

THE TRAMP'S NIGHT REFUGE.

One of the Strange Sights of Gotham—A Peculiar Place on Chatham Square.

Detective Gilbert Carr turned the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets promptly at midnight, and shaking hands with the News reporter, said: "I'm not much behind time, anyhow. Where we are going you will see a number of people whose faces you may know from meeting them in the street, but you will see them as they really are." The detective stopped in front of a saloon in Chatham square and said; "This is the tramps' night refuge." It was a two-story frame building, and a coarsely painted sign proclaimed it to be a hotel. Show cards in the windows announced hot free lunch and all hot drinks for six cents.

"Just keep close to yourself," said Detective Carr, as he opened the door and stepped inside. A low-sized man with a heavy brown mustache behind the bar, a big kettle of beef stew boiling away on the stove, and about twenty tables at which nearly one hundred men were congregated. They were of all classes and conditions. Occasionally one would call for a drink and help himself to a plateful of the appetizing though not aristocratic stew with a listlessly mechanical air that would seem to indicate that he was conferring a favor instead of receiving one. Having drunk and eaten, he sank into a chair and looked steadily at the floor. Once in awhile he ventured to raise his head, but did so in a dazed, uncertain way, as if afraid or ashamed to be seen.

"You see that old man at the second table," said Detective Carr, "who is talking about stars and planets and such like? His face is familiar, isn't it? Well, in years gone by, he was known all over the city as 'the telescope man,' and had his stand in the square. He was as big a skin as there was in the business, and swindled many a man. He has no telescope now, but peddles pencils.

"You see that man with the black mustache and dark eyes, who sells songs on Broadway? Six years ago he was in business in 3d avenue, and was worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000. He met with domestic troubles, and here he is. He may come to the front again; but I doubt it, for once a man comes here, it is rarely he quits until he is carried out, feet foremost.

"Over in the corner there, is the old East Indian sailor, who for years has solicited charity on New Chambers and South streets. Look at that chest and neck. What a powerful man he was when perfect. Unfortunately, he shipped on an arctic whaler, was frost-bitten and lost his legs. Still old Ram-sur is no slouch to-day, and it takes four policemen to bring him in.

"If you want to see an inventor who is always flat broke, there is one ready-made for you—that man with the keen blue eyes and gray hair, who is standing by the store. You see him during the day selling needle-threads on Broadway. He has invented several machines which ought to have brought him a fortune, but others have reaped the benefit of his brains. He is not the only man of brains here. There is a minister in that second chair and a journalist arguing with him. The man with the crisp black hair and bloated face, who is smoking that dirty clay pipe, is one of the best engineers in the land, and the fellow asleep who looks as if he wanted to break his neck over the back of his chair, is a lawyer, and a smart one, too. How do they drift here, did you say? I will tell you. Rum."

By this time the lights had been lowered, and they, stretching themselves on chairs and tables, entered into rest. Some removed their hats and boots, which they placed under their heads for safety. Others were not so careful and braved adverse fortune without a frown; one young man remarking: "Well, any feller what nails my kicks won't have much." So they slept undisturbed until six o'clock, when the bar-tender beats the *revue* on the tables with a huge cane. Ten minutes after, the motley gathering had completely disappeared. They had washed themselves, stepped into the street and had been swallowed up by the pulsing tide of the great city.

Of the 2,500,000 packages of seed distributed by the United States agricultural department during last year more than 2,000,000 were furnished to congressmen.

HOLDING FAST TO LIFE.

Experiences of a Fisherman with Creatures that are Slow to Die.

