient to the newspaper offices and within easy reach of the boys who appreciate shelter, warmth and kind treatment; boys who may reasonably hope for honest and at least fairly prosperous lives. The house has been purchased. The price was $13,000, and of this amount—large for an unobtrusive and unendowed charity—$2,500 have been paid. The big balance has to be wiped out in five yearly installments. It will be done, but several hearts and pocket books will have to be opened before the last note is paid and the mortgage is ready for destruction. At this time there is in circulation a subscription list, and every individual who contributes an autograph pledges himself or herself to make an annual subscription of at least $50. There is still room on that list for several names.

THE GOOD WORK DONE.

Agent Sweeney's report shows emphatically what a great work has been done. During 1891 the number of lodgings given in the limited dormitory space was 1,763; in 1890 there were 959; in 1889 only 244. How the mission has grown! Last year there were provided and eaten 6,504 meals, as against 2,078 in 1890 and 659 in 1889. In all, situations have been found for 172 littles ones, while 254 pieces of clothing were distributed. Of the boys and girls that came to the home during the past year 76 might have become criminals but for the institution. The Police Court turned over to the agent twenty-five white boys, forty-three colored boys, one white girl and seven colored girls. The work house would have made every one of these seventy-six vicious; the home started them out on the voyage of life with the chances, in most cases for the first time, in favor of the little ones.

Congress does nothing for the society, has never given it any assistance. Why this particularly practical specimen of philanthropy should have been neglected by the District's legislature is one of those things not easily understood by those interested in this charity. In spite of this official neglect the organization prospers. The latest report of the secretary says:

AN ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

"The society has now a most encouraging outlook. With a building of its own, an agent whose work among the destitute children of the District is steadily growing and commending itself to the public favor, a matron whose services at the home are daily gaining the confidence of the ladies in charge and whose interest and sympathy for the neglected children in her care are unmistakable, and with its many friends whose purses have been so generously opened for the support of the charity, the society has now every incentive to redouble its efforts and every encouragement for final and complete success. Still, there remains much hard work to be done. Opportunities are all the time enlarging, and, to improve them, the increasing efforts of the members, together with the interest and financial aid of the public, are essential. It is a public work and should commend itself to every citizen. No other charity in the District is laboring for the same ends. This aims to furnish for newsboys and all other children whose homes are such only in name a pleasant gathering place, whose attractions shall counterbalance the temptations of pool rooms and other questionable resorts. It offers the advantages of the night school in winter, and, as means are furnished, it proposes to establish permanent instruction in the useful industries. The homeless and friendless children of the streets find here a refuge from exposure and crime, and are safely sheltered until suitable homes or situations can be found for them. But for this temporary home many a child under age, arrested for vagrancy or petty crime, would have been sentenced to the work house or jail, and would there have come into direct contact with men and women steeped in all manner of evil, whose depravity would soon be reflected in these young lives. The whole aim of this charity is to save the children, not to reform the already corrupt. Is not such a work worthy the attention of all citizens who consider the future welfare of the District? If ignored now, these boys and girls, drifting surely into vice and crime, will by and by force themselves upon the public notice, and, as inmates of the jails and prisons, will demand their support at the public expense. Is it not wiser and cheaper to help them now to become useful citizens and self-respecting men and women?"

If any one wants to see the operations of the home he or she will be welcomed at any time. Every visitor departs converted and filled with a determination to help matters along in some tangible manner; none go away of whom it could not truthfully be said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS

are as follows:

Board of trustees—Mr. Henry Strong, president; Dr. T. S. Childs, first vice president; Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Mr. Crosby S. Noyes, Mrs. H. C. Metzerott, second vice president; Mrs. J. S. Gulick, Mrs. Ogden Wyckoff, Mrs. A. H. Thomas, Treasurer; Mrs. Ernest F. King, secretary.

Officers of auxiliary society: President, Mrs. T. S. Childs, 1308 Connecticut avenue; vice presidents, Mrs. H. C. Metzerott, Mrs. W. O. Cunningham, Mrs. J. S. Gulick, Mrs. Ogden Wyckoff, Mrs. S. M. Yeatman, Mrs. T. B. Hood, Mrs. T. M. Talbott.

Recording secretary—Miss M. S. Lyman, 1746 P street.

Corresponding secretary—Mrs. Ernest F. King, 1116 M street.

Treasurer—Mrs. I. F. Macfarland, 1727 F street.

Auditors—Mrs. S. D. La Fetra and Mr. J. B. T. Tupper.

Matron—Mrs. Jessie Cowen.

Agent—Mr. P. B. Sweeny.

Executive committee—The officers of the society and chairmen of committees; Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, Mrs. Alphonso Hart, Mrs. A. H. Thomas, Mrs. J. B. T. Tupper, Mrs. D. S. Lamb, Mrs. H. M. Teller, Mrs. E. C. Lacey, Mrs. N. A. Robbins, Miss M. W. Curry.

Committee on finance—Mrs. Ogden Wyckoff, chairman; Mrs. Charles H. Armes, Miss E. T. Ward, Mrs. S. M. Yeatman.

Committee on industrial education—Mrs. P. R. Flint, chairman; Mrs. John W. Babson, Mrs. T. M. Talbott, Mrs. H. M. Teller, Miss M. J. Shaw.

Committee on entertainments—Mrs. T. M. Talbott, chairman; Mrs. J. B. T. Tupper, Miss Macfarland, Miss Fanny Childs, Miss Mary B. Ferry.

House committee—Mrs. H. C. Metzerott and Mrs. A. M. Edgar.

Press committee—Mrs. E. B. Wight, chairman; Mrs. Fred. Perry Powers, Mrs. Ernest F. King.

Committee on Sunday work—Mrs. M. E. C. Wilbur, chairman.

PROFIT IN RAISING FOREST TREES.

Most of It for the Next Generation—Big Prices for Walnut and Cherry.

From the New York Tribune.

A good many people who would like to live on farms of their own in the summer months are deterred from purchasing forty or eighty acres by the fact that there seems to be no way of getting any interest out of the capital invested. A good deal has been said recently about the "abandoned" farms of New England and the low prices at which they have been and are offered for sale have attracted many longing eyes from the city's hot shops and close counting rooms.

