"A good portion of our residents suffered from the grip this winter," said a Washington physician today. "One of the many disagreeable features of this disagreeable disease is that it generally leaves the victim with some more or less permanent after effects.

"As a recital of a singular case and for the benefit of the readers of The Star who may at present or hereafter be similarly afflicted I will tell you of a lady who had a severe attack of the grip which deprived her of the sense of smell. When she consulted me she had been unable to even detect the odor of limberger cheese or of coal gas, two about as powerful agencies to stimulate the smelling functions as I know of, for over two months. Everything she ate tasted alike, or, rather, was without taste. It was a touching sight for all in the room to see her hold a large piece of limberger cheese under her nose and declare, 'I can't smell it a bit.' It was so touching that everybody had to leave her alone to her sorrow.

"However, inhalations through the nostrils of the fumes of strong ammonia once or twice a day brought back gradually her normal sense of smell, and within a week she enjoyed the perfume of violets again and eschewed that of limberger cheese. The effect of the ammonia is to so shock and stimulate the nerves of the nose that a normal condition is restored, and this is worth remembering."

* * * * *

"Within the unsympathetic atmosphere of the broker's office and the bucket shop there is a deal of romance," said a follower of the stock market as he sat musing the other day with the sound of the ticker in his ear. "That little instrument," he said, pointing to the ticker, "takes on different tones according to the mood in which you listen to it. To me today it sounds like the 'stitch-stitch' of a sewing machine. I'm, perhaps, in a domestic mood today and my mind's eye pictures young folks beginning life with all their illusions drawn in high colors. Ordinarily, the sound of the ticker would not be associated with sewing, except when some moralizer gets the 'Song of the Shirt' running in his head, being in low spirits. But I was thinking just now of a young couple who come here about every day to watch the ticker. They have been coming for a good many months now. The young man, I suppose, has a little money, and is trying to make enough out of it to get married on. The young woman is so much interested in the result, besides, perhaps, wanting to be with him all the while, that she nearly always accompanies him. Her face has come to reflect the market, so obviously do her spirits rise or fall with the young man's fortune. I hope some day to be invited to their wedding, and I like to think of their settling down far away from the sound of the ticker, when the young fellow has once made a modest strike."

* * * * *

"I don't pretend to account for the inequalities of this world, but I do know that there are a great many numbskulls who are rich and a good many shrewd men who are poor," said a merchant who was taking lunch with some acquaintances yesterday. "Here's a little incident that will give you some idea of what I mean. I'm something of a crank in the matter of shoes, and always have from six to a dozen pairs that are partly well worn, but still available for service. One morning last week a hobo called at the back door of my residence and succeeded in getting my wife there to hear his story. But the fact that his feet were on the ground pleaded more eloquently than any words of his, and my big collection of shoes was brought out for him to choose from. He took a couple, returned profuse thanks and left.

"Toward evening my wife was out and I at home. Along came a hobo with hair through his hat and feet through his shoes. He humbly asked me if I could help him in the matter of footwear, and I was in the midst of a refusal, when he said my wife had told him in the morning that I had a pair of shoes that were not mates, and that I would probably be willing he should have them. More with the idea of convincing the fellow that he was lying than anything else, I brought out the shoes. Sure enough, there were two of them for the left foot without any corresponding shoe for the right foot. I didn't see how he could utilize them, but he said they would serve his purpose, and he departed with them. My wife met him half way along the block, and he quickened his pace.

"In the morning that fellow had been sharp enough to pick out the two shoes for the right foot, and then waited around till he could work me for the other two. I suppose one pair went to some pal. There's not one man in ten thousand would have thought of turning the trick he did."

* * * * *

"Talking of mysterious losses and equally mysterious recoveries," said a well-known private detective to a Star reporter, "a recent recovery surpassed anything that ever came my way. About a year ago I was asked to visit a farm out in Maryland to investigate the loss of a valuable gold watch chain, which, besides having an intrinsic value of about $200, had a sentimental value, having been left to its owner by his grandfather. The gentleman knew that he had the chain in his pocket when he was at his spring house, where he was overseeing some repairs, and where he had three or four men at work. A very heavy rain fell, which suspended the work temporarily, and the entire party ran to a barn to seek shelter. A few minutes after arriving there the owner of the chain discovered his loss. As soon as the rain stopped falling the party started out on a search for it. As he knew to a certainty the path he had taken to the barn from the spring, he thought it would be no trouble to find it, but after a most careful search the chain could not be found. One of the men, a farm laborer, was suspected of knowing something about the whereabouts of the chain from certain remarks he had made, but there was little to go to work on. On arriving at the farm several days after the loss occurred, I was told of all the facts about the loss, and from what I learned about the fellow who was suspected, I really thought that he knew something about it and set a trap to catch him. In the make-up of an old clothes peddler I called at his residence and made efforts to sell some clothes, offering to take old gold or old jewelry in exchange at its weight value. The thing did not go, for he said he did not have any jewelry, old or new, though he was very anxious to trade an old hunting dog for the clothing. I looked up the other workmen a little, but finally gave it up as a bad job. Three weeks ago I was out to the same farm, and, curiously enough, a heavy rain fell while I was there. As I was about leaving I started for the spring to get a drink, the owner of the place being a few feet ahead of me in the path. When about twenty feet from the spring he stooped over and picked up the chain. It appears that the rain had opened up a gully in the path, revealing the chain, which had been covered up in a similar gulley during the rain of the previous year. That ended the mystery. The chain was not a bit injured by its hiding in mother earth for the year."

