

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

Awful the shock when the engines met; All was terror, confusion, din; None who saw it will e'er forget The picture that daylight ushered in.



A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS

Aside from this, there lay hidden close at hand \$500, and none, save Lounsbury, had fathomed the secret. It was my all, barring the schooner, though that was not a total loss, as the admiralty papers in my pocket bore witness. No man willingly foregoes two thousand four hundred odd dollars in gold rightfully his own, unless he be a coward; and that, I maintain, I am not. And so by my fortune I determined to stand until it should be sunk, blown up, or otherwise lost.

There was more than this pecuniary interest which sealed my determination to stay where I was for a space and risk the future. And that—that war.

I could ill abide the discipline of the army, though more than a name. It suited me best to be my own master and fight in my own way (not that I quarrel with the mode of another man, and armies are necessary), and never would I have more than earned rations had I stood in the ranks and moved forward or backward on the word of command.

Determined then not to run, it took me but a short time to conceive that in my present position I could not serve the great cause which to no man was dearer than to me. Washington, I knew, had few agents within the lines of the city, and these I might never hope to know, they, like myself, being hooded under the mask of torisism.

This last fact was a hitch. I might become a storehouse—a very mine of information on the strength, weakness and contemplated movements of the enemy, but be without the means of unloading my knowledge. To force a way through the lines was to take one's life in one's hand with small chances of keeping it, and this was not to be done.

From the moment I had found these papers until my landing I had given no thought to the future, my first business having been to provide for my own safety. This row being accomplished (for the present, at least), I fixed matters to my taste in this wise: I would become a spy (a fair name in a good cause), and as a rampant Tory, half freebooter and half swashbuckler (as became the character of the man into whose shoes I had stepped), I would peer and pry, and, when finally loaded sufficiently to warrant it, go to Clinton and, on the plea of past services and in the name of Lounsbury, demand a pass through the lines.

Difficulties and obstacles were forever obtruding themselves in my mind. The danger I put aside, for war being no pastime I must incur danger in any active hostility or sit at home and play the boy. Both duty and self-interest demanded my standing where the force of circumstances had placed me, and I hailed my determination with grim joy. Three years ago I was a colonist—which had been a small matter—but since the Declaration I had been an American, a title to be proud of, and now, though not in the field, I would prove worthy of the name.

The fear of the French, which had occasioned the evacuation of Philadelphia, had brought a horde of 12,000 soldiers to be set down among 5,000 others, where but scant preparations had been made to receive them. What with the smart of the lashing administered by Washington at Monmouth on their march across New Jersey, the weakness of Howe's fleet, the fear of a sudden movement on the city by the American, and the intense heat of the weather, the army was in a state bordering on panic.

It was an army, too, that through rank and file had been demoralized by inactivity and debauch, and nothing could have been more apt or prophetic than the remark made by Franklin when it became known to him that the Delaware had been opened by Howe: "Philadelphia has succumbed to the British, but they in turn will succumb to Philadelphia."

It had been even so, but the effect had become apparent in New York. The civil law had long been prostrate; the military authority lax. Now the British were waking in the condition of a man after a night's dissipation, battling with a muddled brain, and feeling the internal economy fairly out of gear. Fraud, fear and incompetence reigned in every branch of the service, and betwixt free vandalism and the necessities of war, New York, which had never known and was never to know the dignity of battle, suffered as no besieged city could suffer more.

yellow above the height of Brookland (now Brooklyn). Off Wall street lay many of Howe's fleet, though the largest number was posted south of Nuttens island (Governors island), in readiness to oppose the French, who were daily expected.

But in the fair harmony of sky and land and water there was one discordant note. The horrible hulk of the Jersey, within easy scope of the eye, was directly opposite, and more than once did I see her unload her dead, and could almost hear the cry of "Down, ye rebels, down!" as the patriot prisoners were driven below at sunset.

Excepting in the shipyard and through the sparsely built district betwixt the line of fortifications and the city proper on the westward side of the island, there was scarcely a rood of land to which I could flee and not come in contact with the evidence of war. The quiet desolation or barrenness of the former and the broad, green meadows, the song of birds, the harmonious hush of nature and calmness of the evening skies at the latter point were in marked contrast with the hell lying close at hand.

