

The Bunco Man's Power.

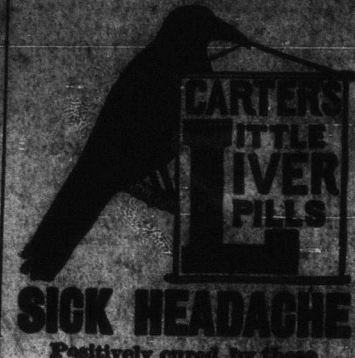
"Coming down town on an elevated train yesterday morning, said one of former Dept. Byrnes' detectives, I heard two men talking about the easy way in which honest John French of Brooklyn was recently lassoed out of \$5,000. These two men were very much disgusted because the old man had been gulled so easily and finally agreed that a man who could be induced to give up his money as such a raw game must be a perfect dummy or else off his head. I listened to the comments of these men with a great deal of interest because in the old days when Tom Byrnes ran the detective bureau in this town, it was my particular function to keep my eyes on the candidness men and always to know where they were and what they were doing. I have arrested the best known bunco men who ever operated in this country, each one a dozen times over, and I want to say that I never had a case where the game, when chronicled in the newspapers, didn't seem just as bald as this one by which Mr. French was roped in. It's easy enough to stand on the outside and marvel at the ease with which a fellow citizen has been duped, but let me tell you that a man who has stepped into the net, or, to be plainer, yielded to the preliminary persuasions of the bunco stealer, is about as securely caught as the fly that has ventured into the spider's web. People still marvel at the skill of the magician, but the interested know that there is nothing marvelous in what he does, that it is all very simple and easy. If I didn't know something of the dexterity of the bunco stealer, I too might marvel at the way Mr. French gave up his money, but my experience has taught me that the more astute and wordily wise the man the easier it is to make a victim of him.

"I should put all of this in the past tense because bunco, or bunco, as it should be called, although I don't know why, is played but little now-a-days, and cases like that of Mr. French are rare. The old game, where a man's stock in trade was his gift of gab, has given way to gold brick sales, lake horse deals and green goods operations. A great many more of these transactions than ever got into the newspapers are carried through now-a-days, but bunco in its old form is little played. The only reason I can give for the change is that the game became too well known, through the medium of the newspapers, although it is a fact that there are no such clever men engaged in swindling today as there used to be.

"The two queerest bunco stealers that ever lived were Hungry Joe and Grand Central Pete. Tom Byrnes always maintained that Joe was the cleverest of them all, but I hold that there never was the equal of Peter Lake, in the swindling line. The two men worked precisely the same game and in their careers were about equally successful, but there was this difference. Joe Lewis, or Hungry Joe, was a born thug. If he hadn't been a man of brains he'd have been a sandbagger, and even as it was it was a difficult matter for him to be even decently polite to his victim after he had stripped him. He was impetuous and although he'd start in on a victim with gentleness and consideration, he was always tugging at the chain before he was half through. I've known him to grab a man's money and then punch the man, when, with a little patience, he could just as easily have talked him out of it.

"I remember well how this phase of Joe's character landed him in jail for a good term once. An English tourist named Ramsden came here and fitted up a swell hotel. Joe spotted him and introduced himself on Broadway one day as Henry F. Post, nephew of Capt. Murphy of the Gallia, the steamer in which Ramsden had just come over. How Joe knew that Murphy the Englishman had become great is on the voyage, I don't know, but it is fact that they had, and Joe was on Ramsden at once. Well, there are a lot of details about this case that I'll be wiser to leave to the usual methods the tourist long pause he up into a place on Grand promised him. A lot of cards turned up winter but he was going to be beautiful there.

"Then he told how ready to bet them and I, in said, pointing made Joe lose mentioning no name, he grabbed the cards, when we came upon Ramsden, and cervier and followed it. up a few days and he turned round on case, so we'll go round that mountain a few years ago him. We separated, I believe, and heard a gun, and then at do all right, long. As night was coming, I could get. He so it was getting dark I fired at him, when I said, 'Something,' I said, 'I must follow you as it is daylight. After



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the latter visited this country and used to dine with him at the old Hotel Brunswick almost every day. He worked him to perfection, and finally got a check for \$5,000 out of him. Somebody tipped Wilde off about his friend, however, and the author beat Joe to the bank with a stop payment order, by about two minutes. But on the whole, Joe's impetuosity inspired by greed and partially the result of a strain of brutality in him, made him in my mind a second rater, although, he was luck, enough to make as much money as any man in his line in the old days.