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"A recent happening in the Police Court, when two persons were fined for carrying the same concealed weapon, an old revolver, reminds me," observed a Police Court officer to a Star reporter, "of the money spent on a pistol belonging to the old-time Martin, alias 'Reddy,' Welch, who was known as the wickedest man in Washington. In the case of this week a man was fined $100 for carrying a revolver, and three days afterward a woman, who by some means got possession of it, was fined $50 for the same offense. One of the pistols belonging to Reddy Welch figured in at least a half-dozen arrests for carrying concealed weapons and netted Judge Snell's court in the way of fines over $300. Indeed, the judge once referred to it as a fine producer and one of the resources of the court. Each time the pistol was confiscated by the police, but in the sales of captured and abandoned property, which are regularly held, it was bought by Reddy or some of his followers. It was an ugly looking brass-trimmed revolver, one of the chambers of which had been crushed in a railroad collision at Four-Mile Run while in the overcoat pocket of Welch. Welch ended up his days in the Albany penitentiary, having been convicted here of manslaughter. While there he wrote, asking that the pistol be secured at a sale and presented to his friend, Charley Mortimer, a burglar. The night Mortimer got it he went on a spree and was arrested. When the case came before Judge Snell, the judge not only confiscated the weapon, as usual, but to put an end to it took it down personally to the iron foundry, 14th and B streets, and threw it into the blast furnace. It is now a component part of a hitching post in front of the residence of a prominent Washington physician, and I think its career of crime is ended."

A Cemetery for Pets.

From Harper's Bazar.

London and Paris have long had cemeteries for dogs and cats, but New York has been without one until recently. Now, however, a burial ground of three or four acres has been opened at Hartsdale, in Westchester county, and is being immediately taken advantage of by the bereaved owners of pets, nearly seventy burials having already taken place there. The woman with the pet cat was foremost. "Toby," a splendid Angora, rests in peace in the new cemetery, in a plush-lined mahogany casket (costing some $50), and under a marble headstone commemorating his pedigree and his virtues. Another pedigreed pet, a French poodle, was buried with his silver collar and leader beside him, an embroidered blanket about his aristocratic form and a silver bracelet upon his leg, as in life. Two or three carriages not infrequently accompany the dead canine or feline to the grave.

Deplorable Mixup.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"The way of it is this," said the young man in the golf suit. "Dick's in love with the girl that's sweet on John. John is smitten with the girl that's making eyes at Tom, and Tom's stuck on the girl that's after me. That makes me the key to the whole situation."

"How is that?" asked the young woman in the light buff shirt waist.

"Why, I don't care for any of them. I withdraw from the combination and it recoils back on itself and makes everything right. Don't you see?"

Old Boy (revisiting school)—"Well, Jock, there have been a lot of changes in the old place since my time."

School Porter—"Yessir, the head master is changed, the assistant masters is changed, the chapel is changed an' the tuck shop is changed; but, bless you, the boys is just the same as ever!"—Punch.

SHIRT WAISTS FOR MEN

"The ungainly, unshapely people who can't wear the garment themselves, and who, therefore, scowled at the male shirt waist last summer and predicted that, as it was only an idiotic fad, it wouldn't be revived at all this year, are in for a big surprise pretty soon," remarked a traveling man in the haberdashery line. "The male shirt waist is so far from being a dead issue that I wouldn't be at all surprised to see it universally adopted, in this country at any rate, within the next two or three years. It is going to have five or ten times as great a vogue this summer as it had last season, as I am in a position to know. The big firms of shirt makers have felt the masculine pulse in this matter, and the verdict is all in favor of the shirt waist. They have accordingly gone in heavily during the past fall and winter for the manufacture of hot-weather shirt waists for men, and it's the best gamble in the world that their product won't be thrown back on their hands. The vast majority of men approve of the shirt waist, and so do the vast majority of women—particularly women with husbands and brothers, who have heard their men folks growling over the discomfort of wearing coats during the sizzling spells. In most of the big haberdashers' establishments of New York scores of varieties of shirt waists for men are even now on exhibition, and the sales have been good. The season is very backward over there, but when the hot days come along it's ten to one that the shirt waists will be just eaten up by the male population of New York, thus to put it. The shirt waist for men had a far greater vogue in New York last summer than any of the newspapers set forth. There were some extremely hot days when Broadway was positively littered with coatless men, and they weren't faddists or Willieboys either. Without going into details as to the fashioning of these new shirt waists for men, I may state with a fair degree of knowledge that the puzzle has been solved, and that the new garments are in every respect neat, cool and entirely within the limits even of that puritanical species of propriety which causes some persons to shudder at the spectacle of a man in his shirt sleeves. I never saw anything disgraceful in a shirt-sleeved man, myself, but there were lots of elderly ladies of a very strict method of life who did, and who wrote cutting letters to the newspapers embodying their ideas, and, of course, the problem they set up had to be met by the manufacturers. It has been met, and the shirt waist is going to take hold big.

