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LONDON BOILED DOWN.

GLIMPSSES OF GASLIGHT LIFE ON DRURY LANE.

The Broad, Dirty Yet Gilded Road Traveled by the Ovis of Civilization—Between Vice and Drudgery the Women Choose the Former—Their Way of Living.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, June 20.—Drury Lane, London, Time, 11 at night. Everything in full blast. Always is at that hour. Royal guard about Drury Lane theatre. Red coats. Always during performance. Old custom. Of no earthly use. Started generations ago. Got to going. Goes by its own momentum. Like customs obsolete everywhere. Theatre building ugly. Very ugly. Would suffer by side of New York grain elevator. Architectural ugliness the style there one hundred years ago. Pearl oyster shell plan and inspiration. Homely outside. Gorgeous inside. England getting over this now. Drury Lane. Home of happy wretchedness. Contented sinfulness. Ecstatic squalor. Blissful poverty. Serene degradation. Grinning vice. Especially at 11 at night. Light as day. Almost.

Two-thirds of midnight occupants of street women. "Best of God's gift to man." Worst if not rightly appropriated. Fallen angels the worst devils. Extremes meet. Laws of nature. Nothing fresher than fresh egg. Nothing worse than spoiled ditto. Drury Lane women. Limp. Seedy. Ragged. Unclean. Sallow. Emaciated, or bloated. Harpies hovering about gin shops. Gin shops showy. Brassy. Glary. Full of polished barrels. Occupation of these women. To get treated. To treat treats. To treat each other. To find life in gin. To renew life in gin. To borrow fleeting phantasy of former youth in gin. To live. For gin. To die. For gin.

Social women these to passer by. Not reserved. Introduce themselves. Not by name. By mention of pressing want. Pressing want, gin.

Remark to me by one. "You said you'd give me a penny last night and I'll take it now." Half a glance brings her to colloquial terms. Woman bareheaded. Bonnet gone. For gin. Face color of putty.

Next destination of gown—Paper mill. Three others pass by. Same type. Arm in arm. Singing. At top of voices. More noise than melody. Workings of gin. Not dangerous women. Simply drunk. Plain, common feminine drunk. May be seen any night in London. Reputed center of civilization. Refinement. Source of missionary endeavor to reform heathen. Seems in places rotten at home while trying to make sound abroad.

On corner a "Murphy buster." Vulgar English for potato roaster. Modeled after locomotive. With wheels. In miniature. Potato roasted ha'penny each. Salt to season thrown in. Good midnight relish. Red glow from the buster furnace. Appetizing fragrance of roasted potato on midnight air. Two women sitting on curb by it. Warning themselves by heat of furnace. No other fire. Time, December. Doubtful if they have room.

Boiled winkle stand on next corner. Little plates. Penny a plate. Tough. Eel stew kitchen opposite. Penny a bowl. Crowded. With midnight small wage earners. Crossing sweepers. Carriage door openers. Pure beggars. Soiled buzzards. Bouquet sellers. Street musicians. The midnight "lower orders." Not much seen by day. City ovis.

Grimey. Atmospheric sensation of grime everywhere. Air thick with civilized savagery. Savagery? Worse. Fungus of an artificial life. Human mold of artificial conditions. Accumulated rottenness of generations. Born in London. Bred in London. No more able to live out of London than swamp moss in a dry field. Evolution of unnatural conditions. Human toadstools. Same color. Short lived.

Yet blooming children here. Live in cellars. Cheeks red. "Pictures of health" at five. Lean in body and visage gnarled and bony at thirty-five. Soon ripe, soon rotten. Willows, not oaks. Willow venerable at sixty; ready to fall. Oak then in its early prime. Same correspondence in human growths.

Side street opening into Drury park. Dim. Let's go down it. Open door. Private residence. Of native. Feminine. Single. Look in. Thin bed. One chair. One table. One teacup. Plate. Fragments of penny repast. Print over mantelpiece. Highly colored. "Return of Prodigal Son." In residence of prodigal daughter. Maximum of income. One shilling per day. In luck if she gets that. Feels rich when she does.

