

KING OF THE BOWERY

REDDY THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS RULE WITH ROBBERS.

Two Samples of the Way He Managed the Pickpockets of Forty Years Ago—The Friends of the Old Bowery Theater Were Always Protected.

"It used to be said," remarked the exempt fireman, "that a man was safe from robbery in Harry Hill's place, even if every thief in town was there at the same time. But what isn't remembered so well is the fact that 40 years ago Reddy the Blacksmith would not allow anybody's pocket to be picked in the old Bowery theater, although pocket picking was common in every other theater in town.

"That seems almost incredible today, but I remember an instance which shows clearly what Reddy could do. A party of us started up town one night to see the great Kavanagh-Carme billiard match, and we went in a Fourth avenue car from French's hotel. Jim Clute, Tom Leigh, Tony Ryan and Jim Lingard were in the party. When we had got pretty well up toward Fourteenth street, somebody asked Lingard what time it was, having noticed that his watch chain was dangling loose from his vest.

"Jim felt for his watch, and it was gone. In those days it was looked upon as rather a good joke on a man to have his pocket picked, and Lingard was enough of a sport to have made no squeal, only for the fact that the watch was a presentation affair, very valuable and elaborately inscribed as a token of esteem and affection, and all that. So he was dead sore, and we were all rather sorry for him.

"On the way down town we stopped off for a drink at the Bowery theater saloon, and in there we were talking about Lingard's loss, and he was telling us for about the fifth time how much he thought of the watch. Fred Hagadorn was tending bar at the time, and hearing the talk he inquired about it, asking particularly when the thing had happened.

"When he heard that it was on a Fourth avenue car, he told Lingard that he would let him a case of wine that he would get the watch back for him before morning. Naturally Lingard wasn't slow about taking up the bet, and naturally, too, he hadn't the slightest desire to win it. We began drinking the wine right away, and Hagadorn sent a messenger over to Reddy the Blacksmith's place.

"Reddy kept a saloon then under the bench postoffice in Chatham square, so he had a pretty good fellow tenant in Uncle Sam. It was the first branch office that was established in the city. The messenger was back in a few minutes to say that Reddy wasn't in, but his wife would be over in a few minutes if Mr. Lingard would wait. Mr. Lingard waited, and it was in fact only a few minutes when she came in with a man's hat half full of watches.

"I can't read, Mr. Lingard," she said, "I brought these all over to let you pick yours out if it is here. Of course you can tell it by the inscription." And it was there, and she gave it to him with the utmost good will, expressing deep regret that he should have been robbed.

"More than that, as we learned afterward, Reddy, when he heard about it, was howling mad, and calling up the man who had nipped the watch, gave him a tongue lashing, besides knocking him down, for having robbed a man who was connected with the Bowery theater. It was actually true that he protected the old theater even to the extent of exempting its patrons from pocket picking.

"He didn't protect the whole Bowery by any means, though. There was a memorable night in the Crystal that showed that. The Crystal was a great gambling house on Grand street that was run by Joe Debro, Ed Murphy and a policeman—I don't care to mention his name, but it was perfectly well known at the time that he was a partner. After a time it was moved around into the Bowery, and was one of the noted resorts of the street.

"Tom Hen Ferris dropped in one night with a wad and half a jag, and started in to make a play at fate. George Kerrigan was dealing, and the luck ran against Ferris pretty heavily. He had more than \$1,500 with him, as some of the gang knew, but he didn't propose to lose much of it, and, becoming enraged at his ill luck, he began to accuse Kerrigan of dealing a brace game. Of course that sort of talk doesn't go anywhere unless the man that does the talking is ready to do some fighting also. But that, as it happened, was just what Ferris was looking for, and just what he got. George talked back, and after some hot words Ferris dared him to come outside.

"I just want to lick the whole Kerrigan family," he said.

"Well, I'm the youngest," said George, "and I can just about lick you myself. You can tackle the rest of us after I get through with you if you want to, but I don't believe you will."

"Come outside and I'll show you," yelled Ferris, and George started, but Debro, seeing that there was sure to be a fight, said:

"What's the use of going outside? If you want to fight, why don't you have it out right here?"

"So they stood up in the middle of the room, and everybody else stood around to see the fun. Reddy the Blacksmith was there with several of his gang, and they stood behind Ferris. They knew that he had his roll with him. Kerrigan was the smaller man by considerable, but he came of good fighting stock. His brother, Colonel Jim Kerrigan, happened to be somewhere in the neighborhood and heard in a few minutes that Tom Hen Ferris was trying to do up his brother George. Colonel Jim thought a heap of George, and he wasn't fond of staying out of a fight himself, so he came tearing into the place in almost no time at all. But as quick as he was it was all over before he arrived.

