him and his opinions with exaggerated deference. His information, however, was valnable, and I jotted down in my his description of the murdered woman. Here it is verbatim: "A young woman about 20 years old, height 5 feet 3 inches, hair long and light, almost flaxen; blue eyes, very white skin, small hands and feet, teeth small and perfect, body well nourished and plump. On her head a straw hat tied under the chin with a blue ribbon; dress dark gray of a woolen material, soft, vet rough to the touch; high-heeled French kid shoes, but covered with mud, as if the wearer had walked over boggy ground; hands scratched as if from contact with the blackberry bushes in which

the body was found." The doctor also surrendered to me a ring and a breastpin that he had removed from the body, a stroke of wisdom which he called "instinctive," and a "slight evidence of subjectivity," whatever that mirht mean. The ring was gold, with a simple blue stone imbedded in its substance; the breastpin was of silver, and consisted of two letters elaborately intertwined. The central letter, if I may so describe it, was a large E around which was twined a smaller C. As is usual with monograms, any number of letters might be imagined from the combination, but the two just indicated were undoubted.

These were useful facts to start with; but before hunting down the criminal I deter-mined to visit the ground of the tragedy, the good doctor acting as my guide. We walked toward a dense mass of blackberry bushes, on one side of which, toward the east, was a mass of congcaled blood. In this direction and for a certain distance the grass was pressed down, and it required no very strong imagination to detect a rough outline of a human being in the pressed down stems of grasses and goldenrods. A short distance away I lay down in the grass and produced a similar impression. I may say that in this particular spot the grass was over two feet high. Toward the north, leading away from this depression, was a lane running through the grass toward the wharf. In the doctor's opinion in had been caused by some one dragging the victim, heels on the ground, toward the of water. The theory was probable, but I reserved my decision.

I closely studied the blackberry bushes,

and was rewarded by discovering fragments of two distinct materials. One was a small quantity of a dark gray woolen stuff, which the doctor immediately recognized as a part of or similar to the dress the murdered woman wore. The other was of finer texture and black in color, and was not recognized by the doctor. This was all the blackberry bushes

We then directed our footsteps toward : group of poplar trees surrounning a pond; a deserted, fungus-covered wooden he once attracted my attention as offering a very useful temperary hiding place for the mur derer. Passing by the "pond" on our way to the house I saw at a glance that it was little more than a mass of tenacious mud. The doctor told me that at times this mud was covered two or three feet deep with very clear water, and that at other times it was nothing more than so much postril irritating dust. There were the imprints of footsteps in this mud leading down to a small pool of water in the center of the depression. The were in places plainly marked, and were o two forms—one large and broad, the other small and slender, suggesting that a man and woman had visited the spot. The doctor affirmed from personal knowledge that on the morning before, near noon, a portion of the ground now indented with the impression of feet was covered with water. It therefore follows that the imprints were made after noon of the preceding day.

The house was a wretched, moldy little building, rotted from foundation to roof; it was only one story high, and was divided into two rooms, but the partition had fallen down and rank weeds indifferently invaded what had been sitting room and kitchen. In what I call the "kitchen," on account of a length of rusty stovepipe lying in one cor-ner, the grass and weeds were pressed down as if a weighty body had rested on them, there was a weather-stained, battered man's straw hat, which may or may not have been connected with the case under consideration. I appropriated it on principle without be-lieving in its value. I also found here a woman's glove, fresh, almost new, and per-fumed, and also a small paper bundle containing a slice of bread and a piece of cheese The paper was the fragment of a newspaper printed, as I afterward discovered, on the day before. The doctor told me that a valuable solitaire diamond earring had also been found in this unlikely place, and was awaiting my orders.

A most careful examination revealed little else of a compromising nature. Human beings had recently visited the deserted house; that was evident; that was all. The place would be worth a more exhaustive examination, and I intended to return to it at some future time; for the moment I had seen enough.

Returning by the way of the pond, I again examined the imprints of feetsteps, and found them more numerous than I had at first imagined. I was induced to go over the ground again on remembering that in his narrative the doctor had told me that on the night before he had sent two of his friends in this direction, and it seemed to me that the footprints might have been made by them. I now carefully measured the more distinct of the impressions, and obtained four distinct measurements, among which one undoubtedly was made by a woman. At this point the doctor informed me that he had found a shoe on the whart, which he thought belonged to the murdered Whether the conclusion were true or false, I determined to compare it with my measurements at the earliest opportunity Still walking around the pond I discovered on one of the bent down leaves of a bulrush a stain suggestive of blood. I cut off the leaf, determined to study it at leisure with the assistance of the doctor and his microscope. The long ribbon leaf of the bulrush had been bent by the wind until its point touched the mud. The stain that suggested blood was some seven inches from the point of the leaf, and, as the doctor suggested, might have been caused by somebody washing his bloody hands in the pool of water, and unconsciously allowing a drop to fall on the leaf. This seemed the more probable explanation, as just beside the bent-down leaf, the mud, there were very distict impressions of the slender high-heeled shoe which I had already discovered on other portions of the soft clay surrounding the there was a birds' nest that had been forcibly swept off the stem of the bulrush, to which it had been attached. I say forcibly for in the nest I discovered three small half-hatched eggs that had been crushed by a pot, and over our heads flew two iny birds that were piteously complaining at the destruction wrought on their ing home. The sight brought the tears to the good, simple doctor's eyes, and he wailed the cruelty of humanity. I found nothing more of importance, though I traveled round and round the

pond as tireless as a slenthhound. I deter mined to pay a second visit to this place also, as this was but a preliminary survey.

