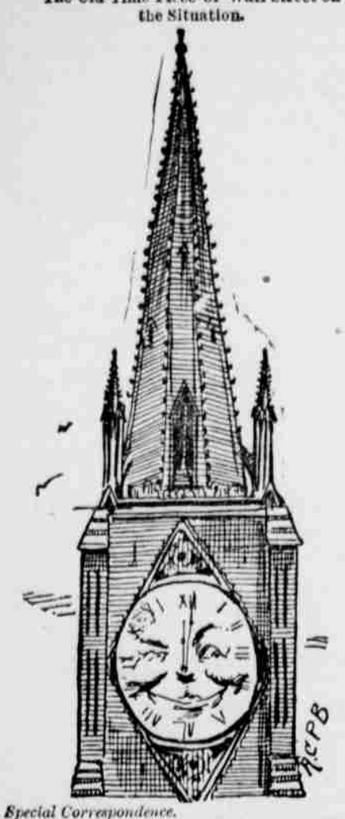
GOTHAM'S MONOPOLISTS.

Trinity Clock Watches Them from Its High Perch, and Laughs at their Efforts to Cage the Public.

What They are Doing and How They Do It—The Old Time Piece of Wall Street on the Situation.



Special Correspondence.

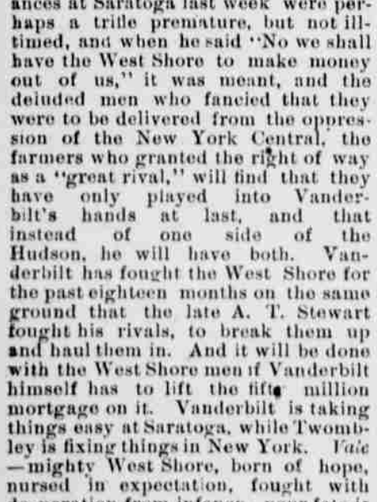
NEW YORK, July 29, 1885.

Trinity clock, whose hands have denoted the rise and fall of so many thousand speculators in Wall street, from beyond the memory of the present generation till to-day, including Daniel Drew, Jay Cooke, Jim Fisk, and other well known names of the past, is smiling now at the strenuous efforts put forth by Gotham's millionaires to bind the public and enrich themselves. Never within the memory of Trinity has there been a time when the efforts were so open, the masks so thrown aside, as to-day. Never have the schemes been so apparently crowded with success as now. From Vanderbilt down to Jake Sharp, 1885 promises to be for excellence the year of years for the fruition and fulfillment of pet schemes.

What then is Vanderbilt doing?

Nothing, except drinking congress water at Saratoga.

Nonsense. Vanderbilt, although he didn't want, wouldn't have, and couldn't be induced to take that sink hole for American capitalists, the West Shore Railroad, is nevertheless just as sure to get it as he was the Nickelplate, and nothing short of a miracle will prevent it. His utterances at Saratoga last week were perhaps a trifle premature, but not ill-timed, and when he said "No we shall have the West Shore to make money out of us," it was meant, and the deluded men who fancied that they were to be delivered from the oppression of the New York Central, the farmers who granted the right of way as a "great rival," will find that they have only played into Vanderbilt's hands at last, and that instead of one side of the Hudson, he will have both. Vanderbilt has fought the West Shore for the past eighteen months on the same ground that the late A. T. Stewart fought his rivals, to break them up and haul them in. And it will be done with the West Shore men if Vanderbilt himself has to lift the fifty million mortgage on it. Vanderbilt is taking things easy at Saratoga, while Twombley is fixing things in New York. *Vale*—mighty West Shore, born of hope, nursed in expectation, fought with desperation from infancy, your fate is sealed, and a few more days will see you the younger twin of the Central, which has issued $25,000,000 of stock already to take up the $50,000,000 West Shore mortgage, one dollar for two, while Vanderbilt reserves $25,000,000 additional bonds to use as desired. This gives the Central a total indebtedness of $200,000,000, more than Vanderbilt is worth since his $40,000,000 loss last year, although he has made about $3,000,000 within the past three weeks in the stock boom. With the Central in one hand and the West Shore in the other, Trinity smiles at Vanderbilt's success in 1884.