"If I could see any way of making even the interest out of one," said a New York commission merchant the other day, "I'd buy a fifty-acre farm, repair the old house on it or build a plain one and turn my family loose there every summer. There would be no need then of keeping the children well dressed, as one has to do even in a country hotel or boarding house, and no bills to pay, except for food and a servant or two. But the very fact that these farms are cheap is due entirely to the poor quality of the soil. If farmers could make wheat and oats and stock pay well on these lands they would not abandon them. I have no time to farm, anyway, and to employ others to do it for me would be throwing away money if the soil was as rich as the Mississippi 'bottoms.'"

"Now, what this man wants," said an enthusiastic student of forestry, "is knowledge of some crop which, once planted, will take care of itself for a hundred years, pay him some interest on his money while it is coming to maturity, if he gets his land cheap to begin with, and at the end of forty years be worth more than fifty of the original farms. Such a crop is to be found in forest trees."

"Forest trees!" exclaims the New Yorker. "Do you take me for a Methusaleh? Before fifty years are over I will be engaged in other pursuits than money-making, theologians tell me."

"You don't need to wait fifty years," is the answer of the forestry enthusiast. "They don't wait that long out west, where forestry is being carried on to some extent already. There a man plants his prairie wood lot with various kinds of trees, some of them quick-growing varieties, others of the slower sort. He plants them close together, for several reasons. One reason is that the trees may force their way skyward before spreading out. Forest trees are mast-like in their proportions generally. Each seeks to spread its foliage in the sunlight above its fellow. Plant the same kind of tree in an open field and it spreads its branches out from the first. Sunlight is all around it and there is no reason for exertion. This tree is more symmetrical, on the whole, but not nearly so valuable for timber as the long, bare trunk of the forest tree.

"Another reason for planting them close together is that they may be thinned out with profit as they grow. In a few years the owner begins to cut out his small trees and sell them, to be made up into barrel hoops. As they grow larger they are in demand for hop poles. Larger still, they make fence posts and are wanted for wood pulp in the paper mills, and then the remainder are far enough apart to be let alone to grow into stout timber. This crop of small stuff for hoops, poles, &c., does not cease at any time. It keeps coming up, year after year, among the bigger trees.

"The secret is to make the right choice of trees. Probably the most valuable sorts are black walnut, wild red cherry and white ash. There will always be a demand for these woods in the manufactures and the supply grows steadily less. The other day a man bought a tract of forest land in one of the southern states and sold one big 'curled' walnut tree on it for almost half what he paid for the place. One hundred dollars is not an unusual price at present for a big black walnut tree of the ordinary variety. In parts of Illinois the early settlers cut up black walnut for fence rails. Some years afterward, when the rails had rotted away, the farmers were grubbing up the stumps and selling the gnarled roots at a handsome profit. A farmer in this or a neighboring state who has many wild cherry trees on his land need not worry much over grain and root crops. Speculators will come out from this city and pay well for the privilege of cutting his trees for him and carrying them away.

"So that it takes no argument to prove that fifty acres of such wood is a fortune in itself equal to a life insurance policy for the owner's children and a source of constant pleasure, some profit and little expense to him while he lives. It can be realized on, too, at any time after the trees begin to approach maturity. Hickory and butternut are both valuable woods and the nuts from these trees are always salable.

"The demand for Christmas trees also grows yearly. Canadian forests are now being drawn on for New York's supply.

"On George Vanderbilt's newly purchased place in North Carolina forestry is going to be carried on in a large and intelligent way. He possesses an advantage over prairie farmers in having a large part of his tract covered with trees already, but he proposes to show that, contrary to the accepted idea of treating woodland, it is not necessary, in order to make money out of it, to destroy the forest."

The Common Sense of It.

From the Indianapolis News.

The cases are rare where one man kills another for the sake of a pure and noble woman. Such women do not make it necessary for their husbands to stand guard over their honor with a shotgun. They are able to do it by their own dignity and discretion. There is small excuse for a married woman who goes astray, for she realizes the consequences of her acts. Should she be so utterly without principle as to disregard the marriage obligation, her husband does not improve the situation by murdering the cause of the trouble. He gratifies his own anger and indignation, and when you get at the bottom of it that is the impelling motive; but he has not lessened his wife's crime; he has increased the disgrace heaped upon his unfortunate children, and has made it even more impossible that there can ever be a semblance of reconciliation for the sake of preserving the home. His action has no deterring effect upon other men, for they do not take even life itself into consideration in such cases.

LITTLE BLACK PHIL.

An Incident of the War Recalled by a Star Newsboy.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY REPRESENTATIVE BELKNAP.

THERE IS A LITTLE BLACK NEWSBOY on the avenue that I patronize every evening as I walk home from the Capitol. He is sure to sell me a paper whether I want one or not; "I am his prey." He scents me from afar and comes rushing after me, a smile spread all over his face. I always surrender to that fellow; it is easy enough to escape the others, but he captures me every time and sells me a paper whether I want it or not, and when it comes to the change usually has his way about that too. The reason for it all, however, he little suspects. The fact is I rarely see the boy without thinking of another one—his exact counterpart—that I had in charge for a few months almost thirty years ago.