"You will hardly credit it," said a Staten Island fisherman whom a New York Sun reporter talked with, "but the head of a turtle will retain a very marked interest in existence long after its body has been served up in soup and steaks. I believe it is a well known fact, but I only discovered it six months ago. I found a friend engaged in shelling a small turtle. 'Now,' he said, putting the head on the dresser, 'that will be alive and active to-morrow morning.' Of course I laughed at him, but I agreed to call the next day and test his prophecy. Next morning my friend asked me to step into the kitchen. The head was still on the dresser, and though it had been separated from the body for at least sixteen hours, the eyes were wide open and bright. 'Take care' exclaimed my friend, as I put my finger near the mouth. His warning came not a second too soon. The head of that turtle absolutely jumped at me. Where its motive power came from I cannot explain, but it moved two inches toward me, and snapped at my finger with a viciousness that could not be surpassed by a cornered rat. I think it had been holding back its life, as men of strong will power, for fixed purposes, have been known to do, until an opportunity offered to revenge the destruction of its body, for after it had made the effort its eyes grew fixed and filmy, and in an hour it was dead. Next to the turtle in obstinate persistence in living must come the eel. In recognizing the extraordinary length of time through which an eel clings to its being under the most unfavorable condition of all—the removal of it from the water, a state of affairs sufficient in itself to produce death.

"I do not believe that cutting an eel's head off or severing the tail the same way shortens his life much. He dies because he is out of his element, and had he been left unmutated he would live but little longer. Of course, if you put him in sections on the frying pan, you place upon him a burden greater than he can bear, and he dies quickly; but the lesser injuries, affecting only the tail, head, or skin, seem to me to make but little impression. The fact is, an eel can live an extraordinarily long time out of water. They habitually leave of their own accord and wander in the fields that slope down to a creek not far from here. I have often met in the early morning eels making their way down to the creek. They had spent the night in the meadows in search of worms and were going back. Whether an eel or any other fish is capable of feeling acute pain I cannot say. This I can vouch for: When an eel has been skinned and beheaded, and seems to be quite dead, a little salt rubbed on the surface of the body will be apt to restore life very quickly. A snake dies quickly under injuries. The average snake will not live three minutes after his head is crushed with a stick. The eye of the wild bird remains bright for some time after you have shot it, and is likely to cause a tender-hearted sportsman on his first gunning expedition a good deal of self-reproach.

"I do not know whether at any time clams have any self-assertive existence but that, in captivity, the clam is able to make himself excessively disagreeable I have had occasion to know. Not long ago I brought home a big basket of clams. I placed them in a dish pan, and left them in the kitchen. In the middle of the night my wife aroused me, saying that there were robbers in the house. With a pistol in my hand I wandered from room to room. I could hear a most extraordinary groaning and grunting, with an occasional watery gasp, but, for the life of me I could not imagine where it came from. At last I went into the kitchen and the mystery was solved. Each clam, with his shell wide open, was making almost as much noise as a bullfrog in full vigor. I filled the pan with fresh water, which brought either contentment or death; that is to say, it quieted them.

Correct.

Class in metaphysics. Teacher:—"When has a man the most confidence in himself?" Sensible fellow—"When he wants to buy something on credit." Teacher—"And when the least?" Sensible fellow—"When the bill is presented."

A Bazaar in India.

The immense number of stalls for sweetmeats is among the most striking peculiarities of a native bazaar. The consumption thereof must be tremendous, to say nothing of the quantity of sugar-cane which old and young seem to munch whenever they are not chewing betel. And yet the beauty of their teeth is by no means in accordance with our theories of the disadvantage of such dainties. Every mouth alike displays rows of such dazzling ivory as put most Europeans to shame—the latter too often reminding us of that Northumbrian farmer who went to "canny Newcastle" to invest in a set of false teeth, and returned with a complete set of box-wood, which, as he justly remarked, were only half and price "mair the color of the auld anes." Perhaps respectful insolence could hardly have devised a more cutting remark than that of a bearer, who, when his master had thoroughly lost his temper, observed with low salaam, and quite in accordance with his duty as valet, that he thought master had forgotten to brush his teeth that morning! As to the natives, they are forever brushing theirs, or rather polishing them with a soft, flat stick about the width of your finger. As you pass through a native town in the early morning, it seems as if the whole population had turned out of their houses to perform this part of their toilet in public, and such an amount of scraping and polishing goes on that you marvel how any enamel is left. Nor is this the only part of the morning adornment that occurs in public. The bath is either at the river or the open tank, but promiscuous washing goes on in the streets at all hours and seasons, as does also the work of the barber, who reduces the fine, silky black hair to a very small top-knot. This is the only moment when the lower caste Hindus are ever seen bare-headed. If, therefore, you care to mark the strange diversity of cranial development between the elongated high skulls of the upper castes and the low type common to the serfs, or low castes, (in other words, the descendants of the Aryans and those of the aboriginal races of India), the barber's hour will give you ample opportunity for study. In short, but for this little celestial top-knot you might imagine, as you glance at a group of those shining skulls, that you had got into a colony of the hairless men of Australia; that curious tribe of aborigines known as the Bald Men of the Finders and Albert rivers, who literally are destitute of any vestige of hair, and go through life from their birth to their grave as bald as a billiard ball. Certainly mother nature would have saved the Hindus a great deal of trouble if she had created them with the same deficiency. Next comes the painting of those curious lines and marks on the face, denoting caste and otherwise symbolical. Some have three white lines, others perpendicular stripes; a small horizontal line on the forehead denotes having bathed, in fact, being ready for society. Other marks show at whose shrine worship has been offered; the trident, for instance, denoting the worshippers of Siva.

