IN QUAINT OLD ECONOMY.

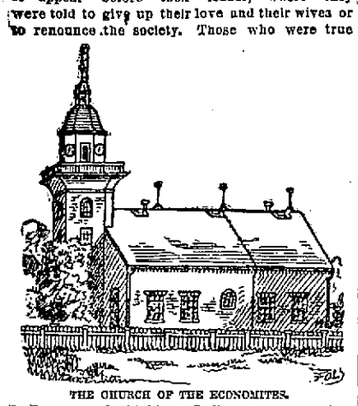
THERE DWELLS A SECT WITH MORE MILLIONS THAN MEMBERS.

Of the Thousand Who Followed George Rapp to America in 1805 Eighteen Now Remain—They Think the World Will End Before the Last of Them Dies—Quiet and Simple Life in a Pennsylvania Village.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 5. ECONOMY is the quaintest village in the United States. It is situated on the Fort Wayne Railroad, eighteen miles below Pittsburg, yet it is as unlike an American town as if it belonged to another part of the globe. Neither the bustle of the nearby city nor the railroad and steamboat lines ever penetrate the heart of the sleepy town. It is the home of the Economites, a society founded by George Rapp in Germany many, many years ago. What all their beliefs were is more than any outsider can ever tell. Their chief aim was to live as the earliest Christians did, as portrayed in the writings of the apostles. Driven from Germany by religious persecution, they emigrated to America in 1805 and settled in Pennsylvania.

They bought land and built a village which they called Harmony. They dubbed themselves Harmonites, and gave what earthly goods they possessed to their founder and leader, George Rapp, who was their father, banker, adviser and preacher.

At first the members married with the understanding that they were only to live together for a few months every seven years. After several had broken this law, and among them Rapp's own son John, George Rapp decided that it would be more in conformity with the teachings of the disciples to live a life of celibacy. Several of the members who had wives and sweethearts rebelled against this. They were all formally ordered to appear before their leader, where they were told to give up their love and their wives or to renounce the society. Those who were true



THE CHURCH OF THE ECONOMITES.

to Rapp moved with him to Indiana, where another Harmony was founded. Disease attacked the new village and reduced the number of its inhabitants so greatly that the remaining ones fled back to Pennsylvania. In 1825 they bought 2,500 acres of land in a most beautiful valley near Pittsburg. Here they settled and here those of them who are still alive, live to-day. The misfortunes that befell them in the two Harmony settlements caused them to change the name. They called their new home Economy and themselves Economites. The members who deserted the Harmonites either died out or became as other citizens of the globe. Many of their descendants are well-known people in and around Allegheny City.

THE EIGHTEEN WHO SURVIVE.

About one thousand members first settled in Economy, but as their number was never increased by birth or by adoption, and as death occasionally invaded their homes, there remain at the present time not more than eighteen members, the youngest of whom is sixty-two years old. When they first took vows of celibacy they believed that the world was nearing its end, and so they lived simple lives, preaching for the mysterious hereafter. George Rapp, just before he died, told the others the world would surely end before the last member died. They believe it.

On entering the village one sees plain houses, wide, well-kept streets, lined on either side with large shade trees and chickens—nothing else. It is a most unusual sight to see any people on the streets. The thrifty appearance alone prevents a visitor from thinking it a deserted village or imagining that the inhabitants were awaiting the the Prince's arrival to awake them from a century-long sleep. The houses are all alike. They are all built with the gable end towards the street and cannot be entered except through the yards. There are no front stoops to fall over in Economy. Grapevines are trained to cover the street side of all the houses, but they are pruned so as not to interfere with the light of the windows. I imagine it would be pleasant to sit at one of those windows during grape seasons.

The men are housekeepers, and so are the women. They never mingle, not even at work. The dress of one is the dress of all. Everything is on an equality. The men wear blue broadcloth long-tailed coats, wide trousers and broad-brimmed black hats. On holidays the broadcloth is exchanged for blue silk attire. The women wear straight, full skirts, gathered on a plain waist of blue flannel, gingham or silk. Their heads, indoor and out, are always picturesquely attired in bright blue silken Normandy caps.

The oldest citizens of this part of Pennsylvania still remember and speak of the wonderful broadcloths, flannels, blankets, Economy whiskey and wine they obtained from the Economites. The factories are all silent and deserted now, and the members have long since grown too feeble for hard labor. It was in Economy that silk culture and manufacture on a large scale were first begun in the United States.

THE SIMPLE LIFE THEY LEAD.

Everything in Economy is run by rule and regulation much as at a boarding-school. At 5 o'clock in the morning the bell on the one church rings and every one in the village rises. At 6 o'clock every dweller sits down to breakfast and what is eaten in one house is eaten in all. There is a day for "muk soup" and one for "wine soup" and for every other dish peculiar to the place. The bell rings again at 7 o'clock for all to go to work; at 11 it brings them back to lunch, at 12 to dinner, at 3 to lunch again, at 6 to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to put out his light and go to bed. No member ever rebels or dissolves.