The chief point now was to discover the name of the murdered and missing woman. I had her description, and also two articles of jewelry belonging to her, thanks to the doctor's loresight. The task did not seem difficult in this out of the way little place,

where everybody knows everybody else, and I had no doubt of succeeding. However, before devoting my attention to the more doubtful human beings, I visited the whart. The tide was out, and a long stretch of stones, sands and seaweed were before me, No body wedged among the rocks, no evidence of crime. The walk out to the end of the wharf was equally unprofitable. I was returning when my attention was attracted to a large rusty hook projecting from one of On this book was a small piece of some material that restlessly fluttered in the cold breeze. After some dangerous climbing I managed to secure it, and I found it to be a fragment of a dark gray woolen material, which the doctor immediately recognized as similar to the dress worn by the

My companion seemed to think that his theory of the crime was thus completely vindicated, and he larded his song of praise with long German quotations, which pos-

sessed almost as much meaning to me as his German manner of pronouncing English, which the good man thought classically perhad been dragged to the wharf and then tossed in the water. It was probable, but I preferred to wait until I was in possession of more facts. To tell the truth, at this stage of the inquiry I was little interested in the case, which seemed bungling, commonplace and easily unraveled. Had I then suspected all the inequity and rare cunning concealed under its simple aspect my excitement would have been at fever heat. I had now gone over the ground of

the crime, and on my way to the hotel I put the unsuspecting doctor to the pumping pro-cess. By artful questions I again tempted him into giving an elaborate account or his investigation of the evening before and of displaying his knowledge of the lives of the people who made this unattractive spot their summer home. He bit eagerly at the bait, and launched into a long monologue, in which facts, philosophy, German, Greek and "humanity" were jumbled most delightfully together. He was a fine egotist, believing in his own superiority to the rest of the world, but his garrulousness only strengthened my first impression of him. His wisdom I don't dispute, my studies have not led me in his direction; but despite his vanity he was one of those good-natured fools that an ordinary child might have wound around his finger. He was easily led to tell all he knew, and it was still easier to guess all he suspected; but I wisely decided to have nothing to do with his "cobweb" theories, and to test his facts for myself. While he indulged in an elaborate dis-

course, punctuated by astounding grimaces and wonderful gestures, I made mental notes of the following items: There was an eccentric old woman named Amelia Glaye who had forbidden her daughter Bertha to marry a certain wild young man named Cyril Durand. Bertha seemingly obeyed the command, especially as she had opportuni-ties to soluce her leisure moments with a handsome young fellow called Otto Morton. The old lady, in an unusual burst of activity had gone out alone on the night of the murder, and when she returned her hands were scratched and she had lost one of her solitaire dia-mond earrings. On her return she was so intensely excited that the doctor was called. He visited her to find her unusually calm and self-possessed. She denied having gone out, and also denied having lost an earring. This phase of human nature completely astonished the good doctor, who prides him-self on his thorough knowledge of human nature. He had not gotten over his surprise at the moment of speaking, or I am convinced that he would not have related this eccentricity of the good lady, whom he sincerely respected.

I concluded my mental notes, and propounded to myself the following questions while the doctor was still volubly eloquent over his own superiority to the rest of human nature.

The questions were: Why had the old woman, Amelia Glaye, broken through the routine of her life by oing out alone on the night of the murder? What was the real reason of her refusal to allow her daughter to receive the attentions of the wild Cyril Durand? Had she ever tolerated Cyril Durand's at-tentions to her daughter? She is rich, and he is poor. Are money reasons at the base

of the refusal? She charges Cyril Durand with being rild. Did he know the murdered woman? She bitterly charges Cyril Durand with being wild-with threatening ber life. Was she in love with the young man and jealous of him? Stranger things have happened in this strange world, and a woman's heart at

What did she witness on her night journey that caused her to utter a deliberate false-hood? Is love stronger than jealousy? Is there content at a rival being removed?
Who is this good young fellow, Otto Morton, and what is the meaning of his mysterious phrases? Did he know the dead woman, and how did he pass his time on the

evening in question? I set down these questions just as they occurred to me, and the reader will judge from them that I had formulated no definite theory of the crime. Certain envious persons have criticised my method of conducting this case, and have denied me the right to bear my well-known nickname of "Lecoq" my plain narrative of facts, and as the case is unfolded let him ask himself if he would have acted differently from me. This envious malignity deprived me of the position of Superintendent of Police, to which I had the right; but it shall not deprive me of what I hold dearer, my fame and the good will of my beloved readers, whose judg ment is always unbiased by prejudices, and

is always right! I say, then, that I had formulated no definite theory of the crime, and let me add that the chief part of this parrative was written day by day as my investigation proressed. It was not written after the was ended, and its details modified to harmonize with the denouement. I made notes hour by hour, and the reader accompanies me hour by hour. What I know now does not influence my story in the least, and if my maligners are right, the reader will have ample opportunity for deciding or con-

At the doctor's invitation I first went to his cottage, where I was treated to an ex-cellent cold lunch, with fine wine and fine cigars thrown in. Over the hospitable table we discussed the case, and I again used my "Lecoq" cunning in arousing the amusing egotism of my amiable host. Before leaving the house, the discoverer brought th taire diamond earring to me, and I had an opportunity of judging of its rarity and value. The eccentric old woman must have been very rich it she could afford to lose a jewel like this and make no moan. But then, if she is rich, why did she come to a wretched, unfashionable place like Eglanlantine Hill for the doctor would say, the latent possibili-ties of the case were endless. Two other items detained me for a few minutes. In the first place, the microsc bly proved that the stain on the bulrush leaf was human blood. Here was one question definitely answered. In the next place, I was allowed to study the shoe that had been discovered on the wharf. It was a weman's shoe; the kid portion above the heel had been torn out, probably by being dragged over the nails on the wharf flooring, and over the stones, but the sole was intact. It did not correspond with any of the measure-ments that I had made at the pond. It evidently belonged to a woman with a smaller foot than she who had washed her hands in the muddy pool. This was another point, small but useful. The doctor spoke of proportion, the old Greeks and the Egyptians

and attempted to demonstrate the size of the women from the size of their feet, but I had no taith in his theories on this subject, and so I left him to set about the real work before me. The one subject before me. The one subject in my mind will be discovered from the following question that now pressed for an answer: Who was the murdered girl? That was the first question to be

bade the doctor farewell, as I did not wish my mission to be suspected, promising to meet him again in the evening. I saw a number of people on the whar fishing, and I leisurely directed my steps toward them. I found them, as I expected, talking of the murder and hazarding opinions as to the victim and the causes of the crime. I listened from a sense of duty, hoping against hope, to pick up an item or two of value.

