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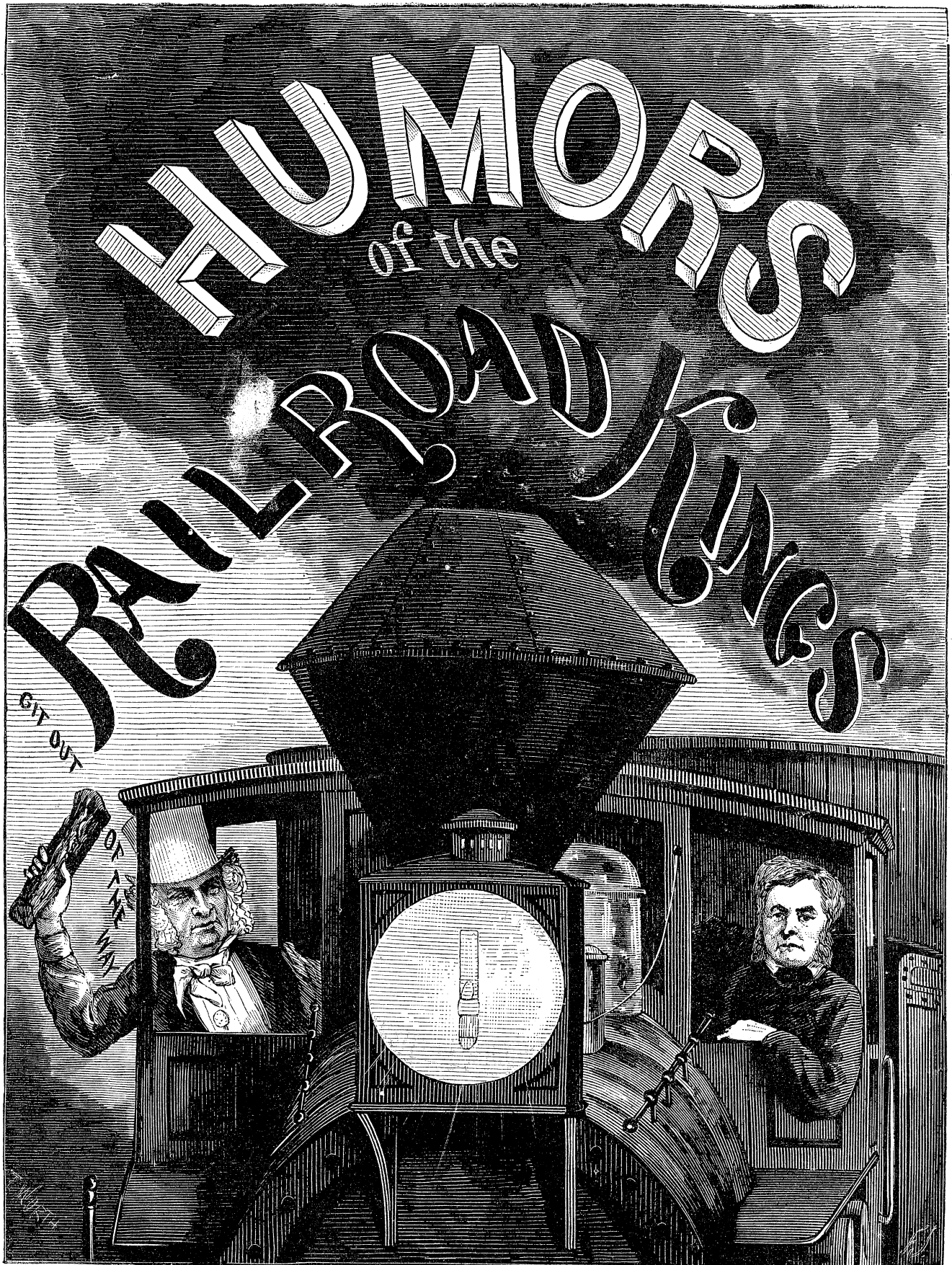
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H U M O R S

OF THE

RAILROAD KINGS.

Authentic and Original Anecdotes of Prominent
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"AL." AND THE COMMODORE.

IN 1853, while Commodore Vanderbilt was only a steamboat boss, he was riding from Albany to New York on the Hudson River Railroad, when he became tired of sitting, and concluded to go into the baggage-car and enjoy a cigar. In those days they had no smoking-cars, and whenever a passenger felt like turning a little of the weed into ashes, he had to do it on the platform, as the regulations of most of the roads forbade smoking in the baggage-car. As a rule, there was more chewing than smoking done in those days.

But the commodore concluded that the baggage-car was good enough for him, and thither he went. Seating himself on a trunk, he began pulling away at a cigar with great delight, and finally became lost in thought.

Allen Conrey was then conductor of the only express

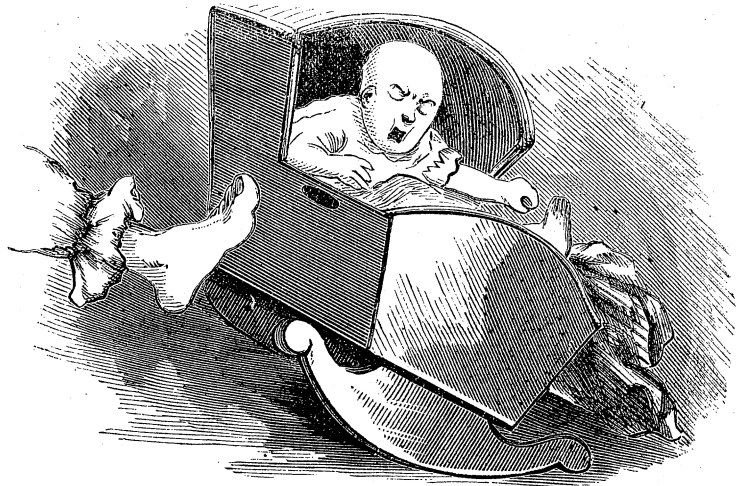


YOUNG VANDERBILT'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK. DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH HE WAS DESTINED TO BECOME THE CHAMPION INCOME TAXPAYER, DOES HE?

train that ran on the road. Thousands of travelers, at the mention of his name, will remember "Al." as he was always called. Well, after collecting his tickets on leaving Poughkeepsie, "Al." went into the baggage car to count them and to arrange his other business relating to the trip.

Noticing an old fellow seated there, smoking, with his white hat pulled down over his eyes, he turned to the baggage-master and asked who he was.

"Blessed if I know," said the trunk-burster; "he is either somebody in authority or somebody with a good deal of cheek; for I told him that it was against the rules to smoke here, and all the reply he made was, 'All



VANDERBILT COMMENCES LIFE AS AN INFANT, AND A REGULAR WIDE-AWAKE ONE AT THAT. HE SOON DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP WITH HIS PARENTS, HOWEVER, AND IT MAY SAFELY BE SAID THAT HE WAS NEVER A "SILENT PARTNER" IN ANYTHING.

right, young man;' and there he is. Suppose you tackle him?" he added.

"Al." looked at him for a moment, and then turned away to finish counting his money and tickets, after which he approached and tapped the stranger on the shoulder.

"It is against the rules to smoke here, sir."

"So that young man told me. Nothing like enforcing the rules, conductor," said he, emitting a mouthful of smoke.

"That's just what I intend to do in your case," said "Al." firmly. "So you must budge. Come."

"Oh, that's the word, is it? Supposing I don't budge?"

"Then I shall assist you, that's all."

"You look as though you would make a good assistant—I rather like you, young man."

"All right, but I shall think more of you if you save me the trouble of ejecting you."

"I'll do all I can for you. Do you know who I am?"

"Haven't the remotest idea, sir; but I know what the rules of this road are."

"Well, sir, read that," he said, handing him his card.

"C. Vanderbilt," said "Al." looking from the card to the renowned steamboat man. "So you are Commodore Vanderbilt, are you?"

"I am," replied the old smoker.

"Well, you must stop smoking, nevertheless. I will not allow you to break a rule of this road any more than I would allow any other man to do it—not even if you owned it."

"That's good; I like your style," said Vanderbilt, throwing his cigar from the open door. "Do you know I have a great mind to buy this road just for the sake getting you; I will, by thunder!"

"All right; but I wouldn't allow you to smoke even then unless you abolished the rule."



YOUNG VANDERBILT STARTS OUT IN THE WORLD. HE MEETS THE YOUTHFUL MARSHAL O. ROBERTS ON A NORTH RIVER SLOOP, BOUND FOR NEW YORK. THEY RESOLVE TO GO TOGETHER.

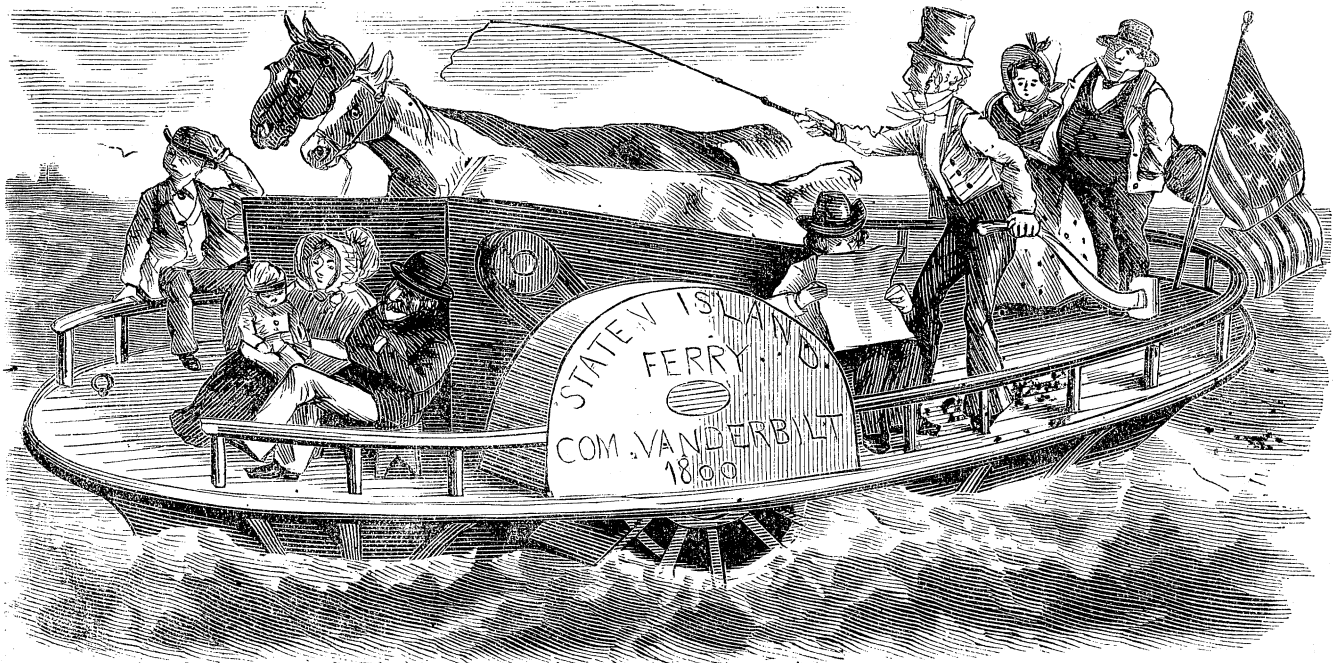
"Correct! young man. Come and see me at No. 9 Battery Place. Here is a cigar for you."