There is a wine cellar in Economy famous for its old liquors, but it is never sold except to invalids. None of the Economites drink water, and their employees are given wine and cider. Visitors are all cordially helped to wine and cake, no matter how short their call.

HOW THEY GET THEIR NEWS.

The only paper published in Economy is a novel one on wheels. It is the side of the milk wagon which carries to each dweller, as well as the milk, the work to be done. "The apples will be gathered to-morrow," "The cherries will be gathered to-morrow," or "Such a field will be reaped," is inscribed on the wagon's side, so that when all are supplied with their daily portion of milk they know what labor awaits them.

The store, post-office, hotel, church, town-hall and Rapp mansion are all situated near the centre of the village. The store is a strange-looking place, with little else than groceries, thread and a few dishes for sale. Everything is bought and sold just the [illegible] in a large family, even the carpet in one [illegible] at work [illegible] in all the others.

[illegible] clothes, &c., are [illegible] among the members. [illegible] with that man" and "Dorothy" are suffered with each other. Her name, they distinguish [illegible] finally tired of each other. Her name, they distinguish who sympathises with me, acquaints my live. Thus, there [illegible] her doings. Not having any friends in [illegible] and a "Dorothy [illegible] after my arrest I was compelled to put [illegible] for the entire [illegible] in an Episcopal institution, where she [illegible] employees, as [illegible] until I get out, if I live so long. I [illegible] The workers [illegible] that land I love my God as truly as I [illegible] village. No [illegible] wife I had not been here to-day. [illegible] June intoxicated [illegible] 4—1 was from a child brought up in [illegible] second's [illegible] pal faith. My parents, although not in [illegible] ing ob- [illegible] sense religions, were good people. I [illegible] the evident [illegible] om taught to do what is right before God [illegible] the Admini- [illegible] a teaching that I have tried to act up [illegible] now is that [illegible] my faults are many, and I try hard, [illegible] Stand to testify [illegible] help, to break myself of those habits [illegible] the question, [illegible] to bear up under this heavy lo[illegible] those [illegible] the year of 1888 [illegible] shame. [illegible] public prosecutor [illegible]

William Manning.

[illegible] pation. Served one term in the [illegible] [illegible] fest the case? they [illegible] [illegible] ry and has been twice in Sing Sing [illegible] earned Judge Cowin [illegible] [illegible] the full penalty, and [illegible]

AN ECONOMITE.

sit on one side of the church and the women on the other. Their leader, at present Mr. Henrici, selects a text from the Bible, and, sitting in a high-backed chair, tells his little band how they should live. He never writes out any long and eloquent sermon, but speaks as his heart believes, in a very simple but impressive manner. In the centre of the church is a clear space, with one long bench. It is the "bench of punishment." If any one should be so unwise as to nod over the sermon or act otherwise than he should, Mr. Henrici calls him out to the "punishment bench," where he must sit until service is over.

Miss Gertrude Rapp, the granddaughter of the founder, although at least eighty-six years old, still plays the organ and leads the singing twice every Sunday. She is yet a pretty woman, rather petite, has large blue eyes and the whitest of white hair, which, tucked under her quaint little blue Normandy cap, makes her a perfect picture of ye olden days. She occupies the Rapp house—the White House of Economy. It contains many costly, beautiful and curious relics. In the large parlor are vases filled with wax flowers and fruit which Miss Rapp made while a girl, and many other samples of her handiwork. There are two large square pianos, brought from Europe, and some costly paintings, among which is a copy of West's "Christ Healing the Sick," by Otis, with life-size figures, and "The Nativity," by Andrea del Sarto. Among the smaller objects of interest is an escritoire, once the property of James G. Blaine's mother, when she lived on the outskirts of Economy.

The Rapp garden is another beautiful spot. It is surrounded by a high, ivy-covered stone wall and is well-stocked with modern and ancient flowers. The only modern building near it is a costly green-house. Rising out of the centre of a lake is a band-stand and here on Sunday, during the summer months, the village band delights the citizens. Down near the corner is an ivy-covered grotto, built of a variety of stones, many of which were put there by the founder, George Rapp. A heavy door, covered still with the bark of the tree, keeps intruders out. The grotto is handsomely decorated on the inside. Set in the wall are four immense stones on each of which is inscribed:

GEORGE RAPP,
Founder of the Harmony Society.
Born 1757. Died 1847.
Harmony, Pa., 1805. Harmony, Ind., 1815.
Economy, Pa., 1826.

When an Economite dies he is wrapped in a winding-sheet and buried in the white graveyard near the orchard. No tombstone ever marks his resting-place. In the centre of the orchard is a mound where the Indians buried their fallen after a battle with the French. Scientists have in vain offered large prices to the Economites for the privilege of opening it, but they have an unusual regard for the dead, even though they were redmen.

TRAMPS ARE TREATED LIKE PRINCES.

The Economy Hotel has many visitors. One large room is always reserved for tramps. They are always treated just the same as the citizens. They are kept over night, and, after being given some money in the morning, are started on their way. No one ever leaves Economy hungry.

