

GOTHAM'S CAULDRON.

The Echoes of the Ward Trial Strike Terror to Other Financiers.

Who Helped Bring The Little Napoleon to this Waterloo.

The Modern Sphinx Breaks Golden Silence for Silver Speech on a Matter of Greenbacks.

The Opening of the Operatic Season in New York Under Money Making Auspices.

Special Correspondence.

New York City, Nov. 4, 1885.

The close prospect of Tuesday's election, in which Judge Barrett came up for re-election to his position, may have had some considerable bearing on the swift retribution which overtook Ferdinand Ward and landed him so summarily in Sing Sing last Saturday, with the utmost sentence of the law hanging over his devoted head—ten years at hard labor, which by good conduct on his part, can be reduced three months every year, and thus commute his sentence to seven and a half years in the penitentiary.



MEDITATIONS IN KING SING.

However that may be, and whether he would have been so summarily dealt with had the 31st of November been farther away, makes but little difference now to Ward in his meditations at Sing Sing, but affords a crumb of hope to other financiers who stand under the shadow of that dark cloud which has arisen from the ashes of that great failure, and who are trembling lest their time has come to account for immense profits on bogus contracts. Everybody expected that Ward would be convicted, and probably convicted on the first charge brought against him, so thoroughly has public sentiment been aroused against him during the past year, but very few entertained the idea for an instant that his trial on any count would occupy less than a week, and that ten days from the time he entered court would find him a convicted felon in the State Penitentiary. The Mills of the Gods quickened their slow process amazingly in his case, and this surprising despatch can only be accounted for in some quarters by a liberal application of the oil of public opinion to the well worn journals of the atrocious mills. Whether the mills will continue to grind in the same summary fashion, now that the election is over, is a poser of great moment to those directly interested, and a conundrum which it is said some of them may wish they had solved in the "over to Canada" style before it is fully answered, and justice is appeased. This high minded dame appears to have thrown the bandage from her eyes in this special case, and entered into the work of

bined with want of sagacity on their part, than to any particular shrewdness on his. A man who has handled millions weekly, and who calmly stays at home after committing numerous offenses against the law, knowing that he cannot possibly hope to conceal his doings, and has little or no defense, yet stays in the penitentiary, when he had every chance to fly to Canada, during the few days before and after the failure, and from Canada reach other countries where he would be safe from the United States authorities, is not the typical man of finance and embezzlement that the country has been used to seeing, at least in this section, and people who all along thought Ward very shrewd are fast losing faith in his sharpness, and are wondering how it could possibly be that a man of this calibre could fool so many supposed to be first class business men, and a great many are beginning to think that perhaps they were not so badly fooled after all, but had more level headed ideas about it than will probably be developed in future law suits arising from this wreck.

Something of a sensation was created by the announcement published in one or two evening papers, that Mayor Grace was to be arrested last Monday, in connection with this case. This, however, proved to be a canard as far as the United States court was concerned, and also so far as the state courts are concerned for the present, although it is more than likely that he will be brought before the latter courts eventually to explain how much money he made out of his transaction with Ward, and what reason he can give why under the circumstances, he should not return the amount of the profits to the receiver, inasmuch as it has proven to be about the same as stolen money. Two banks have returned the amount of profits to the receiver, after he has entered suits against them, but the amounts were so small, that it wouldn't pay to fight the suits, less than \$1,000 being returned from the two combined. This widow's milk will not go very far towards settling the indebtedness, however, and the larger profiters prefer to stand suit before disgorging. It is a curious fact that Benjamin Fish, a brother of James D. Fish, should be one of the parties against whom action is being brought to recover profits made by him in his dealings with the firm of Grant & Ward, while his brother James D. was ruined as a member of the firm, and is now serving out his sentence at Auburn.

The anxiety of those who anticipate lawsuits about their transactions with Ward will soon be at rest, it is said, so far as the beginning is concerned, but where the end will be is quite another thing.

