

NEW YORK'S GREAT HARBOR

Queer and Gruesome Secrets of the Vast Waterways of the Nation.

ETCHINGS OF ITS LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Thousands Working on its Waters, Many of Them in Ways that Are Dark—Expert and Amateur Thieves—Work of Police.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—There is no hamlet in the United States so remote that it ought not to be interested in New York harbor, for through that great water gate and under the wing of the Statue of Liberty come the treasures from all parts of the world which bring to us 80 per cent of our imports and from it go the ships carrying 75 per cent of our exports.

It is a queer place. More than 20,000 men and women are engaged in doing your business and mine for us in New York harbor and nowhere in the world are there stranger people than may be found among the crews of New York harbor boats.

It is the under current of life about the harbor which are more interesting, and being under currents they are, some of them, as dark and devious as the black bottom waters of the night.

A dark night. Two men creep carefully to a slightly remote water front such as that of Astoria or Bayonne. They slouch and lurk until they find a small boat unoccupied in the water.

They conceal their acquisition under some dock and carefully return the stolen boat to its original moorings before daylight. It has been stolen to the harbor and the thieves become animated.

They are perfectly equipped now for river thieving. Jerry McAuley, who has turned from the leadership of a desperate gang of river thieves to become a useful missionary among the sailors, tells how he and one of his boys, chums in this way got their start in the business which they pursued so successfully for many years.

When the leader and his young accomplice were new at the business, before they had learned the larger way of gassing or sand-bagging the night watch of a pier or vessel, they used to letter on the docks and when opportunity offered roll a barrel or box of goods into the water.

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Great is the ingenuity of these thieves. Constantly they steal wines and liquors from the docks in a way which almost defies detection.

Rowboat puts under a pier in the dark. Its occupants are provided with a barrel and a long auger. The rest is simplicity itself. A hole bored through the floor of the pier and into a barrel of anything which will run transfers the property to other owners.

There are many of these thieves. They are cunning and often desperate. They kill a man occasionally in the business of the water police. Four murders were attributed to them last year. And there were others.

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ship the following morning. Not only had the "crimps" stolen half their money, but they had received liberal commissions on the other half, which had been spent in saloons and dives.

LITTLE RIVER THIEVES. A queer system of petty dishonesty is practiced every Thursday, when the fishing smacks come into the piers about Fulton market. A hundred boys will be swimming there, a score of them scampering naked over the many smacks which come in to supply fish for the Friday demand.

"I get 20 cents or a quarter for every fish I steal," said he. They never mind the matter of stealing.

So these boys stand sometimes just outside the market and compete successfully with the men from whom they have stolen their stock, for these fish run from three to five pounds apiece. Other boys, I am informed, have regular customers in restaurants and small hotels, boarding houses, etc.

You would be the richest man in the world if you had everything that has been dropped into East river, even in the mile or so between its mouth and Brooklyn bridge. You would have a stock of goods which in extent and variety would make the vastest modern department store seem like a village knick-knackery by comparison.

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It is supposed that the policeman killed all three of the river thieves.

THE HARBOR'S DEAD. But the harbor does not always give up its dead so easily. There is one little bay on Staten Island near to the government revenue and quarantine station, however, into which an average of 100 human detritus float every year.

Less gruesome, but sometimes much more exciting are the events in the lives of the legitimate harbor boatmen. Much of their work is concerned with the transfer of people to and from ships anchored out, and such things. But there is a boatman near the Battery who had a lively experience one night which he reported to the police.

"This is no weather for a small boat," "I'll give you \$100 for the job." The boatman did the work without another word, although it was a dangerous night. Then he reported it to the police.

There have been other big fees and other exciting trips. A naval officer exceeded his shore leave and caught his ship just as it was rounding the Battery with the assistance of a boatman from that historic pier. They were nearly run down in doing it.

ONLY A HINT NEEDED. And the Woman in the Case Was Not Afraid to Give It. The best looking girl in the Pine mountain country, reports the Washington Star, was Susan Natter, and she was extremely, not to say foolishly, in love with a young man who was my chief timberman in the season, and who owned and conducted a good farm in the river bottom as a side issue.

Jim was the catch of the mountains, and, like other men in that happy class, he was careless and stood a fair chance of losing what ought to be his hard-earned money. Susan was just the girl for him, but he had almost worn out her patience by his dilly-dallying policy, and one day I thought the end had surely come and it was all up with Jim, who was a favorite of mine as a winner of the Susan stakes.