"But this man Lake was the wonder. He was this finished swindler if there ever was one. He was a man of polish and my! he could rope in a man who knew his game. They used to say that he could talk a bank note from a man's pocket to his own, and I verily believe he could. He was the smartest rascal I ever knew, and once when I had arrested him he almost talked me into letting him go.

"Grand Central Pete talked incessantly. When he didn't have anyone to talk to he talked to himself. When he sought a victim, he would pick out his man, then make a rush at him, grab him by the hand and talk, talk. The man would never get a chance to say a word. Sooner or later Pete would say something that would interest the man, and when he'd done that he knew it. Actually, that man has talked his way into the confidence of hundreds of intelligent men whom he had never seen or heard of before. Nothing ever fazed him and he invariably got something out of his victims. He was never in a hurry and long after he had a man, and the money was in his grasp, he would toy with his victim just for amusement. I could tell you dozens of stories about Peter Lake that would amaze you, but if you happen to be one of those who were surprised at the easy way Mr. French was buncoed, one anecdote I will relate will interest you. This story is strictly true, and I could mention the names of the two business men of this city who are involved, but I won't for various reasons.

"Pete had spotted a man who sat at a desk in the window of a Forty-second street building every day. One morning he decided to pluck him. He got hold of a boy who was passing.

"You are my son, Willie," he cried, "Come with me and call me papa. If all goes well you get \$5."

"The boy was 16 years old and a bright boy. He agreed to the terms, and taking him by the hand Pete rushed into the office occupied by the man he had seen from the street. He gave him the game of talk and from the great mass of words hurled at him the man managed to extract the information that his visitor's son Willie was about to start back for Yale after a week's visit home, and that his father had forgotten his pocketbook and wanted to borrow \$50. Pete gave a name which he had taken at random from the building directory in the hall, and in ten minutes he had \$50 out of his victim and he was going west on Forty-second street, while Willie was going east.

"When the victim recovered from the assault of words, he tumbled to the fact that he had been swindled and started after Pete. He saw him put on a Broadway car, and calling a detective, put him on the trail. Pete jumped off the car at Leonard street, rushed into a wholesale dry goods store—he knew he was being

followed—and called his way without being denounced into the office of the head of the firm. Half hour later, the detective, who had lost the trail found it again, burst into the office and found Pete smoking the pipe of the head of the firm and talking business with that individual. The detective wanted to arrest him at once. He denounced him as notorious bunco stealer, but was requested to leave the office by the merchant. The detective's explanations and expostulations were in vain and he finally had to get out. He went outside, however, and lay for Pete. But that stick individual had actually induced the merchant to let him out by a rear door, and Pete got away.

"When Byrnes heard of the matter he had the merchant come to headquarters and explain why he allowed the crook to escape. Well, sir, that fellow was indignant over the thing. He declared that Byrnes had no right to characterize his visitor as a crook. But before Byrnes got through with him, he felt like 20 cents. It took nearly an hour to make him see what a fool he had been, and then he saw it all at once. But what do you think of a man with such powers as those of Lobe? To compare Joe Lewis with such a man is about nonsense."

THE AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER.

Her Merits and Her Shortcomings From a Foreign Point of View.

"If you want to know why we have no first class professional housekeepers in this country," volunteered the importer of an English specimen, "it is because the American woman is too proud and far too independent to allow an employee to manage her home. That is also the reason why we with the best ordered, most luxurious homes in the world, suffer from criminally wasteful domestic management and the worst service of any highly civilized people. In France or England, where half as much money is spent where there is twice the work for the servants to do and a third of the conveniences here are put at their disposal, the fashionable country or city house is conducted with a noiseless regularity that fills the American visitor with nothing short of amazement. In houses where the incomes are by no means large a corps of finished servants will be found, that only millionaires over here can afford.

"Just as long as the American woman is head of a modest household she is the most all around capable housekeeper in the world; she can face stiffer odds and rout them more utterly than any French or English woman living. We are the only women in the world who, when deserted at a critical moment, can cook a meal and yet sit at the head of the table while that same meal is being served, in a fetching frock carrying on a conversation as though nothing had happened. It is a charming faculty, but when she is put at the head of a corps of twenty servants and a great country house her system fails.

