THE POLICE FORCE OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

Organization of the Auxiliary Guard.

Early Constabulary of the National Capital.

Demonstrations Made Against President Tyler—Novel Accoutrements of the Guardsmen.

Public interest is directed toward the old Auxiliary Guard by the retirement from public service of Augustus Brown, the octogenarian policeman who has stood sentinel for so many years at the Georgetown end of the Aqueduct Bridge.

Policeman Brown is one of the two surviving members of the Georgetown wing of the "Auxiliaries" and has been identified with the present Metropolitan Police force ever since guardsmen were abolished in 1861.

The Auxiliary Guard was, in many respects, a novel organization. It was one of the outgrowths of the political conditions of ante-bellum days. They were not soldiers, as one might suppose from their appellation, but were intended to act as police and serve as firemen. The Auxiliary Guard was the police force of the National Capital during the period leading up to the War of the Rebellion. The Guard was organized during the Administration of President Tyler in the year 1842. Previous to that date the peace of the city and the protection of Government officials and citizens was in the hands of constables and magistrates, who were in turn governed by a board of commissioners. Prisoners were incarcerated in primitive plank and log structures styled lock-ups or watch-houses. These miniature prisons were ten or twelve feet square and without windows. Doors were the only openings through which malefactors and breakers of the peace might obtain light and air.

The Early Constabulary.

The early constabulary of Washington was small and inadequate for the protection of life and property. There were no regular "watches" for forty years after the foundation of the city. Permanent patrolmen were considered unnecessary in view of the fact that members of many early fire companies served alternately as fire watchmen from their engine-houses and as night patrolmen on the streets of the city.

The chief danger that confronted the first mayors of Washington and Georgetown and likewise the citizens, lurked in the slaves. During the days before the war of the rebellion there was constant fear of an outbreak or uprising of these slaves, and on such occasions the peace was preserved by the constabulary and the followers of the Mayor's party, who would "lend a hand at keeping the city quiet."

In 1842 a crisis was reached. It forced an entire remodeling of the constabulary, and the organization of the Old Auxiliary Guard. President William Henry Harrison, who had died during his incumbency in office, was in that year succeeded by the Vice President, John Tyler. Tyler offended most members of the Whig party, and his persistently contrary views on nearly every political subject of the day, aroused bitter opposition. In order to give forcible expression to their disapprobation of the President, a number of the Whigs planned a procession which marched by the White House. The participants yelled and hooted and groaned deep, guttural sounds of derision as they passed. Some even threw mud against the front of the White House.

This parade had a wildfire effect upon the minds of the excited populace, and on the following Sunday morning a drunken printer threw a rock at President Tyler while the latter was strolling along the south side of the White House grounds. The printer was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and subsequently released by special request of President Tyler. The better class of citizens deprecated such acts of violence. A committee visited President Tyler and offered the regrets of the community for what had happened.

The Auxiliary Watch.

The demonstrations made about this time resulted in the organization of an "auxiliary watch." This was done by act of Congress approved August 23, 1842. The members of this watch were charged with the duty of protecting property against incendiaries and enforcing police regulations. The force consisted of a captain, appointed by the mayor, and fifteen men. Congress appropriated $7,000 for the purchase of paraphernalia and insignia. This was styled the Auxiliary Guard.

The captain of the Auxiliary Guard was John H. Goddard, who served until the organization of the present police force in 1861. Captain Goddard was a native of Rhode Island. He came to this city at an early age and engaged in the grocery trade. He also served as a member of the board of aldermen under Mayor Seaton before he became captain of the Guard.

The first members of the Guard selected by Captain Goddard were William G. Howison, Edward I. Ellis, Thomas MacGill, William Cox, S. Howard Taylor, John L. Fowler, Joseph Smith, William B. Guy, Johnson Wimonds, Thomas Sessford, John E. Little, Joseph Goodyear, Patrick Sweeney, Edgar H. Bates, and Soloman Hubbard. Five of these men were paid $34 per month for their services, and the remaining ten received $30 per month each.

The scale-house of what was then the old "Mash" Market was converted into the headquarters of the Guard. Calls were received there and there the guardsmen assembled nightly and received instructions before starting on their patrols. Not less original than the organization itself were the uniforms of its members. Caps, trousers, and coats were made of a light grey cloth, and decorated with large brass buttons bearing the letters "A. G." The caps were also decorated with similar letters.

The Guardsmen's Spontoons.

Each guardsman carried a hardwood stick about two feet long and tipped with a spearhead, giving the club the appearance of a javelin. These were known as spontoons and were patterned after the weapons originally carried by the sergeants of General Braddock's army when they set out from Alexandria for Fort Duquesne in 1755. These sticks were used by the earliest nightwatchmen of the National Capital, and were handed down the line by patrolmen until adopted by the Auxiliary Guard.

The spontoon was a useful instrument for forcing open doors during fires. In chasing a thief or felon the guardsmen frequently hurled their spontoons at the fugitive with such precision as to bring him to the ground immediately. The guardsmen also used rattles instead of police whistles, which were unknown in the time of the "Auxiliaries."