THE OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK

opened quite auspiciously, if rather tamely last Monday night at the Academy of Music,



MAPLESON GATHERS THEM IN.

which has been thoroughly renovated with new seats, new carpets, and new draperies this season. Colonel Mapleson has had so much bad luck with his prima donna in the past, especially those of the Patti order, who demand cash and plenty of it, that it is claimed his arrangements for the present season are based more on the idea of raking in dollars for his own benefit than for that of the leading songstress. Colonel Mapleson thinks this a cold and cruel world, especially so towards impresarios who haven't got the ready cash to plunk down, and although when last here he swore by all the saints that he never would again hold forth in the Academy, because of the difficulties with the directors, still he is here as of old. There is a rumor to the effect that he couldn't withstand the sight of the new drapery and seats, and especially the winning glances of the new painted muses and cupids on the ceiling and about the stage. Some of them, to be sure, look as if they had the colic, and the cupids remind one that the little naked god of love is still afflicted with an aggravated case of dropsy in the abdomen, but everybody has gotten used to this now, and appear to forget the sufferings of the muses and cupids in the sweet strains of



JUSTICE OVERTAKES WARD.

cleaning up the Ward business with open vision, firm determination, and vigilant movement. All the quibbles about a defective indictment were thrown aside, and the sword of justice swung rapidly past the quill of the lawyer, and reached the Little Napoleon without hindrance, and without delay.

Ward has taken his place among the other convict laborers at Sing Sing, and will earn fifty six cents per day for this State in cleaning the castings for pebban stoves. From cleaning out banks worth several millions to cleaning out stove castings worth two cents per pound, is truly a comedown from the sublime check of the past to the ridiculous reality of the present, and perhaps can only be equalled by the sight of a man who at his state dinners served ten courses, each course with a different set of hand painted china, each plate in each set different in design, and the handsomest set costing over \$100 per plate, in contrast to that same man dining with convicts, on penitentiary hash served from tin platters, ended with a single course, and relieved but by the sullen glare of a wintry sun through barred windows, and the hated sight of convict stripes on surrounding criminals. Yet this is what the Ward of 1884 saw—this is what the Ward of 1885 sees. Young men who enter upon the devious paths of Wall street with much ambition or if occasionally little honesty, should ponder upon this picture rather than upon that of the escaped defaulter, Enno, who lives in Canada, in good style, exiled from the United States, and comforted with considerable cash left from his four million dollar appropriation of bank funds. Everyone wonders now why it was that Ward did not follow this course, and are disposed to think that Enno, whose discrepancies came to light only six days after the Grant & Ward failure, was much the sharper of the two, and the result to date would certainly indicate that he was. In fact a great many people are beginning to think that Ward was not at all sharp, and that his success in getting a host of millionaires into his schemes was owing more to greed, com-



MINNIE HAWK WARBLERS.

Minnie Hawk music. The house might have been possibly more crowded than it was the opening night, but still there were enough present to warrant the belief that Mme. Hawk would prove a paying attraction and that her notes would coin dollars for Mapleson, which is the chief end and aim of an operatic manager.

SPINRO GENTIL.

Almost a Hint.

Mrs. Longcoffin, of Austin, has been hinting to Judge Pennington, who is old and rich that her daughter Esmeralda will make him a good and loving wife.

"She is very much in love with you, judge," said Mrs. Longcoffin suggestively.

"I am sorry, but I can not reciprocate the affect of a young lady who shows such bad taste," replied the old judge, reacting for his hat and cane.—*Texas Siftings.*

Anderson, Shasta county, Cal., has a fisherman who in a week's time caught nine hundred pounds of trout and salmon, which he salted for winter use. He reports that trout were so plentiful they would eat from his hand.

THE BITTER BIT.

A Story of a German and His Foolish Sweetheart.

Translated from the German by Alex. E. Sweet.

It is eight o'clock. At the corner of the street a young man was walking up and down. His walk and manner betrayed impatience. He appeared to be waiting for somebody. From time to time he glanced at his watch. A young girl approached, and he hurried to meet her.

