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### TRICKS OF THE BEGGING TRADE.

How the Fraternity in London Deceives the Charitable.

London Telegraph.

The reader may be surprised to learn that it is not in all cases that bona-fide cripples, and those who are unmistakably afflicted and who implore charity, are really entitled to commiseration and relief. It is quite within the verge of possibility that they have rendered themselves objects of compassion deliberately and with a purpose. At a notorious lodging-house in the neighborhood of Drury Lane a manager pointed out to me two such characters. The one was a wretched looking woman of past middle age, who was very poorly though tidily dressed, and who, while I was talking with the man in the passage, passed through, carrying in her hand a nice piece of rump steak and a small can of tomatoes. "That," she said, "is Mr. Manager as the woman, who was too weak to walk well, on the balustrade with her disengaged hand while she descended the steps that led down into the cellar; and a pint of stout will make her a decent dinner. She can afford it, and if she couldn't she would be dead in a month." On my requesting an explanation of this enigmatical speech, the manager continued: "I can't give you all the particulars, because what she does herself with a secret. But she herself she does. She remains indoors till after the gas is lit, and an hour or so before she starts she takes her dose, whatever it is, and it makes her that horrible ill that 'pon my soul it's a wonder how she finds place to continue at the game. Her face goes ghastly and pinched, and she goes black under the eyes, and she's so weak that there's no gammon about her hand shaking as she leans on her stick. She toddles out every evening, and you may find her afterward standing just off the pavement with a paper pinned to her breast, on which is written 'I am very ill and in deep distress.' She doesn't say a word, I am told, or even hold out her hand. She hasn't any need to. I've known her to go out from here at 6 o'clock, and she'd been going it so the night before that she's fairly stumped and been glad to borrow two pence half-penny of me for a half-quarter of gin to start her. Well, sir, I've known her to go out at 6 and be home before 10 with a matter of eight or nine shillings all in coppers. Does the stuff she takes do any harm? It makes her thin, and she has such pains inside her that sometimes all the drink she can swallow doesn't make her forget 'em. But it is an out-and-out game while it lasts, and plenty of 'em that lodge here would give me a half-penny of some if she would put 'em up. What her 'done is. Why, take notice of that chap out there in the yard, washing his shirt. You see his arm? I looked at the individual indicated, whose braces crossed his naked shoulders, and I saw at once that his right arm was frightfully attenuated—seemingly mere skin and bone, while the corresponding limb was well nourished and plump. "There is no pretense there," I remarked; "the poor fellow has a withered arm." Mr. Manager grinned. "I don't say he's a liar," said he, "but he brags that he did it himself on purpose, that he might have the advantage of being a cripple. He's been a soldier, and what he says is—between friends and in confidence, you know—that wanting to get out of the service, and not caring to work for a living, he gave himself a bang on the elbow with a hammer. It passed as an accident, he had a few months in the infirmary, and came out of the army with an allowance of sixteen pence a day for eighteen months, and his arm has been gradually wasting to what you see it now. Does he show it to excite compassion? Rather. He can use it a bit, and he can play on his fiddle with it about the streets, showing it all bare up to the shoulder. But he doesn't make much. Not more than four or four and sixpence a day." "But that is much more than the average hard-working laborer earns," I remarked. "The hard-working laborer," returned Mr. Manager, with undisguised contempt; "I'll find you dozens of fellows about here who haven't got the advantage of being crippled, who'd be sorry to earn as little as a hard-working laborer. And there is no doubt that there might be found scores of men and women, disabled, who make such an excellent living by displaying their infirmities that they would decidedly decline to be made sound, were such a miracle possible. I can speak positively as regards blind men who are street-beggars. Finding them in wretched homes, with a drunken wife, and grown-up, lazy children, living in clover on the money bestowed on their sightless parent during the day, I have interested in their favor those who, had they been willing, would at once have placed them in a comfortable asylum where for the remainder of their lives they would have been well fed and lodged and taught a trade as well. But in at least three instances they declined to avail themselves of the opportunity. Two of them excused themselves on the plea that they could not bear to live among strangers, but the third bluntly told me that, though he was blind, he was not exactly a fool, and it wasn't very likely that he was going to be caged up for the sake of his food and bed, when he could 'make' seven shillings in a short day going about with his dog, and enjoy his pipe and his glass every evening.

Never Too Late to Mend.

The J. Arden, a William street, East

Buffalo, writes: "Your Spring Bloom has worked on me splendid. I had no appetite; used to sleep badly and get up in the morning unrefreshed; my breath was very offensive and I suffered from severe headache; since using your Spring Bloom all these symptoms have vanished, and I feel quite well." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

mar7-dlw

The Aged Typo.