"I want to see the best dress pattern you got in the store," she said to me as I sat out in front of the commissary one day, "and bein' mighty particular, I want you to wait on me," she added with a smirk not usual to Susan.

"Oh, indeed," I said chaffingly, going around behind the counter, "something must be going to happen." "I reckon that is," she admitted, frankly. "Good for you," I laughed, "and I'm glad that Jim has got his senses at last."

"Jim" she sniffed disdainfully. "Tain't Jim ez ter ez I know." "Not Jim?" I almost shouted, for Jim was my choice for her. "Not Jim? Well, who is it?"

"Oh, that's fer me to know and you to find out, colonel," she laughed provokingly, and gave me no further satisfaction. She bought the goods and went away, and two hours later Jim came in from work and said he was going over the mountains that night with one of the Martin girls to a dance.

"By the way, Jim," I said, "did you know Susan Natter was going to get married?" "Thunderation, colonel, no," he blurted out. "Ner she ain't, is she?"

"I don't know. She wouldn't tell me." "Well, she'll tell me, colonel," he said, with the lines getting harder across his face, and little wrinkles of doubt and fear showing between his eyes. Jim was facing a possibility that had never presented itself to him in his full strength. He went out of the store and up the road leading to old man Natter's place.

"Did you find out who it was?" I asked him at once, for I was interested more than he had been. "Course I did," he answered, with confidence. "Who is it?"

"Me," and he laughed the short laugh of the man who had been made to do what he knew he should have done, and what he most wanted to do.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "is that it?" And later I discovered that Susan had indeed pretty little feminine scheme to bring Jim to the point, and by my unwitting, but by no means unwilling, assistance, she had succeeded fully.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY. Romance of a Telephone Call Rung by Spirit Hands.

By HELEN A. COUSINS. I was a young man of 27, and had just hung out my sign in a little manufacturing village of about 2,000 inhabitants. There were at this time three other physicians in the town, and during my four weeks' stay I had been favored with but few patients.

I boarded with an elderly lady whose grandson cared for the garden and stable. My boarding mistress was precise and methodical in everything, and was a model of punctuality, so I one day set my watch, and she took a little coffee and a few papers, in order to be prompt at meals when at home.

"Please come again with the parties who called for Dr. Wilder," I said. "No one has called for Dr. Wilder," answered the voice of the operator in the central office.

"You must be mistaken, for I have just been talking with some one through the telephone who wants me," was my reply. "The wires must be crossed somewhere. I will see if I can find out where the trouble is, sir," came in a sleepy voice from the central.

I sent the boy to a livery stable near by to procure a team for me, and was bathing and bandaging my own horse when I heard the whistle of the 10 o'clock train. Then remembering that my watch had been too fast, I muttered a very unathletic expression as I started for the station.

I had hastened in doors and put on a heavy ulster, when I heard the boy drive up to my door with the team. Again I went to the telephone, and ringing up "central," I inquired if he had ascertained who had called for Dr. Wilder.

"I cannot find that anyone has called for you this evening," came the reply over the wire. Suspecting that somebody might be trying to play a joke on me, I stepped to the door and had the team returned to the livery stable.

I seated myself in an easy chair by the fire and after reading a short time I fell asleep. I awoke just as my clock was striking twelve, and as the last stroke ceased my telephone again rang.

"Come to Millville on the midnight train, to No. 20 High street." "Who wants me?" I asked, as I knew not a soul in Millville.

I received no reply, although I rang several times, and putting on my overcoat and cap I went to my room and hurried to the railroad station a few rods away, where the night train stopped on being signaled. Before 1 o'clock I had reached Millville and found the place to which I had been summoned.

It was an old-fashioned house, which had been modernized by the addition of bay windows in the front, from one of which came a faint light. I hastened up the steps, but before my hand could touch the door it was opened from the inside and I passed in.

A very old lady with pale face and snowy hair silently pulled me into the parlor and laid my coat and hat on a table. The apartment that seemed to be half parlor and half library. A leather covered lounge was drawn up before an open fire and upon it lay a man of perhaps 60 years. An ugly gash was in the right side of his head, and he lay motionless in front of the fire, but the man was gone. I looked wildly around the room, but no sign of him could be seen.

I drew my hand over the lounge, and found my finger showed plainly on the dusty carpet. The fire was burning low, and I seized my medicine case from the chair where I discovered it, stepped to the hall and hastily opened the front door. Once out into the house my courage returned, and looking back, I shouted, "Where are you, sir?" but no answer came. Then I grasped the door bell and rang peal after peal, but all I heard were the echoes dying away in the empty house.