There may have been honest men in New York during the summer of 1778, but as yet I had failed to strike them. Every one with whom I had to do was a gambler, a thief, or a drunkard—frequently all three—and I dare swear that, were the truth known, one term or the other applied to the whole army, from Sir Henry Clinton to the last subaltern, and from the lowliest villain of a provost marshal, Cunningham, to the lowest scoundrel under his thumb.

New York had ceased to be a town. It was nothing more than a fortified camp, in which neither justice nor mercy might be found. Morally, it had become a vast, open sewer, spreading its corruption beyond itself. Virtue was a weight on man and woman (I speak but of the rule), and power the only recognized right.

I was mightily depressed at this time. Seasoned though I was, I shrank from life as I saw it, and sickened of those into whose company my policy forced me. In fact, I might have made a shift to get myself from this sink of heartless depravity, only my gold still swung at the end of a cable within pistol shot of the shore, and none knew it.

Many a night had I lain awake hatching schemes to get aboard and recover it, but they were worse than foolhardy, as I knew after a second thinking, so I took it out in watching and biding my time.

As the days sped, I had little or no fear for myself. Lounsbury was probably well under ground by this, for I had heard nothing of him, and if the negro was a prisoner in a hulk he might as well have been in a tomb.

Of what was taking place in the world outside I knew nothing save from rumor, and rumor oft contradicted itself. The only report seemingly sure was that Washington had sat himself down on the Hudson just north of the Harlem (the very spot from which he had been driven two years before), and was there awaiting the arrival of the French fleet in order to strike a blow. And there he remained inactive, for the French did arrive early in July, and, finding Howe's fleet drawn up to receive them, but peered into the bay, and then turned tail and sped away to Newport on the fruitless mission of blockading that port.

The spot was but a step from hades, but a great place for much coming and going and hearing the news; and then 'twas near the shipyard off which lay the Phantom. Never a day passed without one broil, and often two or three, most of them ending in more or less bloodshed, and one of them put a stop to the life I was then leading.

I mind me it was on a cloudy Saturday forenoon early in August, though through the wet in the air and the veiled heat every pore oozed as if one had raced. There had been but few about. I was half dozing under a locust in the tavern yard when I became conscious that two men had but just settled themselves at a small table near me, and was thoroughly wakened by hearing the name of "Scammell" in connection with some matter they had been discussing.

One was a boyish-looking naval officer, seated with his face toward me, the other being in a dress a cross betwixt a soldier and a civilian. Like the officer, he wore a sword, but I could see no more of him than the broad of his back.

Using but the tail of my eye, I marked them begin a game of cards for stakes, for I could hear the clash of coin, and after a hand or two he of the back spoke, "Does Clinton know the man?"

"Nay, but he knows of him and what he has done," was the answer. "I was told last night that he has been about. There's something afoot outside, and he'll be needed. 'Tis a wonder he has not turned up for another job; Clinton is liberal with the king's cash! I'll give you a pound to find him."

There was silence for a moment or two as the officer drew in a stake and dealt the cards. "I wish I could get fingers on this same king's cash!" the unknown remarked. "Card-playing for shillings is small truck for a man, and ye have had all the luck. Could I pass myself off, d'ye think, an' do the work instead of the chap yer after?"

"Nay, ye're no sailor, and have but a shady record for pluck." "Then 'tis a sailor you want! As for shades an' records, 'tis but a case o' the pot an' kettle! It's the way ye naval chaps have of robbing a man of an honest living! Now I've lost time with ye because I fancied I scented cash. All last night I won nothing save a sore head for this morning. Play, then, for something save shillings and crowns an' thin wine. I'm sick of it. I'll lay ye the pound ye offered on the better of three hands, an' then quit, win or lose."

"God knows I'm willing to quit," was the return. "I've played all night and am fagged. I'll play you the pound for the last." And the officer yawned as he tossed the cards to his opponent.

Now I knew this to be nothing less than the trick of a blackleg. To lose on shillings and win on pounds was a common practice with them, as it is to this day. The officer must have been green not to have seen through it, but I had little sympathy for anyone wearing the scarlet, and, in truth, was interested in seeing how the game would be played and possibly hearing more of Scammell.

