

BILL NYE IN JAIL.

He Gives a Description of Ludlow Street Prison.

As you enter Ludlow Street jail the door is carefully closed after you and locked by means of an iron bolt about the size of a pictorial family Bible. You then remain on the inside for quite a spell. You do not hear the prattle of soiled children any more. All the glad sunlight and stench condensing pavements and dank heated children of Rivington street are heard no more, and the heavy iron door shuts out the wall of the combat from the wiley near by. Ludlow Street jail was surrounded by a very miserable and dingy quarter of the city, but when you get inside all is changed.

You register first. There is a good pen there that you can write with, and the clerk does not check you and read a sporting paper while you wait for a room. He is there to attend to business, and he tends to it. He does not seem to care whether you have any baggage or not. You can stay here for days, even if you don't have any baggage. All you need is a kind word and a mittimus from the court.

One enters this sanitarium either as a boarder or a felon. If he decides to come in as a boarder he pays the warden \$1 a week for the privilege of sitting at his table and eating the luxuries of the market. You also get a better room than at many hotels, and you have a good strong door with a padlock on it which enables you to prevent the sudden and unlooked for entrance of the chambermaid. After a few weeks at the seaside at \$10 per day, I think the room in which I am writing is not unreasonable at \$2.

Still, of course, we miss the sea breeze here. You can pay \$60 to \$100 per week here if you wish, and get your money's worth, too. For the latter sum one may live in the bridal chamber, so to speak, and eat the very best victuals all the time.

A boarder gets a good sized room, with a wonderful amount of seclusion, a plain bed, table, chairs, carpet and so forth. From his window one can see as far as the eye can reach.

Heavy iron bars keep the mosquitoes out, and at night the rooms are brilliantly lighted by incandescent lights of one candle power each. Neat safters, consisting of the thumb and forefinger polished on the hair, are to be found in each occupied room.

Bread is served to the freshmen and juniors in rectangular wads. It is such bread as convicts' loaves have not eaten many thousand years. In that way it gets quite moist. The most painful feature about life in Ludlow-street jail is the confinement. One cannot avoid a feeling of being constantly hampered and hemmed in.

One more disagreeable thing is the great social distinction here. The poor man who sleeps in a stone niche near the roof, and is constantly elbowed and hustled out of his bed by earnest and restless vermin with a tendency towards insomnia, is harassed by meeting in the courtyard and corridors the paying boarders who wear good clothes, live well, have their cigars, brandy and Kentucky lico all the time.

The MacLator-crowd here is just as exclusive as it is on the outside. But, great Scott, what a comfort it is to a man like me who has been nearly killed by a cyclone to feel the firm, secure walls and solid timo look when he goes to bed at night! Even if I cannot belong to the 400 here, I am almost happy.

We retire at 7:30 o'clock at night and arise at 6:30 in the morning, so as to get an early start. A man who has five or ten years to serve in a place like this naturally likes to get at it as soon as possible each day, and so he gets up at 6:30.

We dress by the gaudy light of the candle, and recline so do we remember far away at home our wife and the little boy asleep in her arms. We do not get up at 6:30. It is at this hour we remember the fragrant drawer in the dresser at home where our clean shirts and collars and cuffs and socks and handkerchiefs are put every week by our wife. We also recall as we go about our state-don, with its color of farmer corned beef and the ghost of some bloody handed predecessor's more still moaning in the walls, the picture of green grass by our own doorway and the apples that were just ripening when the bench warrant came.

The time from 6:30 to breakfast is taken up by the average of non-paying inmates by doing the chamberwork and tidying up his stateroom. I do not know how others feel about it, but I dislike chamberwork most of all, especially when I am in jail. Nothing done more to keep me out of jail, I guess, than the fact that while there I have to make up my bed and dust the piano.

We go down to the sink to wash our faces and hands. It is a pleasant sight, and reminds me of a herd of red legged geese in a mud hole. Breakfast is generally table d'hote, and consists of bread. A big cup of coffee takes the taste of the bread out of your mouth, and then if you have some Limburger cheese in your pocket you can with that remove the taste of the coffee.

Dinner is served at 12 o'clock, and consists of more bread, with soup. This soup has everything in it except nourishment. The bread on this soup is noticeable for quite a distance. It is disagreeable. There is everything in this soup, from shop worn rice up to neat's foot oil. Once I thought I detected cuisine in it.