This ended the interview, and not long afterward the old steamboater had control of the great river road, and "Al" Conrey was long held in his place of trust as conductor of the famous express train between Albany and New York.

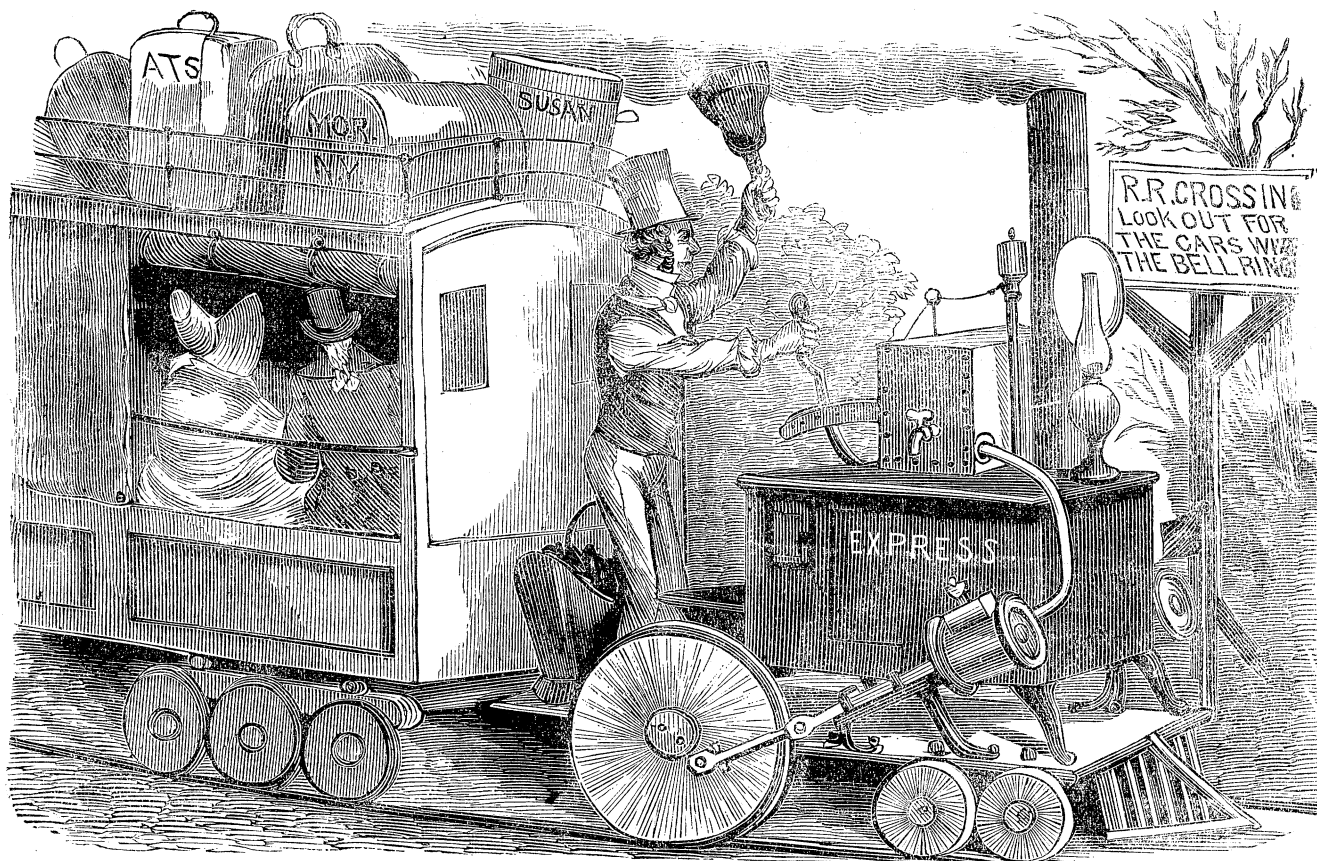
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT has always been looked upon as a great oracle in Wall street, and fortunate was the man who could get the "tip" from him regarding what to buy in the line of stocks. When Jim Fisk first came to New York, and before he had made a stir in the world of stocks and sensations, he recognized the value of Vanderbilt's recommendation. But even at this time the old man had foreseen the mark that the youthful speculator was destined to make, and as he disliked to have rivals in the market, he kept a sharp eye on his movements, and tried to block his little moves.

One day Fisk took it into his head to pump the old man through a mutual friend, relative to what would be the best stock to buy "short" on. The friend interviewed the Commodore at his office, and questioned him as to the state of the market. Vanderbilt suspected that Fisk had sent the man, and acted accordingly, advising him to



WE NEXT HEAR OF OUR HERO AS THE BUILDER AND COMMANDER OF A HORSE-POWER FERRY-BOAT, BETWEEN STATEN ISLAND AND NEW YORK. THIS LAID THE FOUNDATION OF HIS COLOSSAL FORTUNE, AND GAVE HIM THE NAME OF "COMMODORE."



THE NEXT GREAT FEAT OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY MAN WAS TO BUILD THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE, OF WHICH THE ABOVE IS A CORRECT DRAWING, AND TO RUN THE FIRST EXPRESS TRAIN THROUGH TO NEW YORK.

buy all the "Pacific Mail" he could get, "short" as it was.

This news did not exactly suit Fisk, and instead of doing as recommended he did exactly the reverse, and bought "long" and sparingly. Vanderbilt set out for Wall street at once, and began doing the same thing, buying up all he could find, and "bearing" the market to his utmost, Fisk, in the meantime, managing it so as to sell out to the Commodore's brokers so as to cover himself.

The result was sad, apparent in a few days. The stock went down to a remarkably low figure, and the Commodore found himself the father of a losing speculation, while his artful rival quietly managed to buy again at the very low figure which Van. had run the stock down to, thereby realizing a handsome thing out of the operation. It was the toughest blow the doughty old financier ever received, and ever after that he fought shy of Blonde Jimmy.

TRoubles OF T. RAIL.

SOMETIME since there appeared in a Philadelphia paper the following notice of an accident upon the Camden and Amboy road:

"RUN OVER.—T. Rail was run over upon the Camden track, a little distance beyond the depot, by an outward-bound train of some twenty heavy freight cars laden with merchandise. Astonishing to relate an examination disclosed the fact that Rail was not in the least injured. This is probably the most wonderful escape on record, considering that occurrences of this character are taking place daily on this road."

Next morning the superintendent of the road called at that office and protested against the publication of the article in question.

"No such accident occurred, sir," he exclaimed to the editor. "It's an infamous falsehood—a lie, sir."

"But, sir," said the editor, "It is true, and, moreover, I feel to my duty when such things are of hourly occurrence every day in the week over your road, to make the fact known to my readers." There was a sly twinkle in the editorial ocular, which the indignant superintendent did not notice.

"What!" he roared, "I-I-I'll have satisfaction. This is an evident attempt to injure our road. The whole thing is an outrageous lie, and I-I-I—sir!—won't you take my word for it."

"No, sir, I repeat—it is true."

The smiling calmness of that editor raised the railway

official up to the last degree—the boiling point of exasperation.

“Sir—sir—I’ll make you suffer for this, if it costs the profits of the road for a year. Such villainous reports as these, making a slaughter line of our road—it is”—and he choked up with rage.

Still that wretched misguided editor smiled the smile of unalloyed good humor, and picked his teeth with a new steel pen, with a provoking disregard of the enraged official.

“Do you intend to—to—”

“Yes,” interrupted the editorial aggravation. “Now, see here, did you notice the name of the victim of that lamentable occurrence?”

“Yes, T. Rail; and there’s no such man living in Camden—It’s pure invention, sir,” roared the superintendent.

“T. Rail was run over,” said the editor. “What in thunder kind of rail do your cars run on if it isn’t *T-Rail*? Strikes me that—”

That superintendent saw a great light just then; he looked discouraged; he gathered himself into a comfortable walking position and oozed, with the simple remark, somewhat forcibly uttered, “Sold by —.”

Next day that miserable jokist of an editor received a basket of Piper Heidsieck, accompanied by a note suggesting the propriety of not again mentioning the daily misfortune of T. Rail in being run over.

A LONE HAND.

DANIEL DREW was seated in his office one day after his disastrous tilt with “Northwestern,” by which “the boys” of Wall street tilted the old fellow out of two millions. There was a curious expression on his face, something between crying and laughing; and he appeared to be contemplating the vanity of all things here below, or how quickly millions take to themselves wings and “skip.”

While seated thus a stranger entered, and accosted his confidential clerk.

“You paid me for some stock yesterday. do you remember the transaction?” he asked.

“Oh, yes; perfectly,” replied the clerk.

“Well, you made a slight mistake.”

“Guess not; I am not in the habit of doing so,” said he, somewhat piqued to think such a charge should be brought against him in Mr. Drew’s presence.

“But I am sure you did; just glance over your books, and if I am mistaken, why—I’ll treat.”

Reluctantly the clerk complied, and found that he had made an error in figuring, and had paid the stranger one hundred dollars too much.

Drew got up and approached the desk.

“I knew it,” said the stranger, throwing down a hundred-dollar greenback; “I make it a point to be honest,” he added, buttoning up his coat.

“Honest, eh!” whined Daniel, turning to him; “honest! Do you live in New York?”

“I do, sir.”

“You do, eh? And you are being honest? Well, you are playing a lone hand, young man, a lone hand. If you had much to do in Wall street, you’d get awful lonesome, that’s all I’ve got to say.”

“FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS!”

CAPTAIN MAY, well known in Philadelphia as a capital jokist and a first-class tooter for steamboats, and general traveling agent, etc., for divers railways, just after the breaking out of the late war, gets off a good one somewhat after this fashion:—

“You see, gentlemen, I got caught down there in that infernal Georgia, where the hills and the cursed inhabitants are like corn-dodgers, almighty rough on top, slack-baked on the sides, and broad-bottomed. Every thing was Secesh. Yes, gentlemen, damme if the very mules war’nt seceding from their tales and goin’ in for states’ rights on their ears. Well, there I was—stuck, by thunder!—yes, stuck! I couldn’t get away, and I was’nt wanted to stay. They spotted me as a d—d Yank—a blue-bellied, splay-footed abolitionist. I mildly insinuated that I was a gentleman—first-class, clear water, no flaw, and that I didn’t care a continental whistle about states’ rights, patent rights, niggers, or anything but my business. Gentlemen, they seized me one morning just as I was taking my morning nip—a Georgia cocktail—you know what a Georgia cocktail is, don’t you? Well, its rain-water and tanglefoot lightning. Take three fingers deep of tanglefoot and a glass full of the water. Swallow the lightning, heave the water into the barkeeper’s face, and then git up, and git before the bottle-slinging and shootin’ begins. Well, gentlemen, a gang of the lousy Confeds grabbed me and lugged rae off, the wretches! Me—me! Captain May—arrested. I got mad, talked American eagle, and they laughed—actually laughed at me! Then they put me in the cars, under guard of a couple of officers, one of ’em with a brass door-knob on his shoulder for an epaulette, and a nine-inch bowie-knife for a sword. The other one had no boots, only part of a pair of pants, and no shirt; he said he was a colonel of gorillas, and I’m d—d if I didn’t think he was the father of them. Well, off we started. I heard a good deal of swearing on that trip. Every mother’s soul of them, when they passed me, cursed me, made faces at me—me! a gentleman, first-class! The train slacked-up at a station, and the conductor, with a bowie-knife in one hand, a hoss pistol in the other, bawled out, “Five minutes for refreshments!”