Guards were detailed for duty each night at 9 o'clock, one-half working from that hour until midnight and the other from midnight until 4 o'clock in the morning. Signals were struck on the bell of the Perseverance Fire Company, which had an engine house on the south side of the Avenue, facing Eighth Street. This bell struck the hours of 9, 10, 12, and 4 o'clock. All colored persons found on the streets after 10 o'clock at night without a pass were liable to arrest and a flogging. Flogging was done at the guardhouse and at a public whipping post which stood in the northeast corner of Judiciary Square.

The workhouse was situated on the north side of M Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and the surrounding neighborhood was practically a waste of commons and a stretch of cornfields all the way around the present northern boundary line of the city.

In April, 1851, the day police of the "guard" was reorganized. Fifteen additional members were appointed. The salary of the old members was fixed at $500 per annum which was a slight increase over their original compensation. Among the members appointed under the reorganization plan were W. Griffin, Jack Frere, Charles Griffin, Joseph Williamson, T. Godwin, Frank Colclazier, T. A. Clements, Edward Short, L. Burkhart, James Bean, John Simmons, Edward Thomas, Isaac Ross, Fred Neitzey, Thomas Jarboe, John Angerman, J. M. Lloyd, D. Irving, John Carter, Henry Ward, F. Zimmerman, H. Hempler, P. Gormley, S. W. Donaldson, J. W. Reynolds, Jacob Ash, Robert King, W. Richardson, Henry Nash, John Harrison, G. Evans, B. Donnelly, C. Arnold, Thomas Holden, W. Harper, J. H. Suit, and J. F. King.

Attack on a Newspaper Office.

One of the most notable disturbances quelled by the Auxiliary Guard was the attack on the "National Era" newspaper office, in the year 1848. The building was located on Seventh Street, opposite the Patent Office. An angry gathering of citizens had assembled with the intention of demolishing the building. Captain Goddard, in command of the Auxiliary Guard, and the day police service, rushed to the scene and with his men quickly restored order. Captain Goddard is said to have shown great daring and bravery on the occasion.

In 1859 a central guard house was erected on Louisiana Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets and placed under the supervision of Captain Goddard. The city of Georgetown, which was then a separate corporation, organized an auxiliary guard almost simultaneously with Washington. At intervals the night watch of the guards was abolished, but in 1860 it was re-established and A. W. Dalzell, John Drill, G. H. Tanner, Jeff Robinson, J. T. Findley, and Augustus Brown were appointed guardsmen.

The Metropolitan Police Force was organized in the following year and the Auxiliary Guard ceased to exist after that time. Augustus Brown, whose retirement will take effect this week, became a member of the police force when it was organized, leaving the service of Mayor Addison, as guardsman of Georgetown, in 1861.

GLADSTONE AND BLAINE.

A Memorable Coaching Party From London to Aberdeen.

(From the Road.)

Some years ago, when Mr. James G. Blaine, of the State of Maine, was at the height of his political power in the United States, he paid a visit to England to enjoy the pleasures of a coaching tour from London to Aberdeen. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the famous ironmaster, of Pittsburg, Penn., being the host. Every preparation was made with scrupulous care, and Mr. Gladstone accepted an invitation to be one of the party, and expressed himself as especially pleased with the idea of meeting Mr. Blaine, whom he had never seen, but with whom he had had, in his official capacity, frequent communications when Mr. Blaine was a member of the Washington Cabinet. He was Secretary of State under two Administrations, and narrowly escaped being nominated as President by the Republican party, which suddenly changed its mind and selected General Harrison as the candidate, who was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Carnegie was delighted to bring the two statesmen together, and, of course, they were placed side by side. A careful route was mapped out by an expert, for changes of horses, hotels to be stopped at, supplies and, in short, no expense was spared to make the trip agreeable to all concerned. The party was not a large one, and as the weather was pleasant—it was early in the month of June—everybody was in high spirits, especially Mr. Gladstone, who, despite his seventy-two years, climbed up to his seat with the happy audacity of a mere lad. It was said at the time that Mr. Gladstone looked ten years younger when he left the coach, and the deep lines in his face, except those indicative of absolute age, seemed to have disappeared. Every now and then he would descend from the coach and walk a mile or two, and occasionally, when the horses were being refreshed, he would walk on in advance with Mr. Blaine, as he said that Sir Andrew Clark, his physician, had ordered him, when possible, to walk five miles a day. And both men—about the same height, by the way—were, considering their respective ages (Mr. Gladstone was quite ten years the older) and the enormous mental labor they had gone through, brisk, vigorous pedestrians, and got over the ground with alacrity of much younger men.

It was a treat to hear Mr. Gladstone talk on the coach, and I feel certain the English statesman found his American confrere a satisfactory conversationalist. Their talk took a wide range, and, curiously enough, they hardly touched current politics. As I said, they were holiday-making, and "shop" was left out of the running. I verily believe, if I could have heard all they said, they had a turn at the restoration of learning at Alexandria, the Eleusinian mysteries introduced into Athens, the sumptuary laws of ancient Rome, with possibly a few fleeting allusions to the Saxon Heptachy and the conquest of Africa by Belisarius. It is thus that great scholars learnedly converse when they have the history of the world at the tips of their fingers. It has been said of Mr. Gladstone that at a moment's notice he could hold forth instructively on the erection of the Tower of Babel, with illustrations of the confusion of languages, and go through the chronological range of centuries, with glances at Peloponnesus, Lacedaemon, Corinth, and Babylon, with observations offhand on the Pythian games of Delphi and the Scythian invasion of Asia Minor, B. C. 624—

* * * the wonder went, and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew.