It was in the summer of '63 and in middle Tennessee. At that time, though a mere boy myself, I was a lieutenant in command of a company of Michigan soldiers and we were on the march nearly every day. One night when almost all of my men were on picket duty I concluded to have a cup of coffee and proceeded to cook it over a little camp fire built at some distance in the rear of the line. During the operation there was a sudden crackling of twigs in the undergrowth near at hand, and as the country was a dangerous one I was soon on my feet and had a good grip on my revolver. The disturbance was quickly explained, for in less time than it takes to tell it there had appeared in the edge of the circle lighted by the camp fire one of the queerest little darkies I ever saw. His clothing consisted of the remains of a hat, a few strips of shirt, one suspender and the waistband—little more—of a pair of trousers. It would be exaggeration to say that he was ragged, since there wasn't clothing enough about him to make the rags. As he stood there in the dim light speechless, grinning and almost naked he appeared like a veritable imp from the realms of darkness. I had been startled at first, but soon broke out into a laugh, in which my visitor joined heartily, rolling his big white eyes, and showing his long rows of ivories in a most ludicrous fashion. When I said, "Howdy, sonny?" he replied, with a flourish of his hat, "Right smart, massa," and came up to the fire. Then I returned to my coffee and, taking up some hardtack, began my supper, slyly watching, meanwhile, the face of the boy, who was now sitting near me. I could see his mouth quiver every time anything was put into my own. Feeling certain he was hungry, I had intended to tantalize him for a time, but soon relented and pushed my haversack toward him, with a sign that he understood instantly. He must have been nearly starved, for he ate as if he were hollow all the way down to his toes. In answer to my questions he told me, between his mouthfuls of hardtack, that he had lived near Shelbyville and had run away from the plantation to join the Union soldiers. He was too tired to talk much that night, and in a short time was curled up like a ball and sound asleep. The boy was up before daylight the next morning, and made himself useful in so many ways that he was again allowed to share my hard-tack, although I had none too much to supply my own needs until the quartermaster should again issue rations. After seeing the little chap by daylight and learning something of his disposition, however, I had no inclination to drive him away. He was certainly one of the most comical figures I have ever seen, either in the army or out of it. Whatever his lot had been up to the time of his appearance in our camp two square meals, a night's rest and a sight of the boys in blue had enabled him to forget it all and to become as happy a youngster as the land of Dixie ever held. The sight of him made the boys laugh, and this fact pleased rather than annoyed him, since it gave him encouragement to give vent to his fun. When questioned as to his age and name his answer was, "I rek'n I's fo'teen yeah ole, sah, by dis time, and my nam's Phil.' "Phil what?" "Dats all de name I has, white folks couldn't 'fode two names fer little black nig like me." "Where's your mammy?" "Dunno, sah; never had no mammy so long as I lived, sah," and this was about all Phil knew of his pedigree.

Well, I took him along and he followed me like a faithful dog, carrying my blanket, filling my canteen with fresh water at every good brook we crossed and picking up wood or bringing the nearest fence rails when fires were needed. Night after night, too, the boys used the end boards of the wagons for Phil to dance on, and he was never tired of furnishing jigs for their amusement. Being a musician, moreover, in his way, he soon became the acknowledged champion in song and dance over all others of his race who followed us. By way of appreciation the boys clothed their star in good style, furnishing him a whole shirt and a pair of trousers shortened to correspond with his stature. From this time on Phil was fired with a new ambition and eagerly looked forward to the day when he would be large enough to carry a gun and become a real soldier in Uncle Sam's army. Phil's religious ideas, too, are well worth recalling. Though not remarkably profound, they were so firmly fixed in the boy's mind that he almost always expressed them in the same words and never finished their recitation without shuddering from head to foot. The story ran something like this, but no one else could tell it as he did: "Las' winter when de cotton was all dun ginned an de co'n dun shucked, ole Curly, de preacher, say dat we uns must hab a meetin, and den all de brack folks comes an hear him say what we uns mus do or de debble kotch us. Ole Curly he say dat hebben is a right smart big field, full of simon trees and de groun all kivered up wid yams an melons, an all roun de field is high palins. He say dat white folks dats right kin go froo de gate and brack folks dats right kin jump ober the palins and brack folks dats bad and lazy mus stay outside de palins, and de debble he chase em roun an roun an roun and roas em wid fire! Phil usually acts the rest of the story, rolling his eyes, groaning, shuddering and, in conclusion, carefully scrutinizing his legs, with reference, apparently, to their fitness for high jumping. After a time the battle of Chickamauga was fought and more than half of our regiment were killed or wounded. During the fight Phil was seen helping a wounded man off of the field, but for two days afterward he was among the missing. By that time we had taken a new position at Chattanooga and our men were hard at work on the breastworks, getting ready for another struggle. The batteries of the Johnnies were located in our front on Mission ridge and on our right on Lookout mountain, and every few minutes, as our work went on, a shell from one of their guns came whistling over our heads. A few of us were kept constantly on the watch for the puff of smoke which announced each discharge of a cannon, in order that we might warn the others and enable them to get under cover before the shell could reach us. While we were hard at work in this way and just after I had given the boys warning of a coming shot I heard a voice behind me which I recognized instantly as Phil's. "Here I is; here I is," he shouted, evidently so delighted to find our company that he forgot the terrible danger to which he was exposed and came running toward me at the top of his speed. Just at that instant a shell from a Rodman gun struck the ground well out in front of us, bounded so as to graze the top of the breastworks near where I stood and whizzed on its way again directly towards Phil. A second time it struck the earth in its merciless course and rebounded, striking the poor fellow so squarely as to carry him some distance. I reached his side as quickly as possible, and carefully raised his head. He was horribly crushed, but was conscious long enough to recognize me with a smile and to say very faintly, "Lieutenant, I'se gwine to jump over de palins." He never spoke again. That night when the firing had stopped, Will Beckley, the bugler, and I, wrapped the little body in a blanket and carried it to a garden on the edge of the town. There in a grave which we made by the side of a honeysuckle vine we left all that remained of Phil. Above him we placed a piece of smooth board upon which Beckley penciled as well as he could, "To the memory of Phil; he has jumped over the palin's."

A Competent Juror.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

A great many stories are attributed to Gen. Tom Bennett, but this is a true one and illustrates his ready wit. He was on the bench as mayor of the city of Richmond in the trial of a liquor case. The witnesses could not remember anything, the place, the man who sold the liquor, or the kind of liquor. It was evidently a case of collusion, and Mayor Bennett became a little impatient. He finally took a witness from the state attorney and questioned him himself.

"Where was the liquor bought?" he asked.

"Couldn't say, yer honor," was the reply.

"What kind of liquor was it?"

"Don't know, yer honor."

"Do you know whether it was liquor or not?" The question was put a little tartly.

"Couldn't say, yer honor; my mind is a perfect blank."

"Stand aside, then," said Gen. Bennett; "we may want you for a juror."

The defendant was dismissed by the disgusted court.

REAL ESTATE GOSSIP.

A More Active Market at the Opening of the Spring Season.