“Want to refresh?” said one of my guards.

“Yes,” I said.

“Come along!” and I went out of the car. I no sooner stepped upon the platform than them infernal low-lived sand-hillers went for me. They kicked me and cuffed me from one end of that platform to the other. They hissed me, bounced me, punched me, jerked my ears, twisted my nose, pushed me, whirled me, tripped me up and

tripped me down, blacked my eyes, loosened two of my upper teeth, and grabbed my false set below; they split my coat up the back, and tore my pants up the leg, damme! At last, with a desperate effort, I got back into the car, and we moved out of that depot. Next station, that miserable heathen of a double-dyed traitor, the conductor, bawled out, "Five minutes for refreshments!" I didn't go out for refreshments. I had had refreshments enough at the other station to last me the rest of the trip. That's the kind of refreshments a first-class man gits down on them Georgia trains, if they don't run off the track and kill every body on board before they reach a station."

CRUSHED, MANGLED, AND—SOLD!

THERE was an old resider—a regular on the Erie road, who lived near a little station just beyond Hornesville, and who either purposely or through sheer carelessness invariably, when going home, planted himself in an express train, which he knew—if he knew anything—would not stop at any of the small way-stations. Not a cent more fare would he pay than just the amount usually charged to his station, and on one or two occasions he utterly refused to pay at all. As a matter of course, the conductor had to either put him off or carry him clear through to Dunkirk. Altogether, old Pop Brydges was an abominable nuisance, a perfect eyesore to the conductors.

One day the old fellow happened to meander into a train—"express through"—whereon Goff was the conductor. Goff had been a baggage-master, and had received promotion but a short time previous, and therefore wasn't up to Pop's dodges. It also so happened that Pop was on this day particularly ugly, as if his last snifter of Backwater whisky had cut a little too deep.

Off started the train. Along came Goff, with his lamp on his arm. "Tickets! gentlemen."

A new idea struck old Pop—or rather the old idea not to pay a cent of fare, welded to a new idea of selling the new conductor.

When Goff came up to him, the old man began going through himself in a pretended search for his ticket.

"Singlar, now, where that ar ticket went too. Say, Mr. Conductor, hold that ar lantern clus down to the floor. May be its drapped in a nunder the seat."

Conductor Goff obeyed the request, but no ticket turned up to gladden his sight.

"Now, that is mighty strange. I recollect puttin it into my jacket pocket, and then I remember a takin' it out and —"

"Never mind, old man," said Goff, impatiently, yet not unkindly, "hunt it up by the time I come back." This was just what the old fellow wanted. The old man was seated near what was then the

front end of the car. As Goff turned to come back, Pop, who found that the train had about reached the vicinity of his station (where, of course, it had no stoppage), opened the car door. He stepped partly out, then turned, poked his head in, and yelled

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! stop the train, stop it!"

Goff ran to him at once. "What's up!"

The old man's frantic yells had aroused the passengers, and they echoed the conductor's cry—"What's up?"

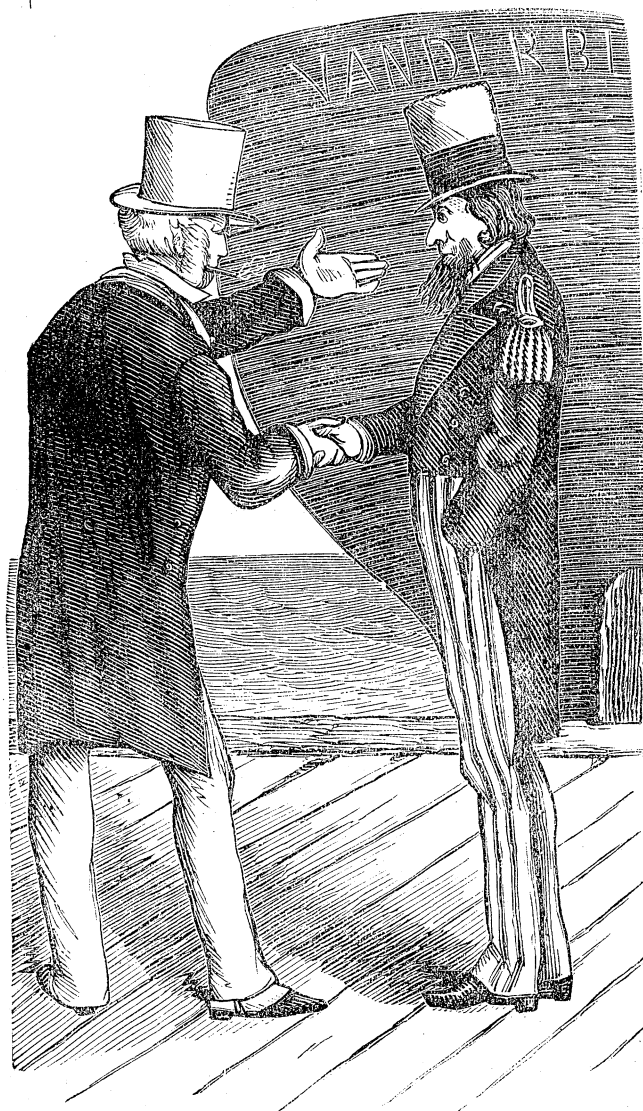
"What's the matter?"

"Quick, for God's sake, stop it!"

"What's the matter, old man," shouted Goff, holding up his lamp.

"Two men's got off the platform. Stop it! stop it! Two men! two men! off that platform out there!"

"Great heavens! two men crushed under the wheels," shouted a frightened passenger.



COMMODORE VANDERBILT IN 1862.—HE GENEROUSLY TAKES UNCLE SAM BY THE HAND AND MAKES HIM A PRESENT OF THE STEAMSHIP "VANDERBILT" TO CATCH THE "ALABAMA" WITH. UNCLE SAM HAS'N'T FORGOTTEN IT YET.

"Four men smashed to pieces!" cried another.

"Stop the train!" bawled old Pop, still holding on by the door.

Instantly Goff pulled the bell cord. The engine whistled down brakes with the signal of danger, and in a moment or two the train slowed up and came to a stand still. The conductor, followed by a group of horror-stricken passengers, went back upon the track a long distance, examined the wheels and the rails, fully expecting to see the gory evidences of the mangling of the two more victims of "standing on the platform."

Looking around for the old man they found he had disappeared. He wasn't on the train either. Goff began to have a faint glimmer of having been "sold." The passengers began to grin, and, some sly winks and thumb pokes were exchanged, and, with a jerk-up and snort, the train plunged on through the darkness at a terrific speed, to make up the five or ten minutes lost time.

On the next trip, Goff met the old man in the passenger room of the Hornelsville station, and instantaneously went for him.

"You infernal old fool! why in h— did you get off that lie—two men fallen off the car? Come very near causing us to be run into by the up-express. Say!"

"I didn't say two men fell off," coolly replied old Pop, "nothin of the kind."

"Why, you old heathen, you did; I can prove it."

"I didn't, an' you can't prove nothin of the sort. I jest said two men had got off'n the keers, and ax'd you to stop the train!"

"Well, then, hadn't two men got off, you old humbug!"

"Yaas, they had. I seed 'em; they got off where I get on—at the last station"

"You infernal —"

"I only axed you to stop the train bekase that was as far as I wanted to go; besides, I lost my —"

Goff didn't stop. He gave old Pop the benefit of a tremendous malediction, and leaped upon his train and was off.

Goff hasn't heard the last of that "sell" yet. And old Pop still ambulates around that vicinity, and tells with extreme gusto the story of "them two men which got off."

THE COMMODORE AND HIS TWO-TWO MARE.

EVERYBODY knows, or at least everybody ought to know, about the Commodore's proclivities for horseflesh—alive, not dead.

One day a long, lean rasp of a fellow, evidently from that region where the sun sets by sliding down hill and rises by going around it, dropped into the Commodore's visual reach at short range.

The Commodore looked at him. He returned the scrutinizing glare with an easy nonchalance, that be-

tokened him to be at least independent as a hog on ice, or a dog in a meat shop.

"Well, sir?" exclaimed Vanderbilt.

"Yes, I'm tol'rable well, considering," was the easy reply, as the speaker seated himself opposite the millionaire.

Vanderbilt stared at this evidence of unintroduced and refreshing coolness, not to say impudence.

"What is your business, sir?" sharply queried Vanderbilt.

"Business has been rayther better lately, kinder looking up as it were, so to speak."

"What is your business *with* me, sir!" demanded the Commodore, half savagely.

"Oh, 'scuse me, really. Splendid office this, aint it?" and the cheeky, lanky chap glanced admiringly about him. "Well, fact is, I understand, Commodore, you are dealin' in hoss meat."

"No, sir, I am *not*. Is that all, sir? My time is useful to me," retorted the old man, getting nearly up to the swearing point.

"Ya-as, so? Well, Commodore, you're a stranger to me, and I am to you, 'cept by repetition. Repetation is a big thing to hev when a fellar is a swellin' in a tight place. —, a friend of mine, who lives onto the line of your road, told me that you were into the hoss line pretty deep; that you'd buy anythin' that was easy on foot."

"Well, have you a horse to sell?"

"That's jest where my skin is thick. I hev a hoss that can take the rag off a briar bush and never tear a hole into it."

"What's the breed?"

"A 1, Commodore. But blood ain't nothing alongside of time."

"Where is the animal?"

"Jest over here, in Mercer street. It are a mare."

"What's her time?"

"She has gone her mile inside of two-two."

"Two-two!" cried the now interested Commodore, astonished, and thinking he had found a prize.

"How old is she?"

"She was six last week."

"Sound in wind and limb?"

"Oh, there ain't no wint' about her, and I guess her limbs don't hurt her much, Commodore," was the reply.

"How much do you want for her? What's the price?"

"Hadn't you better step around and see the critter?"

"Yes, yes," impatiently answered the Commodore, fearful that he might lose the prize, but determined, of course, to see for himself; "I will drive her out to-morrow. But what do you ask for her?"

"Well, you see, I don't know much about hoss flesh down here. I did calkilate to git suthin' in the neighborhood of—well, say five hundred dollars, but—"

"Five hundred, hem!" exclaimed the Commodore, getting anxious. "I'll give it willingly. I—I'll give her



VANDERBILT'S GREAT TRIP AROUND THE WORLD. HE GOES ASHORE IN HOLLAND WITH A FEW BAGS OF GOLD TO SPEND FOR NICK-NACKS; ASTONISHMENT OF THE NATIVES.

a time trial to-morrow morning, sir. I am glad I've met you, sir."