"George got in one good punch soon after the fight began that sent Ferris spinning. He would have fallen flat, but Reddy the Blacksmith caught him in his arms as he was falling. He only held him for a moment, but when Ferris stood upright again and recovered a little from his confusion his \$1,500 was gone, and so was Reddy."—New York Sun.

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THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG.

How beautiful it blows Over the roofs so high, With stripes like the heart of the rose, And stars as white as the snows, On background of freedom's sky!

Flag that the children love, Flag that their hands have wrought, And spread to the sun above, And blest in their childish thought— Every flash of its bars, Every gleam of its stars, Kindles the patriot love afresh— All the lives for it lost, Every tear that it cost, Woven into its silken mesh.

Spread it, O hand of youth— Symbol of loftiest truth, Splendor of conquering might— Spread it from learning's height! So shall it be unfurled, Over the widest world, And wafted beyond the sea, Republics that are to be.

—James Buchanan in Youth's Companion.

STORIES OF TOM THUMB.

Told by Barnum, Who Introduced the Dwarf to the Public.

The memoirs of Mr. Barnum, the celebrated showman, are full of amusing anecdotes of the "little people," whose diminutive proportions made their own fortunes, and in part the fortune of their exhibitor. Of these Charles Stratton was the first to engage Mr. Barnum's attention. He heard that there was a phenomenally small child living in Bridgeport, Conn., and at once began negotiations with the parents. The boy, then 5 years of age, measured a little less than 2 feet in height, but was beautifully proportioned and possessed remarkable intelligence.

The Strattons agreed to the terms proposed, and from the very beginning the enterprise proved a great success. When it was decided to take abroad General Tom Thumb, as this bit of precocity was called, the Strattons were included in the traveling party. Sumptuous costumes were provided for the "general," but on arriving at Liverpool Mrs. Stratton had to convey the prodigy ashore in her a dress as an infant, to escape the crowd of people that had gathered to see him land.

Barnum says that the little general was so wonderfully clever that he never taught him any stereotyped phrases, but always trusted to the child's inborn wit to say the right thing at the right time. It was an eventful occasion when the great showman was invited to bring his charge to the court of St. James.

The queen sent word that General Tom Thumb was not to receive any instruction in court etiquette, as she wished to see him behave naturally. Her wishes were carried out to the letter, and there was a shout of laughter when the small creature, dressed in full regimentals, entered the queen's apartments and, with a polite bow, said cheerfully:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." His little sofa was brought in, and after some chat with the queen he invited the Princess Alice to sit beside him.

After this it became the fashion to invite him to all the houses of the nobility, and the little general saw a great deal of London society.

One afternoon he appeared at some great establishment in the costume of Napoleon. His dramatic instinct was very strong, even at this early stage of his life, and as he had been told much about the peculiarities of the great man, he immediately fell to imitating the poses he had noticed in the portraits of him. With his head bowed a little he walked up and down on the table where he was placed, taking now and then a pinch of snuff from a tiny snuffbox.

While everybody was intently looking on, delighted with the mimicry, the old Duke of Wellington came up and asked the midst, with a smile:

"Of what is your majesty thinking so seriously?"

With a ready wit that astonished even Mr. Barnum, the miniature general instantly replied:

"Of my loss at Waterloo, your grace!"

Habits of the Toad.

It is remarkable that the toad, loving water as it does, should wander away from watery regions to dry ground, where it can never see a drop of water except at rain-time and leave its water rights to the undisputed possession of its rural neighbor the frog. How the toad loves water must be known to every garden lover. Whenever there is a shower the creature leaves its cool retreat under the piazza or shed and stands as far as its fore legs will let it, erect in the rain, apparently enjoying to the utmost the shower bath.

Whenever they are near the water at breeding time they deposit long, slimy strings of eggs, and the young toad has to go through the tadpole stage in common with his brother frog. But when they are wholly excluded by distance from the water, they seem to have the power of being viviparous, or bringing forth their young alive. In the water, fertilization effected in the same manner as in fishes, but the method in the land life career is not known. About all that is known is that confined toads are found with little toads, no larger than house flies, about the gutter a time, and in walled gardens and places far removed from water little toads, no larger than peas, wandering around on their own resources, and which could never have been tadpoles, are within common experience.—Mechan's Monthly.

Hard Stuff in Maine.

An amusing incident occurred in a luncheon room in this city a few days ago. The proprietor was out for a few minutes, leaving the luncheon counter in charge of a boy. Several customers were eating various kinds of food, and two strangers entered. They evidently mistook the nature of the place as badly as the boy appeared to mistake their meaning. After glancing over the array of food and drink, the last being coffee, chocolate, etc., one of the pair asked:

"Say, boy, got any hard stuff here?"