Abode of one of her majesty's subjects. Not old. Not yet ugly. Will be soon. Traces of gin on her face and form. Probable age thirty-five. Stands in doorway. Contemplating stars? No. Worse. Waiting for flats. For victims. For the young man void of understanding. For the old man ditto. For here they come.

Policeman comes along. Carriage stiff. Gait slow. Bearing official. Addresses woman: "See here, if I catch you at your door again I'll run you in." Further down the street. Look! Dingy doorways. Dingier and dingier. Faint light. More women. Like this one. All standing in doorways. Same sort of rooms. Rapid sinking back as policeman goes down. Doors closed. Appearances preserved. Law, order, decency and virtue prevail. So long as policeman's in sight. Opened when he disappears. All waiting and hoping for the man—the coming man—the young man void of understanding—the old man ditto. Waiting. Why? He may bring pence. For what? To buy gin. Why gin? Gin means bliss. Heaven. Paradise for four pence. True, for an hour only. But what matter? Hour of bliss in prospective outweighs hundredfold ten of misery afterward.

Let's emerge. Into Drury Lane again. More "Murphy busters." Eel pie shops. Fish kitchens full. Girls scudding to and

fro with beer pitchers. Preparations for thousands of midnight suppers. Hum. Buzz. Glare. Swearing. Singing. More women gossipping by gin palace windows. Full within. "The Lord Wellington." Full the "Retail Entrance." Full the "Bottle and Jug Department." Full the "Bar Parlor." Unceasing in action the beer pump.

(Girl passes. Accosts anybody. Accosts everybody. Shame to her a blank. Modesty a myth. Reputation? Doesn't want it. Character? Got over it. Thus her language:

"Come, bub, treat us now to a mug of ale, won't you? It's awful cold and I ain't got no money." Still young. Complexion fresh. Attire fashionably cut. A trifle seedy. On the down grade. But not yet way down. Wretched, miserable creature. No. Not wretched. Not miserable. Not as unhappy as many another high up in life's properties and conventionalities. Simply abandoned. Reckless. Cares for nothing at present but to have a drink. Almost free from care. Owns nothing save what's on her back. Not even "fallen." Never good enough to "fall." Lots of cases here born and bred "fallen." Bad, of course. Normally so. Naturally so. Like bears, tigers and rattlesnakes. Not half as miserable as poor gentility trying to keep up appearances. Doesn't care what the world says of her. Only one character to keep up. That a bad one. Three and six pence a week pays room rent. Expense possibly shared by two or three others. Fare. A loaf for two pence. Two herring, a penny. Bowl of soup, a penny. Ample bread thrown in. Half of this enough for a day. No style to be kept up. Rubs through life somehow. If not, anyhow. Trusts to luck. Possibly Providence. Low creature, to be sure. Abandoned sparrow. Bad sparrow. Still not outside of providential workings. Has friends? Her own class. Can get help from them in time of need. Poverty's pocket responds quickly to poverty's appeal. Recklessness aids recklessness. Has plenty of congenial company. Mates male and female. Her life? Quarrels. Make ups. Feasting one day. Starves the next. Temporary alliances. Residence ever shifting. One end of town this week. The other next. Gets drunk. Arrested. Jailed three months. Out again. Fresh. Recaptured. Resumes life of the street. Likes it. Won't work. Won't reform. Don't want to reform. Reformed position not so comfortable as that she's now in. Has liberty. Can lie abed till noon. Can come and go at pleasure. No master. No scolding parents. Owns herself. Hospital if sick. Free of charge. Die there better than in many a private family. Not sensitive to opinion of others. Dead to society's verdict against her. Of rather armor plated. Society to her a myth. As far removed as Saturn. Farther. Lives in her own world. Of fallen angels. Knows nothing of any other. Wants nothing of any other. Better world now than one born in PRENTICE MULFORD.

AN AFFLICTED EMPRESS.

Elizabeth of Austria, Who Is Said to Be Insane.