"The great difficulty in introducing an innovation of this character is the natural conservativeness of the male being in this country and his fear of ridicule. There were doubtless thousands and tens of thousands of men last year who in their hearts envied the independent chaps who paraded around in a state of obvious comfort in shirt waists and yet they were restrained from following suit by the funny cracks in the newspapers about the male shirt waist and by fear of the laughter of their equally conservative friends. But considerations of this sort are not going to prevail when the real rush for the male shirt waist sets in, and I predict that in the course of the next two or three summers the man who appears on the streets on a hot day with a coat on will look odd. There's no reason why the men shouldn't be as independent in these affairs and as oblivious to criticism as the women. You'll observe that when a new kink in the feminine dress is introduced the women take it up and stick to it without any regard whatsoever for criticism or the ridicule of the funny folks who write for the newspapers. When the jersey for women was sprung and the fun in the papers raged fast and furious over it, did the women abandon the garment? Not a bit of it. They went right on wearing it until they got tired of it. Did criticism or the fear of ridicule prevent women from sticking to their big sleeves when they were in fashion? Or their bustles? Or their pull-back skirts? Not much. And herein the women have far more spunk than the men. Do the somewhat savage criticisms constantly appearing in the newspapers throughout the country over the way the women of today are holding their skirts induce the women to hold their skirts any other way? Not if I know it, and I'm jumping around the country a good deal. The women who first wore rainy-day skirts were laughing stocks, but they persisted, and now there's not one woman in ten who hasn't a rainy-day skirt hanging on the hook for use in sloppy weather or for bike riding.

"The advantage that the male shirt waist has is that it makes for comfort. There are millions of men in this country who wouldn't adopt faddy ideas in dress that were simply designed for looks from the fashionable point of view, but who nevertheless think a heap of comfort, and when an appreciation of the manifold advantages of the shirt waist soaks into the minds of these men and the slump toward the shirt waist begins there are a lot of fogyish persons of the sort that regard the shirt-sleeved male bipeds as 'indecent' who are due to be shocked a heap."

KITCHEN WINDOW PANTRY.

A Handy Suggestion for Dwellers in Flats.

Written for The Evening Star.

The first thing is to take stock of your domestic dominion intelligently. Consider well its possibilities, then set about realizing them. With a hall or porch handy try to put the ice box there. Give it the best light possible and as much fresh air. close beside it fix your fresh-air closet—which, save in the most torrid weather, keeps cooked food better than the ice box itself. It demands only to be put out of doors away from the sun's direct rays. Hence it is as much a boon to the flat dweller with a shady fire escape or north-looking window as to the people who have houses all to themselves.

Anybody who can drive a nail can make one at a cost not to exceed a dollar. It is only a frame box with door and sides of wire gauze and shelves across the inside. It is best made fast to the wall at such a height as to be safe from prowling cats, and should have further a trusty lock. Put away food in it in clean earthen dishes; never in any sort of metal, not even in silver. Slip each dish into a separate cheesecloth bag and twist the bag end tight. If ant, black or red, discover the closet, paint the wood box all outside with camphor once a fortnight. Twice a year take down the whole contrivance and scald it outside and in with boiling soda water.

All manner of food keeps beautifully in it from one meal to the next. Further, things may be put in it while still warm. If they have to go into a tight, unventilated place, as a refrigerator, they must needs be stone cold or they will get soggy and smelly.

Always set away cooked things in uncovered dishes. Wire gauze dish covers will keep out dust and admit of ventilation. They are, however, too costly for many purses. A good substitute is a hoop or oval of stout wire, with either cheesecloth or mosquito net sewed firmly over it. Make the hoops of sizes to fit all sorts of dishes, or, rather, of sizes to stand an inch beyond the edges they must cover. The weight of the wire holds them well down. Every week drop the covers in a wash boiler with water and a little soda, boil for five minutes and dry in the sun.

Light and lime, the best of all antiseptics, should be relied on to keep the fresh-air closets sweet. Hang a bag of quicklime somewhere and change the contents as fast as the lime slacks. In country or suburban houses ants are often a plague. A ring of air-slacked lime an inch wide and half an inch deep will keep them out of a dish holding food. They cannot crawl over a shelf thickly dusted with powdered lime. But since they travel always by definite roads, it is well to find the path and block it by a smear of coal or pine tar, applied, if possible, outside the pantry.

Save in freezing weather, keep fruits, vegetables and cut flowers in the fresh-air closet until wanted. Cooked meats and salt ones can stay there the year around, and fresh meats in cold weather. It is further the place for such things as cheese, nuts, raisins, dates and olives. All of these lose flavor or grow rank by keeping in a warm place or by suffering great alternation of temperature.

Her Mania.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Hempstead (sympathetically)—"Moving! I thought you were entirely pleased with the house you were living in!"

Meadowbrook (miserably)—"Well, my wife has accumulated so many empty tin cracker boxes, grape baskets and pickle bottles 'that would come in handy, some day,' that we didn't have room in the last house!"

Patience—"What is good to reduce flesh?"

Patrice—"Well, I had a friend who bought a bicycle, and she told me she fell off a little every day."—Yonkers Statesman.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

The little West End matron sat down in an armchair in the dining room and gazed about her disconsolately.

"Tomorrow we move," she sighed, "and how I dread it!"

She put a finger to her lip and began to think it all over.

"And how Jack hates moving, too!" she mused. "He'll be as cross as a bear until we're all settled in the other house. He always is when we move. And he's so perfectly helpless, and such a nuisance around during a move! I wish I could induce him to run out of town for a couple of days—I shall have enough to contend with without having him scowling at everything and saying snappy things about his 'ragtime home,' and all that. But I suppose I shall have to endure it. If he would only—"

And she went right on musing in that strain. The strain was broken, however, by the unexpected arrival home of "Jack." It was only 11 o'clock in the morning, and she couldn't imagine what had brought him home so early. But she heard him open the door and walk in whistling.