"Certin. Ya-as, well I'll drop in in the mornin'. I'm goin' down to see Mr. Bonner, and—"

"Bonner, eh!" The Commodore knew that if Bonner could get hold of the Two-two, money would be no object. So he added, eagerly, "Now, see here, I'll—I'll—I'm willing to give you a deposit on that mare to bind the sale. Where are you stopping?"

"Well, I'm kinder hanging on at the Astor House. My name is Crouch."

"D—n the name," said the Commodore. "Here," and he took out a roll of bills, "here's one hundred dollars; that'll bind the bargain. If the mare is all right, I'll hand you the balance at the stable. But don't mention it to Bonner. Is it a bargain?"

"Well," said the visitor, slowly, "Ya-as—I spose." He took the money, counted it carefully, and deposited it in his wallet. "I think, Commodore, you'd better git around to the stable this afternoon. I'd like to git her out this afternoon."

"Very well; I'll go."

"Then, here, jest give this here keerd to the stable-keeper, an it'll be all right. *You'd* be all right, anyhow, but —"

"Never mind; I'll meet you there."

After some further conversation, the lanky horse-dealer left, and an hour afterwards, the Commodore, elated at the bargain he thought he had secured, started for the stable.

He got there. He inquired for the nag, and presented the "keerd" to the stable-keeper. The stable-keeper knew the Commodore by sight (as who does not), glanced at him, grinned, and said, "Why, Mr. Vanderbilt, was that mare yourn?"

"No; but she will be mine," said Mr. V., curtly.

"Come with me," said the stable-keeper, grinning more than ever.

Into the back part of the stable.

"There's the body," said the stable-keeper, "and I'm precious glad you're goin to move it. She's bin dead



ONE OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE BEHOLDS THE VAST WEALTH OF THE BRAVE COMMODORE, AND IS DRAWN FINANCIALLY TOWARDS HIM.—“OH, THAT I HAD SOME OF IT!”

twenty-four hours; but what ere *you* going to do with a dead hoss?”

The Commodore gave one look. The game was ended.

“Sold! by G—d,” roared the Commodore. “A hundred out, and no chance to get even; d—nation! If ever I get hold of that infernal wretch, I’ll—I’ll—damme, if I don’t.”

“The horse died of glanders, sir,” said the stable-man, “and the owner told me to-day he would sell the carcass, and have it taken off. I don’t know him; but I didn’t s’pose he’d sold it to you.”

“He didn’t, d—n him! I thought it was a two-two mare, and alive,” roared the Commodore, as he bounced out of the stable.

The Commodore ain’t buying stock of that kind any more. Nor does he advance much on “critters” he hasn’t seen.

But as the story goes, the Commodore, through a note received a few days after the sale—or “swindle,” as he termed it, said note being without signature or mark by which the author could be traced, was not at all soothed in being informed that “his (Vanderbilt’s) compliments for that two-two nag, to James Fisk, Jr., and that he could put it to the age of that other and bigger joke—the cattle beat on the Central road.”

Wasn’t this adding insult to injury. Was there not some additional ripping up of the Anglo-Saxon vernacular in the expletive line, just then? Oh, no!

VANDERBILT’S CAPTAIN.

ABOUT the time the Commodore’s steam yacht was receiving its finishing touches—so the story goes—he was casting about in order to secure a first-class captain to run the vehicle. Of course there were an abundance of old salts out of place, who were cruising about within his reach; but “Van.” wanted something extra; a sort of high-toned captain, who would be equally at home in the duties of the quarter-deck, as well as in the cabin doing the honors to the nob’s of high and low “posish,” who might be his visitors. So the old man looked around, and in his peculiar manner inquired here and there in the upper-crust sea-faring circles. Exactly the individual didn’t appear. There were bow-legged, hard old nuts, bluff, oath-ventilating salts, who, despite their half-way appearance of refinement in their land-lubber togs, couldn’t drop their quids and queer outlandish jokes.

One day, however, a square-shouldered, bronzed-faced

individual, half rolled, half swaggered into the Commodore's presence.

"This is Commodore Vanderbilt, I presume," said the individual, bowing with an air indicative of a reckless disregard of the greatness of the man before him, yet, withal, with a certain show of manliness, which was not lost upon the Commodore.

"I am Cornelius Vanderbilt, sir," was the reply.

"I understand you have been looking for a captain."

"Captain for what?"

"For your steam yacht."

"Well, sir, if I want a captain, I suppose I can find one. Who sent you here?"

The stranger coolly drew from his pocket a letter, which he handed the old gentleman. "There, sir," he said, as he did so, "read that."

The Commodore opened the missive.

Thus it read:—

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Esq. :

This will introduce to you Capt. James Crowker. He is desirous of obtaining a position as commanding officer in your employ. We can certify to his capability as a captain, and that while he sailed for us he fulfilled his duties in all respects, and some of his voyages were unusually rough. If you can do anything for him in reference to the matter, you will favor

Yours, very respectfully,

SMOTHERS & Co.

"Who in h-h is Smothers & Co.?" exclaimed the Commodore.

"Shippers, sir."

"And what craft, sir, did you ever run?"

"Well, sir, I last run the Adriatic."

"Adriatic—what—"

"Yes, sir, the Adriatic. Before that I had the Star of the West."

"Now," said the Commodore, "and suppose I should conclude to employ you in a responsible capacity as captain, what salary would you require?"

"Salary! well, the same as I have been receiving."

"How much is that?"

"Twenty-five dollars a month, and found."

"Eh!" cried the Commodore, in astonishment. "T-w-e-n-t-y-f-i-v-e d-o-l-l-a-r-s a month!"

"Yes, sir."

"As captain of the Adriatic?"

"Yes, sir."

"See here, you're an impostor; and d-d if I don't think this Smothers & Co. are impostors, or lunatics. You command a sea-steamer like the Adriatic for twenty-five dollars a month!"

"I did not say anything about a sea-steamer, sir."

"Eh?"

"I said I was captain of the Adriatic; Smothers & Co. owned it. It's one of the best boats on the Erie Canal, and I—"

"Godelimity!" roared the Commodore, bouncing to his

feet. "Who sent you here with this infernal, nonsensical—"

"Why—I—came just to see whether you encouraged talent. Simons and Dan Drew sent me—"

"Drew and Simons are—"

At this precise moment "Capt. James Crowker" vanished with a roar.

The Commodore "saw" the point and subsided.

And down among the "salts" the Commodore's canal-boat business was a huge thing.

SCREWING HER UP.

GOING up the Ohio river last fall, writes a correspondent, we took on board a rather verdant youth at Hickman. His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here and he scrutinized there; he wormed from the engineer a treatise on mechanics in general, and from the fireman an essay on "white heat," and the average consumption of pine cordwood, etc.

At length his "inquiring mind" was checked in its investigations. He mounted to the wheelhouse, and was asking the pilot—

"What are you doin' that for, mister? What good does it do?"

He was here observed by the captain, who said in a gruff voice:—

"Go 'way from here. Don't you see the sign, 'No talking to the man at the helm?' Go 'way."

"Oh, certing, ye-es; but I only wanted ter know—"

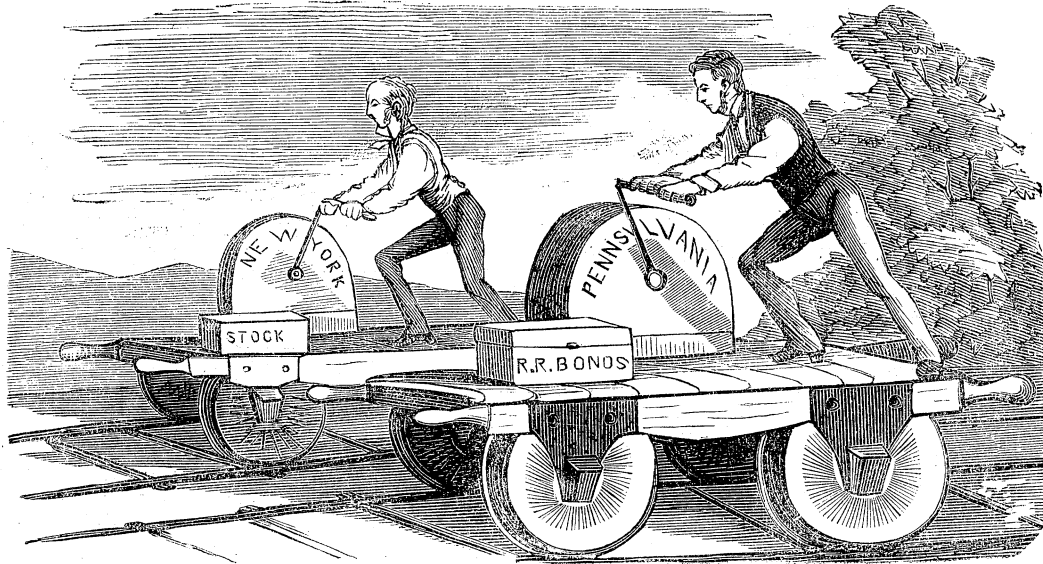
"Well, you do know now that you can't talk to him; so just go 'way."

With unwilling willingness the verdant youth came down, and as it was soon dark, he presently went below; but four or five times before he "turned in" he was on deck, and near the wheelhouse, eyeing it with a thoughtful curiosity, but, with the captain's rebuff still in his ear, venturing to ask no question.

In the first gray of the morning he was up and out on the deck; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near save the pilot, who was turning the wheel as when he had last been seen, he asked his suppressed question in oblique style, somewhat characteristic of his region:—

"Wall—goin' it yet, ha? Been at her all night, ha? A screwin' on her up, ha?"

A POOR woman in this city, whose husband was in the habit of beating her, was advised by a pious and sympathizing lady friend to heap coals of fire on his head. She didn't exactly understand what the good woman meant, but the next time she caught him asleep, she took the pepper-sauce bottle and squirted some of its contents in his ear. It answered the same purpose, however.



THE GREAT HAND-CAR RACE BETWEEN COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND TOM SCOTT.

FOLLOWING SUIT.

AN old lady once traveling on the New York and Boston road, from Plainfield to Hartford, took it into her head to patronize the street-cars in going up to Main and Asylum streets, in the latter city. She left the depot and started to cross the street where the horse-car stood waiting for passengers. On the street corner, where she had to cross, a one-legged soldier sat playing on a hand-organ, while a box sat on his instrument in which to drop the fractional parts of a dollar which the benevolent and the grateful might feel inclined to give.

A lady just ahead of our heroine stopped and dropped a five-cent nickel into this box, and then passed on and entered the car. Supposing this was a new way of paying the fare, and not wishing to appear green, the old lady did as the other one had done, and also took her seat.

After riding a few blocks the conductor came to her for her fare.

"Why! lordy marsy! I've paid my fare once," said she, looking him honestly in the face.

"I guess not, madam—at least not to me," said the conductor.

"But I paid it to the man who was making the music on the corner before we started."

The conductor explained that the disabled son of Mars had no connection whatever with the road, and still held out his hand for the fare.

"Lordy marsy! I seed that are lady drop a five-cent piece intew his box, and I thought it was the place where they took the fares, and that he was playing the music tew keep the horses still while people got on tew the keers;" and amid the shout of laughter which followed, the old dame paid her fare and concluded that she was rather green, after all.