The Grand Old Man at the dinners en route maintained a vigorous appetite, and went steadily through the menu each day with as much relish as though the daintiest chef d'oeuvres by Francatelli or Benoist had been served. And what a time the old statesman spent over each helping! He masticated slowly, and did not bold his food. We all read the published statement which went the round of the journals of how many wags of the jaw are necessary to convert a mouthful of food into a prepared paste ready for the stomach to do its share of assimilative work successfully, and I witnessed daily illustrations of the ex-Premier's conscientious performance of his wholesome theory. He was a deliberate feeder, and I do not believe he ever had a twinge of indigestion in his life. He paraphrased the old saying, "Eat in haste and repent at leisure." One day at dinner the conversation turned on the digestibility of certain foods, when Mr. Carnegie chanced to remark what a martyr to dyspepsia Carlyle had been. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, "he smoked too much. Quain tells me he ate quantities of sodden gingerbread, and he was a rapid feeder. I lunched with him one day, and he tumbled his food into his stomach. It was like posting letters. He didn't seem to use his jaws except to talk." Much to the regret of the entire party Mr. Gladstone was compelled to leave the coach on its arrival at Aberdeen. He received a telegram from a member of the Cabinet urging his immediate presence in Downing Street on "a matter of commanding importance."

A Song of Love.

My love has eyes of gold and golden hair,
My love has beauty as a crown to wear,
And goodness like a spotless robe upon her;
O good and dear and fair!

My love has smiles that make old age grow young,
Hands like white roses, and a silver tongue;
And yet, by me, who through God's grace have won her,
How can her praise be sung?

In heaven less is it of heaven that they sing?
Rather of some forlorn remembered thing!
So I would sing the winter of life without her
Who taught my life its spring.

But they who in the outer darkness wake,
And keep a lightless vigil for her sake,
These the wild, lovely, hopeless songs about her,
Which praise her best, shall make.

—E. Nesbit, in Black and White.

PAST AND PRESENT OF ARLINGTON HOUSE

Famous Families That Lived Beneath Its Roof.

The Statesmen and Soldiers of Revolutionary Days.

Story of the Marriages of the Lees and the Custises—The National Necropolis.

There were three families intimately connected with Arlington—three typical cavalier families—the Lees, the Washingtons, the Custises. Of these the Lees were perhaps the most remarkable. No family in the United States has stamped the impress of its genius and its individuality upon the life of this country so forcibly as the Lees.

The Pinkneys of Maryland and South Carolina, in this respect, are their only rivals. In the North only the Adamses can show, like them, generation after generation of men prominent, aggressive, and controlling in national affairs. The Lee family produced the statesman, the philosopher, the diplomat, and the general of the Revolution.

It was the famous Richard Henry Lee, who, more than Jefferson, or Henry, or Samuel Adams, was the soul of that struggle, and impressed his ideas of statecraft upon his contemporaries. It was Arthur Lee, whose profound diplomatic policy won France to espouse the cause of the colonies, and thereby insured its success. And it was Harry Lee, of the Legion, who was the ablest general, as he was the most daring partisan of the Revolution, whose great military genius has not been properly appreciated. Another Lee, more distinguished, but not greater, the heroic chief of the armies of the Confederacy, is still more intimately connected with Arlington than any other of his family. For he, during many years, was its master—his heirs successfully prosecuted their claim against the Government for its restoration—and his memory and his individuality linger more strongly around the Greek porticoed building than even those of its builder and first owner, the eccentric stepson of Washington.

Of the Washington family it is needless to speak.

The Custises came originally from Lincolnshire, England, and they loved their native fens and meres so well that when they forsook their old home and entered Virginia it was amid the sands and lagoons of Accomac that they erected their family altars. One of their number fell in love with the beautiful Martha Dandridge, and married her. This was John P. Custis, who was a great favorite with his stepfather, Washington, and was his aide-de-camp at Yorktown. He died at Eltham, Md., just after Cornwallis surrendered, leaving four children, the two youngest being adopted by Washington. One of these was the famous George Washington Parke Custis, who was born in Mount Airy, in Maryland, in April, 1781, six months before the fall of Yorktown.

The Founder of Arlington.

This Custis was brought up at Mount Vernon and educated at Princeton College, New Jersey. His mother died in 1802, three years after her husband, and then George Custis went to Arlington, which had been left him by his father. It was a magnificent estate of a thousand acres. It may be here remarked, however, that the Revolutionary war very serious affected estates, not only in Virginia, but elsewhere in the thirteen colonies. A large proportion of the best people, both of Virginia and Massachusetts, were Tories. Many of them sold their estates at ruinous prices and went away to British North America, the West Indies and to England. Few of them came back. In Virginia especially was the change noticeable. A dozen flourishing commercial cities in the tide-water section of that State never recovered from the shock that the political agitation of the time gave them, but, like Dumfries and Occoquan, have rotted down to the water's edge. The power and the influence of the gentry were so weakened, both by expatriation and war, that the lower classes came much more prominently to the front. And in those days the difference between the lower classes and the gentry was much more noticeably marked, as the difference between vulgarity and refinement is perceptible today.