"Hello, little girl," he said, giving her a hug. "Surprised to see me home, hey? Well, you'll be more surprised when I tell you that I've got the day off, and come home to help you get ready for the moving tomorrow. Just you give me a bite of lunch, and then I'll pitch in and tear things up around here in a way that'll astonish you. All you have to do is to just watch me—that's all. And I've got a good notion to take tomorrow off, too, so's I can help you to get things to rights in the other house."

"Why, Jack, how good you are, and how changed! I really believe—well, in fact, I know—that I've been doing you a frightful injustice," was all the little West End matron could murmur, as she gave him an affectionate smack.

She bustled about and fixed him some lunch, while he went upstairs to put on a suit of old clothes. He was downstairs again in a jiffy, looking all over business in his working togs, and he bolted his lunch in order to get to work at the earliest possible moment. First he took his wife by the shoulders and gently planted her in a rocking chair in the front room, saying: "Now, that's where you sit for the rest of the afternoon—this is my day to toil and moil," and then he proceeded to take down the parlor pictures.

She was amazed to note the dispatch and the deftness with which he accomplished this task. He took down the pictures all over the house, and laid them in neat piles, with Turkish towels and wraps and comforters between them, so as not to scratch the frames.

"Well, who'd ever have thought it!" she murmured ecstatically.

"Well, you never could have thought it, little one, of course," he said, giving her a chuck under the chin, "the way I've always loafed on you during moving times ever since we were married. But I just made up my mind that I'd show you a thing or two, and if there's so much as the ear off a china dog broken during this move it won't be my fault."

Then he began at the carpets, and in an almost incredible space of time he had them all rolled up in a neat pile in the sitting room. He didn't tug at them and rip at them as the married male person ordinarily does in such cases made and provided, but he got them up gently, yet swiftly, moving the furniture about almost noiselessly as the occasion demanded.

"Well, did you ever in this wide, wide world!" almost sobbed his little wife, her pleasure was so great.

"Nope, never did before, but I'm going to right along in the future," he replied, beaming upon her, and then he went up to the attic, got out the furniture covers and covered over the pieces with all the skill of a man born to the business.

Then he proceeded to take down the curtains and portieres. The way he did it made the task look awfully easy to his wife, who had always had a lot of trouble at that sort of work.

Then he took her upstairs and planted her in a chair in their bed room, dragged out the trunks and proceeded to pack them.

"My dear, you'd better let me pack my dresses, hadn't you?" she suggested to him.

"Well, I guess not," said he, firmly, but smilingly. "This is your day off. Don't think I can pack dresses, hey? Wait till I show you, that's all."

He got down her dresses and laid them out neatly and folded them in just exactly the folds she had always used in packing them, and then he proceeded to lay them away in the big costume trunk in a manner that left not the possibility of a wrinkle appearing on any of the frocks when they should be unpacked.

"If that don't beat all!" she murmured. "Why, I wouldn't have believed it if I'd been told a thousand times over!"

"Oh, a fellow can do any old thing that he sets his hand to, if he's a mind to," was her husband's pleased reply.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the whole house had been dismantled, unaided, by the man who had never deigned to put a hand to such work before, and all of the household goods were stacked up in neat piles in the middle of the rooms.

"Now, my dear," said he, "we'll just fix up and go down town and have dinner—don't want to put you or the girl to the trouble of preparing meals when the place is in such disorder."

He skipped lightly out in the direction of the stationary washstand to perform his ablutions. The little West End matron was gazing about her with new-born appreciation of her husband, when she heard what seemed like a loud crash—and she woke up in her armchair in the dining room. Her husband, looking pretty cross, was standing before her with his hat on his head.

"Snoozing, eh?" he said. "I just dropped up on the car from the office to tell you that those loafers with the moving vans will be up at 7 in the morning, and so there'll have to be a heap of a hustle around here to get the gear ready to be put on the wagons. Darn the luck! I'd a whole lot rather board, any time, than to be jammed around in a house full of upside-down chairs, and the smell of soapsuds and varnish, and nothing fit for a man to eat on the table while the fool business is going on," etc., after the same old pattern.

"Oh, Let Me Dream Again," mournfully hummed the little West End matron as she again gazed about her disconsolately.

Meeting a Porcupine.

From the Atlantic Magazine.

What is that far below me, facing up the road? A four-footed animal of some kind. A bear? No; I raise my glass, and see a porcupine. He has his mobile, sensitive nose to the ground, and continues to smell, and perhaps to feed, as I draw nearer and nearer. By and by, being very near, and still unworthy of the creature's notice, I roll a stone toward him. At this he shows a gleam of interest. He sits up, folds his hands—or puts his forepaws together over his breast—looks at me and then waddles a few steps toward the upper side of the road. "I must be getting out of this," he seems to think. But he reconsiders his purpose, comes back, sits on end again and folds his hands, and then, the reconnoissance being satisfactory, falls to smelling the ground as before. I can see the tips of his nostrils twitching. There must be something good under them. Meantime, with my glass up, I come closer and closer, till I am right upon him. If porcupines can shoot, I must be in danger of a quill. Another step or two, and he waddles to the lower side of the road. He is a vacillating body, however, and once more he turns to sit up and fold his hands. This time I hear him rattling his teeth, but not very fiercely—nothing to compare with the sound of an angry woodchuck—and at last, when I cluck to him, he hastens his steps a little, as much, perhaps, as a porcupine can, and disappears in the brush, dragging his ridiculous, sloping, straw-thatched hinder parts—a combination of lean-to and L—after him. He has never cultivated speed or decision of character, having a better defense. So far as appearances go, he is certainly an odd one.