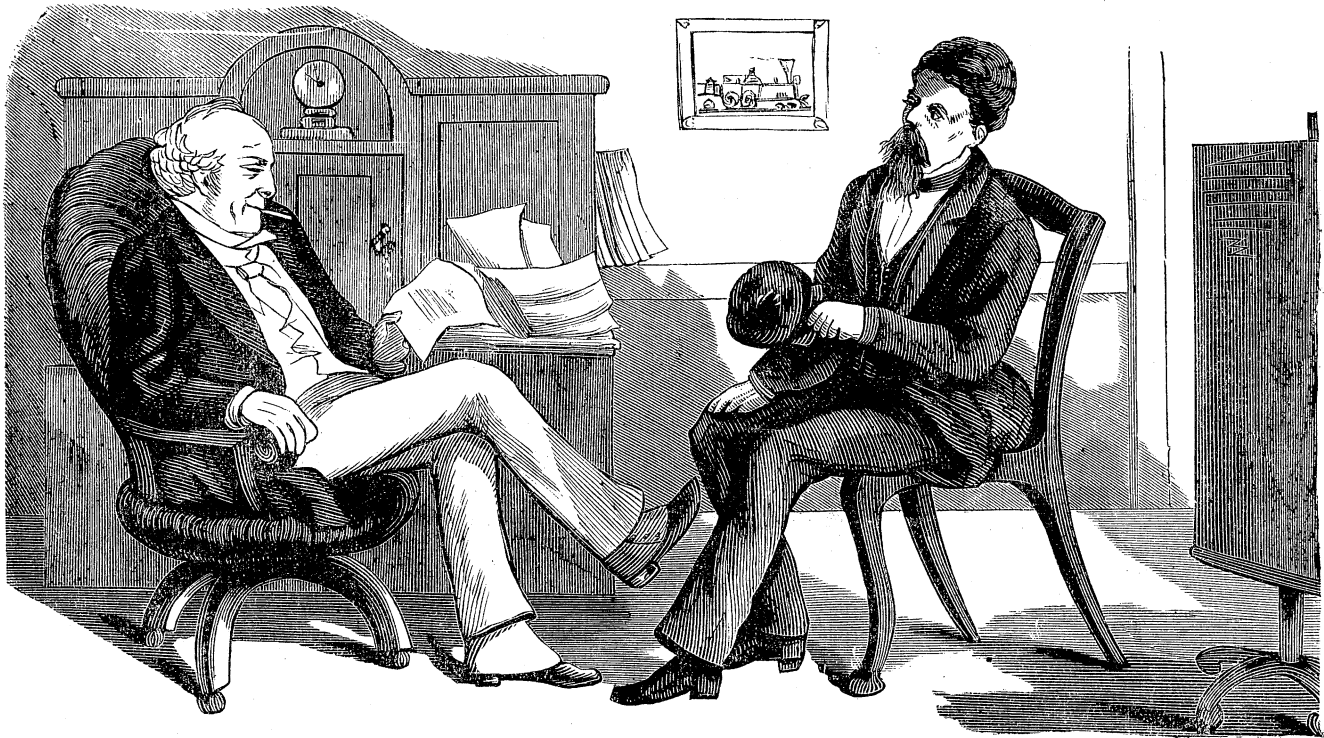
UNAPPRECIATED.

THE other morning a city missionary took upon himself the task of distributing tracts in the various saloons of the city. He performed his duty faithfully and well, and rejoiced in the prospect of "reaping a rich harvest for the Lord;" but, unfortunately for himself, our Israelite fell into the hands of the Philistines. He went into a saloon on Thirteenth street, and, after saying a few words to revive the sleeping consciences of the assembled beer and whisky drinkers, left a couple of tracts. The tracts were brim-full of instruction, and would have been the means of conversion to many had only the many availed themselves of the same. A certain butcher, who is not especially religious or sacrilegious, but who makes industry a hobby, looked at one of the tracts, and said:—

"Dame it, why ton't you go to vork? Vat in der teivel vas der use of your gone round mit dem pieces of baper? Dem vas blayed out. Dame it, go to vork, and ton't be acding der loafer mit your blows about dem religious bizness. Dat religion of yours vas a humbug, und I tink you better get out of dat saloon so quicker as your legs ton't let you."

Well, our hard-working, conscientious missionary "got" His lines had not fallen in pleasant places, and he came to the conclusion that to retreat was the better part of Christian valor.

OH, dear! will they never get done talking about Yankee sharpness, when it is double discounted every day out West? The farmers of Illinois have taken to raising wolves, for the sake of getting the bounty on their scalps.



A GOOD RECOMMENDATION—COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND THE CONDUCTOR.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

A CERTAIN conductor, who had been discharged from the Norwich and Worcester road for having "tar on his fingers," applied to Mr. Vanderbilt for a situation, either on the Central, Hudson River, or Harlem roads.

"Have you any recommendations?" asked Vanderbilt.

"Only these," he said, pointing to a fine gold watch, diamond ring, and studs, "together with a pair of fine horses, a well-furnished house, all paid for, and a few thousand in the bank."

"That is sufficient," said the Commodore. "Those things must be had, and it is an awful pull-back for a road to have unfurnished conductors. Consider yourself engaged."

THE MINISTERIAL DEAD HEAD.

EVERYBODY in the steamboat as well as railroad business knows the genial Simons—M. R. Simons, once a passenger clerk on the Fall River line when Col. Borden "had a finger in it," and afterwards the superintendent and business manager of the Stonington steamboat line.

Simons used to have his office at the corner of Cortlandt and West Streets, and from him came the free passes of the line, and to him everybody went who could

muster up any sort of a plausible pretence or claim to travelling for nothing.

One day there came with slow and solemn tramp up the stairs leading to the private office a thin, lanky, ramrod-looking individual, clad in the blackest of black, and wearing the whitest of neckcloths. Under his arm he bore a black umbrella, in his right hand a black cane, and in his left a pair of black kid gloves; black hat, straight black hair, cut square all round, completed his ensemble. He looked like a chief mourner who had lost track of the hearse by turning up the wrong street. He entered the office, closed the door, stood his umbrella against the wall, removed his hat, and confronted Simons, who was seated at the table.

"Mr. Simes, I bleve!"

"Simons, if you please," said that official.

"Mr. Simes, I am the Reverend Mr. Whangbang. I am the editor of the *Flag of Salvation*, published in Buffalo. I am here with my wife and four of my eldest children, servant, and a dog. My paper has a large circulation in the church, and its influence is extending daily."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Bangwhang?"

"Whangbang, Mr. Simes."

"Simons, sir," retorted the amiable official, smiling.

"Well, sir," said the man in black, "I would like to obtain the courtesy of the press—ah—in other words, an editorial pass to Boston for myself and—ah—in fact, for my family. I will return the compliment by—by—an ex-

tended editorial notice of your—ah—admirably conducted line—to Boston—yes, sir.”

Simons looked aghast. Here was cheek. But being in an amiable mood, after some further words with the reverend bore, he filled up a pass “To Boston” for the entire lot.

The Rev. Whangbang took it, examined it carefully.

“Ah!—excuse me,” said he, “there isn’t anything about state room on the—ah—this pass.”

Simons looked at him, but the lugubrious face was immovable—as hard as the wall behind it. He took the pass and marked the letter R. in one corner of it.

“There, sir, is our mark for room.”

The editor of the *Salvation Flag* again paused over it. “Ah?” said he, “thank you—but—but,” and he gave the pass another look, turned it over and back again, and then raised his sepulchral eyes and voice.

“Excuse me, Mr. Simes—but—I—”

“What *else*?” said Simons, half stupefied with amazement at the incorrigible dead-head. “What *else* do you require, sir?”

“W-e-l-l!” he blandly observed, “*Excuse me*, but it seems to me, Mister Simes—”

“Simons, sir,” exclaimed the official, losing his temper rapidly.

“You hav’nt mentioned *meals*!”

“Godelmity!” exclaimed Simons, grasping the pass desperately, “WHAT ELSE?” He nervously placed next to the “R.” the significant “& M.,” and then added “B., Bs., and C.,” and handed it back.

“Thank you, Mr. Simes—thank you—ah—yes, room and meals—B.—B.’s—and C.—ah—*excuse me*—those last letters, what do they—ah—mean—“B., B.’s, and C.?”

“Thunder and lightning!” roared Simons, dropping his eyeglasses, and looking daggers at the imperturbable “Gospel sharp.” “They mean Bar, Barber Shop, and Chambermaid. Now, you’ve got the whole boat except the toilette rooms, and they’re free to every body. Good day, sir.”

“Thank you, Mr. Simes,” and the intolerable clerical D. H. started, adding, “I’ll send you a marked copy of my—”

“Good day,” said Simons, wrathfully.

Five minutes that reverend pallbearer returned.

“Beg your pardon—really you *must* excuse me—an oversight—no doubt you forgot it—but looking at the pass—I—I—ah—perceive it says *to* Boston, but it says nothing of *returning*.”

Simons arose in his wrath. “Give me that pass.” He took it, added, “And return.”

“Thank you—thank you—I don’t s’pose the baggage master ’ll—ah—charge for taking care of the dog, if I feed him!”

He left—just in time. Simons says that was the only man in the whole course of his experience with wholesale dead-heads, that he wanted to shoot. That minister didn’t call frequently again—not to speak of.

HOW “JAKE” DID IT.

SUPERINTENDENT NASON of the Boston and Providence road once had occasion to appoint a relative of his as conductor on a way train. What the degree of relationship was is not necessary to mention. However, it was sufficiently near to have a material influence in favor of the appointee.

Now, this particular train had heretofore been exceedingly profitable, and its “run” in the hands of previous conductors had yielded a handsome average to the plecthoric purse of the company.

No sooner had “Jake—” which name will do as well as any for the new conductor, become used to the train, than by some unaccountable freak of fortune, the receipts diminished woefully. Week after week, for nearly three months, the profits grew beautifully less, until the returns made by Jake scarcely paid expenses.

Nason scratched his nasal appendage—put detectives and spotters on the train—hauled up Jake half-a-dozen times, and questioned and cross-questioned him in vain.

Still the fearful leak continued.

Jake meanwhile thrived famously; dressed well, wore a patent-self-winding-back-action-full-jewelled chronometer, diamond studs, and got himself up gorgeously.

The mystery deepened.

One day came the solution.

The treasurer came to Nason, in his private office.

“Mr. Nason,” he said gravely, “you know the trouble with Jake’s train?”

“Yes—yes—yes—always short—no not short exactly; but, somehow, travel has fallen off frightfully. Yet Jake seems popular—very popular. We spotted him; but it’s no use. We—”

“It’s not Jake’s fault. *He’s* all right,” said the Treasurer, still more gravely.

“Glad of it, glad of it. Well?”

“Mr. Nason, it is *your* fault.”

“My fault!” exclaimed the bewildered superintendent. “Yes—and your kindness has brought all this suspicion upon Jake.”

“Me. My kindli—eh! Out with it!” roared Nason. “My fault! D’ye s’pose I’ve been taking the funds, or—or—are you demented, Mr. —?”

“Beg your pardon—listen. We have, in looking over the tickets returned by Jake from each trip, compared them with the receipts—”

“Yes; well?”