GAMBLING IN ANACONDA.

Some Stirring Stories of a Period Which Ended More Than a Year Ago.

If there is one place in the state where the anti-gambling law passed by the legislature of 1897 is rigidly observed it is Anaconda. Reports keep coming that games are running in Butte, in Helena, in Great Falls, and other places in the state, says the Anaconda Standard, but in Anaconda not a card has been turned in many, many moons.

Anaconda has never been a "sporty" town in the popular acceptance of the word—even in its palmiest gambling days most Anaconda men who wanted to play "big money" went to Butte. Yet there have been plenty of gamblers and gambling here. Anaconda saw its best faro days during the races in 1888 and 1889. During the 1888 meeting all chips were worth \$25 apiece. You couldn't get into a game—at least it wasn't worth your while to get into a game—unless you had several hundred dollars in cash. There were gambling giants in those days. One night Jack Dearing came over from Phillipsburg. He spent two nights and two days at a faro table, and when he quit he was \$4,800 loser.

There were several celebrated gamblers in Anaconda about that time. Occasionally one would die and the boys would always make it a matter of pride and a duty to see that he got a first-class funeral. There was one of prominence known generally by the name of "Red," who, when he died one day in 1891, was found to be without any visible estate. The hat was passed around for the funeral expenses, and all hands chipped in freely. Jimmie Johnson, who was passing the hat, happened to meet Col. Estes on the street and asked him if he would like to contribute. The colonel, it seems, had dropped \$3,800 at faro the night before.

"Go to my cashier," said Col. Estes to Mr. Johnson, "and get all you need. And the Lord knows I would put up the cash to pay for the funeral of every gambler in town."

One bitter cold night in February, 1893, "Si" Murphy died in his room up over Barney McGinley's place. He was one of the best known and most respected gamblers in the west. He was always on the square; a man of generous impulses and many fine traits of character. He caught cold and died of pneumonia. When it was known that he was dying, all the games downstairs were stopped, and all the dealers and lookouts went up to bid Murphy goodbye and see him die. Then all hands went back and got drunk.

Barney McGinley and one or two others went back after awhile and deliberated how to remove the corpse into a front room. It was a difficult task, for the room in which the body lay was reached by means of a short, narrow bend in the hall. It was impossible to carry the body horizontally—it would have to be either doubled up or carried in a perpendicular position. The latter plan was agreed upon, and the boys were anxious to offer no indignities to poor Si Murphy's body. But suppose they tried to carry the corpse out in a perpendicular position, how could they do it without its falling all over them. The boys were pretty full and they were not sure of their ability to carry Si out in any position.

"Let's open the window and freeze him stiff, and carry him out in the morning," said one.

This plan was unanimously adopted. It was 30 degrees below zero and still growing colder. The window was accordingly opened. At 11 o'clock next morning the boys went to the room and found the corpse as stiff as a board. They lifted it out of bed and stood it against the wall. One man begged to be excused from his share of carrying it, as he said he had a horror of touching corpses. At this the others insisted, and during the altercation that ensued, it was regrettable to state that the corpse fell over, and in falling knocked one man down with it. But the body at last was safely carried to the front room and properly cared for. Si Murphy's funeral was the largest a gambler in Anaconda ever received. All the gamblers and their friends engaged hacks and accompanied the hearse to the cemetery.

Speaking of "hoodoo" faro fiends, there was Carr. Carr was telegraph editor of the Standard from 1891 to 1894. Carr was a good telegraph editor and a good fellow, but the poorest faro-bank player that ever bet a chip. But he was a hoodoo to himself and the house, not to other players, for they copied his plays with regularity and success. His appearance in a gambling-house created consternation among the proprietors and dealers, but joy and jubilation among others. Carr would go to a table and play, say the king to win. Instantly there would be a dozen plays on the king to lose. The king would be buried under a mass of chips as big as a dinner bucket. Of course Carr would win sometimes, and when he did he would get back at his copperers with irony and eloquent profanity. For he was as fluent and vigorous a swearer as ever condemned a man's soul to eternal torments.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Near Hastings, England, lives an eccentric old man who daily prays to the sun at noon. Philadelphia has a police magistrate who is said never to have spoken a grammatical sentence of five words in his whole life.

