

STOLEN SECURITIES.

HOW THEY ARE DISPOSED OF IN LONDON WITH IMPUNITY.

The Negotiation of "Rogue" Bonds a Regular and "Legitimate" Business in Threadneedle Street—Dealers Have Agents in America and on the Continent.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Aug. 25.—London enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the great, and indeed I may add the only, market in the world for the disposal of stolen bonds, share certificates and scrip of every description. Incredible though it may appear, the transactions in this particular class of plunder are carried on with the utmost publicity and without any danger of interference on the part of the English authorities. This strange immunity is due to the peculiar and fortunately unique regulations of the London Stock exchange and to the English law on the subject of stolen scrip, which permits a thief to give a good and legal title to bonds which he has obtained by crime, and to the ownership of which he has therefore no legal title himself. According to this statute, the stolen bonds can be recovered by the police only if the actual thief is captured with them in his possession. But from the moment that he has transferred them to any third party, then recovery by law becomes impossible.

Few people save the police, the bank robbers and the members of the London Stock exchange are aware of these facts. But it seems to me that the matter should be made more widely known, in order that public pressure from every quarter of the civilized world may be brought to bear upon the British government with the object of inducing the latter to amend its laws in accordance with the dictates of commercial honor and probity.

It was last year that a British court of justice, presided over by the lord chief justice of England, affirmed once more the existence of this extraordinary law, according to which stolen bonds constitute a valid exchange and a negotiable instrument on the London stock market. They remain so even if qualified by a public notification of estoppel by the government or concern which has originally issued them. According to the sworn testimony of the president of the London Stock exchange, given during the course of the trial in question, it is beyond the power of that institution to take cognizance of any estoppel of a bond.

If the latter is genuine—that is, not a forgery—and if it is not nominal, but negotiable by transfer to bearer, the London Stock exchange does not consider itself to be at liberty to step into the place of the issuing government or concern and to alter its character. It does not even consider it to be necessary that the vendor of a stolen and stopped bond should inform the purchaser of its true character. Nor has the party who, having given an order to a broker for the purchase of bonds, receives scrip which has been stolen and stopped any legal right to refuse delivery thereof.

It is easy to understand that with ethics such as these prevailing in the greatest commercial center of the universe, and tolerated by the law of the land, a new and powerful impetus has been given to the profession of bond robbery. In former days, before the British tribunals had affirmed this state of affairs, bank burglars never stole anything in the nature of bonds, securities, stocks and shares. They were deterred by the difficulty of disposing of them, and regarded them not only as useless, but even as dangerous. Their entire attention was devoted to the specie and bank notes. Nowadays, however, the bank burglar makes a point of carrying off every scrap of paper on which he is able to lay hands, and the entire package is at once conveyed to London either by the thieves themselves or else by the resident agents of the London dealers in "rogue bonds," as stolen paper is denominated in Threadneedle street.

These agents are stationed in almost every important city of the continent of Europe and of America. At Paris they mostly haunt the cafes in the neighborhood of the Elysee Montmartre. In New York they frequent certain well known purlieus of Fulton street. The London principals, for whom they act and in whose employ they all stand, are either outside—that is, curbstone—brokers, money changers or lawyers. Many of the latter affect to belong to the old school of family solicitors, wear white cravats, swallowtail coats, and transact their business in stolen bonds with muchunction and outward semblance of respectability. One of them is known to have had as much as \$200,000 worth of stolen bonds pass through his hands last year during the space of one month.

Whenever any bond robbery takes place nowadays—and they have enormously increased in number and importance of late—the victims of the theft and the police commence by devoting all their energies toward preventing the stolen scrip from leaving the country and from reaching London. Failing this they endeavor to arrest the actual thief with the plunder in his possession before he has had time to dispose of it to his dealer. There are thieves who have been captured, together with their booty, while in the act of entering the door of the dealer. Were the police to have awaited for them to emerge before making the arrest they would have been unable to recover the stolen property, for from the moment that it has been transferred by the thieves to a third party it is placed beyond the reach of the law and the police.

So thoroughly do the latter realize this that, from the very instant that they have acquired the conviction that the stolen scrip has been conveyed to London, they at once advise the victim to abandon all further attempts to recover his vanished property by legal process. They assert that it would only involve an entirely useless outlay of money without the slightest chance of success. Instead they counsel the vic-

tims to come to terms with the English receiver of their stolen stocks. "Negotiate with the persons to whom the thieves have transferred your scrip," advise the police; "that is your only chance of recovery."