The dinner menu is changed on Fridays, Sundays and Thursdays, on which days you get the soup first and the bread afterwards. In this way the bread is saved. Three days in the week at dinner each man gets a potato with a thousand legged worms in it. At 6 o'clock comes supper with toast and responses. Bread is served at supper time, together with a cup of tea. To those who dislike bread and never eat soup, or do not drink tea or coffee, life at Ludlow Street jail is indeed irksome.—Bill Nye in New York World.



Making Him Useful.

Garrison's expedition to save strength in the shaving process. "Nice dinner, Carlo!"—Time.

FRENCH SPOKEN UN PEU.

Coquelin's Visit to Chicago Develops Some French Scholars.

The play at the Theatre of McVicker, did you last night see? It was magnificent. Ah, but you were not? Voila! Tom we shall of it feel.

At the door of the theatre the M. Thomas Geary was standing for the taking of the tickets of the representation. In the time of the past he was Tom Geary, but now it does that he goes to be called the M. Geary.

Ah, me! the fate of what irony! "Good evening, M. Geary," it you say. "It makes evil time this evening."

"Yes," he says; "it did not know one little of while ago."

"Speak you French?" you him ask. "I speak French one little—one little (un petit peu)."

"What for," say you to him addressing, "what for is it that all of the citizens of Chicago speak French one little?"

"It upwards give," replies the M. Geary. "You should go to give me one easy one. In the foyer you see Mr. the Col. McVicker. Ciel!

Mr. the colonel makes to wear beautiful clothes and in the hands of him he transports the twins (see jumeaux).

"The Mr. Coquelin is grand," exclaims. "C'est magnifique. Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

"Oui, un peu. Mon Dieu! All speak the French one little. The pucker of the pork and the merchant of the grain and the clerk of the store—all speak the French—one little.

Ah! quel vie! When it is not to speak good French One little French will do; Then you shall say In a modest way "Je parle Francais un peu."

We'll let these foreign actors know When asking "parlez vous?" The' we ain't very much At Italian or Dutch, We parley in French "un peu."

So all Chicagoans, haut et bas (From Columbus to the Island Bleu), For the rest of the week Should one little French speak— Which is to say, parler, un peu!

The Mr. P. D. Armour also speaks of the French. He makes to go to admire the art of the Mr. Coquelin. He says that the Mr. Coquelin of his face is beautiful and that than the jaws of him being more beautiful three times than of the pig corn fed.

The auditorium of the theatre has itself full of the cream of cream. It does that all of the cream of the cream speak the French one little.

They nod to each other in a friendly wise, With a "Comme vous portez-vous?" But that's about all Of the French they recall.

For they speak it, you know, "un peu." The Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, the king of the corner of the wheat, sits in the parquet. He says that the Mr. Coquelin is magnificent. Strange, but it does that they all say "c'est magnifique." It is that of knowing anything else they do not!

The Mr. Hutchinson is happy. So his richness soon accrues a un point incroyable. So his richness out accrue par un heureux coup de bourse.

"Ah, Monsieur Hutchinson, vous portez vous bien." "Oui, monsieur—et vous!" "Le M. Coquelin est magnifique!" "Oui—et le prix du ble est augmenté!" This is the secret of the happiness of him.

Et: ah! quel vie! Old Hutch is an fait. When the deuce is to pay In wheat, and he corners the same; He doesn't parly you (Not even un peu). But he gets there tout le memo. —Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Not Very Much Frightened. Escort to Miss Penelope Waldo, of Boston, on the lawn—Don't be frightened, Miss Penelope, but there's a big green worm on your skirt.

Miss Penelope—Oh, don't disturb it, Mr. Wabash. I should like to take it home with me. It belongs to the species known as the capillus capillary capil, and is very rare in these parts. Dear little fellow, I shall prize it so highly. Would you mind, Mr. Wabash, putting it in your hat?—New York Sun.

Cultured Enthusiasm. Mr. and Mrs. Billus were enjoying the play. "John," she exclaimed, as she looked up at him with rapture, keeping her finger on the page before her, "don't M'sieu Cokerian doing them lines grandly?" "Maria," snorted her husband looking at the book and turning the leaf over, "you make me tired. You're two whole pages behind him!"—Chicago Tribune.

Thoughtful. A wise boy, like a wise lawyer, considers how he will answer possible objections before he puts in his plea. "Papa," said Charlie, "will you buy me a drum?" "Ah, but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." "Oh no, papa! I won't drum only when you are asleep."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Patti's Big Advantage. Patti sleeps twelve hours of every twenty-four. That is where she has the advantage over those who want to hear her warble. They have to hustle at least sixteen hours out of every twenty-four to acquire the wherewithal.—Binghamton Republican.

