

ELEVATOR BOY'S REVENGE.

How He Evened Up With the Fat Woman's Husband.

He Had a Widowed Mother and a Mortgage on His Hands—The Brick Saw His Good Points.

From Wednesday's Daily

When Mr. Hopewell, the New England brick agent, moved into room No. 52 a month ago, I wanted to show my friendly spirit, and so I called on him to see if there was anything I could do.

"Yes, Sammis; there is," he replied as he looked me up and down as if I was only a codfish. "Yes; you can do something for me by minding your own business. You look to me like a very fresh kid, and I am glad to have the opportunity of telling you that if you play any of your monkey shames on me you'll get your neck broken! That's all, bubby."

"But I'm neither fresh nor tricky," I protested.

"Then it will be all right. It may be that your looks are deceiving."

"And I'm a fatherless boy, with a widowed mother and a mortgage on my hands."

"I'm glad to hear it, and you needn't expect any help from me. When I have any money I don't want I'll throw it into the river instead of giving it over to you. I'm from the granite hills of the Granite state, Sammis, but there is no moss on my back. Run along now and keep your face clean."

I never had a tenant talk to me that way before, and I went down and told Mr. Rasher, the agent, what had been said.

"Well, Sammis," he said after listening to my story, "there are what they call nonappreciative men in this world, and Mr. Hopewell seems to be one of them. I think you'd better go a little slow. He is evidently a bad man to deal with. In time perhaps he may come to recognize your merits at their full value, but for awhile he will probably be a little distrustful."

I saw that I had Mr. Rasher's good will and sympathy, but that didn't comfort me altogether. There are elevator boys who can be walked into the dust, but I am not one of them. Mr. Hopewell had humiliated me, and I wanted to get even. It wasn't over four or five days before a woman came in and asked for his office. She spoke in such a way that I knew she was his wife. She was a monstrous fat woman, with hands like hams and a snub nose, and there was a look in her eyes that told me her jealousy could easily be aroused.

"It's awful about these men," I said as we went slowly up.

"What men do you mean?" she asked at once.

"Certain men in this building, ma'am. They are married men, and yet the way they flirt with the typewriter girls is something awful. If I hadn't promised not to say anything, I could tell you."

"Boy, what could you tell!" she demanded as she laid a hand on my shoulder and began to breathe hard.

"I don't say, ma'am."

"Is it about my husband? If I catch him flirting, he'll think a horse fell on him! Is he one of the men who are cutting up?"

I was silent and after a minute she handed me a quarter and said she wanted to see me again. When she came down, she was with her husband, and both looked mad. As she left the elevator she sort of winked at me, and I knew she'd be back next day. Next morning I bought a bouquet for 50 cents and sent it in to the stenographer in room No. 52, and two hours later the fat woman came waddling in. I saw suspicion in her eye while she was yet a feet away and as she got into the elevator she handed me a dollar bill and said:

"Now, bub, I want to know about these men. Do they smile at the typewriters as they ride up and down?"

"They do, ma'am."

"And they talk with 'em?"

"Yes; they whisper behind my back."

"So they whisper, do they? Nice state of affairs! And do they go out to lunch together?"

"Every day, ma'am."

"They do, eh? I suspected as much. Now, boy, I want the truth from you. You must know my husband by sight?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And is he one of the flirts?"

great favor, and I'm much obliged to you and won't bring you into it. I think I have a little surprise on hand for James Hopewell!"

She also had one for somebody else. She walked into room 52, and the bouquet was on the table and the stenographer was at work. The bouquet went sailing across the room from a blow of the fat woman's parasol, and then she stood before the surprised stenographer and told her what was what. The row lasted ten minutes, and they had to threaten her with the police before she would go out. She went from 52 to 42, and what happened there no one could tell. The brick man happened to be alone and his wife locked the door on him and sailed in. When she came out she went down the other elevator, and the boy said her hair was down, her hat broken and her shirt waist torn in three or four places. An hour later Mr. Hopewell asked if I wouldn't please be so kind as to step up to his office a few minutes. I put my slungshot in my pocket and prepared to sell my life dearly, but he met me with a smile and shook hands. He had seven or eight scratches on his face and had lost considerable hair and half his buttons.

"Sammis," said he, as he handed me a \$2 bill, "this is for the mortgage."

"Thank you, sir."

"And others will follow and we shall be the best of friends. I'm a little slow, Sammis, but I finally get around to recognize true merit. You've got it and I want to be friends with you. Just how you managed to bring about this little affair I don't know, but please don't do it again. That is, work it off on some one else. That's all to-day, my dear boy—ta-ta."

I went down and told Mr. Rasher all about it, and though he said he would not allow any elevator boy to create a disturbance among tenants, he added that it was positively wonderful how my merits were being recognized and the money rolling in to pay off that mortgage. Mr. Hopewell and I are quite chummy now, and I shall be glad to continue the friendship. When a tenant who has sized me up wrong admits his mistake and holds out the fraternal hand, he will always find one who will meet him half way. In Sammis, the elevator boy. M. QUAD.

Dawson en Fete.

On the front page of the Toronto Saturday Globe of September 22d appears three pictures of scenes in Dawson as photographed by Cochrane Hamilton on the occasion of the visit of Lord and Lady Minto to this city. In the center of the top of the page is a three column picture of First avenue between Second and Third streets, taken at the time of his excellency's arrival and showing thousands of people of the streets as well as many who chose for a vantage point of view the tops of the buildings. On the same page appears excellent pictures of two of the street arches, the one in front of the C. D. warehouse and the N. W. M. P. and which stood near the First avenue bridge. The following brief description of the city at the time referred to, from the pen of Dawson's well-known and popular lady writer, appears in the same issue of the Saturday Globe:

The photographs of Dawson on this page show the city in gala dress for the visit of their excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto. There were four beautiful arches constructed, two of which are to be seen in the pictures. They were designed by T. W. Fuller, government architect. The leading places of business were decorated with flags and bunting. Their excellencies expressed themselves delighted with the appearance of our young northern metropolis, its substantial and modern stores, as well as their adornment for this special occasion. The 19-gun salute thundered, with many reverberations, for miles along the valley on their arrival and again on their departure. A mounted police company acted as a guard of honor while their excellencies rode to the barracks, four-in-hand, on an express wagon, accompanied by the leading officials and citizens in similar vehicles. It was very picturesque. Their excellencies created a most favorable impression, and expressed themselves as highly delighted with Dawson and its people.

FAITH FENTON BROWN.

Negritos Like Monkeys.

President McKinley recently received from Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine commission, a very interesting account of the curious black dwarfs of the Philippines. There are about 25,000 of these pygmies, he says, and they are known as Negritos. They are to be found of pure race in the provinces of Bataan, Luzon, and also in northeast Mindanao. Some of these have been gathered into settlements by missionaries, who are trying to civilize them, while others, mostly half breeds, live near Christian towns, where they do a little work from time to time, for which they receive payment in the form of trinkets or cloth. Sometimes a Christian family will buy a dwarf child and rear it for a servant, but usually it escapes to the forest as soon as it is big enough.

These dwarfs are remarkably like monkeys, says the New York Herald. According to Dr. Becker, the average stature of the men is 4 feet 8 inches, and the women are three or four inches shorter. Their chests are not well developed, and they have no calves to their legs. Each big toe is widely separated from the others, and the three outer toes of each foot are turned inward, as in some monkeys. Their feet are large and clumsy, and their hair, instead of growing all over the head, is distributed over the scalp in regularly scattered clumps. Their heads are apparently too large for their

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