

GOTHAM LETTER

New York, Jan. 5.—There is great distress on Riverside avenue, and the hearts of the people of New York city go out to Mrs. Isaac G. Rice, who has made public the agony suffered by the residents on that slightly avenue. They have the most beautiful river on the planet to look upon, and there is a wide prospect on beyond the lordly stream that carries so much freight and so many passengers to the city or the sea. But also, the beautiful river is infested with swarms of boats of greater or less degree, and each one has a whistle, and that whistle is blown many times in the course of a day and night. And the hearing of these whistles has almost, she avers, made Mrs. Rice crazy, and her neighbors also fear aberration of their intellects. The foot-toot of these whistles goes on all through the night, and is so tantalizing at times that Mrs. Rice has to just sit around and count them. Three thousand toots in a night is a common record, while on one night 7000 toots were counted. It is quite probable that the counter got tired and sleepy at times and missed some toots, possibly some hundreds of them, as there is a suddenness about a toot that makes it very difficult to catch at it. All the hospitals in the neighborhood are in the fight with Mrs. Rice, and backed up Mrs. Rice when she waited upon Police Commissioner McAuloo and asked him to remedy the matter. What to do, the poor man was at a loss to say. A whistle is a very useful thing in his way, and frequently prevents a collision, and with it pilots tell each other which side to steer without having to wait until they are alongside of each other and are able to pass instructions by word of mouth. It is necessary, of course, for Riverside people to sleep at times and perhaps if they did not make themselves so exceedingly wide awake on the tooting question they might be able to take a good sound nap or two occasionally. Some 12,479 persons are going to lay the matter before the law department of the custom house and pray that body to give them sound, refreshing slumbers.

Not so far from Riverside drive a good man, who has done some good in his day and generation, is sleeping to beat the band every night. The whistles may toot and toot, but they do not disturb Andrew Carnegie. He just retires at a reasonable hour and drops into slumber dreaming, perchance, of establishing a few more libraries or putting aside a few more millions for some new benevolent enterprise. And he sleeps on, Andrew Carnegie does, the sunny Scot, until morning, and then he has his awakening done by music from a sweet toned organ played by an expert. The other morning the organ was supplanted by a full choir of sweet

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voices, and those eyelids of the slumbering millionaire were pried open in just no time at all. And Mr. Carnegie just lies still and listens. When Mrs. Rice, on Riverside Drive, would plug her ears, Carnegie opens all the pores of his soul and takes in the entrancing strains until he gets thoroughly awake, and tuned up for the day. And Andrew Carnegie awake is a steam engine of many thousands horse power.

Mr. August Belmont has kindly taken charge of all our street car lines, from the cars that scurry along the highways to those that swish through the Subway, not forgetting those which fret the upper air. That is handy. If one wants to know anything about a car or car line all he has to do is to go down and see Mr. Belmont or if he has a complaint to make all he has to do is to pour it into the ready ear of Mr. Belmont, which will work nine hours a day, no matter what is the result of the printers' strike. And there Mr. Ryan, who no sooner hopped up in insurance circles than he disappears down the Subway leaving Mr. Belmont's face a frowning world as mad as a hornet ever being chiseled out of his possessions. And yet there are some people in this town who think Mr. Ryan has not disappeared from the car properties, but is more in than ever, and that he will shovel millions out of the merger.

He will assist Mr. Belmont in building all the subways that are to follow and will take his little dividends. Now why isn't this nice and considerate in these two gentlemen. Why do people berate them for not letting them worry and fret over these pesky holes in the ground, while these gentlemen will build them and the public need not worry their heads about the matter until the subways are put on exhibition spic, span, gleaming, glistening in all their brilliance of terra cotta furnishing, and the public not even required to scour the railings.