A GOOD DEMAND FOR PROPERTY—CONGRESS AND PROPOSED NEW LINES OF STREET RAILWAYS—SOME HOUSES TO BE ERECTED IN DIFFERENT SECTIONS—OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

DECIDEDLY MORE business is being done in real estate just now than has been the case for some time. It is a revival, a picking up, a boom or whatever else it might be termed. Words, however, are of little consequence so long as the substance remains, and there is no question about quite a substantial increase in business. There is a marked revival in the interest which the public is always supposed to have when real estate is concerned. Sometimes, however, people become indifferent to investments in houses and lots and then real estate brokers are allowed an interval of rest. Just now the popular movement is the other way and there is a demand for realty investments that promises well. One of the largest real estate firms in the city reports that their business is a great deal better this February than during the same month last year. A good proportion of the transactions conducted by this firm have involved unimproved land, and it is reasonable to suppose that a good percentage of these buyers have purchased with the view of improving, rather than mere speculation.

A good illustration of one of the present phases of the real estate market was afforded recently when some property which had been withdrawn from sale for some time was offered at prices which were recognized as reasonable. Purchasers were readily found and in a few days the entire property was disposed of. This instance indicates that there is an abundance of money awaiting investment in real estate. Why it is not invested is one of those questions that is rather difficult to answer. There are various explanations given, none of them any more satisfactory than the oft-repeated one that people are waiting for the bottom to fall out of the market, expecting that then they can get plenty of bargains. This catastrophe has been so often predicted during the past twenty years and the hopes based upon have so often been disappointed that there seems to be a well-defined and well-grounded conviction that the bottom of the realty market of this city is so well soldered on that nothing less than a great financial crisis, national in its extent, can force it off. In the meantime the city is forging ahead at a rapid rate, adding some 2,500 buildings yearly to its accommodations and some 5,000 souls to its population. Property under such influences naturally increases in value and when people get tired of waiting for the city to go backward instead of forward and turn their attention to paying investments for their money, if they happen to have any at that time, they will find that values have appreciated, and that it would have been money in their pockets if they had invested and allowed some one else to make prophesies.

STREET RAILROADS.

A newspaper man who loves to be exact took occasion not long ago to mark down on a map of the city the routes of all the street railroads and extensions of street railroads which Congress had been asked at the present session to charter. When he had finished this task, which was not a slight one, he found that nearly every street in the city would be supplied with a street railroad if all the bills became laws. A number of streets would have more than one railroad along some sections, so that altogether the city would be pretty well gridironed. However, it is not probable that Congress will grant all the charters asked for. In fact, so far the House committee have reported favorably bills for only two new street railways, and both of these are suburban. One is the Washington and Bladensburg road, to begin at Rhode Island avenue and 4th street east and to run to Bladensburg. The other is the Suburban railroad, which starts at North Carolina and Pennsylvania avenues, then runs east and skirts around the city until it touches the Potomac at Little Falls and thence into Georgetown. The bills granting the extension of the Washington and Georgetown road to the Free bridge, the Anacostia road up 9th street to G and thence along G to 11th and down 11th to its present tracks south of Pennsylvania avenue, and the extension of the Rock Creek railroad to the main entrance of the Zoological Park and along Florida avenue to North Capitol street have also been favorably reported by the committee. The District committees of both Houses have reported favorably the bill for the extension of the Eckington road to the Capitol. With these exceptions no favorable action has been taken upon any of the many street railway projects that have come before Congress. The general public is, of course, interested in these measures only to the extent that they serve obviously to supply existing needs for street car service.

AN ARTISTIC LETTER HEAD.

An ingenious plan has been devised for bringing to the attention of those desiring to rent rooms or entire floors in business buildings the advantages offered by some particular structure. A pretty sketch of the exterior of the building, together with floor plans, is reduced to the proper size, and then by some cheap process a cut is made which is used as a head for letter paper. In answering inquiries about the building these sheets are used, and by means of the illustrated letter head the correspondent has placed before him a pictorial representation, which is much more effective than any written description possibly could be. He can see just how each room is situated, and, as they are all numbered, the prices can be given by number, which saves a great deal of time. This device was suggested by Mr. J. Rush Marshall, who had the design of the exterior of the new building for contagious diseases which is to be erected for the Children's Hospital, together with a plan of the interior, made into a very attractive letter head. As this building is being erected by means of subscriptions those interested find sheets of note paper illustrated in this way a wonderful help in bringing the enterprise to the favorable attention of those whose assistance is desired.

SOME NEW HOUSES.

Mr. F. G. Berger, who is the manager of a theatrical company that recently visited this city, has purchased two lots on 13th street just in the rear of Mrs. Logan's residence, where he intends to build a home for his own use. He owns a frontage of 100 feet and he proposes to erect there a house which will cost from $12,000 to $13,000.

A lot has also been recently purchased by Mr. F. W. True on Yale between 13th and 14th streets, which will be the location of a comfortable house he intends to erect there for his home. Ground has been broken for the erection of fifteen houses at the corner of 6th and L streets northeast and plans are being prepared for seven houses which will be built on 7th street in the same square. Quite a number of sales of lots in the eastern section of the city have been made recently and it is thought that in a great many instances the new owners will make improvements.

Mr. J. H. Meriwether has had plans prepared by N. T. Haller, architect, for nine four-story and cellar brick dwellings, to be located on the southwest corner of 13th and W streets N. W. The fronts will be built with Hummelstown brown stone and pressed bricks, and will be ornamented with bay windows, balconies, porte-cocheres, etc. The buildings will have English basements, with sub cellars, below which will be used for heat apparatus and fuel. They will all have French roofs, which will be covered with slate. The corner house, which has three bay windows, will top out with a very handsome tower of romanesque design. The entire buildings will be trimmed out with hard wood and have handsomely tiled bath rooms and vestibules. They will be finished in the most modern style and will cost $54,000.

A NEW BUSINESS BUILDING.