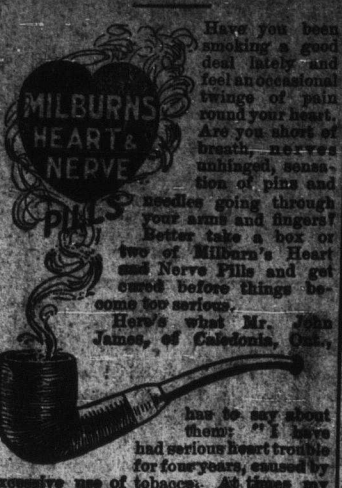
"A big, fashionable household, is just like a big ship, it's got to have a captain to direct its course and an engineer to run the machinery, and in the foreign countries they realize and provide for this. In France it is usually a maitre d'hotel who shoulders the domestic burden. He has worked up in the service and his word is law to the servants. He hires and dismisses them, plans their work, sees that it is done and he guarantees to keep the men and maids well fed on a stated allowance. The mistress gives him a fixed sum every month and on this he caters for the servants table that is by no means supplied from the larder that feeds the family. Every servant is entitled to the scraps he or she leaves and has his or her own plate, knife, fork, spoon, &c., and when a meal is over these are washed and set away by their owners in their special cupboards. Scraps are an important item to the thrifty French domestic.

"In England, there is a woman who does this, and in every handsome English house is built with special housekeeper's quarters a sitting room and bedroom. Some American houses are now being provided with these special two rooms.

"My housekeeper is of the typical sort. She is about forty, plump, pleasing and a settled widow who entered service as sixteen as a scullion maid and has worked up. She is addressed by the household as Mrs. Brown, and every afternoon her tea is served in her sitting room at a table by a maid. She drinks tea and eats her dinner alone, later, wearing a plain black silk gown, a muslin wreath cap and a small lawn apron. Every servant in the house, with the exception of the butler, is under her direct control, and for the good or evil that every servant does she is responsible.

"She accepts my directions with a humility no decayed gentlewoman would show, and with a respectfulness so confidential that I may ever feel. She gets \$50 a month and an allowance for paying the servants' wages and catering to their table.

TOBACCO HEART.



Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feeling occasional twinges of pain round your heart, round your head, unbridled, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

Here's what Mr. John James, of California, Ont., has to say about them:

"I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seem to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity.

"This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help.

"Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

and she it is who sees that no waste goes on in my house.

"With a prayer of thanksgiving and a quiet mind I can now nightly lay my head on my pillow, and I don't expect to come down with nervous prostration at the end of the season. The stern and stress of housekeeping has passed me, and no longer must I coolly count off \$200 a month to waste as most fashionable hostesses do; no longer do I hunt intelligence offices when a dozen engagements press, and no longer do I sit down to weep on coming home from a hard afternoon's calling, to hear that the cook has left in a rage, the parlor maid has smashed my best bric-a-brac and the landlady scorching a hole in my best tablecloth.

"But let me tell you what lots of our rich women do. They don't mind handing their babies into the care of kindergartners, but they deeply resent sharing the command of their households with a competent woman. For my part I think every big American household where there is a great corps of servants should have one of these competent women at the head, and very soon, in consequence, we would see a marked improvement in the American maid servant, for training domestics is one of the important missions of the English housekeeper. She takes in ignorant girls and teaches them first to be competent kitchen maids and then promotes them as their value and knowledge increase and thus the generation of English maid servants, the dearest, most accomplished domestics in the world, are trained in their profession. Clever and versatile as the American woman may be when thrown on her own resources, she has no gift for educating crude talent. When she has wealth and luxury she simply solves the difficulty by paying fabulous wages, overlooking a good deal of incompetence and retiring to a hotel every now and then to recover from the battle with servants."

HACK SAWS.

And Saws of Various Other Sorts That are Used in Outing Material.

No doubt the common idea of a saw would be of an implement used for sawing wood, and such is the chief use to which saws are put; but there are also many saws used for sawing metals. The most commonly used of these saws is what is called a hack saw.

