

"Dalrymple! Bring me another brandy and soda. Have you found my man yet? I'll go and hunt for him myself if he doesn't turn up pretty soon. My orders are 'dead or alive.' It'll be dead if I have to leave this table to find him."

"I tell you, Inspector Bird, there is no one of that name staying here." (This in a loud and angry voice).

"What's in a name, I'd like to know?" said I, rising to my feet. "Any other name'll do just as well—Brown, Jones or Robinson. They have as many names as a jack-rabbit, these outlaws of an outraged community."

Now, Dalrymple was the proprietor of the hotel, and was coached beforehand as to his part in this little comedy. He was not overfond of the Captain, himself, for his want of promptitude in settling his board bills, and promised to do anything in his power to get rid of him. Poor Terryberry, we were making it hot for him.

Directly opposite me was a large mirror, and, happening to glance that way, hearing steps at the coffee-room door, I beheld the blanched face of the subject of our remarks. Such a picture of conflicting emotions did his countenance present, fear being visibly predominant, that I could have then and there burst out laughing; but the affair must be gone through with now. The fellow had rendered himself so obnoxious, and had altogether made such an ass of himself, that I was determined to effectually get rid of him. You will now understand the surprise I showed, Dolby, when you informed me that the Captain was to be with our party next winter in Naples.

"Ha! ha! What next?" laughed Dick.

Well, seeing him in the mirror, I turned suddenly around. A scurrying along the piazza told me that he was off, and springing to the door, with a whoop like a wild Indian, I discharged a blank cartridge or two. At the first shot the Captain dropped his valise, his only encumbrance, and sped like a deer into the darkness, followed by a hooting mob, attaches of the hotel, guests who happened to be at home, and idlers of every description, while the dogs in the stable yard strained at their chains and barked with fury. Makins a little overdid his instructions, for without my knowledge he stationed himself at a spot near a terrace of four steps, where he shrewdly guessed Terryberry would pass, as it was a short cut to the highway. Sure enough, the Captain came flying over geranium beds, rose bushes and exotics in a wild desire to reach the south gate. I had purposely led the mob to that at the north, to give him a chance to make good his escape. As he reached the top of the terrace, Makins rose up from behind a syringa tree, and discharged a shotgun over the fugitive's head. Said fugitive, with a yell of supreme terror, tripped over a shrub and rolled to the bottom of the terrace; but, instantly regaining his feet, he sped off through the gate and disappeared in the darkness, hastened no doubt by the boom of a gun from H.M.S. *Canada*, the officers of which good ship, evidently at a loss to know the meaning of the shots, had fired a gun as a signal of help, and at once manned a boat for the shore.

I had returned to the hotel, followed by the crowd, who were nothing loath to drink my health in huge schooners of good home-brewed, and Makins lost no time in joining them. I had induced them to return on the assurance that my assistants would grab

the criminal before he made his escape. I then fled to my room, finished my ball toilet, and at once repaired to the drawing-room, where Mabel awaited me, enveloped in shawls, and weak with laughing.

Preceded by Makins, we passed out of the hotel, through the crowd on the piazza, who never for a moment imagined that I and the Scotland Yard detective were one and the same person. Indeed, they treated me with the utmost indifference, while "Inspector Bird" was in every mouth.

We descended to the quay, and were rowed through the silent waters of the bay to the *Canada* passing the man-o-war's boat on the way. A word from me to the lieutenant in command induced them to return with us to the ship, from which came sounds of the band and joyous laughter. The officers had evidently assured their guests that nothing was wrong—merely a signal from the shore.

Fifteen minutes later, my arm was encircling Mabel's slender waist in a delightful waltz, while the strains of "Love's Dream-land," added to the surroundings, soon banished Captain Purvis Terryberry from our thoughts. Ah, gentlemen, there is my aunt's voice. Let us rejoin the ladies."

And amid a shout of laughter, caused by Dolby saying: "Captain Terryberry, Herbert Avis and Mrs. Mabel Swinton. Oh! what a meeting that will be"—they entered the drawing-room.