As a consequence of these changes Arlington Heights—named after the famous English lord of that name—was not so valuable as it had been forty years before. The population of that section had diminished greatly. It is a remarkable fact, and one, it is believed, not commented upon before, that the counties in Maryland and Virginia, bordering on the Potomac and the Rappahannock had, almost without exception, a less population in 1870 than in 1790, and in 1790 the number of inhabitants to the square mile from Mattapony Forks to the Falls of the Potomac, between Chesapeake Bay and the Blue Ridge, Piedmont county, was a great deal less than in 1760. As a natural consequence the broad acres of the Custis estate, on the beautiful heights overlooking the site of the Federal Capital, were not so valuable or desirable as they had been a generation before.

An Ideal Estate.

Yet it was indeed an estate to be desired by a gentleman. Running parallel with the blue Potomac, whose rippling currents were continually ruffled by the graceful white swan from whom it derived its musical name, there is no situation on the River of Swans, between its mouth and the Little Falls, that is more idyllicly beautiful, except Mount Vernon and perhaps the site of Georgetown University. Upon its most graceful and picturesque hillock Custis erected the present Arlington House, to which he brought his young and beautiful bride, nee Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh. The grace, the beauty, and the accomplishments of the young mistress of this now famous establishment, as well as the genial nature and the great social qualities of its master, made it the home of refined hospitality and the centre of a cultured and courteous circle.

Its columned porticoes have witnessed innumerable gatherings of Virginia's chivalry and beauty. Under its broad roof the flower of Virginia's best families were wont to assemble to "mingle in the mazy dance" or to discuss the political problems confronting the nation. For it will be remembered that for many years these Virginia cavaliers guided and controlled the affairs of the Republic.

Its Distinguished Guests.

Arlington has welcomed beneath its hospitable roof the greatest of the great men and women who have figured in our history during the present century. As guests of its master and his family or as lords of its wide domain through the fortunes of war, there is scarcely a great name of the past whose owner has not often strolled through its large rooms or gazed from its eastern portico upon the city that lies apparently at its feet. To this sweeping catalogue two names only are wanting: Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Between the wide portals of Arlington these two never passed.

Into this proud mansion came the son of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, the nephew of Richard Henry Lee, and won for himself a bride, in the person of a daughter of the master. Robert E. Lee and Mildred Custis here also met their fates in each other.

In 1857, the painter, the farmer, the chronicler of events, George W. P. Custis, died at Arlington. Then Robert Lee became its master. From thence the tide of events flowed rapidly and furiously toward the great gulf of civil strife, into whose stormy depths the past glories of Arlington were swallowed up forever.

But a new, if a sadder, splendor has settled upon the historic estate which hallows it for all time to the patriot, and the dead of a shadowy past haunt its pillared walls and its arched halls with their memories and their associations. The great dead of an eternal present haunt its grassy slopes and its gleaming dells with the silent monitions of their immortal slumbers. For scattered thickly on the southern face of the hill, beneath thousands of gleamy white stones, lie the serried ranks of the Union dead, who gave their lives to sustain their convictions and taught the world that the spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice may burn as brightly in the hearts of the nameless as in the bosom of a famous noble. They sleep quietly in this beautiful necropolis—these Union dead, who gallantly sealed their title to their last resting place in their blood.

And henceforth, for all time, will Arlington be known as the Union necropolis, the silent city of the dead, who died in saving the country, whose symbol—its marble capitol—nightly throws its electric light upon the white stones above their graves.

AN ALGERIAN SCHOOL SCENE.

How the Pupils Behave Before Foreign Visitors.

(From Travel.)

Once I was told that an inspector of French schools, a very distinguished man in his profession, who was traveling with his wife and daughter, proposed to visit our establishment. When they came I found the elder woman highbred and highly cultured, but rather plain in appearance; the daughter was a charming, bright young woman of eighteen.

The inspector asked that these women might be allowed to accompany him to see the native school—a request, of course, instantly and gladly granted. I introduced the Parisian people to the class of tall Arab girls. Every pupil over nine years was already scrupulously veiled for the occasion; they had taken much care that the "Si"—the learned man—should not be able to discern the color of their eyes, the shape of their noses or the size of their ears. One heard them whispering to each other, "Take care, I can see a lock of your hair," or, "Do not put your veil so tight, I see the form of your chin! What would your father say if he knew it? Or your brother? Let us be prudent!"

It had not occurred to the inspector that he would not see the girls' faces, and he was rather disconcerted. However, he began to question them, and some of them gave excellent answers in very good French. When they were not quite sure of a French word they tried to mimic it. He heard them reading and counting, saw their exercise books and seemed to be very pleased. Then, unfortunately, he began some more conversational questioning.

"What is Paris?" he asked. A girl replied promptly:

"A fiendish town where no proper woman is to be found—where they all show their faces to everybody."

Another struck in:

"A beautiful town full of gold, even as the prophet will build one for us, but more beautiful, supplying whatever he sees wanting in yours."