The Electric Eel's Victim.

From Chambers' Journal.

At the Zoological Gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big cockroach fell into the water, and in its efforts to get out made a disturbance of the surface, which attracted the attention of the eel. The eel turned round, swam past it, discharged its battery at about eight inches off, and the cockroach instantly stopped stone dead. It did not even move its antennae after. The eel then proceeded to swallow its victim, and the narrator goes on to point out the curious circumstance that the fish, which weighed about twelve pounds, should find it worth while to fire its heavy artillery at a creature an inch and a half long, when it could easily have swallowed it sans facon.

HE TOOK IN HONOLULU

"There may be one or two slicker confidence men than the internationally famous grafter who is now doing time in Sing Sing for his recent successful attempt to bunco the presidents of Columbia and Yale colleges, but if there are I would make a detour of many geographical leagues to avoid meeting them," said a Washington man who spent a number of years on the Hawaiian Islands. "He put it on the residents of Honolulu in much the same fashion that he got into the swell population of Calcutta in India, only on a scale a trifle smaller. He hit Calcutta from Paris. In Paris he had posed as the courier-in-chief of the Khedive of Egypt, and he pretended to be arranging for a ceremonial visit of the khedive to Paris. He rented a magnificent establishment and scores of servants, fitted the place up orientally without paying a sou down, and inside of four months he had chiseled something like 800,000 francs out of the Parisians. He effected his departure just about the time his victims were 'becoming wise,' and hiked for Calcutta, where he didn't do a thing but rent a vacant maharajah's palace, hire literally hundreds of servants, and live like a grand mogul without actually laying out a penny. He lasted much longer in Calcutta than one could possibly believe were he not closely acquainted with the facts, and then, with only a few rupees in his clothing, he took ship for any old place, and landed next in Honolulu.

"I was in Honolulu when he got there. He arrived on an English bark that had sailed from Bombay just at the time the game began to get a bit warm for him in Calcutta. The Honolulu folks never looked for distinguished folks to arrive on sailing vessels. Therefore, they were considerably surprised when 'Sir James Ross' debarked from the English bark one fine summer's day, clad in a spotless linen suit with a pith helmet to crown its whiteness, and swaggered, a pretty fine figure of a man, through the streets.

"His baggage, consisting of many trunks, was removed from the ship to the best hotel in Honolulu, and 'Sir James' dropped around at the newspaper offices on the evening of the day of his arrival in port and vastly impressed the proprietors of the sheets with his affability of manner and his conversation anent sundry investments on a large scale which a syndicate he had formed meditated making in the coffee-planting line all over the Hawaiian Islands. On the following morning the papers contained announcements of the arrival of 'Sir James,' and interviews embodying his views as to the possibilities of the South seas in general for English investors.

"He immediately took a very beautiful house out on the Waikiki road, a few miles from Honolulu; engaged some several scores of Kanaka servants; stocked the plant with thousands of dollars' worth of viands and wines, which the tradesmen of Honolulu were only too eager to furnish without any immediate compensation, and got things to humming generally. He quickly proved himself a society man from away back. He, of course, posed as a bachelor—although he had wives scattered in many parts of the world, and a few of them in the United States. He began to give splendiferous receptions at his superb house on the Waikiki road, which all of the dignitaries in every walk attended, and his manner as host was simply unimpeachable. He sure did get the Honolulu folks a-going. Needless to say his touches for money, and for big sums at that, went through with a rush. There were wealthy men down there who actually hunted him up for the purpose of lending him money, so finished a chap was he in his business, and so glibly did he talk of the coffee business—of which he appeared to know every detail—and the wonderful transformation that was going to take place all over the islands when his syndicate got into operating shape.

"About two months before the finish—that is to say, about four months after his arrival in Honolulu—'Sir James' began giving big drafts on 'his London bankers,' all of which were instantly cashed by Honolulu banking institutions. It took, then, about two months for a draft to work its way to London and back, and Honolulu has no cable, you understand.

"'Sir James' never paid a penny to the tradesmen with whom he dealt on so big a scale, and a few of them began to get a bit nervous when he had been in Honolulu for nearly six months and had given no evidences that he was a producer of real coin. His debts, including those for the furnishing of the house he had taken, and for servant hire, choice foods, wines, cigars and so on, were said to be easily $30,000 at the wind-up. As I say, some of the tradesmen began to get a trifle nervous, although these few were ashamed to express their feeling, so great was 'Sir James' ' prestige, but all the same these few got into the habit of keeping an eye on the outgoing steamers, to see that 'Sir James' was not among the departing passengers. There was and still is in Honolulu, you know, a law prohibiting any man, native or visitor, from leaving the islands so long as he is in debt a single farthing, and the little bunch of unpaid tradesmen who kept their eyes on the steamers on sailing days had this law in mind.