And Jay Gould, what of him? Well, Jay is not inactive this summer and is much on the make as ever, as is evidenced by the Western Union grab of the Bankers and Merchants wires a few days ago, and their attempted incorporation with the Western Union. They, too, have a big mortgage about $10,000,000, and Gould will finally get these wires.

Gould goes about things more characteristically than Vanderbilt. If he wants anything, he seizes it first and lets the courts decide his rights to it afterward. Possession being nine-tenths of the law, Gould generally manages to get the other tenth by some hook or crook, and so grabs the nine with feeling, and looks forward to the tenth with expectancy.

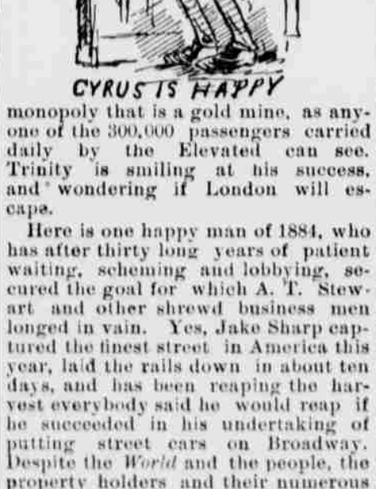
Gould's biggest grab was made when he and Jim Fisk collared the Erie R. R. from Vanderbilt, on account of which Fisk lived in Jersey for some weeks, out of reach of New York state officers; but the last grab was a fair sized one, if not quite so successful.

It is just about 34 years since Jay Gould owned but ten cents in the world, and made his next fifty cents and a square meal, by manufacturing a noon mark for a farmer in this state. Times have wonderfully changed since then, but Gould still keeps the "last ten cents he owned" as a memento. He was about 15 years old at that time, and is only 49 to-day, while Vanderbilt is 64, but Gould is agile for his age, much more so than Vanderbilt, and can jump on a ten million mortgage against the bankers and merchants while Wm. H. is thinking about doing something in a similar line for the West Shore. Gould is out of the city at present, but his representatives are making it warm for the B. and M. people, and Trinity smiles again at Jay Gould and his last transaction in wires.

And where is Cyrus W. Field this summer? Is he Idle? Oh, no, Mr. Field is in England, explaining the beauties of the Elevated Railroad System to admiring Englishmen, and won't get through this summer. His heart and soul are in his work, and London may expect second story railways ere long, if they listen with credence to Cyrus W., for his ten strike was made in Manhattan elevated, and when the electric motors are attached, and smoke and cinders done away with, then his millennium will arrive. Most people do not perhaps know that the smoke now generated from the elevated roads contains much carbonic gas, and that a certain Dr. Taylor of this city, who has a medical infirmary on the Sixth avenue line, received $20,000 damages from the Elevated in a suit arising from the action of this gas on his patients. It was carried up, however, and like all suits against corporations, it went up so high that it never came down to earth again, and that ended it. Cyrus Field has a

monopoly that is a gold mine, as anyone of the 300,000 passengers carried daily by the Elevated can see. Trinity is smiling at his success, and wondering if London will escape.

Here is one happy man of 1884, who has after thirty long years of patient waiting, scheming and lobbying, secured the goal for which A. T. Stewart and other shrewd business men longed in vain. Yes, Jake Sharp captured the finest street in America this year, laid the rails down in about ten days, and has been reaping the harvest everybody said he would reap if he succeeded in his undertaking of putting street cars on Broadway. Despite the *World* and the people, the property holders and their numerous injunctions, Sharp succeeded, and the cars are now an established fact, and are paying big. The man, woman or child who gets a seat in a Broadway car is in luck, and as a general thing even standing room is not to be had, especially as they won't allow the anxious public to stand on the steps. It is estimated that every day puts $2,000 clear profit into the pockets of the projectors of this A 1 investment, and bonds or stock are not to be had for love or money. The general appearance of a man or woman who emerges from a Broadway car would indicate that they had gone through a Tammany torchlight procession, and came out second best.



Sardines in a box revel in space compared to the individuals who travel on Broadway in the street cars, or jam boxes, as they are appropriately called. But among all these happy people who have caught on, there is one lonely individual, who wonders why it is that Heaven, fate and Wall street have not smiled propitiously upon him in 1884. This is Russell Sage, the venerable "put" and "call" dealer of Gotham. No bonanza has as yet opened up to him this year, to offset his ill luck of last season, when he lost so much in the panic precipitated by the Ferdinand Ward and Marine bank failures. No, Russell Sage is not a happy man, and doesn't enjoy his meals at Saratoga this season as of yore. He is said to be very thoughtful and sedate, drinking his Congress water in silence, and watching Vanderbilt closely to see how he does things generally. It is rumored that Sage is thinking of following other than the Gould fortunes in the near future, and Trinity smiles at his dilemma.