These were not the answers that the "Si" had expected, and while he hesitated, confused, they boldly tackled him in turn.

"Is that thy wife?" asked one girl.

"Yes," said the poor gentleman.

"Well—she is not pretty," was the candid rejoinder.

"She is good," was the husband's gallant retort.

"Then, if thou art rich, keep her still, but buy another."

I saw displeasure, not unnatural, rising in the woman's face; so I broke upon this incisive dialogue to ask if the gentleman would not like to retire a while, that the girls might unveil for the women. He said he would withdraw to the garden and write out his notes. As soon as he was gone the girls unveiled and began to chatter eagerly to the young woman. They wanted to see and touch everything about her—her watch, her bracelets, her shoes. She laughed at first and was very obliging, but she soon had enough of their curiosity, and we left the classroom and went to see the kindergarten.

The inspector rejoined us. Here we were at our ease, and all were little children. The inspector called out the biggest of his class and asked him if he could read.

"Of course," said the baby, "and I can write, too. I go to two schools—this one and another, where I write with a reed on a board. I have my inkstand here," pointing to it stuck in his waistband, "and when I have covered my board with my writing my master washes it and I may write again. But see how funny! In that school I write thus"—from right to left—"but in this school I write so"—from left to right. "Canst thou write both ways?"

"No, I am sorry, but I can write only from left to right."

"I am happy that I know more than a 'Si.' Dost thou get much money?"

The inspector smiled. "I get enough," said he.

"Ah!" said the urchin, "I hope to be rich some day."

He wrote "pipe" creditably on the blackboard, and was duly congratulated and praised—so much so that as I was leaving the room I felt my dress pulled, and, turning back, found the cousin of the hero standing by my side, his face working with coming tears.

"What is the matter with you?" said I.

"Why does not the 'Si' speak to me?" he faltered.

"Well," I said, soothingly, "you are but a very little boy, and you don't know much."

"But I, too, want to get rich and have many douros (gold pieces). If the 'Si' does not hear me my cousin will get rich and I shall not. I want to get douros."

Now, as both these children belonged to a family intimately connected with our French official life—the father of one being a cadi (judge), and the other the intermediary usually employed by the government in its dealings with the natives—as both had done their utmost to further the interests of our school and had shown much personal kindness to me, I was anxious that no painful jealousies should be engendered. So in a whisper I explained the situation to the inspector, who kindly called the second child, saying: "Well, little man, can you count up to fifteen?"

"I can try," said the boy. He took up his chaplet, drew aside seven beads, then another seven, and finally one.

"That is two times seven and one," he said.

The inspector was not used to this kind of enumeration. "Can you write fifteen on the blackboard?" he asked.

The child hesitated for a moment, counted his beads again, and saying, "that is ten and that is five," he wrote 10, 5.

"It is not quite so," said the inspector.

"Then how is it?" asked the puzzled child. "See, here are ten beads, I write ten; and five, I mark 5—that must be fifteen?"

"Well, well," said the inspector, "I am quite sure that by and by you will be a clever and honest man and acquire a fortune."

"Does that mean heaps of douros?"

"Yes, both for you and your cousin." And with that happy prophecy the inspector and the women withdrew.

Not Like the Lawyer.

(From London Spare Moments.)

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was——"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "I demand an answer to my question."

Still no response from the witness.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the court, in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

"The court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there's no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."

MEN WHO LEVELED THE SNOW MOUNTAINS

Curious Composition of the Shovel Brigade.

Enlistments Into the Army of Laborers Caused by Necessity.

Pride Cast Aside in a Struggle for Temporary Work—Incidents of the Storm's Aftermath.

The street cleaning brigade which labored to make the streets of the District navigable last week, comprised something over 2,000 men. These men were hired on the moment, in the time of the city's need, and the inducement of $1.25 per day attracted a strange and interesting gathering of men, who were members of the brigade.

The two thousand-and-odd who composed the brigade included men varied in color, men of high and low degree, the unemployed artisan and the professional man compelled through necessity to jump at the chance to earn $1.25 per day.

The brigade toiled long and thoroughly and the toil resulted in hundreds of terribly blistered hands and weary backs. A glance at the long lines of toilers showed that while the bulk of the brigade was colored, a sprinkling of white men, whose clumsy efforts with the shovel showed that they were strange to such toil, could also be discerned.

Victims of Dire Need.

These victims of necessity seemed not to care much whether or no they cleaned streets or looked on, so that they obtained the desired $1.25 per day, but the watchful foreman was the bete noir of their existence, and they will ever remember their labors with the brigade. Here were clerks, broken down business and professional men, and weak-kneed youths—all victims of dire necessity.

These touched shoulders with the rawboned laborer and the burly negro, and even with men whose language was strange, and the contrast was barely noticed in the hard labor of the day. Here were men who had known luxury linked with men to whom labor was a birthright, and none saw and none made contrast.

A gang working on Thirteenth Street contained about fifteen negroes and five white men. One of these latter was garbed in fashionable clothes, which barely showed the rust of need. He looked respectable and wore a high white collar and a white shirt, while the perspiration rolled from his forehead. He also possessed a short light overcoat, which showed little wear, and his efforts to handle a shovel gracefully were actually pitiful. He worked hard, harder than the hardened laborers at his side, and yet the results of his labors were small. He was but one of these forced to this by necessity.