My attention, however, was chiefly directed toward a handsome, black-haired young man, who maintained a profound silence and seemed to be deeply interested in fishing, though he had not baited his line for the ten minutes I covertly watched him. I carelessly approached him and asked with a fisherman's familiarity: "Any luck?"

shortly. "They are biting famously over on the other side," I continued, nodding toward the ocean side of the sandy spit, and venturing a statement which I knew could not be disproved.

Getting no answer, I leaned on the rail beside him, and, after studying his line for a moment, said: "I've just heard that the murderer of the young girl has been found!"

Of course, this was one of the usual tricks

of the trade, but it served its purpose by attracting his attention as I desired.
"What is his name?" he asked, turning that he might stare down at me. His name! My taciturn friend evidently had a theory of the crime at least. "Guess!

"I am not good at the business." "I thought you might have a suspicion A flush came into his face, and the hand holding the fishing line trembled a little; but e said bravely enough:
"I have no suspicion. Who is it?"

"A tramp named Sinker, as far as I can

make it out. My statement had attracted around me the amateur fishermen, as I intended, and they listened to me with the most absorbed attention, the handsome black-haired man alone seeming to have lost all interest in the subject. The curiosity hunters jeered at my anconcernent of the arrest of the imaginary

"It is just like the police!" stammered an old man whose fishing line was a piece of knotted packing cord, "if you tell them a sculpin has eaten your bait, they'll arrest a mackerel for it. Have they found out who

the woman is?"
"No," I answered, the center now of all the idlers in the place, "but I'm told they found the body, and on it a breastpin with the initial letters, E. and C."

"Ella and Cyrill" chirped out a childish ice. I looked down and saw a boy amusing himself by dashing a very small sculpin against the wharf. "What is the child driving at?" I asked,

without receiving any answer from the men, who slowly left me, and returned to their neglected lines. "Who is Ella, little boy?" "I don't know," he answered, without looking up, and with his foot on the sculpin, from whose capacious mouth he was trying to extract the swallowed hook. "But Cyrill Cyril Durand, you know, lives over vonder when he's ter home." The child indulged in a comprehensive sweep of the hand, then halloing, "Hi, Billy, give us a row!" rushed from the whart and vanished, only to reappear in a rowboat under the wharf, and to salute me with the title of "sculpin mouth."

The youth had only repeated what he had heard his elders speaking; I don't refer to "sculpin mouth," but to the word "Ella." That the men had been speaking of the subject their sudden silence convinced me. But it was not my place to increase their obstinacy by embarrassing them with questions. I bided my time, and stood silently watching while they waited for the fish that wouldn't bite. I kept doggedly by the side of the man I had decided was Otto Morton and though he did not know me from Adam I saw that he would be glad it I were away, For certain reasons I made up my mind not to press my advantage just then, and so determined to cultivate the acquaintance of the man with a red nose, who was winding up his line preparatory to retiring from the wharf. I had no doubt that this was the Mr. Bantle who had been the doctor's companion in the expedition on the evening before. I followed him as he left the wharf and soon walked beside him.

"That's my name." "You had a very exciting experience last "Very!" He was taciturn and grave at the same time.
"I would like to speak with you, Mr. Ban-tle, but I trust in your secrecy. I am De-

tective Fox.' "I guessed your business," he said quietly; but he could not conceal his vanity. I was in citizens' clothes, and that he could guess my profession through my disguise was a supposition that was ridiculous. I read him at once; he was the average stupid man that wished to appear very wise, so I deter-mined to tickle his vanity and win his heart

mined to tickle his vanity and win his heart at the same time.

"You have eagle eyes to read me so easily. You are just the kind of a man I want; one of the intelligent sort, whose words are worth their weight in gold. The Doctor has been telling me about you."

"The Doctor is a good man," he said, with an assured nod of the head, "but if he has tald you exercity in grant to the said, with an assured nod of the head, "but if he has tald you exercity in grant to the said, with the said, with the said work want to the said with the said with the said want to th told you everything, what do you want of

"Several things. In the first place, who was the man I stood beside on the whar!?" "Mr. Otto Merton." "So I thought. Who is this woman 'Ella'

they talked about?"
"I don't know."

"Never heard of her?" "Heard them speak of 'Ella Constant," but never saw her and know nothing about

"What did they say of her?" "That she haunted the footsteps of her ormer lover, Cyril Durand, haunted him like a ghost and goaded him into despera-

"Do you know this Cyril Durand?" "Yes; but we were never triendly. His ways are not my ways. They say he drinks too much, gambles too much, and is too fond of women. I don't personally know anyhing against him, only I don't fancy

"This woman, Ella Constant, annoyed "I am not in his confidence. Otto Mor ton is. My information is only second-hand What I have heard was that he was tired of

her persistency; that she clung to him as closely as a perch to a hook." "What was said of Ella Constant?" "I never met anybody who knew her; what was known of her came from Durand; he'd get drunk, and then he would talk of her and his troubles. He never said anything to me, for, as I've said, we were not intimate. I am only telling you what you could get better elsewhere.