"Good evening, Laura. How long you have kept me waiting! I was afraid something serious had happened to you. I've got good news for you."

"The pair walked together arm-in-arm, the girl expressing great curiosity to know what the good news was."

"The drawing of the lottery in which we each held a ticket took place this morning—"

"And?"

"And we have won the grand prize of 150,000 marks!"

Laura gazed in astonishment at her lover. She did not know whether she was to believe him or not. She supposed he was joking.

"It's no joke. I have seen the official list, and I know there is no possible mistake. We are rich. We can start in business with a portion of the money, and lead a delightful life. And the best of it is we need not postpone our wedding any longer; but what is the matter? Why are you so silent?"

"Oh, I was just thinking. You have not told me whose ticket won the prize, yours or mine?"

"Your ticket won. You have got it yet, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've got it," she replied.

"Of course, it don't make any difference which ticket won. We love, each other. Our interests are identical. I am glad it was your ticket that won."

"I don't think there is any hurry about our marrying," said Laura.

"Certainly, I am in earnest. You have not been in a hurry heretofore. You have always been postponing our wedding for one reason or another, and now I am in no hurry myself. Now that I am rich I can afford to indulge in luxuries, and single-blessedness in some instances is a great luxury."

"Laura, do not talk so frivolously. Talking frivolously is another luxury I can afford."

The young man looked at her reproachfully, and he said, slowly:

"You know my only objection to our marriage at an early day was our lack of money. It was more on your account than on mine that I suggested delay but now that the obstacle has been removed I am ready at any time."

"But I am not," replied Laura, almost defiantly. "Now that I think over it, it occurs to me that we would not be happy together. For a marriage to be happy, the contracting parties should be equal in social status. Now that I am rich, you would no longer love me for myself alone, but for my wealth. I will want to mingle in aristocratic society, and naturally I want a husband who has similar tastes. Your tastes are low and groveling. The best thing for us to do is to part. You had better look for a suitable wife among the lower classes," and Laura glanced at him contemptuously.

"Ish dot so?" replied the young man with mock solemnity. "You had better run home and help your mother feed the pigs. You have had a narrow escape from putting yourself outside of that station in life in which it has pleased God to place you. For know, Miss Smarty, that it is my ticket, not yours, that has won the first prize. I will follow your advice, and look for a wife among the rich girls who are my equals," and bowing politely, he withdrew from the canvass.

A Romantic Courtship.

The Rev. and Mrs. Swan Carl Franzene left Ardmore for their new home in Minnesota, where Mr. Franzene will labor as a missionary among the Swedish settlers. Their recent wedding has made public the history of a romantic courtship. The bride is a daughter of the late Charles Kugler, of Ardmore, for many years State Senator from Montgomery County, and long identified with the Lutheran Church and Publication Society. Her sister is Dr. Annie Kugler, now a missionary in India and recently assistant resident physician in the female department of the Norristown Insane Asylum. While Miss Franzene was still a school-girl—pupil of the Friends' school, at Fifteenth and Race streets—she formed the acquaintance of the coachman of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, who spends his summers at his country place, near Ardmore. This coachman was a Swede, of ordinary education, not at all, in the eyes of the world, the proper mate for a young lady of Miss Kugler's position, education, and prospective fortune. Nevertheless, she declared her determination either to marry the coachman or go with her sister as a missionary to India.

The young lady's relatives and friends, of course, opposed the match. The coachman was too sensible to imitate Hulskamp and resolved that if the girl could not come down to his level he would rise to hers. Accordingly he resigned his situation as Dr. Agnew's coachman and entered upon studies required for the Lutheran ministry. During his theological course Miss Franzene patiently waited. At last the young Swede's efforts were crowned with success. He was ordained, all opposition gave way, and Ardmore was entertained with a pretty wedding in the Lutheran Church. As the demand for Lutheran ministers to labor among the Swedish emigrants in the West is largely in excess of the supply, the young missionary has every opportunity to keep his present position and become useful, if not also eminent.—Philadelphia Times.