The old fire is in the old flat after all. Money rates no sooner began to soar than Russell Sage dusted himself off, and appeared in Wall street once more, after many months absence, apparently as alive as ever, and certainly capable of taking in at the varying rates that money jumped to from 30 to 125, Sage's average being 90 to 95. What a luxurious feeling must have been enjoyed by Mr. Sage to have that profit passing through his hands once again, those hands so shriveled that one might well have supposed they GAL TWO—N Y LETTER. . . . never could have handled cash again. Seventy thousand dollars is said to have been the profit that Sage derived from a little day's work. They pump salt into moribund arteries, and the patient takes a breath or two more of life. But Mr. Sage has suffered no hypodermic injection. He has simply suffered money making under high pressure and out he comes to enjoy the making of a few more millions before he leaves the scene for good. Why couldn't Mr. Sage and his kindred soul—Mrs. Betty Green—he induced to give a dialogue to describe the delights of taking in money—and keeping it. What thrills of joy must course through their veins when they find the dollars coming in and staying in. We have an idea that Sage experiences more joy in taking in the cash, while Mrs. Green delights more in packing it away. We get an insight into her character when we read that of all the creatures on this earth she has chosen a terrier to endow for life.

A tall, lanky motorman is altogether the best. Indeed, it is clear that they should be made that way. Motorman Welch, for instance, is tall and lank, and as he was cruising gently along with his trolley car he saw a boy sitting on the track sucking a piece of candy. The power was turned off instantly and the brake applied, but the car was steadily sliding along toward

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the boy, and he was sure to be crushed, easily and all. This was when Welch's lank legs came into play. Clinging with them, best like a jack knife blade, he clung with them to the front board and letting himself down head first he reached out his long arms, and with his ready arms he scooped up that sandy sucking boy, just as easy. What would a short, fat motorman have done in such a case? And the little boy went on sucking his candy and Welch nearly hugged him to death in his joy at not having crushed him to a horrible death. Clearly the home-made fender motorman has qualities that makes him the premier of his profession.

We at least have assurance that we will have a mayor, not as a hold-over but as one elected by the board of canvassers. This is much better, for although Mr. Hearst may push out Mr. McClellan by quo warranto proceedings later on, it is much better to know meanwhile that the man in office is there by the decision of the body properly qualified to judge and declare the result officially. To have the forms of law followed and the decision made in accordance therewith, removes the city from disputes that might arise in case it would profit anyone to question the authority of the municipal head. In quo warranto proceedings another authoritative decision will be reached and whether Mr. McClellan goes out or stays in, he will do so according to law. It will be a great relief to Mr. Hearst if the judges in the quo warranto proceedings tell Mr. McClellan quickly to stay.

OLD TIMER.

Rev. Carlisle B. P. Martin, I. I. D. Of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising, I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm which produces a phlegm and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat and lung trouble." Sold by D. J. Fry.

AN OCEAN GRAVEYARD.

Sable Island is a Most Dangerous Place For Navigators.

Sable island, sometimes and too extravagantly termed the graveyard of the Atlantic, is set among shoal waters that afford the best of fooling ground for the particular kind of fish

that Gloucester men most desire, halibut, cod, haddock, and what not, and so to its shoal waters do the fishermen come to trawl or handline.

Lying about east and west, a flat quarter moon in shape, is Sable island. Two long bars, extending northwesterly and northeasterly, make of it a full, deep crescent. Nowhere is the fishing so good or so dangerous as close in on these bars, and the closer in and shoaler the water the better the fishing. There a few men alive in Gloucester who have been in close enough to see the surf break on the bare bar, but that was in soft weather and the bar to windward, and they in variably got out in a hurry.

Two hundred and odd wrecks of one kind or another, steam and sail, have settled in the sands of Sable island. Of this there is clear and indisputable record. Of how many good vessels that have been driven ashore on the long bars on dark and stormy nights or in the whirls of snowstorms and swallowed up in the fine sand before mortal eyes could make note of their disappearing hulks there is no telling.

A Gloucester fisherman needs no tabulated statement to remind him that the bones of hundreds of his kind are bleaching on the sands of Sable island, and yet of all the men who sail the sea they are the only class who do not give it a wide berth in winter.—James B. Connolly in Scribner's

A Grim Tragedy.

Is daily enacted in thousands of homes, as Death claims, in each one, another victim of consumption or pneumonia. But when coughs or colds are properly treated, the tragedy is averted. F. G. Huntley of Oaklandon, Ind., writes: "My wife had the consumption, and three doctors gave her up. Finally she took Dr. King's new Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, which cured her, and today she is well and strong." It kills the germs of all diseases. One dose relieves. Guaranteed at 50c and \$1.00 by J. C. Perry, drug-gist. Trial bottle free.

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