A Generous Striker. Yeast—I think Bacon is a very generous fellow. How does he strike you? Crismonbank—Oh, he strikes me for a V once a week.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Best Position. Patient—What is the best position in which to sleep? Doctor—I usually lie down.—Boston Courier.

Always the Last Word. There promises to be a great deal of back talk in the photograph.—Pittsburg Commercial.

TOMMY'S DIPLOMATIC TACTICS.

How He Induced His Sister to Go to the Football Game.

"No, Tommy," said his sister, "I'll not give you 50 cents to pay to see the football match; you have seen a number of baseball games during the summer, and I think that is enough."

Tommy was dejected for a while and kept quiet, and his 23-year-old sister began to congratulate herself that she had stonned him for a time at least, and she would not be bothered by his teasing. Suddenly Tommy's face brightened and he turned toward his sister, but she was busy with some needle-work, and was all unconscious of the thoughts that were running through his mind. After a while he went over and stood beside her and watched her fingers as they dextrously knitted the bright colored yarn into fancy mats and things without names for a church fair to be held in a short time.

There was silence for a while, only broken by the far away notes of a harsh hand organ as it ground out, in spasmodic time, the "Bambler March," in the next block. At last Tommy broke the silence and said softly: "Do you remember Mr. Nicofellow who used to talk to you so much at the hotel in Saratoga?"

"Yes, Tommy. Why?" "I guess you haven't seen him recently, have you?"

"No, Tommy. When we moved last spring I believe he was in Europe, and I did not know his address, so did not send him a card. What makes you ask the question?"

"Oh, nothing much; only the last time I went to the Polo Grounds to see the New York team the Chicago he was there in the grand stand and talked to me. He said he attended nearly every game. He had a lady with him."

"A lady, Tommy?" "Yes, I guess it was his mother."

"Oh! relieved. You say he talked to you, Tommy?"

"Yes; he said he thought I had grown a great deal since he saw me in Saratoga, and wanted to know how that good looking sister of mine was."

"Go on, Tommy." "And then he said: 'Let me see, your sister is about 19 now, isn't she?' And I said I guessed that was about your age."

"Well!" softly. "Then he turned to the lady who was with him and asked her if she didn't remember the lady who looked so pretty that night at the hop; the one, he said, who had brown hair and wore a lovely pale blue silk dress; that became her so well and made the Rogers girls so jealous—I guess he said the Misses Rogers. And she said she remembered her quite well, and then she turned to me and said: 'Are you the young lady's brother?' An' I said I was, and she said: 'You ought to be proud of having such a nice sister,' an' I said I was, an' it made me feel good when I see how all the young ladies in the block were jealous of her."

"Tommy!" (severely). "Well, I couldn't help it, 'cause I know it is so."

"Tommy" (mildly). "An' then Mr. Nicofellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of soda water, an' asked me if I didn't want some peanuts, an' I said I didn't mind, an' he bought me some, an' just then Buck Ewing made a home run, an' Mr. Nicofellow said he guessed the Chicago couldn't play ball, and he'd rather see a game of football any day, especially between the college eleven, an' he said he hoped I would be at the football games this fall, an' wanted to know if you liked athletic sports, an' I said I guessed you did, but you had so many other things to attend to, visiting sick people an' making things for the poor heathens in Africa, an'—"

"When did you say the football game was to be played, Tommy?" "On Saturday, ma'."

"Tommy (hesitatingly), would you like to take me to see the game if I buy the tickets?" "Why, yes."

Then she kissed him and told him he needn't say anything about their going, and Tommy moved toward the door. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself: "Goel! What a whopper! But it worked!"—New York Tribune.

Satisfactory. He (with evident agitation)—M—Miss Grimes, do you sing? She—A little. He—And play? She—Yes. He (sighing)—Paint, too, I suppose? She—Some. He—Recite any? She—Once in a great while. He—Do you cook? She—No. He—Thank heaven! Miss Grimes, will you be my wife?—Burlington Free Press.

Ominous for the Bettors. "Had you much money up on the election?" asked the judge. "Not a cent," replied the mayor. "I worked a better scheme than that this time." "What was it?" "I was in the stake holding industry."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not in Stock. Rural Dame—Have you any pretty wall paper? High Class Dealer (indignantly)—Pretty wall paper! No, madam, we keep nothing but the most highly artistic designs.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Advice. "I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cat," replied the intelligent physician.—Worcester Gazette.