Russel Sage has enough to retire on, but he can't make up his mind to quit business yet.

Spirito Gentile.

Small Runs.

Unlimited range is not absolutely necessary. The advantage of range is in the variety of insect, green and seed food which the fields, meadows and orchards afford. Fowls will thrive and lay well, if they have plenty of room to walk about, scratch in the fresh earth and pick the tender grass and vegetables that grow on their runs.

Fowls confined to houses or small yards require more care and attention than if they have their liberty. In restricted places the ground soon becomes tainted and sour from their droppings. Fowls in good health are always busy searching for something in the earth of the nature of food, gravel or other acids to trituration of food in the gizzard, the solvent glands, or calcerous matter for egg shells. In picking up these "unconsidered trifles," dirt and excrement must be taken up and pass through the same digestive and absorbent channels, hence the necessity of scrupulous cleanliness about the hen houses and small yards at all seasons.

If fowls are to be kept successfully in limited yards, they need to be placed on dry soil—a place that has the natural advantage of being readily drained and always free from dampness and stagnant pools. It is always requisite to keep the house and run clean, the droppings and vegetable refuse removed regularly, before fermentation takes place, and the application of deodorizers and disinfectants to keep the place pure and sweet. The time and labor, requisite for such work, may seem irksome to the beginner, and not necessary in pursuing the cultivation of poultry, but such ideas are deceptive and misleading.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Is "Young America" Irreverent?

The Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, thinks not. He says: "My own convictions are that the youth of to-day possess even more real, heartfelt, sincere, God-like reverence, or respect. Thirty to fifty years or more ago the so-called reverence was too often a reverence of compulsion, whether applied to God, to the church, or to parents. The word then was too often "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not." It was upon this foundation that the child's heart was educated in too many homes, and by much of the religious instruction given to them.

Reverence, in its full degree, is a matter of education and surrounding influences. Let this fact be ever kept in mind in our churches, Sunday schools, and homes, and by all who are in any way engaged or interested in the religious and moral education of the young men, and the young women of this country will be fully imbued and possessed of the real, true, heartfelt, genuine spirit of reverence that the charge, if made, could not be based upon facts, that "Young America is irreverent."

Decay of the Funny Man.

In nothing else is there such marked decay as in the alleged "funny" newspapers and the funny men who have given them their brief notoriety. To every humorist, who tries the "pumping" process on his wits, week after week, there invariably comes a drought. Wit must flow spontaneously, and when the spirit moves; it can't be forced. The attempt to produce wit in certain quantities by the column, at a certain time, will leave the experimenter an exhausted receiver. Every man who has tried to be witty by measurement, and has contracted to furnish a certain quantity of wit weekly or daily or monthly, has failed in his endeavor. Humor comes when the conditions are right; when a man "feels like it," but is so subtle that if you watch for it, and attempt to cultivate it, the labor is lost.—*Terra Haute Mail.*

If you feed a printer on "p." it will invariably put him out of "sorts." This is not a pious reflection.—*Orange Observer.*

The proper study of mankind is woman.—*St. Paul Herald.*

They Want Their Wives' Letters.

From the Chicago Herald.

"The third man I've sent away mad this morning," remarked a clerk at the general delivery window. "He called for mail addressed to his wife, and we wouldn't give it to him. We are not allowed to, unless he has an order. I tell you, it is an eye-opener to many men to discover that their wives have any rights. 'What!' they will say 'a man can't get a letter for his own wife without an order!' 'No, sir, it is a rule of the department.' And then they boil with rage. You see, most men are in the habit of opening their wives' letters. They don't think it is wrong. Sometimes a married women wants to carry on correspondence without having her husband a party to it, and to protect her rights that rule was made. Of course, it is none of our business what her correspondence is about. It may be with her relatives, lady friends, her lawyer, or with an admirer. We don't know, nor care. All that the department knows is that she is a woman, entitled to have her letters delivered into her own hands. If she wants her husband or any other person to have them she can write an order. Sometimes the husbands will go off and come back after a while with an order which they have written themselves and signed their wives' names to. In such cases we get ahead of them by making them sign a receipt, and the similarity of the writing in the surname gives their little game away.