According to the latest report of H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions, there is now only one survivor of the war of 1812—Hiram Cronk, of northwestern New York. He is 99 years of age.

Gen. "Joe" Shelby's old colored body servant, "Uncle Billy" Hunter, in spite of his 70 years, is still vigorous and in the service of the Shelby family. He was born a slave on the Shelby plantation. At present he devotes most of his time to the care of his old master's grave.

Miss Perceval, of Ealing, the youngest but one of the 12 children of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, the English prime minister who was assassinated in the lobby of the house of commons in the early part of the century, entered upon her ninety-fifth year on August 27 last.

A short while since at Vienna, Karl Becker, at the age of 92, was married to Fraulein Rosa Stutzel, a mature spinster of 90. The bridesmaids were three friends of the bride, aged respectively 82, 86 and 93, while the principal supporter of the bridegroom was his brother, a veteran of 94.

Dr. J. B. Hubbell, representative of the Red Cross society in Havana, has found that a former agent of the society named Solisso, who has refused to give up certain Red Cross stores, has been using them to fatten his pigs with. The fattening food consisted of French peas and dried apples and apricots.

Rear Admiral Kane, of the British navy, who has just been placed on the retired list, was captain of the Calliope when she succeeded in steaming out of Apia harbor in the great hurricane, while her band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the crew of the doomed Trenton manned the rigging and cheered her departure.

There is living only one possessor of a Canadian title. Reginald d'Iberville, eighth Baron De Longueuil of Longueuil, in the province of Quebec, is the man. The title was granted by Louis XIV. in 1700, when Canada was under French rule, and it was confirmed by Queen Victoria in 1850. The present baron is 43 years of age. He succeeded to the title on the death of his brother in 1895.

QUALIFIED FOR PRACTICE. The Advice of a Young Lawyer That Saved His Client from a Damage Suit. "He's a natural-born lawyer," said, talking to a group of professional men the other afternoon, and then he told the story of how the mails that morning had made glad a young lawyer who had not been engaged in active practice very long, though admitted to the bar a number of years. When he opened the mail there fluttered out a check that had the figures \$250 in one corner and the name of a man at the business end that made the bit of paper as good as though it bore the certification of the cashier of the First national bank. It was the story of how one breach of promise case came to be settled out of court. The man whose name was at the bottom of the check was the one who would have been the defendant but for the young lawyer's advice, and this is the story as it was told:

NOT SO STUPID.

The Old Man Had a Good Reason for Telling the Traveller to Walk On.

It was an old man in Sweden who gave to a stranger an answer that was wiser than it appeared. The stranger, one of a prospecting party searching for gold, had wandered away from the rest, to find himself at last with a fair piece of quartz as a reward for his pains, in a region he knew nothing of, with no guide, and night coming on.

"Friend," he asked of an old man smoking in his doorway, "how long will it take me to walk to the next town?"

The old man eyed the speaker quizzically. "Walk on," he said, with a wave of his hand in the right direction. "Yes, I know which road; but how long will it take me to walk there?" asked the stranger again.

"Walk on," repeated the smoker, stolidly. "But can't you tell me how long it will take me to reach the town?" persisted the other, impatiently. "Walk on," a third time directed the old man, and the stranger did walk on, inwardly anathematizing the stupidity of the smoker.

"Young man," called the resident, when the stranger had gone a few yards. "I just wanted to tell you, that if you keep up that gait you'll get there in half an hour." "Why couldn't you say so before?" demanded the stranger, hotly. The old man removed the pipe from his mouth, blew a volume of smoke skyward, and answered coolly: "How did I know how fast you could walk?"—Short Stories.



Taking root to the bottom.

No Compulsion.

Hicks—What was it, anyway, that drove Browne to drink? Wicks—I never observed that Browne had to be driven.—Somerville Journal

A Foreign Sunset.

Proud Papa—My daughter studied painting abroad. "I thought so. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."—Boston Traveler.

The Same, But Different.

Commuter—When I first went to live in the country I pronounced the name of my house "Oakhurst cottage." Citizen—Well, how do you pronounce it now? "O' Curst cottage."—N. Y. World.