I ran to my own room, and found that I had been waiting in front of the fire, but the man was gone. I looked wildly around the room, but no sign of him could be seen. I drew my hand over the lounge, and found my finger showed plainly on the dusty carpet.

"There is no one at home, sir," he said. "Where are the people who belong here?" I asked. "They are spending the winter in southern California, and have been away since last September," was his reply.

On returning to my office I found a telegram from my sister, who lived in an adjoining state. In response to it I started at once, and on arriving at her home I found that the morning I learned that an elderly physician, a friend of her husband, was about to give up active practice. Arrangements were speedily made and I moved to my new location.

amount of labor was expended upon the pulpit. Rev. Father Francisco Simo, one of the rectors of the church, under whose direction much of the work has been done, relates that the carving of the base of the pulpit consumed two years, and that the balustrade occupied nearly as much time. Next to the pulpit the ceiling, which is entirely of carved wood, attracts the most attention. There are a series of intricate designs that show the genius of art and the skill of the carver and the effect is admirable.

The floor is also of wood and the shaven effect. Most of the wood used is mahogany, best of all the fifty varieties of hard wood that grow in the Philippines. It is capable of resisting any of the insects that attack wood, and neither heat nor water affect it. Steel is the only thing that will oxidize it. It is so hard that the fashioning of it is very difficult, but the excellent results obtained make it worthy of the effort.

The architecture of Manila may be truly said to be a relief of mediocrity by the churches, and that of St. Ignatius Loyola is the greatest of them all. The cathedral—massive structure of the Byzantine period—attracts attention on account of its size and the fact that its foundation stones were laid in the sixteenth century, but neither interior nor exterior are particularly pleasing. Another remarkable church in the old city is that of St. Augustine, built way back in 1570 from a design drawn by a nephew of the architect who planned the famous Escorial in Madrid.

"Here is the doctor, Miss Marguerite," said the man. The young girl rose and with a stifled sob held out her hand to me. "My dearest friend, my only friend on earth is gone," she cried.

"A few days later my sister and I called to see Miss Lawton, and she was leaving the house to go to her mother's half-brother, in California. He was telegraphed for me to come to him. Poor papa and I were so happy there until his sudden death last spring. Then she added, 'I will show you his picture,' and taking a photograph from a case on the table, she handed me the exact likeness of the man whom I had found upon the lounge with the ugly gash on his head. I did not question her at that time, although my curiosity was difficult to control, as I saw that she must be deeply agitated, and I felt that she must be telling me as much as possible.

"Marguerite and my sister had kept up a correspondence, so I had no difficulty in finding the address of my sister, and in less than five weeks was on my way east with my bride. Before leaving California I had learned the particulars of Mrs. Lawton's sudden death. Marguerite's grandmother, who had been a leader in society until her husband's death, was the possessor of some valuable diamonds, which a few years previous she had placed in her son's hands for safe-keeping until Marguerite should be of an age to wear them. He very seldom mentioned the jewels to his daughter, and it was supposed that he carried them around on his person. One day in early March he was returning from a drive, when he saw a man skulking around the street corner, who looked strangely familiar to him. He finally said to Marguerite, 'It has just occurred to me that the stranger is Davidson, who used to be employed by your grandmother. She never saw him some little time ago, but she discharged him because she found him one day trying to unlock her desk where her private papers were kept.'

The following day Mr. Lawton was brought home unconscious with a cruel wound in his head. Robbery was evidently the motive of the assault, for the diamonds were gone, also the money and watch of the victim. The poor man did not regain consciousness, but died in a few hours. Comparison of the dates showed that this occurred at the very time I had been called to Millville.

I never proved also that the grandmother had been in her own home, ill in bed with an attack of rheumatism on that night. Before going back to my practice I went with Marguerite to her old home. On arriving there I told her of my mysterious visit to the city, and she had been sent out to me. I produced the one I had made and asked if she had seen one like it, but she never had.

When we entered the dining room it was a bright sunny day. I looked around the room and as my glance rested on the mantel I saw a photograph which was built into one corner of the room I saw along the top were carved grape leaves and bunches of grapes. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the words, "The second bunch of grapes," and mounting a chair I managed to reach it. After a few attempts I found I could move it a little and finally I succeeded in pushing to one side the entire curtain, leaving exposed a keyhole in a little door of iron four or five inches square. Producing my mysterious key I at once unlocked the door and found that the aperture contained a small iron box, in which we found the missing diamonds.