I saw that it was Mr. Bantle's eccentricity to give the credit of what he knew to other people; but provided I got the facts and rumors, I was satisfied to humor his whims. "She stood in his way?" I asked. "She was the cause of Mrs. Glaye bouncing

"She had visited Mrs. Glaye?" "I don't know, I only speak from rumor."
"Dr. Cyril Durand was paying his attentions to Miss Glaye; was everything

factory up to the appearance of this Ella "Durand was always warmly welcomed by Mrs. Glaye," said my companion, dryly.
"The old lady was very eager at first to
have her daughter married, until, if rumor is right, she became the rival of her daugh-

"So she fell in love with Durand?" "So the story goes."
"And be?" "Head over ears in debt. Put yourself in

s place and guess his actions."
"But he was in love with the daughter?" "I think he was only afraid of his debts. f he had any real feeling it was not for Berha Glave or her mother. But he was in a tight place, and he tried to get out of it as

quickly as possible. If it had been me I would have been willing to marry Mrs. Methusalem !' "That's philosophy and fashion! Did he engage himself to the old woman?" "No. I've heard he was the accepted sultor of the daughter; but just the same the old woman thought he was in love with her, and she was wildly jealous of his ac-tions—for her daughter's sake." "I suppose she was offended when she heard that he had been talking of the mat-

ter to his friends."
"Durand is a good fellow; but that is one of his laults; he can't keep his tongue still; he tells his affairs to everybody." "From what I have seen, the daughter takes the affair very coolly. "She's dead in love with Otto Morton, but

he's awfully afraid to let the old lady know it this time. "What do you mean?" "The mother is awfully anxious to get the aughter married for some reason or other but whenever a promising lover turns up the old woman can't resist swooping down on him. I believe she's frightened away hal dozen intended husbands already. It's

my belief she's crazy as a loon."
"You know her?" "I ought to, as I live at the same hotel. She's a nuisance. Sometimes she's all right, and sometimes she's all wrong. Dr. Brandt attends on her, and can give you all the "Let us return now to the murdered

"You think-" [To be continued next Sunday.]

Novel Way of Relieving Ennui in the Gay Metropolitan City.

A BIG TOWN FULL OF GAMBLERS.

Bets Laid on Everything From Tombstones to Little Sparrows.

SAD END OF AN EXCITING SPRINT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,) New York is a city of gamblers. Every oody bets on every thing. The Wall street man bets his customer's money and takes a commission; the trusted employe bets his employer's money and takes a train for Canada; the messenger boys bet the bundles which they carry and take the consequences; the sapient citizen, seing the country visitor pause on the edge of the sidewalk, will bet him even money that he doesn't get across the street alive, which is heavy odds in the citizen's favor.

Mr. Richard B. Socks is getting along toward 50, and now fills a large waistcoat o the very hem of the backstrap. He is a broker, Mr. John A. Slick 1



neither so old nor so fat, but he can be three of a kind as high as any man in New York. He is a lawyer. Both are sufficienty well dressed and polished and biase and pard-hearted and unscrupulous in ordinary, everyday life, to be instantly recognized the children of the metropolis by any com-

petent witness.

They met on Wall street one afternoon this week and strolled up Broadway. Opposite old St. Paul's church yard they paused. Several messenger boys were pitching pennies "for keeps" against the stone founda-tion of the fence, while the venerable grave stones stared in cold disapproval. FIRST ON TOMBSTONES.

"You wouldn't suppose," said Mr. Socks, "that the newer looking headstone on the right was really older than the crumbling slab beside it?" I will state in parenthesis that Mr. Socks

had noted the dates, on the way down town, and had waited to catch somebody. "Bet you \$50 that it isn't," promptly re-"Take yer," said Socks with a cheerfu

They walked up in front of the graves and examined the dates. The old stone was marked 1797 and the new one 1751. "Hold yer for fifty," said Socks. "Make it 50 more that you're wrong," lied Slick, calmly, "and leave it to the

editor of the Sporting Cinch." "What do you mean?" cried Socks; "Can't help it. Happen to know that the new stone was put up in 1850 to replace one that had crumbled away. Gimme the 50 or put up another."

I will here remark that Mr. Slick eventually won his money, which shows the value of antiquarian research when properly backed.

A NIGHT WITH THE CHIPS. This little experience naturally suggested other games of chance, and the two men happening to meet a few other acquaintances, strolled into a neighboring hotel hired a room, and engaged in a festive game of poker. Dinner was served between two jack pots, and lunch at midnight in the same way. The "kitty" paid for large quantities of champague, and when the game broke up the gray light of morning paled the faces of the players.

Mr. Socks and Mr. Slick went up town towards.

gether on the Sixth avenue "L." sporting blood was not yet exhausted.
"I'll bet you \$25," said Mr. Slick, "that I can guess nearer than you can to the number on the first car of the next train we

"Go vou," said Socks. "All right. What's your number?" Socks reflected that there were proba-bly something like a thousand cars on the road so he bet on 500. Slick took 600, and then offered to bet \$50 on the numof the last car. Socks, some-



what impressed by the figure named by his companion, selected 575 this time. stuck to 600. Pretty soon the train came along and the number of the first car was

801, and of the last 825. HE HAD A SURE THING. Then they immediately put up two more bets on the first and last cars of the next train. Slick as before selected numbers little above those chosen by the other; and, just as they reached Bleecker street, he won

two more bets.

"Slick," said Socks," this is a cinch. You knew about these numbers all the "I will confess," replied Slick, calmly, "that I have observed that the cars of low numbers are run on the Second and Ninth avenue lines, and that the high numbers, ing better cars, are put on the Sixth ave-

nue line for the aristocracy.' "And now," he continued, "I'll make another little bet. I feel the need of exercise, and I'll go you \$50 that I can start from Eighth street station when the conductor rings two bells and run to the Fourteenth street station before the two bells are rung up there.'

'Can't do it," said Socks, promptly. They got off at Eighth street, but before they reached the street the train had started, so they had to wait for the next one. Meanwhile Slick won \$50 on the number policeman's hat, and Socks got even by bet ting that a messenger boy would stop 15 times between Eighth and Ninth streets. Slick bet 14, and lost by a good majority.