A large business building is being erected at the corner of 8th and D streets southeast for Mrs. E. A. Haines. The new structure will be 34 feet wide and 141 feet deep and will be three stories in height. When completed the first two floors will be occupied by the "Washington Stores," now at 1229 and 1231 11th street southeast, of which Mrs. Haines is the proprietor. The third floor will be fitted up for use as a public hall. Mrs. Haines began business six years ago in Anacostia, but the growth of the business has been such that she has been compelled to move into more commodious buildings than at first occupied, and finally she concluded to build in order to secure a permanent place with all the facilities suited for the business that she carries on. The front and side of this building will be of pressed brick laid in black mortar, Ohio stone and galvanized iron trimmings, the entire front and side to have heavy plate-glass windows. The interior will be trimmed in white pine, handsomely countered and shelved. Between the main and back building there will be suspended from the ceiling the cashier's balcony, finished in hard wood, where the electric cash car system will center. The architect is Julius Germuiller and the builders Yost & Brothers.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

Happenings During the Week in the Busy and Bustling Metropolis.

AMAZEMENT AND AMUSEMENT OVER SENATOR HILL'S SOUTHERN TRIP—A SETBACK FOR THE WAGNERITES—THE UPHILL WORK OF REFORM—PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER EXCURSION SEASON.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1892.

PEOPLE HERE LOOK ON THE CAMpaigning tour of Candidate Hill with mingled amazement and amusement. Nothing ever was known like it in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It has whatever charm attaches to novelty. The accounts of the presidential pilgrim's reception naturally vary according to the feeling of the newspaper medium, but from all accounts the wanderer seems to be attracting notice, if not admiration.

It was supposed to be impossible for Hill to make his combinations in such a way as to annihilate the strong Cleveland feeling in the state and solidify the state delegation behind himself as New York's favorite son; yet he has achieved the impossible in this matter, and who knows, therefore, but what he will be able to enlarge his combinations so as to include the "Universal Yankee Nation?" At any rate, he has thrown off all disguise, and is engaged in a personal hunt for delegates on a national scale. Meanwhile, we are not hearing much of the counter movement that was set on foot in this state, and one cannot help feeling incredulous as to its real strength. It certainly will be obliged to prove its genuineness and power when the time comes for action.

A SETBACK FOR WAGNER.

Wagnerism has received a painful black eye today in the shape of a formal compact between Abbey and Grau and the Metropolitan Opera House magnates, whereby French and Italian opera is to reign supreme for the next three years. This is a great surprise to most people, as it was commonly understood that the season's experiment was not prosperous enough to warrant its repetition, but at the last moment the tide seemed to turn in favor of the present management, and they have decided to keep on under the very liberal inducements offered by the millionaire proprietors. Abbey and Grau are to get the opera house rent free, and guarantee an addition of $2,000 cash for each performance. This ought to enable them to give good opera in spite of the high prices of petted tenors and other kittle-kattle of both sexes. Some deference may be paid to the shade of Wagner by occasional performances such as those which have been given under the direction of Herr Seidl, but the prevailing operas will be the familiar repertory of the Italian and French schools. The sensation of the year has been the performances of Faust, which have drawn immense audiences and held them spellbound. This great opera never seems to lose its fascination and has never had finer representation than has been given by the artists of the Abbey & Grau company. The Wagnerian forces are thrown into some confusion by today's decision, but it is not all unlikely that they may organize a German season in some other theater next year.

THE UPHILL WORK OF REFORM.

The charges made by Dr. Parkhurst have taken exactly the course which all previous charges have taken, and for the moment, certainly, they have accomplished no more in the way of bringing the offending parties to justice. Every one in New York is familiar with the routine. The saloon keepers are promptly bailed out, generally by those who make it their business to attend to this step in the defense, and their cases are put on the docket, which is already so crowded that it would take years to reach the bottom in regular order. The prosecuting officers decline to advance the cases, on the ground that other matters of more importance stand ahead of them. The claim is then made that the criminal courts of the city are unable to cope with the volume of important business on the dockets, and that is the last of the whole business.

I believe that not a single one of these cases has been tried in New York for some years. Repeated attempts have been made, often backed up by a very decided public sentiment, to force a trial, but utterly without success. Meanwhile the moral sentiment is refreshed by such sermons as Dr. Parkhurst hurled from his pulpit last Sunday, and it is in this direction probably that the most good can be done. In a matter like this, affecting the moral attitude of the community, laws are of no consequence unless the sentiment of the inhabitants is emphatically in favor of a rigid morality. It must be said that the wickedness which Dr. Parkhurst criticises so fiercely is by no means more outrageous than formerly; in fact, so far as outward observation goes the morality of the city is exceptionally good.

PREPARING FOR OZONE IN THE DOG DAYS.

One would hardly expect to find the excursion season active at this time, when we are reading about blizzards, but as a matter of fact the dates for next summer are almost all taken up. The Iron Steamship Company has gone into the suburban excursion business very extensively. Four of their fleet are generally occupied carrying parties on all-day picnics, and so great is the demand for this sort of pleasuring that it is difficult already to get a good day. Some of their regular customers, as, for example, the large Sunday schools and the like, engage the boat for next year on the day of the excursion. This closes some of the best dates. The books, however, are formally opened for engagements on the 1st of January, and there is immediately a rush for the best days.

These excursions have been reduced to a system, and the fatigue and danger are almost done away with. The charge is about $300 a day, for which sum the excursionists have the exclusive use of the boat, with its officers and crew. In case of a storm the rule is that the parties engaging the boat only pay for the expense of coaling up and bringing the boat to the pier. This is always done, no matter how fierce the weather, but once at the pier the excursionists can decline to embark in case the weather is obviously unpropitious. The popularity of these water picnics has increased very much of late, until now on every fair day in summer you will find the waters of the bay and vicinity dotted with pleasure craft, all loaded to the gunwales with passengers. And, thanks to the rigorous regulations, the mishaps are exceedingly rare. A feature of these aquatic trips is the catering, and I need not say that the value of the bar privileges varies according as the passengers are a crowd of fishermen or a Presbyterian Sunday school.

THE SACRED PARK YIELDS TO INVASION.

After years of patient waiting and scheming a project for a race course in Central Park finally passed the legislature today and, being promptly signed by the governor, is now law. Strong efforts were made for years to defeat this scheme, and until now with success, but finally the bill has slipped through, and a serious innovation is made upon the park as a safe and picturesque resort for ordinary people. The idea is to make a straight track adjacent to the west wall for the entire length of the park, where horsemen can exercise and compare their fast horses. Pains will be taken to arrange this track so that it will not endanger the lives of visitors or mar the general plan of the park, but residents, unless they are very fond of horses, are indignant over the scheme, more particularly as it has broken through that well-preserved tradition that Central Park was the one place where these various intrusions and innovations could not come. You remember the terrible battle that was waged to keep the fair out of the park. The same feeling has protected it against all other attacks, but now it has yielded.