The Economites dislike to be written about, because so many write to them afterwards and want to join them or come to their villages, which is as private as any home. They absolutely refuse to take any one. People often wonder what will become of their wealth, for they are very wealthy. Everything they engage in prospers, and it has become a saying that an Economite is always lucky. The Fort Wayne Railroad travels for miles through their property, and the society owns stock in both it and the Pittsburg and Lake Erie. The Economites were among the first to find valuable oil and gas veins on their land, and it is said they have more millions than members at present. Miss Rapp says she has never touched a penny since she was a baby, and that if she saw money she would not know a ten-cent piece from a dollar.

"I have all I can eat, all I can wear and I want nothing, so money is no use to me," she said.

Round the stories are often told by outsiders about the Economites. George Rapp had a stone chair hewn out of a high cliff overlooking a river at Harmony, upon which he used to sit and watch the men at work in the fields below, and in summer preach to his followers. The spot is still visited by sightseers and is known as "Rapp's chair." It is still well preserved.

The world does not seem nearer its end than it did when George Rapp first started his quaint society, yet his followers are firm in their faith that their last member will see its end. It will not be many years until his disciples will all have followed his footsteps through death's grim portals, as they did through life, and then what will become of Economy and its millions?

NELLIE BLY.

MONUMENT JAKE'S ROMANCE.

He Loved a Nun, but the Convent Doors Were Barred Against Him.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.]

Quite a number of peculiar incidents were brought to light a few days ago by the death of Jacob Gibson, of Loretto, on the Allegheny Mountains. He was a peculiar character and was known all over the mountains by the name of "Monument Jake," on account of having his own monument erected about six years ago in the Catholic cemetery. He was born in the mountains, and when he became a good-sized boy ran away to California about the time the gold fever broke out. He amassed considerable wealth and returned to the mountains to enjoy it. He was a little, wiry man and a bachelor, often saying he would never marry until he could get the woman of his choice. This was Sister Gertrude, an inmate of the Catholic convent at Loretto. After hearing of Gibson's infatuation for her she kept herself secluded.

He had loaned money to the order to which she belonged and often had occasion to visit the convent. It was one summer morning while Sister Gertrude was walking through the grounds surrounding the convent and telling her beads that he met her first. He afterwards said he fell in love with her beautiful eyes. She is a very handsome woman, with large, brown, expressive eyes, clear white skin and rosy cheeks. Gibson met the woman six years ago and said if he could get her out of the convent he would run away with her. He made frequent visits to the convent after this, but she kept herself out of the way, and the Mother Superior, hearing of the matter, refused him admittance to the grounds.

When he died he left $2,000 to the order of which Sister Gertrude is a member. Another odd thing was a bequest of $1,000 to the widows and orphans of Loretto. His wealth is estimated at $50,000, all of which is distributed among various charitable institutions, he having no relatives. He was a Catholic and had erected at considerable expense a large monument, about fifteen feet high, under which he was to be interred at his death. The monument was in the old Catholic burying-ground at Loretto and was the largest tombstone in it. It was a handsome piece of work and the contrast between it and its surroundings was very noticeable.

The cemetery is a wild, desolate place, over which cattle and animals roam at will and is over one hundred years old. It covers an acre and contains within its confines the body of Prince Gallitzin, the Catholic priest and nobleman after whom the village of that name is called. About three years ago Gibson had his monument moved from Loretto to Harman's Bottom. The event was made one of importance by the villagers and nearly everybody turned out to witness the moving. After a great deal of trouble the stone was placed on a heavy wagon and four horses were hitched to it. They could not haul it through the mud and more horses were put on. Every few rods they would stall and another team would be added. When the monument got to its place of destination all the horses in the village were pulling it.

Sister Gertrude is well known in this city, being a relative of S. A. Cosgrove, the broker. While Ambrose Lynch was confined in the county jail the nuns often visited him. Sister Gertrude interested herself in him and got him to say his prayers. She requested him to say his prayers every morning and evening, and he promised to do so, a promise he kept. He also came near falling in love with her, and often spoke of that woman with the beautiful eyes. He said that she was his salvation and he never forgot her.

Hale Supreme Court Judges.

[From the Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Judge Waite and Judge Miller are sound and healthy as prize-fighters. There is nothing they like at dinner so well as a bottle of Burgundy apiece, unless possibly it is two bottles. Judge Waite never rides to the Capitol on a fair day. As regularly as 11 o'clock comes every morning, he appears on the doorstep of his F street house and sets off down Fourteenth street and along the avenue at a sturdy pace that soon brings him under the shadow of the big dome. Judge Miller is as hearty and gay as if his years were divided by three. He goes out to dinners, trots around in society, gossips with all the pretty girls and is at the same time regarded as the hardest working member of the Court. It is not at all out of the way to prophesy that neither the Chief-Justice nor his right-hand man—for Judge Miller is literally this as he sits on the bench—will retire during Mr. Cleveland's administration, nor, indeed, during that of his successor, unless the latter should be a Republican President.

A Potato as a Bomb.

[From the Savannah News.]