BACING WITH THE TRAIN. When the next train came slong Slick when the next rain came along Slick, who had been quite a sprinter in his youth, got a good start and was making fast time up the avenue when it occurred to Socks that there was nobody at the other end of the run to take Slick's time. He perceived that it was another "cinch," for it would be

impossible for him to say whether Slick won or lost. So he sent up a fearful howl of rage and started up the avenus on the

Slick meanwhile was making good time and was rapidly drawing away from his bulky pursuer when a policeman came round a corner. He observed the slender man running and the stout man bawling in his wake. Naturally supposing that it was a case of stop thief, he stepped in front of Slick, who was coming along head down at a ten-second gait. The top of Slick's plug hat struck the policeman on the sixth button of his uniform, and he and Slick went down together in a miscel-laneous heap of legs, arms and club. The guardian of the peace struggled to his feet while Slick was trying to pull himsel out of his hat.

"That bet don't go," shouted Slick. "Yes it does go," said Socks.
"Shall I run de bloke in?" inquired No.

"Never mind that," said Socks. "It was only a little bet." NO. 2,501 STOOD IN.

"Well, I'm in wid ye if yer win," re-marked No. 2,501, holding out his itching palm. Socks put a \$10-note into it, on con fitton that Slick admitted his defeat; and as that geutleman had no choice except to do it or get "run in," he acknowledged the The two then decided to walk up town

and they varied the monotony of the stroll by betting on the number of cats they would see in a given period; how many inebriates they would pass on a block, and other fortnitous circumstances. Finally they turned into a cross stree and passed a long line of flat houses.

"I'll bet you a hundred," said Slick,
"that I can guess nearer than you can to
the number of letters on that sign board,"

and he pointed to one which announce that flats were to let at "at reasonable rent, and other talsehoods "Go yer, and bet 85 letters," said Socks "A hundred and twenty," said Slick. They stood on tiptoe, and proceeded count the letters. There were just 98, and Socks had opened his mouth to claim \$100 when the colored janitress opened the door bastily and swept about a bushel of dust

down Mr. Socks' throat. This is too common an experience in New York to ruffle man's equanimity much, and Socks would have telt fairly well about the whole affair if Slick had not blandly remarked: "I meant both sides of the sign. There is just the same notice on the other side. That makes 196 letters, and I shall have to hold vou for \$100. SOCKS KICKED A LONG TIME.

Socks kicked about this all the way from ere to the door of his own house, where they paused to reckon up the results of their numerous bets. It appears in this figuring that the lawyer held the broker for \$675. "I'd like to make you one more bet double or quits," said Socks, looking around for a suitable hazard.

"I'll go you," replied the eminent coun-sel. "I'the next sparrow that lights in the street between here and that lamp post, puts his little foot down on this side of the middle, we're square, if on the other side l hold you for \$1,350."

So they waited, for the sparrows. There were plenty of them. But they would not alight within the prescribed limits, Finally a bird swooped down within three feet of the pavement on the lawyer's side. It was too much With a yell like a wiid Indian he jumped at the unfortunate sparrow and frightened him so that he didn't even have esence of mind enough to fly away. He just went into hysterics and fluttered around in the air while Socks chased him up the street and down; calling to him; threatening him when he tried to light on Slick's side of the street, and addressing him with soit persuasion when he approached the other. FUN FOR SLICK.

Slick meanwhile leaned against a fence, weak and speechless with laughter, while a policeman paused to wonder whether he'd better arrest the lunatic first or call an ambulance.

At last the sparrow got tired ended the remarkable scene by falling in desperation on the broker's side of



Chazing the Sparrow the street, and Socks in a lever of gratified revenge pulled out a roll of bills and actually offered to "divvy" with the bird! "I haven't had so much fun," said Socks, wiping his dripping forchead, "since I was

All of which shows that some million and half of us live in a queer city where lots of men will do almost anything to break the monotony of existences which haven's really enough monotony in them to be HOWARD FIELDING.

THE HAY FEVER.

Tonics and Nourishing Diet Recome ns the Best Cure. Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle, 1

Hay fever is a nervous affection usually most prevalent during the spring and early summer, from which the poorer classes, and more especially those living in populous towns, rarely if ever suffer. It is known only to the educated, whose nervous systems are highly developed, and though not in any sense dangerous, it is at all times very irritating and troublesome. The smell ot hay, grass, the pollen of flowers, the odor of fruit, dust, or draughts will generate the complaint or excite an attack in persons subject to it, but rain or moist weather invariably brings relief. At one time it was generally supposed that the odor of hay when being mown or carted could alone induce the affection, which is closely analagous to asthma, but recent observation shows that its prevalence is entirely independent of the existence of hay fields, and is really a nervous derangement,

A visit to the senside, a trip to sea, or residence in a populous town will, however, remove the asthmatic tendency; but one of the best remedies is tobacco smoke, retained in the mouth as long as possible, and then ejected through the nostrils. The inhalation of the steam of ten drops of creosote in a pint of hot water is said to be good, or 20 drops of spirits of camphor to the same quantity of water also makes an effective inhalation. But the affection, being a nervous one, tonics and nourishing diet are more essential than any of these palliatives. which merely afford temporary relief.

THE KAISER'S GIFTS. He Will Draw the Line on Jewelry and Give

Photographs and Autographs. Pall Mall Budget. 1

Emperor William has decided not to give any more presents of jewelry to persons who may become entitled to receive a gift from him but who are not in a position to be decorated. In future his Majesty will give to such individuals a photograph of himself and the Empress, bearing their autographs, and set in a frame of either gold or silver, and these frames will be adorned with the imperial arms and monogram.

THE CITY OF FILTH.

Pilgrim With Disgust. DIRTY STREETS AND FOUL WATER.

DANGERS OF A TRIP TO THE DEAD SEA

Objects of Contention.