London Drinking Palaces.

Strolling through the streets of London one cannot but be struck with the number and prominent character of the public houses. The last few years have witnessed a great many changes in the general appearance and construction of London public houses; and these changes have not invariably been in the direction which ardent teetotalers would desire. Instead of diminishing in number and growing more modest in appearance, these places for the retailing of spirituous liquors have put on new and attractive faces. All the changes are in the way of glare and glitter. You have to travel a long way now—in London, at any rate—to find an old-fashioned, low-roofed, straggling hostelry. This class of house is being steadily "improved" off the face of the earth, and the few tap-room lingerers of the old sort who still survive don't take kindly to the meretricious attractions of the new style public house. The old fire-places and bar-rooms of yore are things of the past; while great, glaring facades and more or less tawdrily-decorated modern rooms have taken their place. The old-fashioned consumer of fourpenny "half-and-half" is almost frightened at the magnificence of the pier glasses and candelabra which the modern Boniface considers essential to his commercial success.

It Overcame Him.

Before the Hale and Norcross fight came on—this is tradition, almost—there arrived in town a dissipated miner who had worked in the mine. He was pretty badly down, apparently, but he went into a broker's office, and, after being told to get out as a tramp, he said he thought a good deal of Hale and Norcross and wanted to invest a trifling sum in it. Two feet, at \$175, were bought for him, and he gave the certificate to the broker, saying that he was going down to Mexico prospecting, and he would like to leave it behind to be dealt with as the broker saw fit. He was not heard of for months. Hale and Norcross was up to \$12,000 a foot. One morning the broker found the dilapidated miner on his doorstep when he came down to business. The miner rose and said:

"Well, I'm here. I thought I'd come and see you. I s'pose there ain't nothing left o' that Hale and Norcross. I guess you must 'a' sold it out, but I'm down an' I ain't got a cent. Maybe you'd lend me four bits to get a bit of breakfast?"

The broker looked at him and gave him \$5 to go and get a bath and a breakfast, and presently he returned. "Sit down and wait a minute. I'll make up your account presently." He left the dilapidated man on the edge of a chair. He came back with a check and sent his clerk down to the bank. The clerk returned, with a big bag of gold. The poor chap watched the proceedings with a miserable indifference. The gold was stacked upon the counter.

"Look here. I've sold your two feet of Hale and Norcross for \$25,000, and here's your money."

The miner fell on the floor and cried like a baby. He could not read or write and had no idea what the market was. He sent a draft of \$2000 to his mother. The broker bought for him \$20,000 worth of registered bonds, and gave him \$2400 in coin, which he spent in three days. Two bunco men brought him in drunk and tried to get his bonds, but the broker drove them out, and when the man got sober he came and had the bonds sewed into his clothes and was dispatched east. He has never been heard of since.

The Safest Part of a Car.

