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A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

Being True Account of Ye Celebrated Ride of Richard Turpin, Esqre., from London to York, Now for Ye First Time Made Publick.

BY ROBERT BARR.

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Dick Turpin slouched into Kettie's restaurant on the Strand, hung his huge coat, sat down, and sang out for a boisterous glass of ale, and that right speedily, he added. The waiter made all haste to serve him, for such is the effect of a life of kindness and doing good to others, that Dick was always promptly obeyed, whoever else had to suffer delay, and when his mild and gentle eye casually surveyed the priming on his pistols, even landlords themselves had been known to jump in their eagerness to be of use to him.

Just as Dick had finished his frugal meal, Aristophenus Kettle himself, tiptoed into the restaurant and whispered:

"Dick, my boy, the bobbies are deploying round the Strand entrance."

Richard, always a man of quick decision, arose at once, bowed to the company, and remarked that so suavely which was characteristic of him:

"Gentlemen, I beg you to excuse me. I have an engagement elsewhere."

Mr. Turpin then slipped out by the back exit, where an honest, true, and trusty, awaiting him holding the highwayman's favorite mount—"White Wings." The night was pitch dark, but the lamp of the machine threw forward an ever enlarging cone of light, like one of those advertising devices then so popular in London.

"Is there plenty of oil in the lamp?"

"Yezzer."

"The repair kit and all the tools are in the toolbox?"

"Yezzer."

"The machine is well oiled and the tires pumped tight?"

"Yezzer."

"Well, I hope, for your sake, that everything is right, for if it is not, I shall puncture you with my pistol and deflate you of life."

"Yezzer."

Richard flung the man a sovereign, because, being a loyal man, he never dealt in any coin under the rank that designated the ruler of the realm. He mounted the wheel, which was geared to 162, and swiftly disappeared into the night. At the first street corner a policeman was waiting for him.

"Turn it up," shouted the officer, endeavoring to perform for the intrepid cyclist the exploit of terror expressed by the slang phrase he had just given utterance to, but Dick, who had been there before, deftly avoided him, and replied:

"If you are referring to the light, I have pleasure in informing you that it already complies with all the regulations."

The word had gone forth that at all hazards Dick Turpin was to be arrested that night, so the policeman, baffled in attempting to stop him, shrilly blew his whistle, which had the immediate effect of causing all the hansom cabs within hearing to concentrate rapidly on the spot, and by the time the harassed officer had disengaged the traffic, Dick was well on his way to the Great North road.

But the shrill whistle had effect on others than the cabbies. It was the signal for the metropolitan brigade of mounted police (cycle corps), and twice of the record breakers were bending over handlebars in hot pursuit of the fugitive. This upward body of men were astride the celebrated Klondike bikes ("worth their weight in gold," see advertisement) and the betting was about even, although those in the know freely offered 2 to 1 on Dick.

"all, this was a mean trick to play on a brother cyclist, for Dick was not without that feeling of fraternity which all genuine wheelmen possess. So, wishing to do as he would be done by, the merciful man dismounted, snipped a strand of barbed wire that lined one side of the road, pulled our staples until a sufficient length of the wire was set free, drew it taut across the thoroughfare and tied the loose end of the wire to a stake on the opposite side of the highway.

Remounting, he journeyed on toward the north, animated with that comforting sense of satisfaction which comes to one who, at some trouble to himself, has placed innocent diversion in the monotonous pathway of a fellow traveler. We should not live for ourselves alone.

Just as a neighboring steeple struck the hour of 1, Dick glancing backward, saw the one light suddenly disappear.

"How appropriate that was!" mused Dick. "The hour and the man! Thank goodness, the telegraph has not yet been invented."

The road to York is now clear, and I have

nothing to attend to but the making of

make a prolonged interview of financial ad-

chine, the very best in the market; the agent who sold it to me himself assured me of that."

"You should pay no attention to the ridiculous statements of interested parties. There is only one machine made in England, and that is the renowned 'White Wings,' made by a Coventry company (firm).

One of that name, last season highly complimented, is still used by the fellow-traveler, Hixley. Also, that I took to the road instead of going into the company promoting business! Where I take a pound

you wish to inquire the way, sir?" she

"O, no, dear madam," replied Dick, with one of his most correct bows, learned from his constant association with the aristocracy, whom he met incidentally on their travels.

"I am, if I may be permitted to term myself so, an inspector of highways, and all roads lead—not to Rome in my case—but to profitable commerce. I must first apologize to you for not appearing in proper costume, a defect which I shall at once proceed to remedy," saying which he drew from his pocket a neatly fitting black silk mask, penetrated by two holes for the eyes, which he put over the upper part of his face, passing the strings to the back of his head and holding them there.

"Would you mind just tying these strings?" she asked in tones of infinite sweet-ness.

"A woman makes such a knot, and they are rather awkward for me to get at without a mirror."

"With pleasure," replied the girl, standing on tiptoe as she tied a dainty knot with deft fingers. "I should think it much harder to have the ends of the mask connected with a bit of elastic, that you could slip over your head."

"I have often thought of it," assented the young man, "but I am rather a stickler for old-fashioned ways, and so I stick to the strings. I fear I am inclined to be conservative; I mix so much with the nobility, you know."

"Am I wrong in surmising that you are a highwayman?" Perhaps the famous Mr. Turpin, himself?"