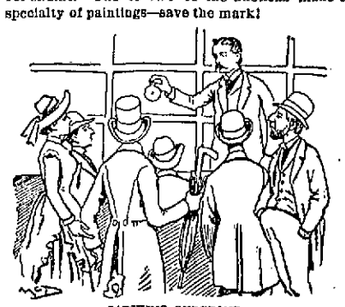
Capt. E. J. Adams, of Palatka, bought some potatoes from a local dealer some days ago. The other day some of them were being cooked, when the inmates were startled by a loud report in the kitchen. An investigation revealed the strange fact that one of the "praties" had exploded, strewing things around promiscuously.

THE MOCK AUCTION HOUSES.

PETER FUNK PLYING HIS TRADE WITH RARE IMPUNITY.

His Methods of Tempting the Unwary into His Traps—Deceptive Window-Shows and More Deceptive Wares—Three-Dollar Watches for Eight—Bogus Picture Sales—The "Jewelry" is Made in Rhode Island.

In addition to the many schemes devised by Bowery sharpers and fakirs to relieve the simple-minded residents of this city of their hard-earned dollars, there has recently sprung into existence a number of bogus auction houses, called fake auctions by the initiated. These auctions are held in small vacant shops along Park row, Chatham square and the Bowery, and they are all reaping a harvest. These auctions are bare-faced swindles, and everything they sell is fraudulent. Most of the places sell watches, Alaska diamonds, snide jewelry, snide opera-glasses, and table-ware that would make a triple-plated article hang its head for shame. One or two of the auctions make a specialty of paintings—save the mark!



CATCHING GUDGEONS.

One of the greatest evils of these alleged auction houses is that they allow children of both sexes to bid upon the articles put up. They also play the dimfiam game on buyers who tender a bill of a larger denomination than the amount of the sale comes to, giving the buyer $2 or $3 less than the bill calls for.

A case in point is that of an elderly woman who would not give her name, who entered the Mayor's office on Wednesday in a very agitated state. She was accompanied by her twelve-year-old daughter, who, at her mother's instigation, very reluctantly told His Honor that she had been swindled at an auction store at No. 4 Chatham square, which is run by Patrick Moran. The little girl had been attracted by the glittering jewelry which she had seen on one or two occasions on entering the place. Her heart was set on buying a pair of diamond (Alaska) earrings, and she had abstracted her mother's purse, containing $12, from the bureau drawer and proceeded to Moran's place. While there Moran put up the earrings, and, in spite of the child's extreme youth, he accepted a bid of $1 for them. When the child paid the cashier she tendered a five-dollar bill. He took the bill and returned her a dollar. The child, upon returning home, was confronted by her mother, who had missed the money. She told her mother the facts, and the woman at once proceeded to Moran's place with the child and demanded the return of the $5. She was rather roughly refused, and the woman upon advice went to the Mayor and laid the case before him. Moran denied the transaction, but it did not seem to satisfy His Honor, who told Moran that the police would hereafter keep his transactions in view. The Mayor gave the woman a five-dollar bill out of his own pocket.

These auctioneers, like others, make their presence known by means of a red flannel flag hanging in front of their several doors. On the face of each of the flags is the announcement that an auction will be held to-day. As the flags are flung to the breeze every morning at 10 o'clock, the auctions take place accordingly. In the show windows are exhibited a lot of "golden," silver, brass and gutta-percha watches and an assortment of a better grade of jewelry than is sold over the counters. The "salesrooms" are very small, with a show-case dividing them lengthwise. In the show-cases are the articles to be competed for. The auctioneer hawks his tawdry wares from behind the show-case on a platform. There is nearly always a fair attendance of bidders, and competition becomes quite lively at times, to the delight and gain of the auctioneer. The bidding crowd is made up in part of laboring men, young truck drivers and other workers, whose wages are meagre as a rule. They bid on the watches and other things because they think they are getting them very much cheaper than they could buy them at the stores. They pay from $7 to $10 for a watch that no reputable jeweller would sell at any price. But the jeweller would sell them a solid silver watch of fair make for $10 and guarantee it.

These auction goods are made in Rhode Island especially for this trade, and they are also used by a class of swindlers called "forney-workers," who palm off the snide gold-plated watches as being solid gold on country hotel-keepers and farmers in small towns. It is very seldom for a man to be caught with more than one of these watches on his person. The chains and rings are made in the same manner. They are made of base metal, plated with a Parisian preparation of gold plate that will stand an acid test, but if worn or carried for a short time the plate all wears off. The watches can be bought of the manufacturers for less than $3 apiece. Nice-looking chains can be made for 10 cents apiece, and pawnbrokers have loaned over $1 apiece on them, as they look like good plated chains.