Coughed Oftener Than He Shoveled.

On New Jersey Avenue, close to the Baltimore and Ohio depot, was another case. Here a pale, lank consumptive, hedged about by powerful, careless laborers, made effort to earn the needed $1.25 per day with the others. He was seized with terrible spells of coughing every few moments, and, as the foreman afterward told him, he spent more time in coughing than he did in shoveling.

Then another case on Pennsylvania Avenue might have attracted attention. An aged man with gray hair labored weakly with the toilers. He was plainly suffering from his exertions, and several times staggered beneath the weight of a shovelful of snow. Time and again he rested upon his shovel and panted, only to return to his labors at the approach of the foreman.

There were a number of veterans of the late war who served with the District regiment employed with the street cleaning brigade. Some of these seemed pleased at the opportunity to earn a little money, as they had been unemployed since they were mustered out. One of them, on being questioned as to how he liked the ordeal, exclaimed: "Oh, it's tough work, but it's better than no grub and $13 per month."

Lawyers and College Men.

Probably never since the indignant citizens of Boston formed a street cleaning army and voluntarily cleared the city of snow several years ago, has such a polyglot and cosmopolitan array of men ever been gotten together to clean streets as the brigade organized in this city. It is an actual fact that some of those working over the results of the storm were capable of arguing a case in court. There were at least one dozen college graduates in the list and the number who were as proficient with the pen as they were clumsy with the shovel was remarkable.

Necessity is the father of environment as well as the mother of invention, and so came the street cleaning brigade. In years to come many prominent citizens may remember the great storm of 1899 because of the blisters and aching backs earned by them through necessity while members of the Blizzard Brigade.

ECCENTRIC COUNT APRAXIN.

Russian Millionaire Who Went About Like a Beggar.

(From the European Edition New York Herald.)

Reference has already been made in the "Herald" to the death of a notable figure in St. Petersburg, Count A. C. Apraxin, the millionaire owner of vast properties in the capital, one of the largest markets of which bears his name.

The deceased nobleman was what is popular called a "character." Originality marked his everyday life to such an extent that people were never tired relating anecdotes and stories about him. The most contradictory opinions, however, prevailed on his behalf, some declaring him to be a miser, others lauding him to the skies as a most noble and kind-hearted friend to all who were in need.

The "Grazhdanin" devotes an article to the subject which settles the question. It says:

"Count Apraxin was over eighty years of age. The whole city knew him, for everyone was pretty certain at one time or another to meet the old man, bent with age, poorly clad, going everywhere on foot, looking like a beggar to whom one felt inclined to give alms, or a miser, whom one felt like reproaching for his thrift while pitying him for his bodily infirmities. This seeming beggar, miser, and cripple was the owner of many millions, and was neither beggar, miser, nor sick.

"He had an absolute contempt for all display, and could find no enjoyment in the usual pleasures that wealth can provide. Judged from the outside he was a miser, and yet it is certain that he loved to save money solely for the purpose of bestowing it in secret charities, absolutely forbidding those whom he aided to breathe a word about him. And as he gave broadcast to everyone who was in need it came to pass that while one section denounced him as a miser the other section, the thousands whom he succored proclaimed his righteousness.

"Not long ago the following incident occurred: Count Apraxin was walking along the Fontanka with an old schoolfellow, when they met a retired officer who had also been to school with them. After greeting the latter they went on. The count's friend said, 'You know our old comrade is in such straits in his old age that he has to live on charity.' The count seemed not to hear, but a few minutes later asked casually for the address.

"Some days later, happening to dine with Count Apraxin, the schoolfellow found the destitute schoolfellow there well dressed and cheerful. On the morning after their meeting in the street the count had gone on foot to the distant address indicated, climbed six flights of stairs and given him 1,500 rubles on condition that he would not say a word about it."

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

Stories About the Noted English Judge Just Retired.

(From the St. James Gazette.)

Apropos of the retirement of Mr. Justice Hawkins we quote the following from an interview with the judge which appeared in "Chums," in which he talks about his terrier Jack. "Jack had an inherent hatred of suspicious customers likely to be dangerous," the judge remarked. "He could detect one in a moment, and he also appeared to know a dog stealer by intuition. These gentry were constantly after him, but as I, from sad experienced, was tolerably well versed in their ways, I need scarcely tell you that I never let Jack wander a yard out of my sight—at any rate, out of doors. Had I done so, he would have been snapped up instantly, for, as you are aware, he was not a stranger in the land. Whenever I passed a man who seemed to me to be a member of the dog-stealing brigade I used to say: 'Jack, come here—is that a dog-stealer?' He knew the meaning of these words, and would rush to my side immediately. He was never stolen. Curiously enough, I once had a dog which had undoubtedly passed through the hands of those rogues who live by kidnaping animals. He was a most singular fellow, and had evidently performed in public, for he had a trick of standing on his hind legs and walking round the table. He was sold to me by an individual, who, I afterward suspected, knew more of his history than was creditable to himself."