"Quite right, madame; Dick Turpin, entirely at your service, at this moment accomplishing his celebrated ride to York, of which you have doubtless read, who hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of that custom which it will be to his endeavor to deserve. I'm sorry I brought a card with me, but I left it unexpectedly, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, rather in a hurry."

"How delightful!"

Dick drew forth a huge pistol, and with another low bow, said:

"But I am detaining you, madame. In the pleasures of social conversation let us not forget the realities of life. I must trouble you for your watch and any rings or other little trinkets that I can keep as a memento of this most charming meeting."

"I am so sorry," answered the girl, "but when I left home this morning I neglected to bring with me either watch or rings. I am so apt to break a watch if one has a fall, that I never leave it to be lost."

"They are indeed, madame, when I am on the road. Perhaps you have a purse?"

"I have," she replied, "but I am afraid it is not enough to buy a Sweet Violet."

"I should have thought you would have gone in for a chaiseless safety," murmured the girl, dreamily.

"What?" roared Dick, forgetting for the time that he stood in the presence of a lady, and for a moment losing his temper. "I thought you were a young person of some sense, even if you did ride a 'Sweet Violet,' but such an inconsiderate remark shows—"

"I am afraid, sir, you do not quite comprehend me. If you are caught you will be hung in chains, therefore I should suppose that you would prefer the safety of a chaiseless life to the ignominy of a death in chains!"

"O, ha ha!" laughed Dick. "I didn't see that. Very good indeed. I must remember the joke and tell it to the boys in the club."

"It is a perfect love machine that 'White Wings' of yours," the lady continued, regarding Dick's mount with a smiling eye, while he stood aside from it and held it at arm's length that she might the better admire its proportions. "I would get one for myself if they weren't so dear."

"Oh, the first cost of an article is nothing when you get just what you want. If the police are ever after you, you will not regret the initial expenditure."

"I would have you know," replied the young lady, drawing herself up proudly,

"that I have no followers among the force."

"I wish I could say as much," said Turpin with a sigh.

"Say, boss, would you tell me your name?"

The name was given and the negro re-

peated it over and over to himself as if committing it to memory. When asked why we wanted the name he said:

"You'll hear from me soon and I'll pay back that loan, too."

Before leaving he told the ward detective that his name was "Pete" Lewis and he worked on race tracks in the south and west, but had never been in New York before. His whereabouts had been forgotten by the ward detective until one day last week among the letters that came to the station house was one addressed to the detective in a scrawling hand bearing a Washington postmark. Wondering who it could be from he opened it and read:

"Get down for an X at least on Thermos and remember the snowshoes and 'Pete's Lewis."

"There was no signature, but inclosed wrapped in tissue paper was a new 25-cent piece. Even then the receiver of the queerly worded epistle was at a loss to know from whom it was until in handing the letter around among the men in the station house one of them, who often unblushingly admitted that he was a scoundrel, read the newspaper account of 'Pete' Lewis and the Thermos was the name of a horse running at the Bennington track near Washington. This much of the strange letter made clear, the ward detective put on his thinking cap and gradually the snowstorm, the 25-cent piece, "Pete" Lewis looking for a lodgment and all the rest began to dawn upon him. All his friends to whom he showed the letter advised him to watch the papers until the horse was entered in a race and then back him for \$10, as "Pete" Lewis had asked. This he finally decided to do, and on Tuesdays last the horse was entered. The ward detective was on duty that day, but a friend of his went over to Jersey City and played Thermos to win at 10 to 1. The horse easily failed to win in the calling. The ward detective learned the result of the race from a ticker near the station house and was probably no happier when his friend handed him his winnings of \$100 than he had been at one point on the journey.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Shivering Negro's Return for the Kindness of a Ward Detective.

Late on the night of the biggest snow storm in March last, relates the New York Sun, a young negro entered a downtown station house and with chattering teeth approached the desk and asked the sergeant for a night's lodging. The young man wore no overcoat and his thin sack coat was size too small for him and was unbuckled. On his feet were a pair of white canvas shoes such as lawn tennis players wear. A blue flannel yachting cap completed his outfit, which was more suggestive of the summer than New York City in a snow-storm.

The man behind the desk glared at the negro and then in a gruff tone said:

"Go to the city lodging house. We've no room here for bums."

The negro turned from the desk and started for the door, but in passing the big stove stretched out his benumbed hands and soon warming them a moment. This caused the sergeant to yell:

"Come; get a move on. You can't lounge in here."

The negro again started for the door, but paused with his hand on the knob and asked where the city lodging house was, saying he was a stranger in town.

"O, it's a little ways up. I guess you'll find it," snarled the sergeant. The young man was about to pass out into the storm when one of the men of the precinct who is assigned to special duty and is known as a ward detective stepped forward and said:

"Here, young fellow, is your car fare. You'll find the city lodging house at Twenty-third street and First avenue."

The sergeant again asserted his authority by shouting:

"Why don't you let him go on about his business? Shut that door."

The ward detective pulled the negro away from the door and said:

"Just one minute, Sarge, I want to direct him how to get there."

The sergeant grumbled something about some men being pretty soft and ornery, with a smile. Then the young man held a bright shining quarter of a dollar in his hand and thanked the ward detective again and again until the latter said:

"Well, I guess you're all right now, so go ahead."

The negro finally started for the door, but turned back and a smile appeared on the face of the ward detective as he asked:

"What is it now?"

"Say, boss, would you tell me your name?"

The name was given and the negro re-

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