The largest of the fake auction-houses is located on Chatham Square. The place is run by a manager, auctioneer and a capper, who bids along with the crowd. The entrance of a single likely-looking customer is enough to start the game, and the capper will usually keep it interesting in a watch or chain competition. The auctioneer is a sharper young fellow, who is something of a wit. There is a history goes with each watch sold. The following is a sample of the false statements that are made to urge would-be buyers to a high competition: THE WORLD reporter was in the store at 2 o'clock, when the auctioneer brought out a lady's small gold-plated watch and neckchain, made by a Rhode Island company and worth about $6.50. The auctioneer assumed a sorrowful cast of countenance as if he were about to part with a birthday present from a departed friend, and talking the audience into his confidence sadly announced that the watch and chain were left with him by a young lady to be sold. The watch was a Christmas gift last year from her father, now dead. True, the watch had been carried, but it was as good as new, and the only interest he had in selling it was his commission. The young lady was in need and the watch must be sold at once, as she would "call for the money at 2 o'cl"— But glancing at the clock he saw it was after 2 then, and quickly corrected himself, saying: "She will be here at 3 o'clock for the money." The watch and chain were bid up to $9.50—only $6 more than they were worth. The innocent Weekly reporter hung around until 3 o'clock in the hope of seeing the young lady, but she failed to materialize. The reporter came in again at 5 o'clock and was surprised to see the auctioneer bring out a fac-simile of the unfortunate young lady's watch and chain and announce that "This watch and chain was pawned at Simpson's as pure gold. We bought it at that price, and as that is not pure gold, but a silver bottom heavily plated with gold. We will not deceive you, but it is worth $30 of any man's money." This story brought $8.75 for the snide watch. THE WORLD man visited this place a dozen times and business was lively all the while. Little anecdotes like the above help to let the dupes down easy.

James Shannon does an extensive auction business at No. 265 Bowery. He sells bogus watches and opera-glasses by the bushel every day. Shannon brought out a small, cheap, but gaudy-looking opera-glass and handed it to THE WORLD man for inspection. The reporter directed it at the elevated structure across the street, but he could see it more distinctly with his naked eye. The auctioneer then said that the glass was made for use in theatres, and not for the open air. The lenses were of common window glass, the barrels were tin, with a weak coat of gilt and covered with leather. They are made for the trade at the rate of $3.60 a dozen. The one put up was knocked down for $2.10, seven times its value. Shannon makes a great flourish with a bottle of acid, bringing it out to test every watch that is put up. This is only a bluff, for the acid has no effect on the patent golden plate, and people who can't spare the money bid up his snide "golden" watches, which will wear white in ten days, thinking they are getting a bargain.

One of the toughest-looking of these rooms is located at No. 123 Park row, presided over by Jacob Bogart, a man of forbidding visage. This place makes a specialty of pictures. They consist of a lot of cheap prints that are made to imitate paintings. The pictures that are given away by tobacco-houses are finer and more valuable as works of art than those sold here. This place has no license and should be suppressed. The rear room is suspiciously like a bunco joint, a several bunco-steerers were hanging around the place.

A new store has just been opened by L. Friedman at No. 132 Park row. The stock here is the same as at the other places named, and while THE WORLD reporter was standing among the bidders he counted eight white metal and patent golden plated watches auctioned off by the gray-haired auctioneer, who is old enough to be engaged in a more reputable business.

A small store at No. 85 Park row, managed by J. Mayer, does a very extensive business. This firm moves about from time to time, having occupied stores at several places along the Bowery and Park row. They evidently move around to escape the wrath of the swindled buyers, who return for gore after wearing the gold off their watches. These people have no license. Several of these snide auctions abound in different parts of the city and they are on the increase.

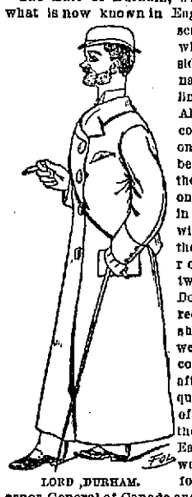
THE WORLD reporter examined a number of watches and other articles that had been bought at these places and everything was of the "snide" or fraudulent order, such as are used by swindlers in duping countrymen. If a swindler is caught selling these goods he is at once arrested and imprisoned. Why then are these bogus auctioneers not taken in for selling the same things on false representation? Several of these places have signs out announcing that the store is a pawnbrokers' sales store. This is false, for the pawnbrokers sell their goods at reputable auction houses only once a year. The fact that they are running without licenses is enough for the authorities to close them up. When they are shut up it will save many people from throwing their money away on goods that are only made up for the purposes of sharpers and swindlers.

Although most of these places are licensed, the license is issued by the Mayor's office on the understanding that they are to do a reputable auction business. One of the evils of the auctions is the fact that it incites young boys to steal money from their parents and employers for the purpose of buying the gaudy jewelry which is offered at such low prices. A day or two ago a young lad stole $5 from his mother, who is a poor woman, and bought a pair of earrings at Pat Moran's place, No. 4 Chatham square, with the money, which were not worth 50 cents. The boy's mother took them back to Moran and requested that the money be refunded, which was refused, and a complaint was made to the police.

THE EARL OF DURHAM PORTRAYED.

Peculiarities of the Nobleman Who Initiated the Latest Great English Turf Scandal.