"I remember a case where a woman's foresight was too sharp for her husband. Evidently suspecting that he knew she was getting mail here, and that he would present an order in a woman's handwriting, presumably her own, she left here a written order that her letters were to be delivered to nobody but herself. When Mr. Husband came around with his little order we presented his wife's order, and he walked away as quick as he could. But many times when men ask for their wives' letters here or at the advertised window they do not know of the rule, and the honest amazement that comes on their faces upon discovering that their better halves have some privileges not shared by them in common—some rights which even the husband cannot interfere with—is quite comical.

"I have seen men who get mad at first, but who, I would be willing to say, started into a train of thought upon calming down that resulted in increased respect for their partners and in the realization that the husband is not nineteen-twentieths of the family team."

The Lime-Kiln Club.

For some time past there has been ill-feeling between Pike Root Perkins and the Hon. Justified White, caused by a dispute over the query: "Is Life Worth the Living." As the meeting was ready to open Brother Gardner called the pair to the head of the hall and said:

"One reason why some people decide dat life am not wuth de libin' am bekase dey make life a burden to deirselves an' werry onpleasant to odders. One real mean man in a community kin make 500 people doubt if virtue am rewarded on earth. One canting hypocrite in a town kin keep a slander-mill grindin' night an' day. One infidel in a county kin cause 5,000 well-meanin' people to kinder doubt if dar' am a Heaben or a hereafter.

"Bekase you two differ in opinyun you go at it an' help to make life onpleasant to each odder. It doan' strike you dat anybody else kin be right, or dat you may be entirely wrong. Brudder Perkins calls Brother White a fule bekase he can't agree with him. Brudder White calls Brudder Perkins a bigot bekase he won't accept his opinyuns. Each has his friends an' supporters, an' dese supporters divide off an' feel aige wise toward each odder, an' before we know it de quarrel has involved 200 people. Gem'len, de pusson who argufies dat life am wuth de libin' must prove his argyments by his ackshuns. He who feels dat life ain't wuth de trouble of hangin' aroun' on earth can't do better dan to walk down to de wharf hitch a grindstun to his neck, an' jump into water twenty feet deep.

"You two brudders take each odder by the hand. Now shake. Now go to yer seats. Each one of you has a right to his theories an' beliefs, but neither of you have de right to denounce de odder. De world am big 'nuff to hold all de theories of all de inhabitants. We have plenty of room for all de beliefs we kin believe in. Dar am acreage fur all de argyments we kin argy. When we realize this we must feel how silly it am fur de Hon. Centrifugal Johnsing to call Judge Merriweather Tompkins a charlaton, bekase Mrs. Johnsing had thirty-two pussons to her high tea, and Mrs. Tompkins couldn't count but thirty-one at her low coffee."

The reports of commercial papers all agree that for some reason or other the trade of the present season has been below the general anticipations and even below that of last year. A large volume of merchandise has been disposed of, but there has been little or no money in it. Stocks of merchandise continue heavy; there is no profitable line of investment; everybody proceeds with extreme caution. And yet all the conditions appear favorable. The prospect of a short wheat crop ought certainly to make a good price and a quick sale for the large surplus. In the situation generally there appears to be no cause whatever for the present stagnation, and so remedy suggests itself. The problem will work itself out in due time, but it is dull work, this "waiting for the wagon."

The wife of an habitual drunkard in Buffalo, N. Y., has obtained a verdict of $1,000 damages against a liquor-seller who persisted in selling her husband whisky after he had been notified to desist. The verdict is a righteous one, though two of the jurors rendering it were saloon-keepers.

EUREKA.

A stout black-whiskered man sat immediately in front of me in the railroad car and indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable maneuvers. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and, when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster.

As we neared the city these demonstrations increased in violence, save the stranger no longer ran away to laugh but kept in his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin down deep in his shirt-collar. But the changes those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there—he put them behind him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but, as we were twenty-five miles from the city the idea of such early preparation was ridiculous. If we had entered the city when the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and, as I was the nearest to him, he selected me. Suddenly turning, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and clapping his legs together and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes; been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station—they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he returned.