Jack knew the time of day when his master was wont to depart for the law courts, and often delighted in jumping into the cab and accompanying the judge to his work. "Jack liked his muzzle, after once he became accustomed to it," Sir Henry observed presently, "and for a very good reason—he found that wearing it was the only way to get out. Poor little fellow! he was taken ill, and although he received unremitting attention he gradually sank." Sir Henry was with him at the end and was convinced that he knew he was going to die. "No, I shall never have another dog," Sir Henry added, deeply touched at the recollection of his lost pet. "After having liked a dog and lived with it for years one can't replace it. I loved my little Jack, and it was a terrible shock when he was taken from me."

Until his death a few years ago Jack, the fox terrier, was Sir Henry's inseparable companion and friend. He was a present from the late Lord Falmouth. Many a good story is told of Jack and his master. Once in a crowded assize court Jack was sitting at the judge's feet, when a barrister commenced to cross-examine a witness in a loud and angry tone of voice. Jack took offence, and barked lustily. "Dear me, dear me, pray let us have quiet," said Sir Henry. "I wish gentlemen wouldn't bring dogs into court."

Here is a story about Mr. Justice Hawkins, which, we believe, is as new as it is certainly true. It was related by the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen to the late Colonel Majendie, while at the dinner table. On one occasion they were discussing the humors and the quips and cranks of the famous lawyer who has just retired from the bench. Sir Fitzjames Stephen told how he had once asked Hawkins "How is it that you will persist in always behaving like a third-rate comic actor?" "Why," replied Hawkins, "because I do it so devilish well, my boy."

LOST NOTES.

Profit to the Bank of England From Unredeemed Paper.

(From the London News.)

It is a fact that to many minds, no doubt, must be very curious, that the Bank of England has always had a pretty steady source of profit in the loss and destruction of its bank notes. What it has gained of late years in this way we are unable to say, but during a period of forty years preceding 1832 the bank had made a clear profit of £1,330,000 from outstanding paper never likely to be presented for payment. When the destruction or the irrecoverable loss of a note can be proved, as in the event of a fire or a wreck it can, the bank, of course, will always pay the money it represents; and even when there is doubt about it the cash is paid on security being given for indemnifying the bank should the note ever be presented. The £60,000 worth of paper—or £20,000, as it appears to have been reduced to—taken from Parr's Bank will therefore not represent a loss unless the crisp little billets have some day to be duly honored at the Bank of England counter. In that case the cash paid in exchange for them will have to come out of the coffers of the plundered bank.

Many years ago a bank director lost a note for £30,000. But, being a man of credit, and as there was no doubt about the loss of the bill, he gave the usual indemnity and got the money. Many years after, when the man had long been dead, the paper was presented. It was payable on demand, and had come from abroad in the ordinary way of business, and the sum it represented had to be handed over, and as the indemnity that had been given was repudiated by the heirs of the man who had given it, and for some reason could not be enforced, the bank on that occasion had to put £30,000 on the debit side of the account. For once in a way they paid double honor to a bit of their own paper.

There is another story of a sum of £20,000 which the bank in its early days for a short time refused to hand over in exchange for its own notes. They were presented by a Jew, whose assertion that he had bought them was not disputed and whose personal integrity was above suspicion. They had, however, undoubtedly been stolen, and on that ground the bank refused to pay the money. The Jew went out into the city and began to spread it abroad that the bank was shaky and couldn't cash his notes, and as he backed his assertion by displaying his indisputable paper the assertion would in all probability soon have caused a run on the bank. In a few minutes a messenger came to say that the notes would be cashed if he would present them again.

Dickens and His Kittens.

(From the New York World.)

Charles Dickens was a slave to his pets, and he was particularly fond of cats. One little deaf kitten had the liberty of her master's study. She followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table, upon which stood a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out.

Dickens was deeply interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat while he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him.

Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end.

How Are Your Rats?

(From the Boston Journal.)

At what temperature do you keep your house?

If it is much warmer than the other houses round about, you will at this time of the year induce a perfect inroad of mice and rats. These pests always choose the warmest abode they can find. They attach more importance to warmth than to food even, provided they get a certain amount of the latter, and you may trust them to find all they want for themselves.

So that, if your house is a particularly warm one, and kept constantly heated, you will be honored by the presence of a good many rats that don't really belong to you—they will leave your neighbor's house for yours. This sometimes happens so violently that a house becomes almost uninhabitable.

The worst thing that can happen to you is the departure of three or four of your neighbors. As soon as the nimble gnawers find there is nothing to eat in the house, and that the fires are not lighted for their benefit, they will make for the warmest abode within reach, and if that one happens to be yours, so much the worse for you. Once the beasts get firmly established, nothing will cure the nuisance but a visit from the professional rat catcher, and even that will only abate the scourge for a time.

LOAN OFFICES OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL

More High-Toned Than Those of Other Places.

Women Give the Pawnbroker More Trouble Than Men.

Spanish War Relics Appearing Among the Curios in the Shops. Jewelry Leads the Pledges.

The loan office, or "pawnshop," has been a part of Washington since the first office-seeker visited the first pie counter in the interest of the first office. And the divers and various "uncles" have not fared shabbily in this capital.

It is a strange business—this advancing cash on the raiment and plumage of citizens, and the clients and the pledges are even stranger.