"Well, at the close of a residence of about six months, and just about the time that some of those big drafts on 'his London bankers' were due back on the steamers, 'Sir James' disappeared, and the bubble broke. The sensation was something terrific. It was certain that he hadn't got away on any of the steamers, for, as I said, a few of the tradesmen had carefully watched the outgoing steamers. At any rate, he was gone, and he had in his clothing something like $20,000 in cash that he had got on those London drafts from Honolulu bankers and business men. It was figured that he must have departed on an outgoing sailing vessel, and after many months this fact was determined. A brig that had sailed for Australia from Honolulu on the day of 'Sir James' ' disappearance returned to Honolulu about six months later, and the captain unhesitatingly admitted that he had carried a distinguished-looking man away with him on his last departure from the port. He said that the distinguished-looking man had informed him that he was in danger of arrest as a revolutionist, and had inspired him with sympathy. The captain of the brig went on to say that the fine-looking man had got his numerous trunks aboard under cover of night, and had paid a rattling good sum for his transportation to Australia. The captain's part in the performance was only natural, and he didn't come in for any condemnation. But I can tell you that for a good many years after there was a fine-tooth-comb going-over of strangers' credentials that made imposition virtually impossible, and right down to the present day a stranger dropping off at Honolulu with letters of introduction is studied pretty carefully before he can get a check cashed."

All Died in Rocking Chairs.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

By the death of Mrs. Rachel Oliver at La Valle this week there is brought to light a remarkable series of events in which the same manner of death of almost an entire family take an important part.

About twenty-five years ago her father, Cornelius Sainsbury, accidentally cut his foot while working in the timber, and when he was taken home he remarked something about a pain in his side and soon expired, while seated in a rocking chair. The loss of blood was slight and his death was attributed to heart failure. About six weeks after his wife died of the same disease, and, too, while seated in a rocking chair. There was but a few days difference in their ages, each being sixty years old. When their oldest son, Joseph, had reached the age of three score years he went to Fort Collins, Col., for his health, and while there contracted a slight fever. One evening while sitting in a rocking chair to have his bed made, death came upon him and he expired in a few moments. When their oldest daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, was the same age, she complained of not feeling well one day and, to the surprise of all the family, was dead in a few moments, dying while seated in a rocking chair. She was also sixty years old.

The death of Mrs. Oliver, aged sixty, takes away all but one of the entire family. Her brother, James Sainsbury, resides at Reedsburg. Like all of the others, the death of Mrs. Oliver was unexpected, her illness covering but fifteen minutes. She had been employed in her household duties and sat down in a rocking chair for a few moments' rest, and without a word passed away.

For almost an entire family to pass away while seated in rocking chairs, of the same disease, and at about the same age, is a remarkable series of events.

Col. Fadbury—"Do you know, Miss Stalemate, I am a great admirer of the antique?"

Miss Stalemate—"Oh, colonel, but this is so sudden!"—Boston Transcript.

FINANCIAL PIRATES

Wall Street Magnates as Viewed by New York Yellows.

IN REALITY THEY'RE NOT SO BAD

Some Effects of the Recent Activity in the Market.

HURT THE DIAMOND TRADE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1901.

The ecru press of New York just rolled and wallowed in this recent financial flurry. Never before did it attain such heights—or depths—of imbecility. The stuff that some of the yellow newspapers printed when the stock fever was in full flux—that some of them are still printing—might well cause one of those Easter Island busts at the National Museum to explode into fragments.

Such undiluted idiocy as has been thrust into type about Messrs. Morgan and Hill and Harriman and Vanderbilt! They have been at each other's throats, endeavoring to choke each other to death, it seems. Morgan, it would appear, personally despises the mild, bovine-eyed "Willie" Vanderbilt (that's the intimate, me-and-him way the yellows speak of him), because—well, because his name is Vanderbilt. Harriman, we find, loathes and detests "Jim" Hill (he's "Jim" to all of the yellows) because Mr. Hill—well, because it is more than whispered that Mr. Hill partakes of pie with the aid of a knife. Vanderbilt, it is discoverable, scorns and vituperates Morgan because Morgan is a real sassy thing, and so on ad nauseam.

The whole note of the financial warfare, according to the yellows, has reposed upon a theme of personal animosity between the quick-thinking men of finance arrayed on the side of opposite interests. And yet, when Morgan gets back to the country in a couple of weeks, it's just as like as not that the four "deadly enemies" will be seen taking chicken sandwiches and mineral water together at luncheon at the Savarin, as they've been seen many times before, and not so long ago.

Hard to Understand.

The utter inability of the New York yellows to disassociate the merry wars of business from the personal likes and dislikes of its more notable men is hard to understand.

Supposing the Washington papers were to take it for granted that because the leader of one side of the House of Representatives thunderingly reproves the leader of the other side of the House of Representatives, and chides him, and makes merry at his expense, and satirizes and sarcazzes him, and hands him many real hurtful jolts in the neighborhood of his pet weaknesses—supposing the Washington papers were therefore to take it for granted that the two leaders hated each other like vipers, and that out in the lobbies they had to be held apart from each other by the main force of friends to keep them from biting each other? Well, in that case the Washington papers would fall into the same sort of an egregious and inexcusable blunder as some of the New York papers do when anything approaching a public combat for supremacy occurs between its men of distinction. Needless to say, however, the Washington papers know better. They are too fully aware of the nature of those little "tea" seances in the committee rooms after all of the terrific thunderings—devised for the universal public ear—have rumbled away into the distance.

Place Them on Pedestals.