The hack saw is built something like a meat saw; that is, the blade is held between the bent-down ends of a frame, to one end of which is attached the handle, by which, in the ordinary way, the saw is plied; but the hack saw is smaller than the meat saw, with a far more slender frame, and a light, slender blade.

There are various styles and sizes of hack saw frames, including extension frames, in which can be used, according as the frame is adjusted, saws of different lengths; for the hack saw blade is not riveted into its frame, but adjusted there; and blades can be taken out or put in at will.

The blades are very narrow and very thin, and very fine-toothed; they are made of a steel specially hardened for the use. In the manufacture of the blades the work is set and filed by machines, with greater accuracy than that work could be done by hand, and at much less cost. Formerly many hack saw blades were imported from England, now there are very few imported

the American blades are made in this country. They are made in various sizes, from six to four-and-a-half inches, and sold more or less by the dozen. These saw blades are put up in boxes of three together, and the price at retail is about 50 cents a dozen.

Hack saws are used in many trades. Jewellers would have some in their shops on their bench; blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, foundrymen, they are in all trades in which metal is worked. The carpenter, supposed to be a tradesman who alone, is likely to have a hack saw in his kit of tools; he may want to saw a balk, or something of that sort, and that matter hack saws are sometimes used for sawing in wood.

How long a hack saw will last depends on many things, as how much it is used, but a hack saw with which a seven inch blade had been cut off still remains sharp enough for further use. Hack saws are put to many uses on indoor, and outdoor work.

There are now made for railroad construction and repair work portable saws, for sawing of rails, the blade being cut out of them off with chains and runners. The rail is clamped into the frame in which the saw is worked, the saw being operated by hand power. Portable rail saws of American invention and manufacture are sold all over the world.

Of power driven saws for cutting rails are various kinds; these saws being used in many ways. For some purposes hand saws are fitted up so that they can be power driven, but the saws themselves, and the power are different. As to the saws, they are made for metals, ranging from three inches to sixty inches in diameter, and such saws are variously tempered, some harder and some softer, according to the use to which they are to be put. Some are toothed and some are toothless, these last being called friction saws; and there are cold saws, and hot saws, or called, hot saws being used to saw hot metal, which comes in the form of castings.

Such saws, in one form or another, are used in the various mills in which iron and steel are made into shapes, and in bridge and architectural works, and in many other trades and industries; they are used for sawing off rails and beams and bars, and for many other purposes.

A STAUNCH ALLEY.

M. B. Connick, of Middletown, N. J., is an unwavering friend of Dadd's Kidney Pills.

Cured of Bright's Disease by Dadd's Kidney Pills—Always Ready to Testify to the Worth of Other Remedies.

MIDDLETOWN, N. J., Jan. 1, 1900.—One of the firmest friends that wonderful medicine, Dadd's Kidney Pills, ever had is the residence of Prince Edward Island, M. B. Connick, the well-known blacksmith of this place. Mr. Connick recently wrote to the Dadd's Medicine Company, expressing his gratitude for his cure, and parts of his letter are so much to the point that with his permission we reproduce them here.

"Years of the fitful and constant pain, and was glad to hear from you. As for using my name, I have my permission to do so, for what I stated to you at first (re cure of Bright's Disease) is all right. I would not be working now only for Dadd's Kidney Pills. All the country knows my case and there have been hundreds come to ask me about it, and of course, I told them the whole thing, just as it was.

"I told a man and a young lady in Middletown last summer and when I met them they were feeling much better than when they came to me for help.

"There is a man here now who is writing this letter and I have just started in and take Dadd's Kidney Pills. He is in the same way that I was. I have no more a man taking out of his house and then stopping. He must take Dadd's Kidney Pills and so I tell him.

"Dadd's Kidney Pills are the best I have ever used. I suppose you have noticed by your sale."

M. B. Connick, of Middletown, N. J., had Bright's Disease for several years. Five different doctors attended him, but a few boxes of Dadd's Kidney Pills cured him completely.

Out of the Ordinary.

The two old friends, I have been married before, met again after years of separation.

"By the way, Gage," said Thomas, "do you remember that wild-eyed little Tibby girl, with a head that would ditch an express train, used to live somewhere in your old hood, I think."

"Oh, yes, I remember her," replied Gage.

"Whatever became of her?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Gage, "but the wild-eyed girl—well, I have not the slightest idea where she is now."