Frost.

New York Times.

Frost is frozen dew. It is deposited on the earth's surface, upon herbage, fences, buildings, &c., in precisely the same manner as the sparkling dew upon the grass or the moisture which saturates everything upon the surface of the earth during the cool hours of the night. Frost is deposited only under such circumstances as would cause a deposit of dew were the temperature higher. But there are times in which frost is seen upon the ground or grass and low herbage when it is not to be perceived upon anything that is over a foot above the surface. This is due to the fact that an active evaporation is going on from the surface of the earth, at the same time that the temperature is near the freezing point, but still above it, and the refrigerating effect of the evaporation is sufficient to lower the temperature of the soil a few degrees and so produce the freezing which would not otherwise occur.

Frost, as regards its effect upon growing tender vegetation, is simply freezing, or really the reduction of temperature below the freezing point at which water is changed into ice. This change is accompanied by an increase in the bulk of an expansion of the water to the extent of one-ninth, which is sufficient to burst the cells of such tender and succulent vegetable tissue as is unable to resist the pressure or to expand under it, but it is not always that these cells are ruptured in this way by a frost. A potato tuber, for instance, when slightly frozen, is much changed in its character, and yet the cells are not ruptured in all cases. The cold has a chemical effect and changes the starch of the cells into sugar to such an extent as to give a sweet taste to the potato, even when the water in the potato has not been frozen solid and the cells have not been broken up. A similar result happens to other tender vegetation, some of which is injured or killed by a low temperature, which, however, is still above the freezing point. The effect of frost upon corn, for instance, when the cold is not sufficient to freeze the foliage is evidently a chemical effect, just as the plunging of a leaf into hot water would sear and burn it. Tobacco is affected in precisely the same way; the leaves being blackened by cold as well as by heat of 120 deg., when it is continued for a sufficient time. In short, there is no doubt that the damage done by frost to tender vegetation is the result of a low temperature more than to the actual rupturing of the cellular tissue and the consequent death of it.

The behavior of frost is remarkable. Frost often occurs when the temperature of the air is above the freezing point, and there are times when the temperature falls below freezing and yet there is no frost.

A New Chapter in the History of the Truman and the Joslyn Feud.

Farmer Truman of Kentucky was up an apple tree the other day, hand-picking a choice lot of seek-no-further, when along came Farmer Joslyn. As Farmer Joslyn had a shotgun with him, a careless observer might have reasoned that he was out gunning for quail. There was nothing of the careless observer about Farmer Truman, however. He didn't tumble from the tree right away, but he did tumble to Farmer Joslyn's errand and he halted in his picking and called out:

"After me, eh?"

"Jist so, naybur!"

"Well, I was sort o' expecting you, but not quite so early. Is this the same old feud—the one starting over a line fence 48 years ago?"

"Yes, the same old thing which has caused the deaths of three Truman's and four Joslyn's."

"Oh, I didn't know but something new had come up. Say, naybur, I'll be down in just a minute."

"I know you will, and you'll probably come head first! I've come over this morning to shoot another Truman, and kinder even up numbers."

"But I ain't armed. My shotgun is in the house."

"That's all the better fur me, naybur."

"But you'll give me a few minutes in which to say my prayers?"

"Oh, as to that, I don't mind 'lowing you three or four minutes, although I'm in a hurry to get back home, and go to cutting corn. Go ahead, naybur."

Farmer Truman settled himself in a crotch and seemed to be praying, while Farmer Joslyn kept an eye on him, and impatiently waited to catch the concluding "amen." He was in this state of mind when a hole about as large as his arm was bored through him from back to front, and a boy of fourteen came running up and called out:

"Pop! are you up there?"

"Yes, my son."

"I saw he had the bridge on you, and I got the gun and dropped him!"

"Right my boy. That's what I was praying for."

"How many Joslyn's does this make?"

"Five. We've only two more to kill off to weed out the lot."

"Well, I'll tell one of the niggers to go over and see if the family want the body. Good-by, pa. I shall belate to school!"