And yet, for all of their portrayals of the bitter animosities that are alleged to actuate the famous financial captains, the yellows almost deify each and every one of them. Morgan, we are given to understand, is a being almost supernatural in his attributes. He is supposed to sit gloomily upon a high Olympus of his own building, emitting growled edicts that shake the foundations of society. Mr. Morgan, as a matter of fact, is a big man, who, aided by the prestige of a famous financial name and a fine constructive and administrative head of his own, has gained a great name, not to speak of a pot of money, as a doctor of sick railroads and other corporations. But he is not Charlemagne and Caesar and Necker and Danton and Cicero and Napoleon all rolled into one. Himself, he makes no claim to being an Olympian. His bearish manners proceed from a natural and unconquerable shyness, and he has an almost pathetic appreciation of the joy of being let alone and permitted to mind his own affairs, which are large, as may be believed. Ten years ago, when Morgan was just a solid banker and the son of his father, and long before he had achieved his fame as a reorganizer, he said to the writer, who was not trying to interview him:

"Yes, the liberty of the press is all right. I believe in it. But I also believe in the privacy of the individual."

Morgan has never talked for the newspapers. And yet the pages of the New York yellows are always printing long, foolish "interviews" with him. Right now they are printing columns of "interviews" alleged to have been granted by him to their London representatives. And, as a matter of fact, the man is as silent as Von Moltke, as inscrutable as the Sphinx, just because he is a retiring, somewhat clumsy man, because he hates oracularizing, and because he has never habituated himself to the practice of talking of big affairs in which he is interested, either for private or public quotation.

Vanderbilt Dodges Work.

As for Mr. "Willie" Vanderbilt, whose fingers, according to the yellows, are just twitching to be twined in Mr. Morgan's hair, he is as mild, wide-eyed, complaisant, ruminative a man as ever spent the great bulk of his time in a consistent and highly successful effort to dodge work, even unto the management of his own mammoth estate. He likes yachts, and sumptuous cars, and autos, and wine in moderation, and the delights of France. It would seem that a triumph of his chef moves him to a greater state of exaltation than a jump of fifty points in one of his own stocks. For twenty years he has been so shrewdly pursued by frenzied agents in his employ who have desired him to do a little work in connection with his own interests that he has been compelled to pass the major portion of his time in Europe to keep them away from him, the poor man. When he is in New York he keeps one of his yachts moored at a convenient spot, with steam up and fires banked, so that whenever one of his estate stewards besieges him in a frantic endeavor to get him to indorse a few checks or perform some other such arduous labor he is enabled to flee by secret routes to the dock, clamber aboard, pass the "All hands up anchor!" word along the deck and get under way before he is nailed. Picture such a man desirous of mixing himself up in a hand-to-hand imbroglio with anybody whomsoever for the control of a paltry railroad or so!

Not Really Bloodthirsty.

As for Mr. Harriman, he smokes cubebs. That is about all that need be said of him. A gentleman who smokes cubebs can have but few malignant enemies, and if he had, he is not one of the type to rush about shrieking for their blood. Cubeb is the short synonym for inocuousness.

Nor is Mr. "Jim" Hill any more bloodthirsty in looks, manners or mental processes than his neighbors. There is a lot of action beneath his hat, but it is not of the destructive sort. Hill would rather build up than knock down any time, and he has proved it. He looks like a sea lion and is as harmless and inoffensive as that denizen of the deep water. He would rather sit at a pine table in his shirt sleeves and eat corned beef and cabbage with a gang of railroad construction hands than frivol away his time and his appetite over the successes of the most globular of chefs—and, at that, he would rather eat than fight.

The yellows have even pulled Mr. Whitney into this supposititious scrap between the giants of the stock ring. When the market was fairly sizzling, however, Mr. Whitney (not quite so debonnair as in the old days in Washington, and, strangely enough, with a bad hat at least a size and a half too large for him pulled over his ears) was out on the lawn of the Morris Park race track watching his good horses getting beaten with painful regularity by poor ones. Surely, therefore, even if his whole previous reputation had not been opposed to such a presumption, Mr. Whitney was not devoting all of his waking and sleeping hours to "hating" folks.

Mild-Mannered Villains.

And, standing at Mr. Whitney's side on the club house lawn of the race track, and chatting amiably, if desultorily, as quite old men will, was Mr. James R. Keene—another familiarly called "Jim" in the ecru patois. Now, Mr. Keene has been advanced by the yellows as the Macchiavelli, the Mephistopheles, of the situation. He has been pictured standing at the tape in his office with a horrible sardonic grin on his creased countenance, gloating over the wreck of men's hopes. He has been portrayed as having really been back of all of the maniacal deviltry in the fluctuations and held up as a sort of black-hooded alchemist of the evil, Bulwer-Lytton type. And there he was on the club house lawn or in the paddock, whispering in the ear of a midget jockey and getting himself jollied by Mr. Whitney because his horses, too, were most distressfully beaten. For many years past the yellows, by the way, have solemnly claimed that Keene and Whitney were strong personal as well as vindictive business enemies. Well, you would not have thought so to see the two old men touching their Apollinaris glasses and wishing each other success in the stake races!

One Result of the Slump.