This somewhat startling advice on the part of the police is almost invariably followed, and the police even go so far as to give the victim the names of several solicitors or lawyers in London who, if they have not the stolen property in their possession, at least know where it is and are acquainted with the character of the negotiations to be adopted for its restitution. Nor is it necessary to apply to the police for the names of these London dealers in rogue bonds. At Vienna, at Paris and at Berlin the names of these agents figure openly in the official postoffice directory, with the remark that their bureaus are organized for the "search and recovery of stolen scrip." They are invariably ready in return for a fee proportionate to the amount of the robbery to find out the terms on which their principal, the London dealer, is prepared to restitute the stolen property.

These terms are nearly always the same. They consist of half the face value of the stolen bonds. Thus when M. Burat, the well known Paris agent de change or stockbroker, was robbed some years ago of \$150,000 worth of bonds, he was compelled to pay \$75,000 to a London firm of lawyers in order to recover the possession of the scrip. He complained bitterly to the French and to the London police. But the latter declared that, according to the terms of the law and to the rule of the Stock exchange, they were powerless to interfere, and that they were forced to regard the offer made to M. Burat as a mere commercial transaction to be accepted or to be refused. Allard, the banker of the Place de la Bourse at Paris, was obliged to ransom \$20,000 worth of scrip which had been stolen from him by a payment of \$10,000 to a London broker. Rodriguez, the money changer of the Rue de la Paix, where so many American tourists get their money changed, was obliged to pay \$40,000 for the recovery of \$80,000 worth of bonds of which he had been robbed, and I could cite any number of other cases of the same kind.

The large harvest reaped by these London dealers in stolen bonds during the last decade, and the ease with which they have obtained the sums demanded for the restitution of the scrip, and the legal immunity which they have enjoyed, have contributed to enormously increase the number of bond robbers all over the civilized world. Thefts of this character have become more frequent, more extensive and more considerable than formerly, and the condition of affairs has become so serious that Germany, Austria, France and Italy are about to bring diplomatic pressure upon Great Britain, with the object of inducing her to modify the laws which have converted London into the greatest market in the world for stolen bonds.

EX-DIPLOMATIST.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

(Special Correspondence.)

HUNT'S POINT, N. Y., Sept. 1.—In a queer little graveyard on a small island surrounded by salt marsh, near the mouth of the Bronx river, stands the neat monument and tomb of Joseph Rodman Drake, the brilliant young poet whom death cut off untimely at the early age of twenty-five. Past the burial place the road leads over to the point. Here the Bronx broadens into a bay on the sound, and assumes a relative importance that dimly justifies the blunder of George III, who thought his warships might ascend the stream and drive Washington from White Plains. To the east and northeast the marshes stretch away, broken by a few clumps of trees and rocks or diversified by stacks of salt hay. Through the dull grass one can trace the sinuous course of the little river.

Near the mouth of the river which he has celebrated in song young Drake passed many of his happiest hours, and in strolls among woods and meadows acquired that minute knowledge of bird, insect and plant which he used so skillfully in his "Culprit Fay." This masterpiece was produced to prove his assertion, made in opposition to the arguments of Cooper and Halleck, that American rivers needed no storied legends or traditions to make them susceptible of poetic treatment. Not a historical, legendary or mythological allusion occurs in the more than 600 lines of the dainty poem, which bears the high impersonality of pure art.

Drake's tomb was until last summer in neglected shape and almost choked with a thick undergrowth. It was at that time "restored" by a literary club. The lettering stands out clearly now and the marble has been scoured into cleanliness. The monument is about eight feet high, ending in a tapering column. On one of the panels of the pedestal is the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Joseph R. Drake, M. D., who died Sept. 31, 1820, aged twenty-five years," followed by the couplet from Halleck's beautiful memorial poem:

None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

A pointed iron fence surrounds the monument. By its side stands an aged willow, partly dead. For company the small burial knoll contains the tombs of the pioneer Thomas Hunt and numerous descendants; also of the Willets and Bartows, old colonial families.