WE TAKE OUR MEDICINE.

Well, New York braced up today and voted $300,000 for the Chicago fair. This is not half a million, nor yet a million, as some of the more sanguine hoped and wanted, but if it is economically used it should give the state a very fair representation at Chicago. We have, upon the whole, taken our medicine with a pretty fair grace, and trust that victorious Chicago will not be too haughty and supercilious.

HENRY R. ELLIOT.

The Wife of a Philosopher.

From the Youth's Companion.

There is no reason why every person who has the knack of clever and easy expression should "rush into print," and the remarkably bright wife of Friedrich von Schlegel, the German writer and philosopher, evidently realized this fact.

She was constantly being urged by her friends and admirers to write, but a smile was her usual reply. She thoroughly appreciated her husband's genius and success, but one day, when asked why she "wasted" so much time knitting, instead of finding some occupation more suited for her brilliant talent, she replied placidly:

"I have never heard that there are too many stockings in the world, but I have often heard it said that there are too many books. So it seems to me it is more praiseworthy for me to knit a stocking than to write a book."

And in this opinion her well-cared for husband fully coincided.

PHILOSOPHY OF TROUSERS.

Why Bagging at the Knees is an Evidence of Superiority.

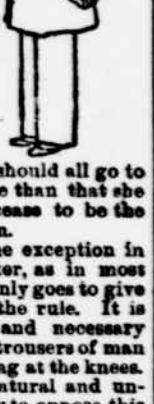
From the New York Sun.

The intention of Providence is nowhere made more clear than in the decree that the outer bifurcated garment of the male human animal

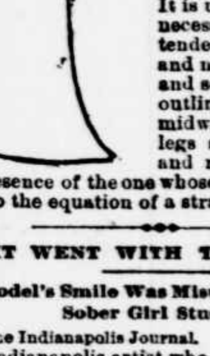
shall, after a suitable period of utility, bag at the points of genuflexion. This feature of man's attire is in many ways a mark of superiority; and, instead of combating the tendency of which it is a result, the man of true and honest pride in his manhood will be satisfied, yea, gratified, to see nature take its course. His contentment will be second only to that with which he notes the whitening of his hair, which, going on while his vigor of mind and body remains as it should be in his prime, becomes the most honorable decoration that it is possible for man to wear.

The bagging of his trousers at the knees proclaims that man is animate; the chintz coverings on the fluted legs of village pianos show no intermediate bagging. It is a mark of humanity as distinguished from the lower orders of animals; the stork, one of the most conspicuous of creatures in the matter of legs, shows no bagging at the knees. The only brute that displays this tendency in a noticeable degree is the elephant, and it is significant that he, of the brute creation, is the creature that comes next to man in intelligence, kindliness and the other qualities that go to make

man superior among created things. Man's baggy appearance about the knees is also a badge of usefulness; the dude and other creatures that are placed on earth to fill chinks in the economy of creation do not bag at the knees. But the dude is an incomplete entity by himself. Without his "man" he is practically non-existent; and in his man we find the characteristic and ever-present evidence of superiority—his trousers bag at the knees, unless the dude makes this impossible by putting him in a livery that does not include trousers. That the bagging of one's trousers



at the knees is an evidence of piety is so plain that there is no occasion for saying more on this point. There is no plane of existence inferior to that of useful manhood in which generous bagging at the knees is an unfailing characteristic of its occupants. There is but one creature that is man's equal whose trousers do not bag at the knees, and—well, we would rather honor, honor bright, that the lessons intended to be set forth in these observations should all go to



the deuce than that she should cease to be the exception.

But the exception in this matter, as in most others, only goes to give force to the rule. It is natural and necessary that the trousers of man should bag at the knees. It is unnatural and unnecessary to oppose this tendency, and the ninety and nine who look down and see their kneepans outlined and magnified midway of their trousers legs should feel pride and not humiliation in the presence of the one whose trousers legs conform to the equation of a straight line.

IT WENT WITH THE POSE.

The Model's Smile Was Misunderstood by the Sober Girl Student.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

An Indianapolis artist who has won prestige in eastern art circles tells the following incident which occurred in a New York studio of much celebrity: A large class of women and girls were sketching from a semi-nude model, a young Italian, who was posed with his head thrown back, his arms fantastically wreathed over his head and his legs extended in some sort of wild Bacchanal caper. The Indianapolis woman was sketching the model's shoulder when she observed that he was smiling at her in a very familiar manner. Somewhat disconcerted to discover that she had apparently made a conquest of this guileless child of Italia, she began to sketch his knee, as more remote from the artillery of his sentimental glances. In a remote corner of the room giggling arose, and she perceived that the smiles of the flirtatious model were taking effect upon some lively girls among the students. They subsided shortly, but the young Italian still continued firing off smiling glances in every direction.

At about the center of the class was a German girl, serious to the core, absorbed in her work, and fierce in manner as a female Bismarck. Every stroke she planted on her easel was decisive and almost combative. Suddenly she came under the battary of the Italian's smiles, and, without an instant's hesitation, her voice rang out like a clarion:

"You schtop that schmiling; ve don't vant you to schmile."

The figure of the model relaxed instantaneously and he stood straight as an arrow before the class, the impersonation of offended and wrathful dignity. After an appalling silence he remarked in the severest tones:

"Ladies, I am here before you zimply as ze model of ze 'Dancing Fawn;' ze smile goes wiz ze pose."

A Case for Compromise.

From the Detroit Tribune.

As she lay trembling in the darkness she was just as sure there were burglars in the dining room down stairs as that she was scared pretty nearly out of her wits.

"John!" she gasped.

He paused in the third quarter of a snore and awoke with a start.

"What—whatcher want?" he crossly demanded.

Placing her pallid lips close to his ear she whispered a single word.

"Burglars!"

A tremor might have been observed to run through his frame. He did not rise, however.

"John!"