"Good-by my son. Always strive to be a good boy if you want success in life."

Last July a young son of Private Dalzell, of Caldwell, Ohio, died from injuries received in a railroad accident. His dog Frank, of which he was very fond, appeared to be inconsolable. Every Sunday after his master's death Frank went to church and sat in the lady's pew, and he frequently visited the grave, showing many signs of deep grief. A short time ago Frank disappeared and has not been seen since. It is supposed that he has committed suicide.

ABRAVE GIRL'S HARD LUCK.

While Working for Honest Independence, the Prairie Fires Sweep Away Everything she has in the World Except the Faithful Lover, who Arrived Just at the Right Time.

A letter from Frederick, Dakota, to the New York Sun, tells the following story, which contains some elements of romance:

The prairie fires, which have brought desolation and poverty to hundreds in this section, brought a husband to one young woman. A year ago last spring Fannie Jordan took up a farm of 160 acres about nine miles north of here, and struck out for herself. She came to Dakota from Illinois, though she was born in the East. Not much was known about her for several months, as she was shy and retiring, but when she finally became acquainted with her neighbors they discovered that the girl had the real mettle in her, and predicted that she would be rich before she was 30. Though far from muscular, Fannie was the picture of health, and she easily carried off the palm as the best-looking girl farmer in the county. Like the majority of her sisters she had no time to devote to the gallants of the neighborhood, and for a year and a half she led a hard, grinding existence, practicing the closest economy, and working from early morning until late at night.

Some of her friends finally discovered that the girl had a history, as many such heroic adventurers in this country have. She had lived in comfortable circumstances in a rural Illinois town until the death of her father revealed the fact that he had lost not only his own property but a trust fund belonging to a relative, not yet of age, by his fatal propensity for speculating in the Chicago grain market. The girl felt her position keenly, and, though she had expected soon to be married, she resolutely turned from her lover and sought the far West. She had read of the success achieved by young women as farmers in this vicinity, and persuading her mother that this was their only hope of regaining their independence, and at the same time making good the deficit of their husband and father, the two converted what little property they had into cash and came here. Before their departure the girl absolved the young man from his pledges, but in answer to his repeated requests gave him some slight hope that at a distant day, if he still remained of the same mind, she might consider a proposition from him. Under these circumstances the work of breaking and working a farm in a new country was begun.

The first year Fannie and her mother had no help, and they did not succeed in raising much. Not more than a quarter of their land was under cultivation, and the crops were poor indeed. This year, with the assistance of a boy, they did better. They got more than half of the farm in wheat, and the crop was an exceptionally good one. Besides this, they had a fruitful garden from which they supplied their own wants and derived a small revenue. Their wheat, on which they had already borrowed money, was to have been thrashed a few weeks ago, but the machine did not arrive, and it remained in great stacks near their barn. Figuring on the results of their two years' work, mother and daughter found that there was a chance that this year's crop would clear them of debt, and that with one or two more favorable seasons they would be able to see the results of their toil in hard cash.

The prairie fire was a danger which they had not taken into consideration. When Fannie heard that fires were reported at a distance she ran furrows around her buildings and wheat stacks, and in other ways prepared for the visitation. Her neighbors did the same, and when the fires appeared near at hand nearly everybody went out to fight them. Fannie's mother remained at home when the girl was gone on these errands. On returning to her place one evening, the young woman found fires in her way, and being forced to make a long detour, it was dark before she came to a point where she could see her farm. The fires were raging fiercely, and she made up her mind that her farm was threatened of not already burned over. Somebody had set back fires, with the intention of stopping the conflagration, and this was the result. As fast as her weary and trembling limbs could carry her the girl dashed on, and a few steps more sufficed to convince her that her home and everything that it contained was lost. When she arrived at the place the house was in ruins, the barn was ready to fall, and the great wheat stacks were glowing heaps of embers. The earth was hot under her feet, and the air almost stifling. She called for her mother, and called again. No one answered. She became sick with fear and foreboding, and thought of flight, but there was no place to which she could go for help. The fires were all around her, making the heavens lurid and the air heavy, and so, in the presence of her crushing disaster, the girl sat down and wept. All night long she sat by the ruins of her home, and when the morning light appeared she made a careful search for her mother. She was not in the ruins of the house, and the girl breathed easier, but in the ashes of the barn the old lady's charred remains were found. She had evidently gone there after doing all in her power to save the place for the purpose of taking the horse and making her escape, but overcome with the heat, or possibly unable to manage the beast, both had perished together.