As the inscription reminds us, Drake was a physician by profession, though he scarcely entered upon active practice. His marriage relieved his straitened finances, and a happy year was spent in European travel. When the poet returned consumption had set her doom upon him and he soon wasted away. One child, a daughter, was born to him, and she collected and published her father's poems in 1845. Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder is a granddaughter of the poet. The strong friendship of Fitz-Greene Halleck for Drake and their joint authorship of the "Cronher" epistles deserves more than this passing mention.

ALBERT J. POTTER.

OLD AND NEW STYLES.

TODAY'S COSTUMES CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF LONG AGO.

Olive Harper Thinks the Styles Now in Vogue Are Pretty, Artistic, Comfortable and Healthful—She Tells of Girls Who Wore Thirteen Skirts at Once.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Yesterday there came to see me one of my young friends, a beautiful girl in all the sweet loveliness of her early youth, and I watched the slim figure in a dress of black pongee, with wild rosebuds and green leaves scattered over it, and my mind went back to dresses I had worn when I was her age. Around the bottom of her dress were three rows of rose platted ribbon an inch wide. The upper one was just the shade of the sweetbrier rosebuds, the middle black like the body of the silk, and the bottom one was dark green. The dress was pointed in front and V shaped at the neck, with the silk shirred to the point at the bottom and full on each shoulder. The sleeves were puffed at the top. On her pretty head was a hat of black straw, trimmed with black velvet and wild roses. Her little feet had Oxford ties, and she wore dark gray silk stockings and gray suedged shoes.



HOME DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

A simple toilet, but perfect for a young girl. She wore no corsets and her movement was free and graceful.

I remember my gown. It was of printed muslin, and had four skirts, each a little shorter than the other and all of them very full. I had a waist of white silk, cut low in the neck—that is to say, square across, leaving the shoulders bare. The sleeves were puffed and reached nearly to the elbow. The waist of that dress measured around outside only eighteen inches, and I can remember to this day the agony I suffered in those corsets and the envy that besigned me when I saw other girls measure sixteen. We had to suffer, but we spared no pain to attain a small waist.

To keep the skirt out nicely we used to wear many white petticoats, starched and ruffled at the bottom. I think I wore thirteen, but I know that ten was not considered enough to give the proper "float." The skirt was just the same length front and back, and that made it necessary to hold up the front from fear of tripping over it.

My hair was turned off the face and rolled over "rats" of curled hair, and then made into a knot at the back, and I had two rosettes made of pink ribbon and black velvet, with long ends fastened each side the knot. I wore "garters" of drab prunella, laced up the side, without heels and reaching to just above the ankle bone, and I had black silk mitts on my hands. When I went out I had a "flat" hat with a wide brim and a fall of "blond" lace around it, and a fine ribbon fastened at the crown called a "bride," and this could be shifted about so as to hold the hat brim down against the wind.

After that era came hoops; they went out, and skirts reaching scarcely to the ankle came in, and then huge puffs and trains and afterward "eelskins" and so on, always changing, and what I wonder at is that in view of the monstrosities we have worn, with their unhealthful tight lacing and other bad qualities, people have the heart to complain of the present, artistic, comfortable and generally healthful styles now in vogue.

Take, for instance, the pretty home dress in the first illustration of pink zephyr cloth. It is shirred at the neck, and then the fullness is adjusted to the figure loosely by means of bias pieces of the same, feather stitched with white floss. A pink ribbon with narrow black stripes forms a half belt and is tied in front with loops and ends. The back can be left Watteau or arranged just like the front, which is prettier for young figures. The sleeves hang bell fashion, but are gathered up slightly with bows on the forearms.

I came across another gown which is so useful and so simple that it is reproduced here.

Semina valids will find it valuable, and for an early morning gown it is perfect. For very cold weather it can be lined or made of thick goods. The original was of blood red cashmere, shirred onto a yoke of silk. The puffs at the top of the sleeves can be of silk or self goods, and the same with the cuffs. It is cut plain Mother Hubbard in MORNING DRESS.

front, with the sides slightly following the figure, and a deep Watteau plait in the back. If one wishes one can put a little trimming around the bottom or down the front, but trimming is always a matter of private taste. The dress looks as well without as with trimming. A soft mossy shade of green, with a terra cotta red yoke and cuffs, would be becoming to most ladies, but only those whose complexion will bear anything should put green next their faces. Green, in rusty as well as brilliant shades, will be the color this fall, it is said, and will enter into almost every costume as a component part of its trimming.

OLIVE HARPER.

CINTHY ANN'S NEW HOUSE.