"My—my dear."

"Ain't you going down?"

"I think not."

At the moment a gentle clinking of silver ware was plainly to be heard.

"John."

The answer was quite inarticulate.

"Haven't you always said it would go hard with a burglar who had the nerve to break into your house?"

"Huh."

"Haven't you insisted that if he escaped without being chewed up he would be very fortunate?"

It seemed as if a glass or two must have been swept off the dining room table below.

"Alice."

There was absolutely no reply.

"I've been thinking, Alice, since you woke me."

"Indeed?"

"It just occurs to me, my love, that my life insurance policy expired today."

The door from the dining room into the front hall was heard to creak on its hinges.

"Alice, I can't bear to think of leaving you to struggle alone in the world."

To judge from the sound various articles were being placed in a sack, presumably for facility in transportation."

"My love, I am convinced that this is a case for compromise. If those people stop right where they are and go quietly away now, I am disposed to be lenient."

Very distinctly they heard the front door open and close, after which stealthy footsteps sounded from the street.

"They've got everything," she moaned, "everything."

"They would certainly have got into trouble," he declared decisively, "if they hadn't stopped right where they were."

To his friends next day he wondered how thieves could get away with so much plunder and not awaken a single member of the family.

MARRIAGE AS IT WAS.

Customs That Have Gone Toward the Evolution of Our Present System.

From Frank Leslie's Weekly.

The first attempt of the barbarian to establish some form of legal relation in lieu of the free love of earlier time was the marriage by capture. In this the young man, having seen some girl of his tribe who pleased his fancy, called together a band of his brother braves, and, catching his victim at some defenseless moment, bound and gagged her and dragged her away to his home, henceforth to be his wife.

Two effective scenes are those representing, first, the maiden, happily sleeping in her rude hut, while the love-maddened brave stealthily enters and quietly but firmly tangles his jagged spear head in her heavy hair without rousing her; and, second, the poor girl awake and being dragged away by the hair of her head, her hands and feet tied, by her ruthless captor. This was a very common method, and is even now practiced in the wilds of Australia.

A modification of this custom was found among the Egyptians. There, the female population met at the public baths and the charms of this and that young girl were described to the youth who wished to wed by his female relatives. When he decided upon one that suited his fancy, an arrangement was made with the girl's father. The prospective bridegroom, at the head of a gorgeous procession of his friends, accompanied by musicians and dancing girls, then went to the girl's home in the evening, and made a show of tearing his resisting bride from her father's protecting arms.

Thereupon he placed her, entirely covered by an embroidered and jeweled-studded veil, under a magnificent canopy borne by four slaves, and, in company with torchbearers, singers, with all the display possible, bore her away to his home. Once there the singers sing and the dancers dance, while the bride, still carefully veiled, walks up and down before the groom to display her grace and charm. The entertainment finally over and the guests departed the husband unveils her, and for the first time feasts his eyes upon her beauties. These are two especially effective scenes.

Next in importance we have the marriage by purchase. Strictly speaking, this custom varies among the different nationalities as to the actual wedding ceremonies, almost all of which were, however, wild and picturesque; but a view of a slave market always gives a fine opportunity for pictorial effect. Here we have the girls yet to be sold postured in the foreground, while their unfortunate comrade is standing on exhibition before the group of buyers, a professional exhibitor, herself a Nubian slave, calling attention to the good points of the present "lot."

At the extreme left a slave is just covering his master's recent purchase, while the auctioneer in his box cries his "Going, going, gone," over the freedom and happiness of a defenseless woman. The prospective buyers, with radient faces, each clothed in brilliantly bedecked garments and bearing a casket of jewels in his hand to win loving glances from indifferent eyes, form an appropriate background to the white robes and sad or stony faces of the girls in front.

Tennyson's Indignation.

From the Bookman.

Lord Tennyson is said to be greatly angered at the book in which Mr. Churton Collins seems, at any rate, to bring against him a charge of plagiarism. This is a charge which has always had the most irritating effect upon the poet, and most people will probably agree that a book like Mr. Collins' is probably best postponed until the author with whose work it deals is beyond the feeling of resentment. We are confident that the greater number of the critics who today deal so cavalierly with Virgil, Homer, Horace and the other great immortals would abstain if their victims were still in the land of the living.

And in this case the matter is made worse by the fact that Lord Tennyson had been at special pains to show his feelings in regard to any charges of this kind. "These writers," he said to a friend, on the occasion when he was last made the subject of this charge—"these writers are the lice on the locks of literature"—showing that even in his wrath a poet does not forget to use "alliteration's artful aid."

Nor is this anger remarkable when it is remembered on what passages the would-be accuser fixed in order to prove the truth of his indictment. Poor Tennyson was not allowed to say "Ring the bells" without being accused of having borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney, or to apply to the ocean the verb "roar" without being told that he had plagiarized from Homer! And when he described a waterfall in the well-known line, "Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn," he was immediately charged by a critic with having borrowed the metaphor from the lawn used in theaters to imitate a waterfall! Imagine the feelings of a faithful artist who had studied the effect before a waterfall in the Pyrenees!

An Echo of the Gunning Season.

Drawn for The Evening Star.

I. II. III. IV.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR STUDIOS.

Great English Artists Give Opinions About Its Capabilities in Art.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The restoration of King Fog, who was thought to have abdicated, gives point to the latest efforts of the electrician. He, seeking new worlds to conquer, has approached the subject of artificial light for studios on dark days. He can grow cucumbers by night. Can he enable artists to paint in London fog? The problem, of course, is to get the light white enough, soft enough and diffused enough.

Nobody pretends to have solved it yet, but our electrical contemporary, lightning, has been trying to get the artists to lay down their requirements more particularly as a preliminary step. Gas, of course, is altogether bad, not merely because no sane man would think of further vitiating the atmosphere in a foggy room, but because the color of gaslight is a distorting yellow. But even electricity is not pure enough for the more fastidious of our painters.

Sir Frederick Leighton declares that he never paints by artificial light of any sort and Mr. Alma Tadema, brushing aside the claims to whiteness of electricity, tells the experimenters that if they succeed in obtaining a white light they will have rendered the art world a great service, but politely intimates that he does not believe they ever will. Mr. Frith fears that, however, while they make the light itself, the rock on which they will split, artistically speaking, is the extreme blackness of the shadows.