Fannie's mother was buried on Sunday by the neighbors, most of whom, like the girl, had lost nearly everything. What was to be done nobody knew. What all were penniless and wretched there was no advice that could be followed and all seemed stunned by the calamity which had come upon them. On Tuesday Fannie visited her farm for the last time,

intending to leave that day for the railroad and seek assistance, she knew not what or of whom. Her poverty was absolute. Her debts were greater than her equity in the land. Everything that she had on earth was destroyed except the clothing that she wore. She stood by the ruined home and looked out for miles on blackened prairie. The sky was overcast with leaden clouds, and the wind blew crisp and cold from the north. Above and below everything was dark, but the sombre view was not blacker than her own future. She buried her face in her hands and turned from the desolate scene just in time to here the clatter of hoofs on the roadway, and looking up the girl saw the fellow from Illinois whom she had left in despair eighteen months ago. He rode up to her, jumped from his horse, and addressed her quietly. She had little to say, and there was not much he could say, as his appearance caused a fresh flood of tears to flow. He told her that he had read of her mother's death and of their losses by fire, and had come by the first train in the hope that he could be of service to her. He would do anything that she said. He had money and time. If she wanted to, he would stay and boss the job. If she wanted to go back to Illinois he would go with her, and they could settle the matters up here at their leisure. If she disliked him and wanted him to clear out he would do that, too, but to tell the truth, he said, he wanted her, and he believed and hoped she wanted him now. He looked around on the waste, and the girl raised her eyes, swept the blackened earth with them to the point where the lead of the clouds touched the flame-swept earth. It was pride against helplessness, and love and the latter won. She left with the young man that afternoon, and to a friend of hers she said that she would never return as a farmer.

Getting Down to Their Christian Names.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy by which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philip and Ferdinand and—"

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name, George!"

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing. I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there! George Wilkins, what did you let me slip on that cobble stone for?"

"Pon my word, I didn't do it, Miss Edith."

"Well, we are home, or I am, Mr. George!"

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm so much obliged for your escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

Old Time British Press Gangs.

Mother, about to visit her family in South Wales, has taken her passage in a sailing vessel from Falmouth to Swansea. She is arranging her multifarious luggage on board, when a handsome young sailor, of singularly agreeable appearance, rushes into her cabin. The press gang is coming, he says, "and is sure to seize him, the only young and likely man on board. He has just returned from a long voyage. Will the lady save him from the cruel fate? Will she let him secrete himself among her luggage?" Mother abhors the tyrannical custom of seizing men by force for service on the ships of war, and full of compassion, consented to his concealment. The King's officer with his men search the vessel. He next opens the door of mother's cabin, and apparently much out of humor, advances untill in hand. Mother, looking up from her book or work, begs him to respect the privacy of her cabin. The Captain of the press gang makes a sign to his men to stand back, but says, "He is bound to do his duty; a man is missing, whom he has reason to suppose is on board, therefore—" Mother, outwardly calm, but inwardly terribly alarmed, interrupts him with the words, "I am a lady traveling alone, you are a gentleman." These words seem to disarm him. He offers a polite apology, and, retiring, quits the vessel with his men. The moment they are gone the Captain gives order to sail. The rescued sailor creeps from his hiding place, but is not allowed to show himself till they are out at sea. He becomes mother's constant attendant during the long and stormy passage which ensues; while she, the only female on board, receives extreme consideration from the Captain and the entire crew, who regard her as a general benefactress.—Mary Howitt, in Good Words.