I built a house for Cinthy Ann—an made it rich.

An rigged it up with euperlows an lightning rods an sich,
An built a wide piazzer room ware she could set an d see
An take her knittin work an gab with ole Ker-turah Snow.

An Cinthy Ann was happy fer about a week or so,
An then she foun the chumblly draft wur workin ruther slow;

For the smoke came in her kitchen an she couldnt make her pies,
An her pudd'n only sizzled, an her johnny cake would'n rise.

An soon she foun her buttry wur too small to hold her stuff,
For apple sass an blackbry jell it was a large enough.

An all her things were scrooched right in de light ez she could cram,
Her pickles, an her ketchup, an her elderberry-jam.

An then a dog day storm came on an drizzled for a week,
An the roof aroun the chimney had to go an spring a leak.

An milledown four er my white shirts that she had made an biled,
An her winter muff wur roothed an her weddin dress was spiled.

An then sez I to Cinthy, wen she sat down to cry,
"Ther ain't no home upon this side the mansions in the sky

But what has some leak in the roof, some trouble in the flue,
Some mischle cluttered buttry"—an poor Cinthy said "Boo hoo!"

We build our poety houses that are ternal fine to see,
An we stick 'em up with euperlows an sich-like filigree,

An in our dreams they're fair ez heaven, but let us wait a week,
An this poety palace of our dreams is sure to spring a leak.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

An Unlucky Tableful.

Several men were talking of superstitions so common among all classes of people. As a matter of course one of the things touched upon was the supposedly fatal number thirteen. An old colored man who happened to be within hearing distance felt moved to remark: "I want to tell you, gen'men, not to make fun o' dat thirteen business. I ain't superstitious, but I tell you, don't you eat at no table whar dar thirteen. I dun do dat, and I hope to d. if pretty nearly every one of dem ain't dead and buried."

His hearers expressed surprise at his remarkable statement and asked for particulars.

"Well, some of dem got killed and one thing an another, and some jest nacheelly died. But dey is pretty nearly all gone to day."

"How long ago did this thirteen-at-table incident occur?"

"Now, lemme sez. Been about thirty years since the war, ain't it? Well, I spec' it must 'a' happened ten years before the war broke out. But it makes me feel about as uneasy as though it was only yesterday."—Chicago Times.

"An Artist in His Line."

A good story is told of the fresh air work of Portland, Me. It was arranged that two healthy children in a family where the mother needed relief from care of them were to be at the station to take the morning train for the country on a certain morning. They did not appear, and one of the kind ladies hunted them up.

"Why did you not come to the station?" said the lady when the children were found.

"Because mamma thought you would send a hack for us," they replied.—Buffalo Express.

His Future Assured.

"You say, sir," said the stern father, as he motioned the young man to be seated, "that you want to marry my daughter. She tells me that you have saved up a little sum. But, sir, what can you do to assure me of your future prospects?"

"You are evidently not aware, sir," replied the young man, a blush of pride mounting to his fair young face, "that I have just started a factory for the manufacture of women's suspenders."—Cloak Review.

No Meals.

Tourist—And you say the passage by rail is forty-five dollars and by water thirty dollars?

Ticket Agent—But the latter doesn't include meals.

Tourist—Never mind that, give me a ticket by water; I'll save just fifteen dollars.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Tough.

Butcher—Is there anything else this morning?

Mrs. Newwed—If'n! Oh, yes! I want four pounds of mutton hash and some peas. By the way, you ought to send me tenderer peas than those last ones. They were so tough we couldn't eat them.—Harper's Bazar.

A Young Man in Dreadful Doubt.

Will I meet her again where the wild bee is humming?
Will I meet her again where the waves madly roll?
Will I linger beside while her banjo she's strumming,
And flooding with music my world wearied soul?

Will she bend from her hammock in attitude stunning,
And pause in her posing to whisper to me?
Will she wear the silk hose and the Newport so cunning
That trampled my heart in the sand by the sea?

Will her eyes shine as bright 'neath her tennis-hat ruffled
Will her bathing suit dazzle my sight as of yore?
Will she lean on my arm, ever smiling and blushing,
Or flash with some other chap over the floor?

Will we dip as we dipped in the ocean together?
Will we talk as we talked in our merriest tone?
Will she shake as she shook me—oh, cold was the weather—
And leave me to sigh by the breakers alone?
—Brandon Banner.