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

JERUSALEM, May 25 .- To the average American mind there is connected with the name of the Holy City a certain indescribable something; a mysteriousness due, I think, to the lack of knowledge of the place as compared to what is known of European cities. People wonder how things look there, how the people dress, what their customs are. In imagination they picture Calvary, Bethlehem, Jehosaphat and Gethsemane, and wonder if their fantasies portray anything like the original. With the hope that a description of a trip just about ended in Palestine may enlighten all such, this letter is written.

A trip to Jerusalem at the present time is by no means the arduous undertaking generally supposed. A pleasant sail of from five to seven days from any of the Mediterranean ports, lands the tourist at Jaffa, from which an excellent turnpike road of 36 miles extends to Jerusalem. 'Tis true that the onger journeys through Palestine, to Nazareth, Caifa, Damascus and other points, on horseback, over rocky, uncertain mountain paths and necessitating camping out at night, are not pleasant experiences, but a trip to Jerusalem and its environs, Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, occupying a week, may be made comfortably and pleasantly. LANDING AT JAFFA.

Such a trip I began, when the steamer Diana, two days out from Alexandria, dropped anchor in front of Jaffa, early on a clear, bright morning a week ago. It was quite breezy and there was a heavy swell on the water. In consequence it required all the strength and skill of the six bronzed and brawny Arabian boatmen timing their oars to the strains of a native air to successfully pass the jagged reef on which the mytho-logical Andromeda is said to have been chained, and land us on the quay. Then a long walk up the narrow, tortuous, dirty street of Jaffa, a city said to have existed before the flood, past the crowded market place to the hotel, and we were soon in a comfortable landau drawn by three horses abreast, bowling over the good road to Jeru-

This road is of very recent construction and is quite a piece of engineering work, as by easy grades it ascends and descends the mountains of Judah. The trip is now mad in ten hours. Formerly it required two days over the old Roman road, which we see at intervals as we proceed. It is said the construction of the new road is due to the manner in which the English treated the Sultan on his last visit to London. They wined and dined him and supplied him with everything calculated to make an Eastern potentate happy to such an extent that in gratitude he asked his hosts how he could repay them. The answer came, "give us a good road to Jerusalem." And on the return of His Highness of the Harem the road was built.

LEPERS AS OF OLD.

It is the only road in Palestine, and ex-tends past Jerusalem to Hebron via Bethlehem. Over this road a two hours' ride, through exctus hedged orange groves, through the Valley of Ajalon over the plain of Sharon, where the Crusaders fought and we reach Ramleh. As we stop to eat our lunch we are approached by a party of lepers, three women and two men; the adalong the road and outside the walls of Jerusalem. Upon inquiry I found there are about a hundred cases of this dread disease roaming about these parts.
were glad to get rid of the company of unfortunate and hideous visitors by tossing

The same laws are binding upon the wretched creatures to-day as in days of old They are forbidden to enter the city, and must announce their condition "unclear and remain at a distance from those of whom they beg alms. I asked my drayman why the Government did nothing for their relief, and found there was a place set apart for them in the valley of Hinnom as of yore. But they will not stay there, preferring to be upon the highways begging. He further claimed that the disease was not of the malignant type existing in the days of David that the lepers stole into the city at night to barter and trade, and that no harm came of it. A sight of the victims, however, would cause anyone to doubt the truth of the last statement, and determine him to get out of the city of such commerce as soon as

FIRST GLIMPSE OF JERUSALEM. From Ramleh the road crosses the moun tains, and as the day advances the heat becomes almost intolerable; and late in the afternoon we reach Kolovieh and cross the bridge spanning a brook from which tradition says David choose the smooth stone with which he slew Goliath. An hour later, as the shades of evening are setting over Mt. spur of the mountain, and Jerusalem, the end of our long journey, lies before us. The first sight of the city is disappointing. But as we draw nearer and pass some buildings which have obstructed our view and the walls come in sight the prospect is charming and we can realize what a magnificent place it must have been in the days of its grandeur. Soon we pass through the Jaffa gate and are comfortably quartered in the grand new hotel opposite the Tower of David. The next morning early I started out with my drayman for a look at the city. Truth and candor compel me to say that as a result of this trip I was disappointed, even disgusted. Outside of its holy places and sacred spots,

which of course have a peculiar fascination, there is nothing to make the traveler anxious for a long stay in Jerusalem. Its streets, of which there are really only three or four, are narrow-not over 12 feet widecrooked, dirty and foul-smelling. REEKING WITH FILTH. One has actually to watch his steps to keep out of the excrement, which befouls the passage-ways-for they are not streetselbowing his way through the ragged, dirty Arabian populace and keeping a sharp look-out that he don't collide with a pack-laden camel or donkey. In amazement I asked why the streets were not kept clean. His answer "How can they be without water, prompted an inquiry as to what the water supply was, and elicited the unique reply, "Only water trom God," meaning rain-water. He explained that for a year they had had only two rainfalls of about one-half hour each, the water being collected in cis terns. Just then we passed a cistern from which a ragged Turkish soldier was drawing water. I commented upon the squalid appearance of the soldier and was told the

poor fellows are only paid once or twice a year and then not in full. year and then not in full.

I examined the water. It was thick-looking, yellow and smelt badly. The guide to reassure me, said: "Don't be airaid; at your hotel they boil and filter the water." I drank no water in Jerusalem thereafter. I found later on that it would be impossible to dig wells, for the city of to-day is built upon the ruins of many Jerusalems which preceded it. After each destruction of the place a new city was built upon the ruins of the old, so that to-day the debris is in some places 120 feet deep. But the short distance of four miles away are the splendid pools of Solovan in excellent preservation, and which in olden times was the source of the city's water supply. With a little enterprise and money they could be utilized to-day. But both enterprise and money are lacking in India. Alas, how the mighty are fallen!