Washington is not overcrowded with pawnshops, but those which are in business here make money and wax rich. This is a feature of the business in every city, as no well-conducted pawnshop ever fails, but the "loan offices" of this city are of a higher order than those in other cities. This is the result of a good class of clients. The Micawber-like officeseeker does more for the local pawnshop than the whole of the permanent population, and the office-seeker cannot, as a rule, be downed until his last collar button has transformed itself into a printed slip of pledge paper.

But there are times when the needy individual gets down to the clink of coppers, and here begins the grotesque phase of the business.

"Here," said a local pawnbroker, "is an umbrella which has been pawned and taken out at least twenty times by the owner. I used to let him have a dollar on it, but we have brought the loan down to 60 cents. Wear and tear, you know. The owner evidently manages to make small helps from his friends and when matters get desperate he brings me his umbrella. Then when he gets a few dollars he comes and gets it out. I think I have made about $5 on that umbrella already. Oh, yes, there are lots of them pawn umbrellas. We find they are good sellers.

"We have more trouble with women than men," continued the broker. "A man will generally take you at your price and go off, but a woman will exhibit surprise at first, then make entreaties, then tears, and then agree to take anything you offer. Why, the whole floor above this is packed with stuff pledged by women. They bring family heirlooms and rings that their relatives gave them and never redeem them. A man will redeem in eight cases out of ten.

"What have we here? Well, here, for instance, is a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence. Here is a daguerreotype of Stonewall Jackson. Here is a necklace of Confederate buttons. Here is a framed photograph of Grover Cleveland with a genuine autograph. Here is a jet brooch said to have been worn by the wife of President Lincoln and presented to the party who pledged it. Oh, we have lots of curios."

Spanish war relics are beginning to pour into the local pawnshops. Mauser rifles, Spanish coins and medals, and even whole Spanish uniforms may be seen in some of the places whereat the three balls hang pendant.

"We get an awful assortment of clothing," said another pawnbroker. "I would be willing to bet that the name strips sewed into the collars of the coats we have here now will represente at least twenty-five different States. I have known well-dressed men to come in here, go to the rear of the store and after taking off coat and vest, pawn them and go out covered only by their overcoats. The mark in these coats always indicate a tailor or a clothier in some distant State.

"Now is the season for overcoats. We receive on an average ten overcoats each day, and in a month we will be offered at least twenty every twenty-four hours.

"Of course, jewelry is in the lead. I know lots of prominent men—and women, too—in this city who have done business here. A loan of $50 sometimes helps out, and it can be done quietly. The loans range from that figure to 50 cents on watches, and if you don't believe that the wealthy come to us at times look at this collection of stones.

"There is a tiara worth $1,200. It was brought here from the wife of a Congressman who has since left the city. I got it for $800, as she never redeemed it. I suppose the poor husband spent $50 in advertising for the 'lost' tiara.

"We refuse a lot of valuable paying stuff because we don't dare take it. I have been offered valuable curios which I remembered having seen in the Smithsonian. Then we get lots of stuff from the departments—anything from a small library to a chandelier. We turn these down. It doesn't pay.

"I think the strangest offer I ever had was a human foot preserved in alcohol. I had no use for it, but the man who brought it in insisted that it was very valuable. We get lots of surgical instruments, drugs, etc.; in fact, this place is a complete hospital."

Other strange things to be found in local pawnshops are complete officers' uniforms, of both army and navy, swords, and even silver nameplates from caskets. One of these latter is displayed in a case in a local loan office.

NEW ENGLAND INDIVIDUALISM.

Two Determined Farmers Changed the Map.

(From the Chicago Record.)

If you will look on a map of New England you will see two curious irregularities in the dividing line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. One of them is in Granby Township, a little northwest of Hartford, and the other in Enfield Township, on the Connecticut River, south of Springfield. It is a standing conundrum why, so long as the boundary is imaginary, they did not make it straight instead of crooked. But thereby hangs a tale. Those two little jogs on the map are monuments to human obstinacy and to the persistency which is one of the chief traits of the Yankee character. The ancestors of the farmers who own those little spots of ground preferred to live in Massachusetts rather than in Connecticut, and fought for their preference until they had their way.

The controversy began in 1713 and continued for 112 years before it was finally decided. In 1724 the question was appealed to England, but the government was so much engrossed in the Seven Years' War that it was never brought to the attention of the Crown. Up to the outbreak of the Revolution both States continued to levy taxes and send notices of Fast Day and elections to the farmers who occupied the land, and there is no record of how they avoided one or whether they paid both. Later, however, they voted and paid taxes in Massachusetts only, notwithstanding the protest of the county authorities in Connecticut. In 1793, after peace was restored, both States appointed commissioners, but the dispute was carried on until 1804, when a compromise was reached. There were several similar disputes between the two States besides those which now appear upon the map, and an agreement was reached by which Massachusetts consented to surrender her claim to a strip of territory in Woodstock and Suffield townships provided Connecticut would yield her claims to the other tracts in dispute. No action, however, was taken upon the report. In 1810 the controversy was revived by some legal proceeding and another commission was appointed, but if it ever reached a conclusion there is no record to be found. In 1820 a third commission was entrusted with the settlement, and after two years they decided upon the present boundary line, which was adopted by the Legislatures of both States.