VIENNA, June 8.—A clean swept street, a compact mass of humanity waiting patiently in the blinding white sunshine, a royal advance guard of glittering cavalry, a silence only broken by the patter of hoofs, the jingle of spurs and the rattle of sabers, then twelve men, covered with gold lace and medals, on coal black horses with yellow trimmings, guarding a royal open berouche, in which sat the beautiful empress of Austria. The galloping horses gave but a swift glimpse of the noble and patrician face of the most beautiful queen in the world, as she sat bowing and smiling to her people, who broke out into cheers so loud that the very air pulsed with them as the vision of their beloved empress in her black dress and yellow flowers flashed by.

This ovation was repeated every day and every hour whenever the lovely queen made her appearance in public for years, until one day last April, when a close carriage with drawn blinds was swiftly whirled away through quiet streets to the station on the way to Wiesbaden. In it, hidden from public gaze, sat the shrunken and stricken specter of the empress whose beauty and grace have been a world's marvel, and instead of the pomp and glitter of military escort sat three strong keepers, for the unfortunate empress of Austria, who has been so unhappy a wife and so wretched a mother, is now hopelessly insane. The curse of her house has fallen upon her just as it has upon twenty-seven of her family within a century, and her villa in Wiesbaden will be guarded by police and soldiers, just as has been her home in Dornberg ever since her malady began to manifest itself.

Some years ago the empress took an intense dislike to the royal palace in Vienna, which is a gloomy, prison like place, and whenever it became necessary to remain here she never slept at night, but kept her maids about her the whole night long with brilliantly lighted rooms, as she imagined she saw specters. At Dornberg, about six or eight miles from here, the palace is surrounded with beautiful gardens, lawns and trees and the situation charming, as it stands upon a hill overlooking a lovely valley. At this delightful place the empress was apparently as happy as a child, and could be seen any sunny day walking or riding about the neighborhood, or playing with the dogs and the little children who gathered around. Her favorite horse was a thoroughbred gray, and when she was on horseback she was a picture of grace and symmetry, and her feats of horsemanship are world renowned.

From the time when she came to the throne, a girl of 16, until since the death of her son, the Archduke Rudolph, she has been peerless in regal beauty and adored by her subjects, whose love for her was the only sunshine of her existence, but her eccentricities have always been as marked as her simple goodness to every one over which she came in contact. Now, it is all over with her, and her condition leaves no hope that she will ever regain her mental balance. MARGARET LOWELL.

ENGRAVING A "GREENBACK."

A Brief Explanation of the Various Processes by Which the Work is Done.

So vague is the general idea as to how a bank note is made that we propose to explain briefly the various processes it goes through before it is issued as a part of the "money of the realm," saying, by way of introduction, that this country leads the world in bank note engraving. Unfortunately, the first consideration in making a bank note is to prevent bad men from making a counterfeit of it, and therefore all the notes of a certain denomination or value must be exact duplicates of each other. If they were engraved by hand this would not be the case, and, another thing, hand engraving is more easily counterfeited than the work done by the processes which we are going to describe.

Every one is familiar with the exact size of the preparation of which many persons take part. If you will look at a five dollar "greenback" you will see a picture in the center; a small portrait, called a vignette, on the left, and in each of the upper corners a net work of fine lines with a dark ground, one of them containing the letter V and the other the figure 5. These four parts are made on separate plates. To make a vignette it is necessary first to make a large drawing on paper with great care, and a daguerrotype is then taken of the drawing, the exact size of the engraving desired. The daguerrotype is then given to the engraver, who uses a steel point to mark on it all the outlines of the picture. The plate is inked and a print taken from it. While the ink is still damp the print is laid face down on a steel plate, which has been softened by heating it red hot and letting it cool slowly. It is then put in a press and an exact copy of the outline is thus made on the steel plate. This the engraver finishes with his graver, a tool with a three-cornered point, which cuts a clean line without leaving a rough edge.