NO WHEELED VEHICLES THERE. One sees no wheeled vehicles in Jerusa-

lem. They are not available on account of the peculiar construction of the hilly streets in a series of platforms about 4 inches high and 12 feet in area. Donkeys and camel are used for traffic and passeogers entirely. The face of womankind is in the same list with the carriage wheel. With the exception of a few European ladies, only the somber, black veiled faces of the native Modern Jerusalem Fills the Weary women greet the eye of the visitor. For the same abourd notions as to seclusion which hedge about the female sex, men are the only servants employed about the hotels here, as indeed everywhere else throughout Spots of Sacred Memory Have Become the East. They perform all the service from the kitchen to the sleeping apartments. The crowds upon the streets are made up of the people already described, of Turkish soldiers, priests and religious of the many churches and monasteries of the Christian ects which flourish here: Greek Catholic, Latin or Roman Catholic, Copts and Ar menians in their peculiar and distinctive dress, pilgrims and beggars. During my stay in the city there were of pilgrims party of 71 English Catholics, principally of the nobility, under the Duke of Norfolk, a pilgrimage undertaken in hopes of restor-ing the Duke's only son, an imbecile, to health; one composed of 383 French Catho-lies and one of 5,000 Russian adherents of

> BEGGARS OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE. For beggars Jerusalem is a paradise. At every turn from daylight till dawn the cry of "backsheesh" rings in one's ears. It is lisped to you by the tottering infant, bawled at you by robust men and women and whis-pered to you by those sinking under the

the Greek church. These are quartered in

weight of years into the grave.

In the holiest places there is contention and strife. In the church of the Holy Sepulcher a queer state of affairs exists. Un-der the one roof covering the Holy Tomb, which the "odor of sanctity" certainly pervaded, and which has been bathed with vaded, and which has been bathed with countless tears, and hallowed with the pas-sionate kisses of countless wayworn pil-grims, the Latin, the Greek, the Copt and the Armenian Christians have their portions measured off with mathematical accuracy. Quarrels within are frequent, while without Protestants contend that Calwary was not located there at all, but near the grotto of Jeremiah, ontside the walls. At Bethlehem, in the Church of the Nativity, a similar division of space exists. Standing the other day in the cavern under the churc and gazing at the spot where the manger stood, and about the true identity of this place there is no question, I was indulged a reverie. I was thinking that while there might be some question about the location of the true Golgoths, here there was no ques-tion; all Christian sects agreed on this spot; here was all peace and quiet.

NO PEACE, EVEN THERE. Suddenly a Greek priest came in to in-cense the altar. Stepping saids for him I jolted against a Turkish soldier, gun in

hand, on guard and whom I had not noticed.

He was there to keep peace. Only recently, for some trifle, the Greek priests had destroyed the plate and altar adornments of the Latins. The day dream vanished.

A trip to the Dead Sea, judging from the preparations, is a formidable undertaking. Each person going alone is accompanied by a dragoman, who, for this trip, carries a scimeter, an armed guard, and a mule to carry supplies. The trip occupies three days and the game ss not worth the powder. The warlike preparrtions are to prevent the petty shiek on the way from levying additional tribute which is paid annually by the tourist agency. Only a few weeks ago an English couple, who foolishly and against advice penetrated beyond the Jordon with-out a guard, were taken prisoners by a shiek, on whose territory they were trespassing, and kept prisoners until £60 was

paid for their ransom by the English Con-sul. No doubt part of the money went to the depleted Turkish exchequer, which Government connives at such rascality. A railroad is now likely to be built from Jaffa to Jerusalem. A visiting clergyman at the dinner table where the project was being discussed expressed his horror at the descration such a project would be.
"Why," said he, "the next thing will be
rolling mills in the valley of Jehosaphat!"
"But," said the resident English bishop at his side, "if you had been here as long as I have, and burning clive tree roots for fuel, and they getting scarce, you would hail the railroad with delight."

THOMAS L. WHITE, D. D. JOHN WANAMAKER'S MAIL

some of the Cheeky Requests for Cash Denations and Odds and Ends. I spent an hour this morning, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Washington, in looking at some of the letters which pour into Postmaster General Wanamaker's private secretary. They are from churches, Sunday schools and individuals, and they ask for everything from a set of false teeth o a donation of thousands. Many of the

few of them come from across the water. Here is one dated February 27, 1890. "Mr. WANAMAKEE—I saw your name in the paper not long ago saying you had more money than you knowed what to do with. I write asking you for some of it. I will not make a lot of excuses, but I am a

letters have the words "The Lord Loveth

the Cheerful Giver" at the top, and not a

ooor farmer's daughter. Answear."

A boy from a normal school in Alabama rants money to finish his education, and thinks the Lord will continue to shower copious streams of blessings on Wanamaker if he sends it to him, A New Jersey woman says she is very fond of music and tells Wanamaker that the Bible says that he shall not let the left hand know what the right hand doth. She has been offered a \$65 organ for \$29 cash, warranted for six years, and she wants some money to buy it. This letter is badly spelled, poorly written and it ends by saying "God bless you" in anticipation of the gift. A Virginia man has made a cane from

ood at Monticello, and will be thankful

for anything Mr. Wanamaker sends him, and a Russian woman has heard of Mr. Wanamaker's benevolence and writes for ilms. There hangs in the Postmaster General's office a wooden chain five feet long cut out of one bar of wood. The links are about an inch wide, and this chain was made by an Ohio man who sent it to the Postmaster General. It now hangs on the mantel in ront of the clock. In the next room is a chain seven feet long sent by the same eral to send him \$100 a foot for it, or \$700. The man was thanked for the first chain and was told that the Postmaster General could not pay for the second one, nor could it be sold for \$500 as the man afterward suggested. A few days ago another letter was received from the same man saying that he wants the Postmaster General to immediately take the seven-foot chain and burn it up in a hot stove to ashes, and to be sure not to send it back here. He has been evidently blowing about the money he will get for it and don't want to be exposed. All such letters are nswered, but it would bankrupt Crosus to give in response to them.