Denver Intro-Ceans.

It is remarkable how the habits of life cling to a person even during his last moments. The boy in the Inter-Ocean office hardly expected to find the old man at his case when they came to work in the morning, for when he had gone home the night before they had noticed his steps were very feeble. For over forty years he had a case; first on a metropolitan daily, then on a little country weekly, and then on a religious monthly. His hand was steady as yet, despite his 60

odd years, and very few of his "a's" got into his "t" box. This bright, sunny morning he came in and greeted his fellow-typists with a pleasant "Good morning." The boys noticed his hand trembled somewhat, and that his voice was husky and uncertain, but they paid no particular attention to these things; the old man had been acting rather strangely for the last few days, and they attributed it to a gradually weakening constitution. He stood at his case for almost an hour throwing in, and had distributed nearly all his matter, when of a sudden his composing stick fell from his hand to the floor, and he himself tottered and would have fallen had not the boys sprung to his side and supported him to a chair in front of the fire. His head dropped forward on his breast, and his breathing became more and more rapid. The pressman ran for a glass of water, and returning held it to his lips. As the water touched his parched tongue a spasm of pain shot across his face, and his frame was convulsed with agony. With an effort which seemed almost superhuman he dashed the glass upon the floor, and it was splintered into a thousand pieces. This effort seemed to arouse him somewhat, and he gazed about him with a bewildered stare. "Boys," he said; "boys, are the cases all full?" "His mind wanders," whispered the foreman, in a low voice, and then he said aloud, as he bent over the old man: "Yes, Dick, old fellow, everything is thrown in."

"That's right, that's right," exclaimed the feeble old man, "there is nothing like having the galley and stones all cleared off," and he seemed to brighten up considerably, and made an effort to stir the fire with a warped stick, which the boys used as a poker. "I've run short of em quads, boys, and haven't enough to space out this poetry," he said, and his faltering fingers went through the motion of traveling over the case in search of the requisite meter.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop Bitters, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation. [Examiner and Chronicle. mar1-d2w]

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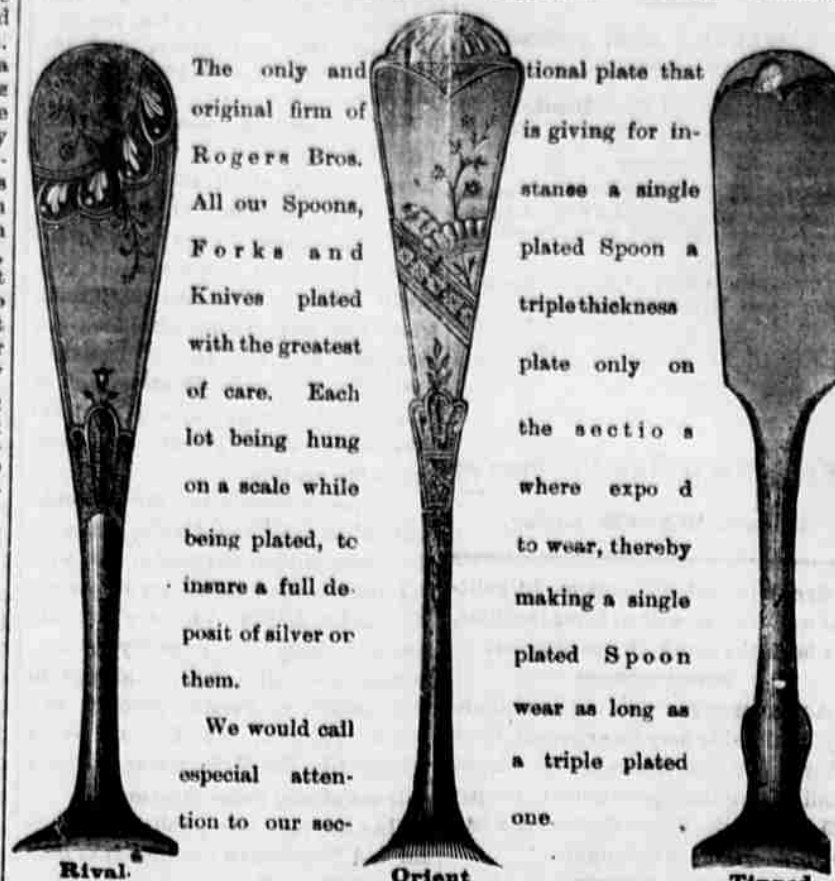
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