“And since the first month of his taking the train, his cash receipts for tickets sold way passengers have been correct, but their number has been gradually diminishing—”

“Yes, yes—”

“While the number of free passes—dead-head tickets—have increased so frightfully, that now d—d near every ticket is a D. H. Now, Mr. Nason, these tickets can only be issued by you. Nobody else. Last trip every infernal ticket taken in by Jake, except the few sold at the station

offices was a dead-head! Now, Mr. Nason, isn't this rather rough. Whole train loads of infernal—"

"Stop!" roared the astonished and indignant superintendent. "I hav'nt given out over three free tickets this month!"

"There they are, four hundred and odd of 'em, this last trip of Jake's!" and the Treasurer threw open the package. "Signed by you!"

"Forgery!" shouted Nason.

The mystery was out. An immediate examination resulted in the discovery that Jake had had any quantity of blank passes printed in exact imitation of the genuine, had filled them up himself, signed Nason's name to each one, and in collecting his fares in the cars had for every passenger substituted a dead-head pass! so that only the office tickets and a little cash for a few others, to keep up appearances, were returned.

Nason sent for that Jake. Jake smelt a mouse with an exceedingly lengthy caudal appendage. Jake slode—switched off, so to speak, and was next heard of in Galveston, Texas, as the chief engineer and conductor of a thriving three card monte shop.

He left a slight note for his relative. Thusly it read: "I hereby resign my position on the ——— train. There is some money for me down South, and I am reluctantly obliged to go for it. I have sent a good many dead-heads over the road. If anybody follows me and attempts to bring me back, there'll be another dead-head or two added to the list. Good bye.—JAKE."

There are no more relatives running trains on that road. Not much. All strangers.

"GOVERNOR" JENNISON'S TUNNEL LOCOMOTIVE.

THE average English tourist, when he proposes to trouble the United States with his presence, usually entertains the belief that he can hunt buffalo in the streets of New York, that the noble red man prowls for scalps through the alleys and lanes, and that the "blarsted Yankees" are a sort of wild nondescript, half Aztec and half heathen. He don't, however, think so much that way as formerly, but still he is doubtful.

The "Governor," otherwise Jennison, who can talk steamboat and railroad as knowingly as a thoroughbred, when he kept his "cabin" in Courtlandt street, where-anent only R. R.'s and S. B.'s most did congregate, used to tell some snorters about the Cockneys who, at various times, had "crossed his experience"

"Yes," said the Governor one day to a Cockney who happened in, "of course you have no railroad accidents in England. You can't spare the people."

"Spare the people, eh?"

"Yes. You see if we didn't kill off eight or ten thousand a year on each road the population would become so thick there wouldn't be room for a railroad."

"Heavings, what murderers!"

"You see," continued the inexorable Governor, mixing a cocktail as he spoke—"you see you kill off your surplus population by a war or pestilence, or something of that sort; but we are Christians here, and healthy. Some of our conductors are nearly two hundred years old!"

"Oh, no! you know I cawn't swallow that, you know," said the Cockney.

"Well," replied the Governor, lifting the cocktail to his lips, "I *can* swallow it, and two more like it."

"Ow do your henginees hurge their way through snow-drifts hin the mountings. 'Avn't they been blocked hout?"

"Oh, no! our engines go straight through anything. They have a patent screw-twist cow-catcher, with double shovels on each side, so that when they go into a snow bank the screw draws the train plum through, while the shovels, fast to the driving wheels, break the snow up and heave it behind the train. We have engines built on purpose, with nitro-glycerine power instead of steam, which make all our tunnels. They go straight through a mountain, rocks and all, and carry the dirt with them. They put four of these locomotives against one of the rocky mountains to make a way for the Pacific road, and they were so powerful that before they could be stopped they actually pushed the entire mountain twenty-one miles away into the ocean. You can see a part of it now in the Bay of San Francisco."

"Aw, aw! hand what stopped the blarsted locomotives?"

"Well, the fact is, three of 'em stuck to the mountain, and the other one switched off sideways, ran up a tree, and got tangled in the branches. Its hanging there now. Have a drink?"

Cockney felt faint, and he went out muttering something about the blarsted liars, you know.

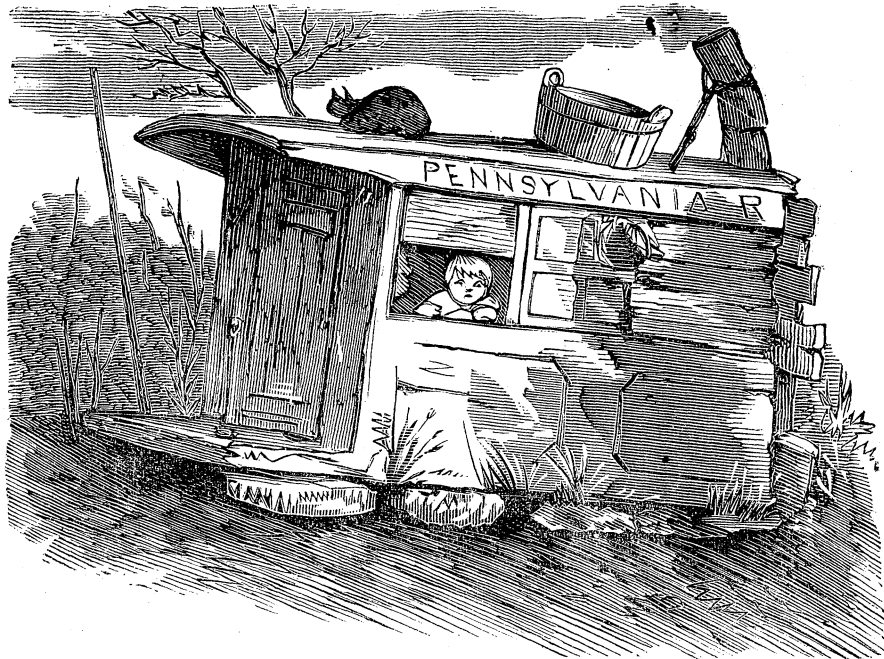
The Governor met him some weeks afterwards on the Long Island road.

"Ah! good morning," said the bland Governor. Havn't seen you lately. Were 've you been?"

"Aw, I've been hup a tree, you know, looking for that locomotive."

The Governor smiled, and went his way.

THAT young man who was asked the other day by a woman in a Pennsylvania railroad train to hold her twins for a moment, while she got out to obtain refreshment, was subsequently much embarrassed. Because, as the fond mother did not return, but rather took the next train back to the city, he was obliged to perform the duty of holding those two babies, one upon each knee, all the way out to Pittsburgh, and it became somewhat monotonous before he reached that city. All he could do was sit there and think, and think, and blush, while the twins emitted the most unearthly yells and inquired in vain for sustenance. The manner in which he soused those infants into an orphan asylum as soon as he got to Pittsburgh, indicated that he was anxious to get rid of them. And so he was.



"HE WAS BORN OF POOR BUT HONEST PARENTS," AS USUAL WITH GREAT MEN. AT ALL EVENTS, THIS BEING HIS BIRTHPLACE, IT IS EVIDENT THAT NATURE INTENDED HIM FOR A RAILROAD MAN.

WHO IS THIS TOM SCOTT ?

THERE is even more of the financial mystery about Tom Scott than there was surrounding poor Jim Fisk. His sudden rise to railroad power, his great ability, the reputed vastness of his wealth, together with the number of railroad pies in which he has a finger, make him an object of interest with all. And yet, unlike Fisk, he prefers to work in the background, and never thrusts himself forward for the sake of attracting public attention. He is, however, quite as marked a man as you will encounter in a year's travel; and if a person once has those keen eyes fastened upon him, he cannot shake off the conclusion that they belong to an extraordinary man—a man to move people and millions.

He was riding on the Pennsylvania Central road one day, seated alone by himself, deeply buried in thought, when a hoosier farmer, who was also alone and itching for somebody to talk with, came along and took a seat just ahead of him, and turning around, opened conversation.

"Wal, stranger, putty long ride," said he.

Mr. Scott looked up, and nodded as he would have done had a fly lighted on his nose.

"Putty nice kind of a country, this," he said, again returning to the charge.

Again Scott nodded.

"Going through to Philimiclink?" (Philadelphia.)

Another nod.

"Right smart town, that."

A look of acquiescence.

"Live there?"

A nod, but no word.

"Got some mighty smart men there. Acquainted there much?"

"Well, a little," replied Scott.

"Wal, I'm right glad tew hear it. I'm goin' thar, an' right glad yew arn't dumb. Dew yew know any of these ere railroad men?"

"A few of them."

"Wal, I'm right glad for tew hear it. Dew yew know this ere Tom Scott?"

"I have seen him."

"I'm darned glad tew hear it. You're the fust man I ever met who'd seen him. Everybody knows somethin' 'bout Tom Scott, but I'll be hornswaggled if I ever got so near tew him before. Now who is this ere Tom Scott—any 'lations tew the old General?"

"I guess not."

"Wal, I'm thunderin' glad tew hear it; I allus liked the ole General. I voted for him, I did, an' I howled for him, too, yew bet. But who is this ere Tom Scott?" he persisted.

"Oh, about as good a looking man as you are."

"Wal, that arn't sayin' much for him. But what kind of a man is he—kind o' libral like?"

"Oh, moderately so," replied the great railroad king resolved to humor the old fellow.

"Wal, now, I'm right glad for tew hear it."

"Why so?"

"Cause I'm goin' for him when I get to Philimiclink. I am, yew bet," said he, shaking his head.

"What for; perhaps I can assist you."

"Wal, now, p'raps yew can. You see one of his darned

railroads runs through my farm, and he killed an old sow for me, an' left a litter of ten orphun pigs on me, an' the ole woman has got ter bring em up by hand.'

"That is bad."

"Yew can jes bet on it, stranger; an' now I've managed tew squeeze a free pass out o' the company to Philimiclink to see this ere Tom Scott, an' I'm right glad for tew find yew know him. Now, stranger, I kinder like yew; yew look kinder good an' smart, an' I don't mind tellin' yew that I'm comin' down on that are Tom Scott the wust way."

"What do you propose doing?"

"Wal, I'm some on the perthetic, I am; an' if I can only get at him, yew can't guess how I'll put the misery tew him. P'raps yew'll go up an' take a hand in with me; I don't mind payin' you well if yew'll only come the sorrowful on the old cuss. I'll go in kind o' rough like, yew see, an' yew foller me with the harrerin perthetics."

Scott laughed in spite of himself.

"We'll fix him. Git a hundred out o' him, sure pop."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, sure! Yew see, these ere railroad chaps don't know the valye o' sows; besides, yew must come the orphun and b'reavement dodge on him. Tell him all about the lonesomeness of those little pigs 'an the anxiety the old woman has in bringin' um up by hand. Oh, we'll 'stonish him with his sin in killin' honest people's sows."

In spite of Scott's preoccupied mind he could but give way to this old fraud and laugh at the ludicrousness of



SCOTT'S FIRST RAILROADING. HE COMMENCES AT AN EARLY AGE AS "TRACK-WALKER" FOR FUN.

the situation. He learned all of the particulars, and then giving him directions where to go in order to find Tom Scott when he arrived in Philadelphia, he disengaged himself from the sow-mourner and sought another car, promising to be at Scott's office to assist him in coming the pathetic.