AT LINCOLN, SEPT. 16th

at 20th and J Sts. FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th

The Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth!

A Wondrous Exhibition, Elegantly Presented, and with it this Season Imre Kiralfy's Sublime Historical Spectacle,

COLUMBUS

And the Discovery of America, Forming the most stupendous amusement institution ever organized, and now exhibited in all its magnificent and undivided greatness to delight and bewilder the whole people.

The Most Stupendous Entertainment on the Face of the Globe, 1,200 Historical Characters Represented. All seen at one time, together with Wild Beasts and Horses.

The Life of the Great Explorer Illustrated, With all the Chief Historical Events connected therewith.



QUEEN ISABELLA OFFERING HER JEWELS.

The most Colossal, Magnificent, Historic, Nautical, Processional, Poetical, Martial, Operatic, Musical, Theatric and Dramatic Spectacle ever devised by man.

Floods of Music and Choruses of Song

Pitched Battles between the Cross and Crescent. Full Rigged Ships in Motion. Tournaments on Foot and Horseback. Overpowering Processions and Triumphant Displays. Siege of Baza, and Capture of Granada.

The First Voyage to the New World

Landing of Columbus and taking Possession. Grand Reception at Barcelona by the Sovereign. Ferdinand and Isabella's Brilliant Court Romance and Reality combined in Sublime Moorish and Spanish Scenes. Stupendous Ballet, with 300 Foreign Artists. Myriads of Enchanting and Thrilling Events.



COLUMBUS AT THE TOURNAMENT BEFORE THE WALLS OF BAZA.

Exciting the Admiration of the Refined. Eye Feasts of Kingly Splendors and Imperial Pageants. Thousands of Men, Women, Children and Animals. Scenery costing \$75,000. Wardrobes worth \$250,000. Armour, Trappings, Banners and Emblems worth \$200,000. Horses worth \$150,000. Combined with all the Marvelous Attractions of

The Greatest Show on Earth!

Circus, Hippodrome, Museum, Elevated Stages, 2 Menageries, Magic Illusions, Horse Fair.

- 3 Circus Companies in 3 rings
- 64 Cars, 4 Trains, 5 Advertising Cars.
- Menageries of Wild and Trained Beasts
- 126 Agents
- 2 Elevated Stages for Olympian Games
- 4 Acres of Painted Scenery, 10 Acres of Waterproof Tents.
- 1 World's Fair of Modern Marvels.
- 50 Acres of Wild Beasts.
- 1 Hippodrome, with all kinds of Races.
- 20 Antomimic Clowns.
- 1 Gallery of weird, beautiful Illusions and Visions.
- 20 Animal Actors.
- 30 Exciting Races.
- 1 Columbus Stage, 450 feet long.
- 100 Circus Acts
- 100 Jockey Performers.
- 1 Mammoth Museum teeming with wonders.
- 50 Aerialists.
- 50 Jockeys and Riders.
- 1 Horse Fair, with actually 400 Horses.



SUPERB BALLET OF 300 BEAUTIES BEFORE THE MOORISH KING.

- 2 Herds of Elephants.
- 2 Doves of Camels.
- 100 Trained Animals.
- Trained Cats, Dogs, Pigs, Goats, Ceece, Storks, Zebras, Elephants, Horses, Ponies, Deer, Lions, Tigers, Hyenas, Leopards, Panthers, Bears, Wolves, Pigeons.
- 1 Giant Horse.
- 22 1/2 Hands High.
- Colossal Ox 18 1/2 Hands High.
- Hairless Mare with not a single hair on it anywhere.
- Dwarf Cattle only 8 hands high.
- Diminutive Zebra 7 hands high.
- Wonderful Bull with three Eyes, three Nostrils and three Horns.

A World of New and Astonishing Attractions.

Admission to All, 50 cents. Children under 9 years, 25 cents. Two Exhibitions Daily, at 2 and 8 p. M. Doors open an hour earlier. Reserved seats at the regular price, and Admission tickets at usual slight advance, at

J. H. Harley's Drug Store, 1101 O Street.

A Mighty, New Million Dollar Street Parade!

Illustrating by living tableaux American History, Arabian Nights' Tales, Nursery Rhymes and Children's Fables, at 9 o'clock, on morning of show. Everybody should see it.

Cheap Excursions on All Railroads. Will Exhibit in Beatrice Sept. 17th