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#### NEW YORK LETTER.

There are a great many things about this city which are interesting to know, but which are not to be found in any guide book. This is a pity, since the main object of a guide book should be to awaken interest. Many of these matters, however, were not until recently within the knowledge of the public, and they would probably have remained hidden had it not been for the prying disposition of a gentleman who lives up the river, by name, Lexow. He had, it seems, heard vague rumours of irregularities in the high places of the city, notably the police department, and, considering that the virtuous tax-payer was not reaping the full benefit of his contribution to the public purse, he caused a committee of the State Senate to be appointed, with himself at the head, to peer and prod round and rake over the affairs of the police department of New York, and learn whether or not there might be any truth in the rumours.

When the committee was first appointed the police commissioners and the superintendent of police, the inspectors, the captains, the sergeants, the ward men and the roundsmen, and the patrolmen, with one accord, sniffed contemptuously, and said: "Let these hayseeds come up and investigate and we will show them a thing or two." This was last winter. Nowadays one has only to come up behind a policeman and say, "Lexow," and it will seem that that policeman has suddenly bethought him of matters requiring his immediate attention at some other place, and if one had business with the police, one would have to go elsewhere to transact it.

The next edition of guide book to the city of New York, if the same, should purport to contain correct information; should state that it has been abundantly proved that vice in its grossest forms has been for years under the immediate protection of the

police, who, in consideration of refraining from enforcing the laws against the perpetrators of crimes, receive from them large sums of money for their own private uses; also that the "green-goods" business, or traffic in counterfeit paper money, flourishes in this city by reason of the indulgence of these same police, who refrain from interfering with its promoters on payment of large tributes. The chief supporter and stay of the green-goods men, a man who formerly kept one of the most notorious saloons in the city, is now one of the police justices of New York, and only a day or two ago was incapacitated from performing his official duties by the result of a personal encounter with his successor in the saloon business.

A police sergeant, who wishes to be promoted to a captaincy, must pay someone (as yet unlocated and undefined) from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars for his step; inferior officers must also pay in proportion.

It is anticipated that it will be proved, before the "hayseed" committee adjourn, that the destination of these sums of money is the band of political leaders of Tammany Hall, who have risen, by reason of their abilities as "practical politicians" from their callings as car-drivers, railroad navvies, etc., to be nabobs of the city. Merchants and steamship companies also pay money to the police, and receive in return permission to obstruct the sidewalks with packing cases, etc.

Persons who have news stands or soda-water stands on the streets must pay the policeman a large percentage of their earnings, or be hounded out of business, and in several cases poor women, who barely maintained themselves and children by the pitiful profits of an apple-stand, and who have been unable to comply with the demands of the police for money, have had their children torn from them and placed in an institution on the representation of the police that they were not being properly cared for.

It is believed that before many weeks have gone by, the responsibility for all these atrocities will have been traced to the high officials in the public departments of the city who, there is no doubt, are the real offenders, and who have made their large fortunes out of the tribute levied for the protection of crime and vice.

There is every facility now-a-days for the emancipated woman to indulge her fancy for gambling in stocks, if she is so disposed. Some thoughtful bankers and brokers of Wall street, who know how tiresome and inconvenient it is for ladies to go down town when they want to do a little business in stocks or wheat, have fitted up uptown offices, right in the heart of the retail shopping district, where ladies can drop in and rest and chat and read the papers. There is a room specially set apart for them, a comfortable, cosy room, with a turkish carpet on the floor, comfortable reclining chairs and inviting lounges, and an attentive lady clerk who is always ready to explain and expatiate upon the attractiveness of the various kinds of securities, and to decipher the hieroglyphics that are rolled off by the tickers, to initiate them into the mysteries of "puts" and "calls" and "spreads" and "straddles," and to persuade them that by going "long" of this stock, and "short" of that, it is impossible for them not to make money—later on to make intelligible to them just how it was they happened to "hit" the market the wrong way.