He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you? I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied, "I ain't slept soundly for a week. And you don't know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last, 'taint natural the thing should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it.

"Well, according to your philosophy," I said, "you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe is because I think I won't.

"Well, this is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I am a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money in trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—she said she'd work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there—came within an ace of jumping off London bridge. Went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with—there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought $500,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "$500,000; and the best of it is, she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often and disappointed her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now, I suppose, you will make her happy?"

"Happy!" he replied, "why, you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog since I have been gone, trying to support herself and children decently. They paid her 13 cents apiece for making white shirts, and that is the way she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's the stranger tore down the passageway again, and, getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strange pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shape, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "walking down Broadway" a full-rigged metropolitan belle.

So on we rolled to the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in either hand, descended and was standing on the lowest step ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried:

"There they are!"

Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eye, and saw, some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress, and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches rapidly glided in.

She had not seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and another there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her.

She didn't look pretty—on the contrary, she looked very plain; but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her! how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into position, but it never moved after that save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I expect she only caught occasional glympses of the broad-shouldered man pushing his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmantaus, she turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her, sobbing to his breast.

There were enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away for a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves and bursting out anew at every demonstration on the part of their mother.

When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

Management of American and English Hotels.

From the Detroit Free Press.

When you go into an American hotel, you know, a boy takes your baggage at the door, the clerk embraces you at the counter, brushes whisk, and attendants dance around you till it seems as if the whole establishment had been eagerly expecting you for a week.

Now when you go into an English hotel it is different.

You tug and twist and shoulder-heave at the door awhile, until at last you worry it open and drag yourself and your baggage in by painful degrees against the protest of an inhospitable spring that has been cunningly contrived somewhere to keep you out. Then you set down your things in a narrow, private sort of an entry with the feeling of a burgler awaiting an arrest, and wipe of your forehead and look over the ground. There are no signs, no bells, no anything. You stamp and cough and rattle around for a while, and by-and-by the commotion wakes up somebody in the rear of the house, who opens the door and peers through. This is your oportunity. If you are affable, and persistent, and plausible, and state your case with respectful urgency, this person (usually a female), after some preliminary examination, will disappear, and come back in time with another and higher functionary (also a female), who examines you in the higher branches, and may end, under favorable condition, with your admission.

The Veiled Mystery.

Washington Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph

There is one woman in the Treasury who has attracted much attention on account of the mystery surrounding her. She has been in the department for years—not less than ten—and though she is marked by everybody, I have never met anybody who has seen her face. It is the talk of the clerks brought most in contact with her. She is a woman of magnificent presence, a tall, fine figure, and one of the most perfect forms I have seen. Her appearance is that of a woman who might possess remarkable beauty, but she always has her face enveloped in a thick veil. In the office or out, at work or walking through the halls, the veil is never removed, and the efforts of her inquisitive fellow-clerks to peep under it are vain. Many susceptible young men, struck by her fine figure, have quickened their step to catch up with her in the halls only to find her face hid from sight. No one can tell whether she is old or young, but she is probably not "very either." The motive for concealing her features is not known. Whether, like the "Veiled Prophet," she seeks to hide a vision of ugliness, or whether she has some other reason, is a mere matter of conjecture. Some say that her face once comported with the promise of her form—that she was exquisitely beautiful—but was a victim of smallpox, which so disfigured her face that she is ashamed to show it.

One of the Louisville Girls.

From the Memphis Sunday Times.

A Louisville girl who was visiting here a short time ago scored a signal triumph over a fresh young society man of this city. They were sitting upon a sofa together, and as the conversation progressed he allowed his arm to gradually fall down until he had it around her waist.

She arose very indignant, and he made the following explanation and apology: "I hope you will not think anything of this. It is just a way I have. All the Memphis boys act the same way, and you will have to get used to it. I hope you will not take any offense at it, as it's just my way."

She left the room, but came back in a few minutes with a married friend and sat down on the sofa again. Soon she began to yawn and give every ostensible proof of being thoroughly bored. Finally she said: "I'm dreadfully sleepy, and I hope you'll go home. You musn't take any offense at this. All the Louisville girls act the same way. You are exceedingly tiresome, and you had better go home at once. Don't be offended at this. It is simply a way I have."

He stood not upon the order of his going.