The boy quietly reached under the counter and drew forth an ancient tologna sausage about the size of a baseball bat and fully as hard and dry as r d:

"G-g-guess that's h-h-h-enough f-for yer."—Eastern Argus.

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A HAPPY GIRL.

Miss Amina Kelly Tells of Her Illness and Subsequent Cure—A Statement That Should be Read by Every Girl in Canada.

Miss Amina Kelly, a well known and much esteemed young lady living at Maplewood, N. B., writes:—"I consider it my duty to let you know what your wonderful medicine has done for me. In April, 1896 I began to lose flesh and color; my appetite failed and on going up stairs I would be so tired I would have to rest. I continued in this condition for three months when I was taken suddenly ill and not able to go about. Our family doctor was called in and he pronounced my illness chlorosis (poverty of the blood.) At first his treatment appeared to do me good but only for a time, and I then began to grow worse. I continued taking his medicine for three months, when I was so discouraged at not regaining my health that I declined taking it any longer. I then tried 14 1/2 medicine advertised to cure cases like mine, but did not obtain the slightest benefit. I had become terribly emaciated and weak. There was a constant terrible roaring noise in my head; my feet and ankles were swollen and I was as pale as a corpse. One day while, in this condition my father brought home a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and asked me to try them. In less than a week I could sit up, and in a couple of weeks I could walk quite a distance without being tired. My appetite returned, the roaring in my head ceased, I began to gain flesh and color, and before I had used a half dozen boxes I was as healthy as I had ever been in my life. My friends did not expect me to recover and are now rejoicing at the wonderful change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has wrought in me. If my statements will be the means of helping some other discouraged sufferer you are at perfect liberty to publish it."

The above statement was sworn before me at Maplewood, York Co., N. B., this 14th day of May, 1897.

TIMOTHY W. SMITH, J. P. To ensure getting the genuine ask always for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all substitutes and nostrums alleged to be just as good.



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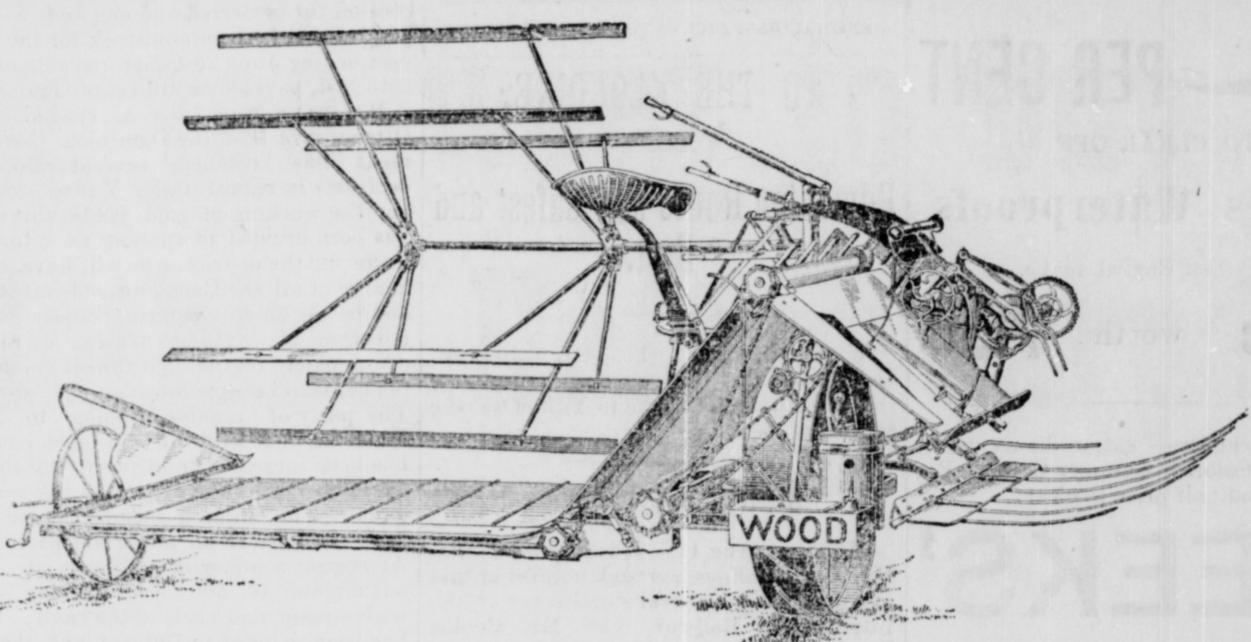
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