In due time the hoosier found his way to the company's office, and asked to see Mr. Scott. That gentleman had given orders to admit him at once, and the astonished man came near losing his breath when Tom Scott was pointed out to him.

"Thunder and whisky!" he gasped, "be yew Tom Scott?" he asked, approaching his desk.

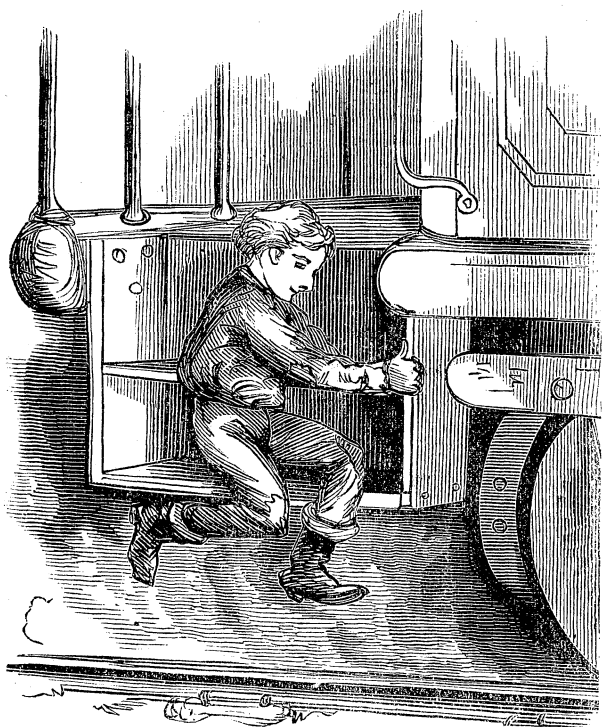
"I suppose I am, sir," replied he.

"Wal, dog my sister's cat, if I hain't put my foot intew it good an' fat this time. I hope yew'll 'scuse me."

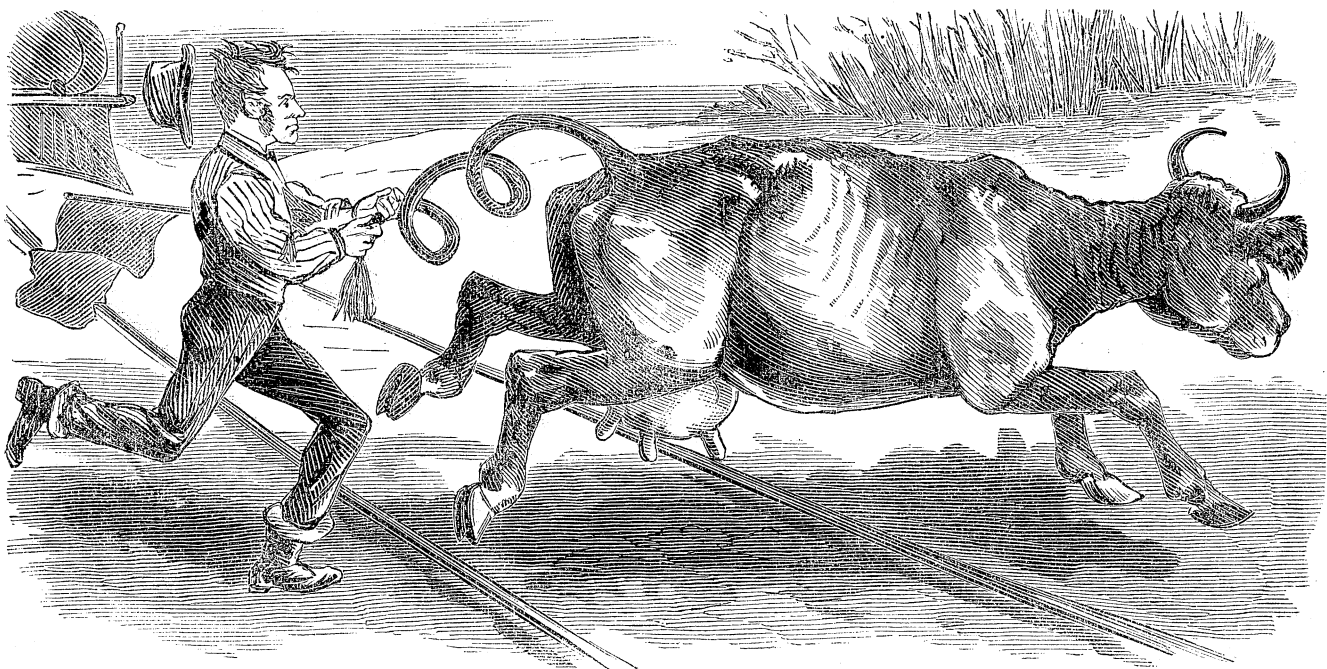
"Oh, certainly; but I'm afraid I shan't be able to get you a hundred dollars for that sow," said he, laughing.

"Oh, darn it, Mr. Scott, gin us what's fair, an' I'll say no more 'bout it. Thunder an' whisky, how I did put my foot in it!"

Mr. Scott paid him liberally for his murdered sow, and gave him a free pass back to his home again, and has enjoyed many a hearty laugh since then at the expense of the old hoosier who was so anxious to know who that Tom Scott was.



SCOTT'S FIRST ADVENT ON A TRAIN OF CARS; HIS FIRST FREE PASS. JUST LIVELY ENOUGH TO SUIT HIM.



SCOTT'S FIRST REGULAR EMPLOYMENT ON A RAILROAD WAS AS FLAGMAN. HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY TWISTING THE TAIL OF A COW THAT INSISTED UPON "TOSSING" THE LOCOMOTIVE, THUS SAVING THE LIFE OF THE ANIMAL AND SEVERAL LIVES ON THE TRAIN. THE PASSENGERS ADMIRING THE ACT, AND RAISED A PURSE THAT ENABLED HIM TO GET A START IN LIFE, AND TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE OWNER OF THE COW, WHO SUED HIM FOR TWISTING HER TAIL OUT OF JOINT.

GATZMER AND HIS NEW CONDUCTOR.

EVERYBODY who has been "on the road," or who knows anything about Camden and Amboy, of course has heard of Wm. H. Gatzmer, who for years, running into the scores, was the Superintendent of the Camden and Amboy Railway. His headquarters and general office was in the old brick building at the foot of Walnut street, opposite the Camden Ferry. Gatzmer had been in his earlier days a printer, and long after he became the monarch over conductors, brakemen, and "sich," he had a sneaking kindness for the craft.

To him the "dead heads," chronic and occasional, were compelled to come for their passes; and upon him they charged pell-mell with all the tricks, traps, and odd dodges to bamboozle him out of those mysterious bits of paper which conductors were bound to respect.

Up in his dingy office, himself seated at his desk, from which he could look out through the windows upon the broad river, its shipping, the ferry houses, and over beyond Smith's island upon the distant Jersey shore and Camden, he sat in state, dispensed "complimentaries," gave judgment upon conductors, considered the promotion of brakemen, baggage-masters, and reviewed all the complicated business of the great road to whose fortunes he had devoted the better part of his life.

One day it had been noised about that there was a chance for a conductorship on a "way train," the old con-

ductor having been transferred by a misplaced switch into realms where switches and broken rails are not. At once came to Gatzmer a score of applicants of all degrees of experience and ability, and some with no ability and less experience.

A hard-looking customer, seedy, and with the indistinct reminiscence of a shirt collar—which, like a man with a loose leg, had a painful limp to it—a greasy cap, and a short stubble beard, slouched in, and stood himself up before the "old man."

"Well, sir!" said Gatzmer, glaring like a locomotive headlight upon the apparition.

"Yes, I'm well, sir," easily replied the visitor. "You're the souperintendent, ain't you?"

"I am."

"Well, I heerd you're wantin' a new conductor, and I come to see."

"Do you understand a conductor's duties. What road have you been on?"

"Well, I've been on the Camden road, the Germantown road, the—"

"Not as a conductor."

"Not adzackly. I druv the hoss-cars; wos hed brakeman an' driver—"

"That'll do; *we* don't want you; you don't know enough to switch a sand train."

"Switch! I don't? Well, it ain't ten minutes sence I switched off my Jim—pealed him—an—but I say, supe—

them's a nice cider mill o' yourn!" pointing to the letter press. "Model, I spose. Got the paytent yit? No! Curus, aint it. Looks like it 'd squish the juce out'n a door knob. Curus! Whirl that thing around, then the flat thing goes down, kinder screws itself—yes. Curus." As he thus, seemingly absorbed in contemplating the wonderful contrivance, uttered his observations, he walked around behind the table, and in doing so awkwardly jostled against Gatzmer, who had then arisen, half angry at the fellow's stupidity or insolence.

"I beg pardon"—here he leisurely seated himself upon the corner of the table, and rested his broad hand upon a pile of papers and bills which lay upon the cloth. "I say, general, hadn't you better 'zamine me, and see whether I wouldn't do for the boss ticket shuffler on your road?"

"No, sir, go out of here. There's the door. I'm busy," cried the now thoroughly enraged superintendent. "Your'e an idiot."

"Yaas;" and the visitor slowly backed towards the door; "but hadn't you better 'zamine me 'fore I go; praps I—"

"Leave the office!" thundered the old man.

"Yaas," said Greeny, opening the door; "but *hadn't* you better 'zamine me. You can't tell, you know—"

"Go."



BELIEVING THAT THERE IS SOMETHING IN HIS HEAD OUT OF THE GENERAL RUN, HE GOES TO A PROFESSOR OF PHRENOLOGY TO LEARN WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT LINE OF BUSINESS HE IS BEST FITTED FOR. THE PROFESSOR SAYS THERE IS A DEAL OF "IRONY" IN HIS COMPOSITION, AND THAT HE HAS A GREAT WAY OF "RAILING" AT THINGS. THIS SETTLED IT, AND SCOTT AT ONCE BECAME A RAILROAD MAN.

"Well, if you won't 'zamine me, all right; but you mustn't blame me ef—" He was gone.

The superintendent seated himself at the table.

"Good G—d! That package of bonds—eh?—my—my watch—chain cut!" A glance at the "cider press"—"and!"—

He rushed to the door, and down stairs. Too late. The fellow was nowhere in sight.

"Well," said he afterwards, when telling the story," I thought that cuss was after a chance to rob the company at so much a month, but I'm hanged if it isn't the first time I ever heerd of a candidate for conductor *practising* on the superintendent first."

The "applicant" was afterwards arrested, and proved to be one of the most adroit pickpockets and office thieves known to the police. "So, your'e up at last, you scoundrel," said Gatzmer to him.

"Yaas," said the thief, nonchalantly, and assuming the drawl of the greeny, "Yaas, Gatz, and ef you'd only made me conductor, I'd a bin runnin' the whole road and the State of Jersey on my own hook by this time. How's that cider press?"

A BRAKEMAN'S DRY STORY.

BRAKEMAN BROWN (now Conductor Brown), on the Grand Trunk road, gets off a yarn which he, as in duty bound, swears is true—"Switch me off, if it isn't!"—concerning a countryman, who never before in the whole course of his mortal career had beheld a railway train or locomotive. He loafed into the depot, and out upon the platform, leading, by about four feet of bed cord, a thin, loose-legged, flat-headed dog—one of those dogs which look like an accident nobody expected. He tackled the conductor.