The Earl of Durham, who is the originator of what is now known in England as the great turf scandal, is a young man who has inherited a considerable amount of pugnacity from a very long line of fighting ancestors. Although the title is a comparatively modern one, the present peer being the third bearer thereof, yet the family is one of the most ancient in England, and, notwithstanding the fact that the direct pedigree only reaches back to the twelfth century, yet the Doomsday book and other records of the same date show that the Lambtons were established in the county of Durham shortly after the Norman conquest. The grandfather of the present peer was the first possessor of the Earldom, an honor which was conferred upon him for his services as Governor-General of Canada and as British Ambassador to Russia.



LORD DURHAM.

The young man, whose portrait is given above, was born thirty-two years ago, as the elder of twins, and whereas his younger brother, who came into the world about two minutes later, has been obliged to content himself with a beggarly pittance of $20,000 a year, the elder has inherited the title and an income of $300,000 per annum. Like his neighbor, Lord Londonderry, the present Viceroy of Ireland, he has taken the advantage of possessing coal mines to set up as a retail coal dealer in London and is largely adding to his wealth thereby. After leaving Eton he was appointed to a commission in the Coldstream Guards, in which he only remained a short time, being shortly after his accession to the title appointed by Mr. Gladstone as Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. Of course, when the split of the Liberal party on the Home Rule question occurred the young man, like many others similarly situated, forgot Mr. Gladstone's kindness and joined the ranks of the Grand Old Man's bitterest enemies. Lord Durham is far from popular either in society or on the turf, on which he figures as an owner of race-horses and a member of the Jockey Club. He is singularly morose and taciturn by nature and has become more so since the unfortunate and ill-advised lawsuit which he brought in January, 1885, against his lovely wife and refined wife. The latter, who was a Miss Milner by birth, and a member of one of the old Yorkshire families, was one of the most famous beauties of the London season of 1883, and had been pressed by her relatives to accept Lord Durham as a suitor for her hand. Every effort was used to overcome her reluctance and the marriage took place. The young Countess, however, found neither the society of her husband nor that of his male and female friends congenial to her taste, and showed her unhappiness by becoming more and more silent and reserved, especially when in the company of his friends. This silence Lord Durham, who had become tired of his beautiful bride, most unjustly sought to attribute to insanity and imbecility, and at length commenced a lawsuit for the purpose of annulling his marriage on the ground that his wife had been insane at the time of her marriage. The trial, of course, became a cause célèbre, and attracted an immense amount of well-deserved sympathy for the young Countess. It is needless to add that Lord Durham's demands for the annulment of his marriage were speedily refused by the presiding Judge and jury, and so great was the popular indignation aroused by the latter's conduct that he was forced to leave England on a prolonged tour abroad immediately after the close of the trial.

As a race-horse owner he has been even more unfortunate than in his domestic relations, and his ill-luck on the turf has become proverbial. Thoroughly embittered thereby, Lord Durham, at a recent dinner of the Gimcrack Club, at York, made a very unbecoming speech against all malpractices on the turf, freely hinting that his ill-luck was, at any rate, partly due to foul play. He especially alluded to the notorious fact that, notwithstanding the rules of the turf prohibit it, jockeys are accustomed to wager money, not only on, but against, their mounts, and asserted that the jockeys and their accomplices almost always arranged beforehand which horse was to win. He especially designated one racing stable as distinguished for this kind of "in and out" running, and although he mentioned no names it was known at once that it was the racing establishment of Sir George Chetwynd which he alluded to. On being questioned by Sir George Lord Durham frankly admitted that he had alluded to his stable, whereupon the Baronet challenged him to fight a duel. This Lord Durham declined, asserting that he preferred to fight the matter out in a court of law.

The stewards of the Jockey Club have refused to interfere in the matter, and there the matter rests for the present. The general impression is that although certain of the jockeys employed by the Baronet may possibly not be free from blame, yet that Sir George himself is absolutely above suspicion, and that Lord Durham in his bitterness over his losses has gone too far in the matter, and grossly libelled his former friend Chetwynd. This feeling has become more pronounced since Sir George has submitted his betting book to the stewards of the Jockey Club and has actually included its contents in the acrimonious correspondence published on the subject.

London Woman's Clubs.

[From the Washington Herald.]

They have two woman's clubs in London that flourish in the cool shade of aristocracy. The best known is the Alexandra—so named for the Princess of Wales, who is the perpetual President, though she hardly ever goes there. It is the only one that receives the honor of mention in the authorized "List of London Clubs," printed for the use and information of the fashionable world, which mentions that "the Alexandra is strictly for ladies of position only," meaning that only those are eligible whose rank and social status are beyond question. The "committee" is composed of women of the highest rank—a duchess, two marchionesses and three countesses—who draw the lines very closely indeed. They will admit no woman as a member or visitor who could not be eligible to invitation to the Queen's drawing-rooms or the Court balls. So you see the Alexandra is very select indeed. It has a lunch-room where an excellent dinner can be had under the name of luncheon, and rooms where toilets can be made for the evening by country members come to town for some especial function, and bedrooms where they can remain all night. No man, it matters not what his rank may be, can be admitted, even as a visitor. As illustrative of the perfection of discipline in this respect, it is related with great glee that once when the Prince—of Wales, of course—called for the Princess Alexandra he had to wait in the porter's room, like any one else, till his royal wife got her hat on and gossiped with the others present, till she got ready to come down to her lord and master. Wales, they also say, took it very amiably, and was rather tickled with the idea of a woman's club.