Three Miles a Minute. ew York Sun.]

A paper of great interest to electrician has just appeared from the pen of O. T. Crosby, of the Weems Rapid Transit Com pany of this city. The subject of the paper is air resistance at high speeds. A speed of 180 miles an hour by electric car is promised before long. At such high speeds the element of air resistance becomes a most important one, and any addition to the store of knowledge on the subject is of the utmost value.

Detroit Free Press. 1 Sitting Bull says he can't live over 20 rears more unless he is permitted to return to his old stamping ground in the West. If he was allowed to go back he probably wouldn't live 20 days, as there are plenty of men who would shoot him on sight.

His Position Exactly.

ance would be bliss is in the case of the man

who knows it all and wants to tell it.

Washington Post. J

A most striking example of where ignor-

THE KANSAS PLAGUE.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week the Grasshoppers Took Flight.

HOW THE EGGS WERE DEPOSITED.

All Attempts to Battle With the Destroying Army Were Putile.

DRIFTING IN THE CITY STREETS

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

Fifteen years ago this week a mighty cloud of winged insects rose from stricken Kansas. It darkened the sun and then rolled away to the north and west toward the Rocky Mountains. In less than one hour the grasshopper plague had vanished and hope took the place of despair in the hearts of the people. In the summer of 1874 Kansas suffered

from a severe drouth. In August naked stalks of weeds and dry blades of grass rattled at every step of the passer-by. Hot winds came from the south and the west, and one day, on the wings of these warm messeqgers, came a shower of grasshoppers, or Rocky Mountain locusts. Big fellows they were, an inch and a half in length. They hopped about for a few days, but finding little to eat, disappeared almost as suddenly as they had come. No damage was done to the crops, for such as had weathered the trying drouth were all matured. The older settlers shook their heads and said: "These old hoppers will never trouble us again, but there is certain disaster ahead We must look out for their many times multiplied progeny. Next spring we shall have grasshoppers in swarms, where this year they have come in handfuls."

THE GROUND WAS HONEYCOMBED.

A careful examination of the ground proved that these fears were well founded. There were millions of tiny holes in which eggs had been deposited. The laying of these eggs was, in fact, the sole mission of this vanguard of the grasshopper army. There was, of course, much apprehension of coming hard times. But many torgot what they had so much dreaded.

Here and there a wise man sold his farm at much sacrifice and moved away. Others sought to avert the danger by turning up every square rod of land on their farms to the frosts of winter. In this way many eggs were doubtless destroyed, but as the wise old grasshoppers had selected places along the roadsides where the ground was hardest in which to deposit their eggs, the larger portion of them were left undis-turbed. Besides, there was no concert of action among the farmers, and no syste-matic efforts made to head off the pest.

Spring came, and with it came all the busy scenes connected with farm life. It was an early season. April saw every crop in and well under way. May opened in all her beauty, and yet no sign of grasshoppers. But the closing days of that beautiful May brought the vindication of the prophets.

ARRIVAL OF THE YOUNGSTERS. The little grasshoppers began to appear. They could be counted at first, and they were such tiny things. The next day they had come in countless millions, and for several days thereafter they seemed to increase in the same ratio, until they were no longer estimated in numbers, but the terms bushels, tons and square miles each in turn served as a unit of measurement. The land all at once seemed to have become alive. The surface was moving in a mass, now in this direction, now in that. Crops disappeared as if an all powerful magician with a single pass of his wand had spoken them out of existence. The fields were laid as bare as winter had left them. Gardens bore not a vestige of their recent greenness. The little insects were particularly fond of onions and radishes. They are down to the smallest hair roots, leaving the beds curiously per-forated. Nothing green on or near the ground escaped their ravages, except the leaves of the oange orange. The hedges of this shrub were left untouched.

Suddenly the grasshoppers increased in size. They had moulted. Then they seemed to have a londness for city life. They trav-eled the streets in vast droves. As vegetation disappeared, they became weak and in-active and no longer tried to get out of the

way of pedestrians. They were crushed in great number on the pavements. As the insects became weakened from lack of food, they seemed to be greatly affected by the heat of the sun, and in order to avoid it they crowded along the shadows of build ings on the south side of a street. Here they were piled upon one snother against the walls of the buildings to the height of a foot or more. From this came the expression, "grasshoppers drifted a foot deep." The stench from their crushed bodies was very trying to the olfactories. Had it not been for several dashing rains, which cleaned the streets from end to end, the consequence might have been much more serious.

LIKE THE FROGS OF EGYPT.

Grasshoppers were everywhere. They

came into the houses, and, like the from in

plague-stricken Egypt, found their way into the breadtrays. You break open a biscuit at meal time, and behold, a grasshopper. You turn down the bed covers on retiring, and out jump grasshoppers, Pump spouts were clogged with the insects. It was not sale to eat anything or to drink in the dark. Attempts were made to harvest the young grasshoppers. One device was adop Morocco during a locust plague more than a century ago. It was to dig a long trench and drive the grasshoppers into it. Boards were set up on edge diverging from the ends of the trench several rods. As the insects came to the boards, they con-verged to the brink of the ditch, and their next movement landed them at the bottom They had not yet got their wings, and were not large enough to jump over the boards or the trench. The loose earth was then packed down upon the struggling mass, and millions of grasshoppers had been de-stroyed. Did it make any perceptible difference in the numbers above ground? Not

It was a mystery how they lived and grew after the first wholesale destruction of crops, but they must have found something to eat, for many of them lived to get away from the land which they had turned into a waste. With an energy such as is sure to follow every great disaster, the farmers went replanted their fields. Corn was the principal crop. Some of it matured, but the greater part made only fodder. Although there was no very widespread destitution as a result of the grasshopper visitation, much financial distress on account of it was felt for several years.
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