Four men half hidden in the smoke cloud of a smoking box of a sleeping car on the Hudson River railroad, spent an hour discussing which part of a car was the safest to ride in. They finally agreed to leave it to the conductor.

"Middle of middle car, right hand side," said that personage when asked.

The rapidity with which he spoke and the mechanical manner in which he made the reply, led one of them to halt him as he was passing on and ask him to explain himself.

"Well," said he, "everybody asks me that question, and I am so used to answering it that I've got it down to the fewest words possible. I shouldn't wonder if you were to ask me that when I'm asleep if I would answer it without waking up. The middle car of the train is the safest, because it is the furthest removed from a collision either in front or behind. Even if an engine plunged into an open draw-bridge, it might not take more than a car or two with it. Couplings would be likely to break, you know. Always sit in the middle of a car, because when cars telescope they are not out o' telescope many feet. As you can't tell which end will telescope, and as both may, take to the middle. Whatever car you go in sit on the right hand side of the car, which is to say, the side farthest from the other track, because it sometimes happens that freight projects too far beyond a flat car and rips the windows out of passing trains."

"Do railroad men observe all these precautions when they ride?"

"They take no precautions at all. Those that I have mentioned are sensible, but you can't always sit where you like, and there are plenty of people unlucky enough to be killed wherever they sit. Railroad men never consider the possibility of accidents. They could not be railroad men if they did."

Prof. Huxley says that in his voyage around the world, and in all his studies of savage life, he found no people so miserable, wretched and degraded as those who exist in the poorer quarters of London.

His Rival.

"All is over then, Henry?" There was a world of anguish in the tremulous tones of the beautiful young girl as she uttered these words.

"All is over, Mehitabel," the youth replied in determined tones, as he brushed the dust from the elbow which he had been leaning on the mantel-piece. "All is over," he repeated, but as he gave utterance to this cruel decision a spasm passed across his face and his eye-lids quivered with the emotion, which, man-like, he strove to conceal. She drew a deep, tremulous sigh, and the rosy lips quivered, and two pearly tears trembled on the long, silken lashes.

"You will have no divided affection?" she said.

"I will have no divided affection," he replied, and there was no mistaking the firm, determined expression in his tones, and in the compressed lips and cloud-ruffled brow; "I must have your whole heart or nothing."

"But he is so cunning, and he gives so little trouble."

"It matters not. He is a rival who disputes with me the sovereignty of your affections. I will tolerate no rival," and he drew himself up proudly. The beautiful girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

"Henry," she cried, "he shall go. I am wholly yours. I'm not going to lose a husband for a miserable little pug dog."

Henry strained her to his heart, and calm, smiling, white-winged, sunnied-eyed Peace contemplated the scene and dropped a tear upon the pug dog that blotted him out forever. It is from scenes like this that our country's glory springs.

The Value of Lemons.

Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency without any of the weakening effect of calomel, or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear, the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after awhile, but properly diluted so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.

A Musical Prodigy.

Among the students of the piano now at the Paris conservatoire is numbered an American prodigy of such tender years that the personal intervention of Ambroise Thomas was necessary in order to obtain the gifted child's admission. Ernest Schelling, the prodigy in question, is only eight years and some months old. As the rules of the conservatoire admit no pupils under nine years of age, a special relaxation of the laws was granted in view of the exceptional talent of the young pianist. He has played in public ever since he was four years old, and during the past season he played at a charitable matinee in Paris, his fellow-performers being Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mlle. Lureau, of the Grand Opera, and others of equal prominence.

Got, the actor, being recently in a small town in the south of France, volunteered for a benefit for the poor. His name drew crowds. The mayor turned over in his prosy and pompous mind what he could do in acknowledgment. He invited the actor to a complimentary breakfast, and placed before him an egg in which ten golden louis were concealed. Got took a spoonful, and discovering the contents, ceased eating. The other guests, who were in the secret, watched him attentively, and the hostess inquired why he did not finish the egg. "Madame," he replied, "I never touch the yolk." "Do you throw it away?" she asked with astonishment. "No, I always leave it for the poor."

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.