CURRENT SPORTING GOSSIP.

Some Hit-and-Miss Chat About Pugilists and Pedestrians.

"All this comes of being a popular man," exclaimed Charlie Rowell, when the proprietor of the Westminster Hall read a list of presents made to Billy Harding by English admirers, and I certainly agree with the pedestrian. They are evidences of popularity in some quarters, provided none of them were given with strings attached. The list includes diamonds and rubies and gold-headed umbrellas, and above all, a scarf-pin and vest buttons emblazoned with diminutive facsimiles of the homeliest of all birds, the pelican. I don't know just why Billy should be presented with such scarf-pins and vest buttons, for I cannot imagine that they can be at all handsome. Still they may be tokens of the esteem of the "diamond-bedizened editor's" capacity for fluids. The pelican has the ability to hold in a pouch a couple quarts of water, put by, as it were, in case of a very dry day. Billy may have shown some of his English friends how to put by a couple quarts for a dry night and so have won their admiration. But it was not my intention to advert to the beauty of the scarf-pin and other pelicans, and I will content myself with a few remarks of a congratulatory nature and wish him long life and good health to wear them. I will moreover draw attention to their great value and offer him a few suggestions as to securing the safe conduct of his jewels to American shores.

* * *

Now, it must be remembered that Billy stands pretty well with the aristocratic members of the Pelican Club, and that he could readily secure the consummation of my ideas. He could get Lord Will-o'-the-Wisp to obtain from Her Majesty an armed cruiser to act as convoy, so that the followers of Capt. Kidd would refrain from helping themselves to the jewels. On this side of the water friends will bring pressure to bear on the Secretary of the Navy to have the jewel ship met by a revenue cutter, and I have no doubt that the Collector of the Port will ask the Secretary of the Treasury to pass the gems duty free. This would be only the right thing to do since a man who worked so hard while abroad for the honor of this country is entitled to some consideration. Moreover, the duty on manufactured jewelry is only 60 per cent. ad valorem, and that percentage of $5,000 would never be missed by this great country. Of course I do not think that Bill would ask all this, for a man so modest would hesitate to do anything of the kind. This is why I step into the breach and suggest these things, more to his friends, however, than to him.

* * *

Sullivan's exhibition of his powers in his contest with Samuels, the Swansea champion at Cardiff, Wales, must have satisfied the people there that he is at least clever and strong. We are told by cable that his size did not impress them, and I can believe it, for big, strong men are common there. But big, strong men who combine activity and boxing skill are not common, and the combination of these characteristics possessed by Sullivan impressed the Cardiff folks, and more especially the Swansea fighter. But there were others than natives in Cardiff that night who were impressed by John's style and size, and these were Smith, Kilrain and Mitchell. The former will not go on with a match with Boston's pride; Kilrain is very evidently satisfied to leave him alone and Mitchell's bluff match will probably amount to nothing in the fighting line. Charlie has had some experience with the Boston boy, and I am satisfied that he will find some loophole through which to escape a battle. Still, he may find that John will not allow him to get out. In such a case I can only say that I do not envy Charlie, but can only pity him.

* * *

Dominick McCaffrey and Jack Dempsey have gone into training for their match, and from this time out reports of their condition will be looked at with great interest by those who are eager to see the mill. They will battle on Jan. 31 near this city, and so have about one month in which to get fit. That is certainly long enough for a limited round go, and I look to see both in fine fettle when they enter the ring. They owe it to themselves to be as well as possible, for one or the other must suffer in reputation by the result of the match. If Dempsey makes an even go with Dono it will be as good as a victory for him, since all advantages in a physical way are with the Philadelphia man. In fact, McCaffrey must win out and out in order to restore himself to popular favor, out of which he was knocked by an accidental blow by Pat Farrell. But, like the tobacco advertisement with the cocoanut balls, I can at present only ask, "Which wins?" and allow the public to decide for themselves until the pugilists decide for all.

* * *

There are quite a number of battles on the cards between pugilists of the lower classes. Within a few weeks several of them will be decided. The first is that between Jack Hopper and Billy Edwards, of Chicago. They will meet at 126 pounds and should make a rattling battle. I know more about Hopper's abilities than of those of his opponent, and on public form I will pick him for a winner. Nevertheless, I expect Edwards to make a good game battle. Jack Burgess who once gained a decision over "The Marine," but who has never given La Blanche a chance for another battle, will meet Ned Agget, of Canada, on the 15th. They pose as middle-weights at present, but doubt if Burgess can get to 158 pounds and be strong. He will, I believe, scale nearer 168 pounds, and then unless Agget has improved wonderfully in skill, should win with comparative ease. Burgess is fairly clever, and when at proper weight can make a good many men hustle to keep the flies off, and I don't think Agget can hustle hard enough to do the business.