Mr. Ernest Waterlow is, perhaps, the most encouraging of the authorities so far polled. He invites the electricians to aim at supplying a silvery gray light in the studio, such as would be natural on a day when the sky is veiled by thin cloud. The amateur mind thinks at once of white globes and shades of soft-tinted filtering glass, but we fancy the great difficulty here is the extraordinary loss of lighting power which is caused by such contrivances. It is said that as much as 50 per cent of the illumination is quite commonly sacrificed by the beautiful opalescent glass so much used in electric light fittings.

THE BIG LAGOON.

An Interesting Place by the Sea on the California Coast.

From the Detroit Free Press.

On the northern coast of California, some thirty miles below the mouth of the Klamath river, is one of the most interesting natural formations to be found in this country, known as the Big Lagoon. Here the coast, which runs north and south up to this point, takes a sharp turn inland, bordered by very high hills, running to a distance of about three miles, then turning out again makes a sharp bay, almost V shaped, and for ages past a sand bar has been washing itself up across this bay until the bar has raised up out of the water some ten or twelve feet, having a width of about 100 feet and a length of four miles, reaching across the entire bay.

This bar is in the shape of a roof. When there is a storm the breakers will roll up one side of it, break over and run down into the bay inside, and it is a novel sight to stand there and watch the waters, mountain high on one side and perfectly calm on the other, the line between the two at intervals hidden altogether. This bar is a sort of short cut and can be traversed on horseback. In a storm the horseman will one minute be high and dry on land, the next minute a large wave will roll up and, running under the horse's feet to the depth of a foot or more, the rider will be, for an instant, four miles or so at sea on horseback, with no land nearer than the high bluffs of the mainland in sight.

Moss agates may be found in abundance on the pebbly beach, and when the sun shines they glitter with dazzling brightness.

The wild duck that frequents this part of the coast literally fill this inland bay, and the passing hunter, should he take a shot at them, will raise such a cloud and such a quacking that he will think all the ducks of the earth have gathered there. Occasionally some wild beast, like a bear or a panther, will be found crossing this bar, and the Indians have much sport when such a thing happens, the animal rarely escaping capture or death.

Here the Digger Indians abound, living on the shell fish, which they catch along the beach, seldom going over the ridge of hills to capture a deer, which are plentiful. It would astonish a Yale or Harvard foot ball man to come upon this scene some bright morning at low tide and see the squaws and children playing lacrosse on the beach. They get so excited with their sport that they keep it up until the tide drives them from the beach, often staying there until they have to chase the ball down into the surf.

Fido Was an Expensive Passenger.

From the Boston Herald.

A lady boarded a street car the other evening with a pet dog which was slightly overgrown. His paws were covered with mud and he seemed to be on springs.

"Madam," said the conductor, "you will have to leave that dog on the platform; it is against the rules of the company to allow dogs in the cars."

"I don't care if it is. He shall not ride on the platform. He is not feeling just right this evening, and it would be inhuman to put him out in the cold," returned the lady.

"A number of gentlemen are out there."

"Gentlemen! Why, I smelled whisky and tobacco smoke when I passed them. You don't suppose I would put my Fido on a level with them, do you?"

"If the dog stays in here I will suffer."

"You need have no fears on that score. If Fido does anything wrong you may hold me responsible for it."

The conductor here started to collect his fares, and Fido at the same time concluded to give an exhibition of his friskiness. The first thing he did was to jump upon the lap of an elderly lady who wore a new black silk dress.

"Get away! get away, you brute! she exclaimed, as the dog began to poke his nose into her face.

"Come, Fido, don't disturb the lady," said his mistress, and the dog jumped down and came back to her. But he apparently liked new black silk, for a moment later he was again up in the lap of its wearer. She pushed him to the floor, and glancing down saw a dozen marks upon the front breadth of the dress left by the dog's paws. Indignantly she arose, gave Fido her seat, and called the attention of his mistress to the fact that her dress was ruined.

"Well, collect your damage from the company," was the tantalizing reply.

The matter was laid before the officers of the company, and they, without hesitation, assumed responsibility for the damage done.

A Remarkable Deal at Whist.

From the Worcester Gazette.

On January 22 last, in the conductor's room of the Boston and Albany railroad station, in Boston, a hand of whist was dealt in the ordinary way, and each player on taking up his hand found that it contained the whole thirteen cards of one suit. In the natural surprise which followed, the hands were thrown up. There was no use in playing, because the player with the thirteen trumps would have won every trick, no matter what was originally led.

This remarkable deal was described the next day in the *Gazette*, but it did not attract much attention, because probably no one believed it, and at that time we were not prepared to give any names. There will be found appended to this article the copy of affidavits signed and properly sworn to before a notary public that such a deal actually took place without any trickery.

Without these affidavits it was easier to reject the story as incredible than to believe it. Backed by the oaths and signatures of five intelligent and honest men, we cannot see any flaw in the evidence, because the incident is possible and conceivable, although so far beyond the experiences of almost everybody as to make it very hard to believe.

Of the players three are conductors on the B. and A. and one a mail agent. The witness, Mr. Rand, is better known in this city, where he has lived honorably and had a long term of service in railroad duties. He is now running to Boston on the five-minutes-before-eight train. All the conductors have some hours of enforced idleness in Boston, and the same set naturally meet at about the same hours in the conductors' room at the station, where there is reading, conversation and games of cards, without betting, to while away the time. On the day in question it was Conductor G. H. Curtis who dealt the cards and the other three players were Messrs. W. H. Moore, E. B. Foye and H. S. Wood. Besides these there were looking on H. M. Rand and J. L. McLellan. We have not got the affidavit of the latter gentleman, by accident, but we have his name signed to another paper attesting the facts without oath.

It was Mr. Rand who first told the story to a *Gazette* man and he acknowledged that when he told the story in the baggage car coming back to Worcester, he came near being mobbed and thrown out on the rails; nobody would believe it. Eight cards in a hand are uncommon and nine cards extremely rare. Ten cards of a suit in one hand are outside the experience of most old players. At the same time odd hands are constantly turning up and are almost the rule