"The big doings down in Wall street during the past few weeks have brought me a remarkable number of men with hang-nails to be attended to," said a well-known manicure, whose parlors are in one of the hyphenated hotels. "Most of my patrons with the hang-nails are Wall street operators whose digits I regularly take care of. Some of them have shown up with pretty badly torn nails. Wall street men as a class are great nail biters, anyway, but in times of storm and stress such as they've recently been passing through the way some of them abuse their finger nails is scandalous. They gnaw them right down to the quick, and not a few of them get as many as four or five hang-nails a-going at the same time. They do it unconsciously and under the influence of great mental excitement, of course, yet few of them know what big chances they're taking in tearing at their nails with their teeth until the blood flows. Many serious cases of blood poisoning have resulted from the practice, and a number of hang-nail cases that I know of myself have caused amputations of fingers, and even hands, when the blood poisoning has become dangerous and threatening. It is very easy for poisonous matter to work its way into the cavity of a hang-nail. Some of the men in the financial district who never think of biting their nails in ordinary periods get to gnawing upon one nail with great involuntary resolution when they are a good deal wrought up in the panicky times, and then they come to me with badly maimed fingers.

"Nail gnawing is regarded as a real evil in France, where it is said that two-fifths of the school children are addicted to the habit. That's a bad showing, I should say, for the nervous state of the uprising generation of Gaul."

Spoiled Many Diamond Sales.

"The big slump in the market on Thursday last lost me a lot of conditional orders for gems," remarked a Maiden Lane dealer in precious stones who has a large trade among men in the financial district. "I call them conditional orders because their consummation depended upon the maintenance for a while longer of the bull market. Men flush with money would come in and pick out stones that struck their fancy, and have me put the gems to one side for them, saying that they'd call and claim them when such-and-such a stock had climbed a few points higher. At the time they made these arrangements it one side for them, saying that they'd call their faith in were bound to go on climbing almost indefinitely. Well, when the whole fabric began to tumble on Thursday I knew that I was out of pocket a good many fine sales, and, sure enough, I was not long in finding out that a great many of my conditional customers had been more or less badly nipped in the squeeze.

"A curb operator whom I've known for a good many years, and who made a heap of money during the early stages of the rise in Union Pacific, came in on Tuesday and paid me $3,000 spot cash for a pretty neat article of a diamond heart for his wife. On Thursday afternoon he walked in, looking pretty woe-begone, planked down the diamond heart and asked me what I'd buy it back for. 'Three thousand,' I told him, for it's no part of good policy, if nothing else, for me to take advantage of the little hard luck streaks of my regular customers, and he was really delighted and grateful, although only three weeks ago this same man cleaned up a little matter of $60,000 in two days.

A Profitable Business.

"What we in the trade call the Johnny-on-the-spot gem-dealers have made a big thing of it in Wall street for a number of months past. These are the men who circulate in the financial district, selling jewelry on memorandum. A limited number of men of good address and of persuasive personality have been engaged in this business for many years past, but their ranks were recruited to three or four times the former force when things began to sizzle down the line, and, from what I can hear, every man-jack of the memorandum fellows has made out big. There were four or five of them covering the financial district for me for a couple of months, and the amount of their commissions at the end of each week was something surprising. A good many of them, however, got to fooling with the market, and lost the better part of their gains. Others that I know of profited by their shrewdly worked up acquaintanceships with the operators to land right."

At any rate, slump or no slump in the stock market, there is surely a more tremendous, not to say vulgar, exhibition of massive gems, on the part of both men and women, in New York these days than ever before in the town's history.

Turned the Trick.

Three pretty well-dressed young fellows, who nevertheless looked as if they might belong to the Tenderloin "grafter" type, rushed together into a Broadway saloon near 35th street one afternoon, when the stock market excitement was at its height. They were talking stocks, and full of business.

"Quart," said one of them to the barkeep, naming a favorite brand of champagne.

Then the one who had ordered went on talking excitedly of stocks with his pair of companions. When the barkeep had served the quart of wine the three young fellows almost gulped the first glass down and pushed out their glasses for the other glass coming to each of them. Thus they disposed of the quart of wine in much quicker time than men ordinarily drink champagne, when the one who had done the ordering rushed over to the ticker that had been merrily clicking away since their entrance, and exclaimed, picking up the tape:

"By Jove, here's a ticker. Let's see where N. P. has soared."

The other two joined him at the ticker.

"Wow! There's Steel going down another two points!" almost shouted the young man who had ordered the quart. "Hey, we'll be back in a minute!" he yelled to the barkeep, who had an expectant, where's-them-four-dollars look on his face, and the three piled out at a gallop.

The barkeep tugged at his mustache reflectively and after a pause he said to a chap who stood grinning at the lower end of the bar.

"I wonder w'ether them three geezers is on the level or w'ether I got th' dinky-dink?"

"I seen 'em work th' same gag up th' street 'bout half an hour ago," said the grinning chap at the lower end of the bar, and then the barkeep swore voluminously and disposed of the empty quart bottle so that the boss wouldn't see it, kicking around upon his return.

No, no, the Tenderloin "grafter" does not get left in any sense of the word when, in his parlance, there is "anything doing."

C. L. C.

"We can accomplish nothing in this world," said the man who was given to moralizing, "until the crooked is made straight."

"Well," replied the other, who was of convivial habit," of course you would except the corkscrew."—Philadelphia Press.

Little James had been telling a visitor that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed," said the visitor, "and what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—Tit-Bits.

Brigham—"I saw you and your wife dining at the new restaurant last evening."

Burnham—"How do you know it was my wife?"

Brigham—"I heard you say, 'Guess we'd better have some roast beef.'"—Boston Transcript.