Now, this plate is used for making other plates—it is never used to print from. It must be made very hard, and this is done by heating it and cooling it quickly. A little roller of softened steel is then rolled over it by a powerful machine until its surface has been forced into all the lines cut into the plate. The outlines of the vignette are thus transferred to the roller in raised lines, and after the roller is hardened it is used to roll over plates of softened steel, and thus made in them sunken lines exactly like those in the plate originally engraved.

The center picture is engraved and transferred to a roller like the vignette, but the net work in the upper corners and also on the back of the note is made by the lathe. This machine costs \$5,000, a price that puts it beyond the reach of counterfeiters, and its work is so perfect that it cannot be imitated by hand. The lathe engraves the net work on softened steel, and the figure in the middle of it is then engraved by hand. It is now hardened and transferred to a roller like the others.

The plates from which the notes are to be printed are of softened steel and large enough to print four notes at once. Four engravings of the note must, therefore, be made on it, and this is done by rolling the hardened steel rollers containing the raised pictures over it in their appropriate places until the pictures are pressed into its surface. The fine lettering around the border of the note is transferred in the same way, but the other lettering is put on by hand. This process saves a great deal of time and it secures absolute uniformity in the four engravings on the plate.

The black parts of the note are printed first, and when the ink is dry the green back is printed, to be followed by the red stamp and numbers. It is then signed and issued. For greater security one part of the note is engraved and printed at one place and another part at another place, when it is sent to Washington to be finished and signed.

But even after all this care and all these safeguards many skillfully executed counterfeit notes have been made and issued, some of them so good as to deceive the most expert judges of money.—New York World.

Manual of Arms, 1770-78.

The idea that the British troops in the war of independence did not take aim, but fired from the position of "charge bayonets," is simply preposterous. At the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745, Voltaire tells that two English battalions, the Guards and Royal Scotch, met face to face a battalion of French Guards and a Swiss battalion at a distance of fifty paces. The story is well known. The English colonel, Lord Charles Hay, cried out, "Messieurs, tirez." They answered, "We are the French Guard and never fire first."

The order to fire was given by the English, and from a single discharge 399 men of the French Guard fell, of whom nineteen were officers. Of the Swiss Guard nearly an equal number fell. Assuredly these English troops took aim and fired from the shoulder. The story of their firing from the position of "charge bayonets" may have arisen from some nervous soldier having been seen to discharge his piece in raising it to the shoulder. It was not uncommon for an engraver who did not know his business well, to invert the picture, and so to represent troops as firing from their left shoulder.—Notes and Queries.

Hardening Plaster of Paris.

A new process of hardening plaster, so as to make it available for the construction of floors in place of wood, has been brought before the French Academy of Science by M. Jules A. Mouton, of six parts of plaster of good quality and one part of finely sifted, recently slaked white lime is employed like ordinary plaster. After it has become thoroughly dry, the object manufactured from it is saturated with a solution or any sulphate whatever whose base is precipitated in an insoluble form by lime. The sulphates especially recommended for the purpose are those of iron and zinc. In order to obtain the maximum of hardness and tenacity, it is necessary to temper the limed plaster well in as brief a space of time as possible, and with no more water than is strictly necessary.—New York Mail and Express.

A Printing Press for the Blind.

A French school mistress, Mile. Mulot, living at Angers, has invented a method by which the blind can easily correspond with those who see. The invention is, therefore, a marked improvement on the Braille system of raised letters, by which persons afflicted with loss of sight correspond with each other only. Mile. Mulot's apparatus is really a little printing press in a portfolio about the size of a sheet of note paper. The blind person spreads it out and impresses the letters required on white paper, under which there is a colored pad which gives them a blue appearance, and they are thus not only brought out in relief for the touch of those deprived of sight, but are also visible to the eyes of those who see.—New York Telegram.

A Good Agreement.

A legal curiosity, the product of a 12-year-old boy of Philadelphia, is as follows: The 12-year-old son of a member of our bar, at a visit to his father's office, borrowed the sum of twenty cents, and tendered the following document for it: "It is to be known to all men and women of the United States that I have borrowed twenty cents of my sire on condition that my mother will pay him back. Witness: C. L.—Green Bag."

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