* * *

Apart from these minor slugging contests and the National Association's annual competitions there is very little of interest to local sportsmen, if I except the six-day go-as-you-please race set down to begin Feb. 5. Rowell and Cartwright, the celebrated English peds, are coming over for the race, and there will be the usual lot of domestic talent. John Hughes, "the lepper," has adopted a novel system of training, I am told, and hopes to get fit enough to "bate thim Englishmen." John owns a saloon on upper Third avenue, and makes laps around a billiard-table when not serving thirsty customers with foamy beer or hard grog. The plan may be a success with him, but I would not advise many others to do the trick. George Noremac once walked 5,000 miles in 5,000 hours. I think that was the game in his saloon on the west side, and I believe it did him very little good, either physically or financially. It's a poor science and the many novices who have entered the lists will do well to avoid anything of the kind.

* * *

To-day a famous amateur runner will leave England for this country. He is Tommy Conneff, who defeated Carter on two occasions, when the latter was abroad last summer. He outran the American champion at two miles and again at four miles, and they will probably meet at these distances soon after Conneff arrives here. The first appearance of the latter will be at the Manhattan Athletic Club's games on the 28th. He will be the guest of G. L. M. Sachs. Conneff has been called a marvel, because he is only nineteen years of age. I do not believe that such a consideration should enter into the matter at all; or if it does that due credit should be given the American "marvels," who were all champions when about the same age. I think Harry Armstrong was the greatest and fairest walker in the world when he was in his nineteenth year, and Lon Meyers was not much past eighteen when he showed his heels to Ed. Merritt, then the American champion. Speed and stamina are one thing and age or youth another. As horses run well in all shapes and sizes, so do men perform well in early youth or old age, as the case may be.

P. JAY.

Gen. Grant on Tobacco.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

It was at the tail end of a rather long interview I had with Gen. Grant in the office of the Mexican International Railway Company, of which he was then President, that tobacco became the subject of the conversation. Gen. Grant had been sitting in his favorite fashion tilted back in an oak arm chair with his feet resting on the table. He was smoking an immense cigar, the fellow of which he handed to me. It was some time before Gen. Grant's troubles began with the injury to his leg as he was leaving his carriage, and he was in good spirits. Exactly the words that he used I can not reproduce here, but in effect Gen. Grant said this: "You are a very young man and I am old enough to give you advice, and I suppose I ought to tell you not to smoke. But looking back at the comfort and refreshment which a cigar has given me through a pretty mixed career—mostly of hard knocks—I have not the face to advise any one to abhor tobacco. It would be ingratitude in me to do so. And I am free to say that even if I knew tobacco was shortening my life, it would take more than my personal desire to live to induce me to throw away my good friend here forever."

REALTY'S LEADING LIGHTS.

A FEW OF THOSE WHO "KNOCK DOWN" REAL ESTATE.

The World-Famed House of Ludlow & Co. and Its Present Managers—Bernard Smyth and His Honorable Career in the Metropolis—What a Dealer in Jersey Soil Has To Say.

The list of prominent operators in realty which THE WORLD is laying before its readers from week to week is enriched to-day by the narratives of several acknowledged leaders. They are men through whose hands have passed property running far up into the millions. Their stories have about them the ring of true Americanism. They are men of standing to-day who years ago were poor boys. They earned their right to the honors now put upon them, and they stand high in the ranks of one of the most responsible professions of the city. The coming of the new year and the fine showing made of the realty dealings during the past year have spread a general hope and expectation through the ranks of the operators that 1888 is to sustain and pass the record made by 1887. There are not a few who would be satisfied to see the figures of the closing year met. At this rate there would be prosperity on all sides and big profits for those who touch realty under good advice.

BERNARD SMYTH.

There are thousands of young business men of the city to whom the name of Bernard Smyth will recall school-days of two decades ago. As President of the Board of Education Mr. Smyth made his mark upon the city of New York and founded many institutions and methods of progress in the great system of education, which is now a model the world over.

Mr. Smyth is a New Yorker born and bred. He is a native of the old Seventh Ward and fifty years after his birth there, in 1820, he was still a resident of the same street in which he was born. To-day he occupies a fine residence on the eastern border of Central Park.

A lad, he was sent by his parents to the Christomatic Institution, a private school conducted by Mr. Casserly, an ancient pedagogue, who was the father of Mr. Bernard Casserly, the California Senator. Bernard Smyth had a great desire to get into business and he stepped from school training at the early age of thirteen years to accept a position as clerk in a store. He was a natural merchant and at the age of nineteen he was conducting a large and growing trade on his own account. He was on the high way to prosperity and had built a big trade with Southern customers when the first gun at Sumter sounded the signal of his bankruptcy.

In business he had been active in filling positions on the boards of not a few banks, insurance companies, &c., and he was named a receiver of taxes for the city. He held this post during the troublous ring times, but no suggestion of suspicion was ever directed against this person of the city's financial machinery.