We soon went to the house of Marguerite's grandmother, where we have lived for the last eight years, during which time I have only once met with another ghostly visitor. "But that is another story."

BEAUTIES OF A MANILA CHURCH. Remarkably Artistic Wood Carving Done by Natives. There stands in the old walled city of Manila a church whose rare beauty should win it a place among the famed temples of the world, relates the San Francisco Chronicle. It is the Church of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and, as the name would indicate, was erected by the Jesuit fathers. The ten years that elapsed between 1879 and 1889 were consumed in its construction, and a success that was truly artistic crowned the effort of a decade. The exterior is neither imposing nor artistic, but it was upon the interior that effort was centered, and few structures in the world can boast of the perfect harmony of effect there attained. Practically the entire interior is done in the native hard wood of the Philippine islands that have been carved by master hands. A remarkable fact in connection with the work is that it was all done by natives. The designs were all made in Europe, but every credit is due the workman who so closely followed their models. This incident illustrates a peculiar trait of the Philippines. They lack the originality, but are wonderful imitators. Give their carvers a model and they will duplicate to perfection. Let their painters see a picture and they will copy it to the perfection of detail. Permit their musicians to hear a composition and they will reproduce it on their own instruments. Probably the most artistic piece of carving in the church is the pulpit. It is a massive affair affixed to one of the giant columns close to the altar rail. On its sides are carved scenes depicting important scriptural events. The pulpit has a beautifully carved base, and upon the outer side of the balustrade are the figures of saints. The figures have all been perfectly carved, and there has been wonderful regard for detail. Proportions are perfect, and the effect is once harmonious and artistic. A prodigious

Church of St. Ignatius Loyola. When the list of American travel sets toward the Philippines, and when Manila is included in the itinerary of the globe-trotter between Singapore and Yokohama this really remarkable structure will win its place in the world of art.

ADMITTED HIS PROWESS. A Missourian Swears He is the Biggest Liar on Earth. In Gove and Logan counties there is at present a content between the local papers over the rather novel query as to which county has the biggest liar, the records of the Kansas City Journal. And this reminds us that once upon a time Gove county had a citizen who held up his good right hand and made oath that he believed himself to be the biggest liar in whom God ever put the breath of life. His name was Abernathy, and he was well known in the buffalo-hunting days when he used to come into Buffalo station and sell hides to Jim Thompson. One of his stories was that he was the man who killed Mormon Joe Smith in the massacre at Nauvoo, Ill., and he never came to the station without telling of one or more Indians that he had killed during the previous week's hunting. "I've got forty-nine up the red devil, an' I need only one more to make fifty," he said to Jim Thompson one day as he held up for inspection an old blanket with a bullet hole in it in evidence of his latest slaughter. Now it happened that toward evening of that day Company I of the Third Cavalry, which had been out on a scout, rode into the station to camp for the night, and Jim Thompson conceived the idea of having some fun with old man Abernathy. So he set up a job with Lieutenant King, the commanding officer, and a sergeant and file arrested the old man and conveyed him to the lieutenant's tent.

"Mr. Abernathy," said Lieutenant King, "the frightened old Indian killer appeared before him, 'I have been sent out by the government to apprehend certain men who have been ruthlessly slaughtering our wards, the Indians. I understand that you have killed forty-nine and need only one to make fifty, and now I want to know what you have to say for yourself!'"

"Swear me! swear me!" shouted the old man as he fairly quivered with terror, and with due solemnity Lieutenant King administered the oath.

"Mr. Officer, I swear before Gawd that I haven't killed no Injuns," I said, but I am a liar, sir, the worst liar ye ever seen in yer 'on days. Why ye kin take me back to Illinois and the hull population will swear that no aich liar as old Abernathy ever lived before! I swear hit myself, sir, before the good Gawd."

Needless to say, Abernathy had no more tales to relate of his prowess.

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HIS LATEST EXCUSE.

The next afternoon, my courage having returned, I drove over to Millville and went straight to the house which had visited the previous night. I went boldly up the front steps and was ringing the bell when a man at work in the next yard looked over the low fence. "There is no one at home, sir," he said. "Where are the people who belong here?" I asked. "They are spending the winter in southern California, and have been away since last September," was his reply.



"You're a drinking man, I can tell by your swollen face." "Oh, no mium, a kissin' bug k'issed me."