Exakt. Mrs. B.—My dear Mrs. S., would you kindly lend me your hat for the play? Mrs. S. (highly flattered)—Certainly, with pleasure. What kind of a part is it? Mrs. B.—Oh, it is one of those parts where one wishes to look as absurd as possible—don't you know?—Life.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Its Enterprising Editor Makes Some New Departures.

We take the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

COME AND SEE US. We beg to announce to the public that we have established a grocery in connection with The Kicker office. We have run a partition across our shanty and stocked the front end with groceries, and hereafter the two will be one and inseparable.

While we blandly acknowledge that this is not a literary move calculated to raise the public hair on end, we call your attention to the fact that we shall sell six dozen clothes pins for 15 cents, and seven bars of soap for a quarter. A customer who wants New Orleans molasses at wholesale or retail will find us behind the counter smiling and affable. The citizen who wants to subscribe for The Kicker will find us in the back room willing to pocket his \$2.

FOR SALE. The editor of this paper has \$100 worth of shares in the Spotted Bull Silver Mining company which he will cheap for cash or trade for an all wool undershirt. These shares were presented us with the understanding that we should help rope in eastern suckers. Either the rope is out of order or suckers are scarce. The stock has gone down to two cents on the dollar, and we propose to unload before another assessment is made. We said an all wool undershirt, but we are not going to be too particular about it. If it's half cotton, minus the buttons or flaps, or is ripped up the back, we shall probably make the exchange. Don't hesitate because you may have been told that we are proud and haughty. We know when to come down off the top rail.

A CONVICTED LIAR. The web footed, knock kneed hyena who edits the literary cattle drive across the street charges us with trying to lose it over this community because we have occasionally appeared in a white shirt and 50 cent suspenders. Those who know us best know how humble and lowly we feel, even when having the only paper collar in the crowd which has not been turned and sandpapered.

We shall occasionally put on a white shirt—not to illuminate our fellow citizens or boost ourselves above the herd, but in order to connect us temporarily with outside civilization. Now and then we shall replace the horse hide strap around our waist with the suspenders spoken of, but it will not be in any spirit of self aggrandizement, such as might justify our mob violence and the destruction of our office. As for the old grave robber opposite, we have already located him for an Ohio sheriff, who is expected along daily to take him away.

DO NOT FORGET. We trust that none of our friends will forget the fact that we still continue to board ourselves and cook our meals on the office stove. Contributions of vegetables, game, bread, eggs, and whatever is eatable, are always thankfully received and followed by a free puff for the contributors.—Detroit Free Press.

A Practical Education. Clem (to Uncle Rastus)—Am yo gibbin dat boy (your) an education, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus—Well, I don't sen' him ter school yet, but he kin tell a Philadelfy spring chicken in de dark quicker nor I kin, dat's a practical education. Time nuff yet for him ter git into de classicks. Wow, wow, wow.—New York Sun.

She Only Make Them Dance. "I can only be a sister to you, George; nothing more." "I'm afraid that won't do, Miss Clara. I have five grown sisters already, and, to tell you the truth, they are not very favorably disposed toward you; they think a match with you would be the mistake of my life." "In that case, George," said the girl, drawing herself up with haughty grace "you may name the day."—New York Sun.

All Taste Nulled. Dealer (politely)—Yes, madam, we have blankets in great variety. I can show you some nice warm ones at \$5, \$10 or \$20 a pair, depending—

Customer (astounded)—S-r, I keep a boarding house and— "See, John, show the lady our two for a quarter stock."—Philadelphia Record.

A Young Browning. Friend—I can't understand what you are driving at in this poem of yours. Poet (confidentially)—Neither can I—that's where its merit lies.—Yankee Blade.

This Is Not. A MISCHIEF NIGHT'S DREAM, BUT AN AUTUMN SNOOZE.—Life.



A MISCHIEF NIGHT'S DREAM, BUT AN AUTUMN SNOOZE.—Life.

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Why He Was Uneasy.

Smith—Jones, did you ever sit down to a table with thirteen? Jones—Yes. Smith—Didn't you feel uneasy? Jones—Very; there were only twelve equals.—Burlington Free Press.

An Unexpected Reprieve.

Buffalo Horn—White man sing in Jun song. Injun no light fire. Rolling Dick—What'er want? Buffalo Horn—The White Wings. Rolling Dick—Are any Keroseen? Buffalo Horn—Umph. Rolling Dick—Chung! It op an' fire me up!—Judge.