"Ready to start, eh?"

"Yes," was the curt reply of that functionary.

"Where's the animiles; hain't hitched in yit, I spose?" And he wandered up to the locomotive, and gazed at it, his eyes enlarging like saucers. "Shoh!" he said to the conductor, "kerry yer kitchen with yer, eh? Hefty load that. How many critters does it take to yerk this concern, eh?"

"Twelve pair up hill, one hoss can take it down hill."

"Shoh! what's the tax for a five mile ride, eh?"

"Git aboard," said the engineer, "and try it; 'twont cost much."

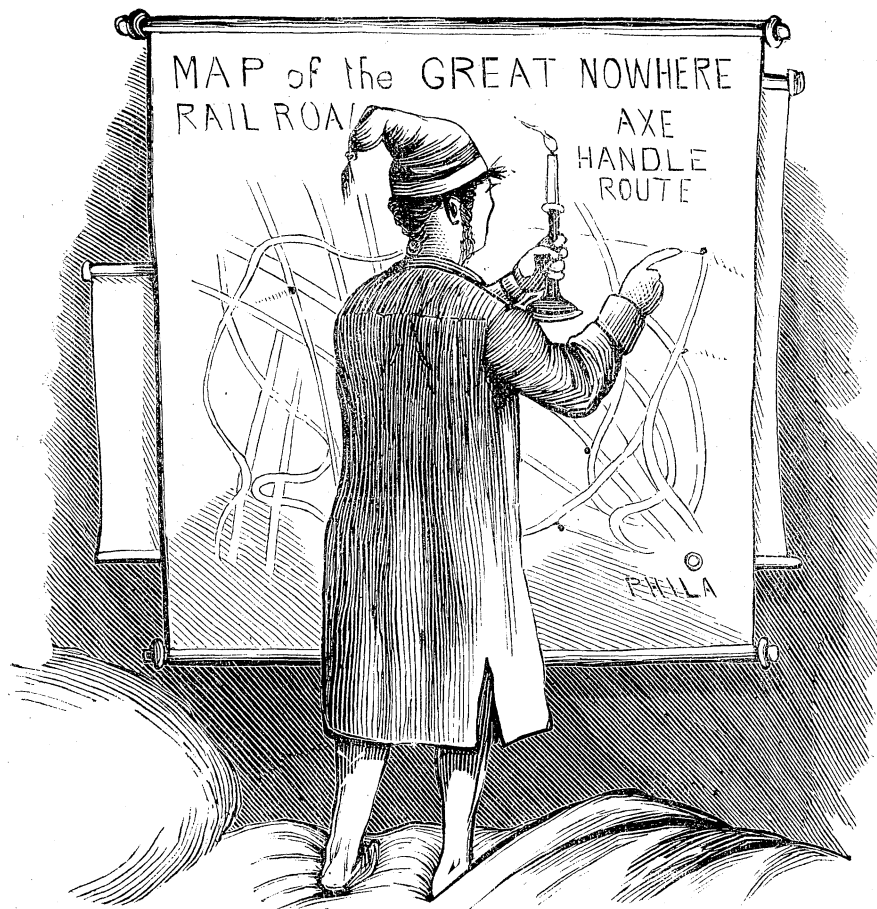
"Guess I will giv it a shake."

He loafed back, and was about entering a car, when the conductor met him. "Can't take that dog in the cars, sir!"

"Can't; well what in thunder 'll I do with him; why, that air dog—"

"No dogs in the cars, sir."

"Well, where do *you* ride?" After this poke at the official, a brilliant idea struck him. He jerked the dog after him to the rear car, and tied the rope fast to the



RAILROADING BECOMES A MANIA WITH MR. SCOTT. HE OFTEN USED TO GET UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO STUDY A RAILROAD-MAP AND TO PLAN NEW ENTERPRISES.

lower part of the railing. "There, he can trot along behind just as well."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor.

Greeny climbed into the car, and dropped into a seat. A clank—a start—a snort, and puff-puff—whiz! and the train moved out of the depot and whirled away, Greeny, meanwhile, bestowing his special attention upon the ceiling of the car and its fanciful painting. Presently the train slackened in speed, then stopped. Conductor shouted, "Cross-roads—Forks—change cars for South Skunksville," and Greeny slouched out upon the platform, and made for the end of the rear car, to which he had hitched his dog. All he found attached to the rope was the dog's head and a fragment of his foreshoulder.

"Je-whillikens! Well, I'm d--d. This is the fastest m I ever know'd to outrun that ar dog." And he left in disgust.

HOW BEAU HICKMAN "FIXED" CONDUCTOR BILL.

THERE was an especial object of curiosity in Washington, some years ago, and his name was Beau Hickman.

The Beau, like his great prototype, Brummel, regarded mankind in the aggregate as a pigeon to be plucked, and he plucked accordingly.

Hickman seemed to take unbounded delight in getting ahead of railroad men. If he could bamboozle a president or a superintendent of a road, he was in ecstasy. The Beau was a traveler, too. Want of cash never curtailed his trips; his futility in the invention of expedients and his unconquerable brass were equal to anybody else's bank account.

Upon one occasion he took it into his head to visit Baltimore. Of course, payment of fare was not considered. There was one conductor who had an intense disgust of the Beau, and the Beau knew it. He had upon three or four previous trips tricked the official in such a manner that remedy was impossible. He had to grin and bear it in silence, or, by narrating how the Beau had beaten him, become the laughing-stock of the road. That sort of stock isn't above par.

Well, off started the Beau for the depot. Arriving there, he found his arch enemy and victim was the conductor under whose auspices he would have to travel or wait for the next train. Waiting wasn't in Hickman's line.

"Now, see here, Hickman," said Bill—the conductor meeting him on the platform. "See here, are you going on this train?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the Beau, with a jaunty twirl of his cane, which riled Bill.

"Then all I've got to say is, you'd better get your ticket before you get aboard. You've played it on me three times already, and I'm d——d if I'm going to be sold again, d'ye hear?" and then he added, as he turned away, "Mind, now, Beau, I'll not take you if you don't, if I have to drop you off in the middle of the Snake Swamp."

Hickman sauntered toward the ticket office, stood around until "All Aboard" was shouted, and then coolly took his seat in a rear car, hoisted the window, and prepared for action—to beat the conductor. In his hat-band he had placed a card, remotely resembling in size and color a railway ticket.

"Tickets!" cried the conductor, entering the car. At once the Beau ran his head with his hat on it out of the window, and was apparently absorbed in an examination of the passing landscape.

Along came the conductor. "Tickets, gentlemen!"

Hickman, with his head and hat out of the window, heeded not the call. The conductor touched him on the shoulder.

"Come, now, Hickman—none of that!" Still Hickman remained, paid no attention, no more than if there was no human being within a mile of him. Again the conductor nudged him, and again—

"D——n it, ticket—Hickman, come now!" and he grasped the Beau by the shoulder, and gave him the roughest sort of a shake. This was precisely what the Beau wanted. He suddenly jerked his head in, as if in a furious rage at being so unexpectedly assaulted, and in doing so, off went his hat—flying, but beyond all recovery, save by stopping the train, and going back after it.

"Ticket, sir"

"Ticket be d——d! What do you mean?" roared Beau, with a well-assumed appearance of rage and indignation, "by insulting a gentleman in this manner! Ticket, eh! I had my ticket in the band of that new hat—cost me ten dollars, which you shook off my head by your unnecessary roughness"

Bill was puzzled. As the Beau was drawing in his head, and the hat was knocked off, he had caught a momentary glance of something resembling a ticket stuck in the band. Still he suspected a trick.

"Come, Hickman. You had no business with your head out of the window. You must pay your fare!"

Then Hickman burst out. He appealed to the passengers, two or three of whom—strangers to the Beau—assured the conductor they had seen the ticket in his hat-band. He dared him to put him off, defied him, swore he'd complain to the superintendent, and that he'd have pay for his hat, if it took a ten years' law-suit.

Conductor Bill was dumbfounded, and to his intense discouragement he saw that many of the passengers, either for the joke of it or seriously, sided with the Beau.

"I can prove I bought my ticket," shouted Hickman, "and paid for it"

"It'll be the first time, then, you ever paid for anything," growled Bill. A moment after he leaned over to Hickman, and savagely whispered, "Hickman, you've beat me again, d——n you! Keep mum, and I'll say nothing."

"But, my hat!"

"You shall have a new one as soon as we get into Baltimore—but, by the jumpin' Jupiter, if ever I catch you on a train of mine, I'll heave you off, ticket or no ticket, if I'm hung for it!"

Next day, at Baltimore, Hickman, with his new silk "plug" gently careened over his right eye, had told everybody he met how he'd fixed "Bill."

But he didn't strike Bill's train again.

AN UMBRELLA JUMPER.

OLD Sam Smith, an ex-conductor who belongs "West," tells a yarn of an old chap who got on a train on the Milwaukee and Detroit road—while he, the veritable Sam, was running it.

The man had got on at Detroit, and just as the train was clear of the depot, and had begun to shake down to its work, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, up he bounced from his seat, as suddenly as if he had sat down upon a pile of fish-hooks and needles, points upwards.

"Je-whillikens!" was his single exclamation, as he plunged wildly through the car, jerked open the door, and darted out upon the platform.

"Je-whillikens!" he repeated, and then leaped off—turning somewhere about forty somersaults, and whirling about arms and legs promiscuously, until he brought up breathless and somewhat flattened out against a board fence.

But he luckily escaped other injury than that of an uncomfortable but thorough shaking up of his body corporate.

The train was instantly slowed up—but the old man waved his hand, and shouted with what small amount of wind the concussion had left in his lungs. "Go on with yer wagon, I'm all straight." As the train started on, the passengers saw him walking back toward the depot.

In a short time he put in an appearance at that institution, looking all around, peering under the seats, into the corners, and in all the old nooks inside and out.

Suddenly he paused—his face assumed an expression of extreme disgust, he slapped his hand upon his leg—and uttering an expletive which for force and profanity would have won the admiration of a New York political rough, exclaimed:

"Thunderin' old fool that I am. I thought I'd left my umbrella in here, and I jumped off the keers and nigh upon broke my neck and now, cuss me, ef I don't remember chuckin' it in under the keer-seat. That's allus the way when a feller's in a hurry and wants to git ahead."

THE PRINCE ON "CHEEK."

THOSE who approached the late James Fisk, Jr., without thoroughly understanding his character and disposition, did so with a sort of fear and trembling—fear of being instantaneously snubbed by the autocrat of all the Eries, and trembling in doubt as to any favorable consideration of their business, whatsoever it might be.

And he did sometimes snub people, and make others do probably as large an amount of trembling as they ever did before in the whole course of their natural lives. He had a remarkable aptitude in reading, almost at a glance, the real motives which actuated those with whom his multifarious and gigantic schemes brought him in contact. Whether a man was right or wrong, he always admired "spunk" in him. "A man that's spunky generally has nerve," was the Colonel's remark one day to a friend, "and nerve in these times is equal to a fortune."

"Nerve—spunk? Well, Colonel, what *is* nerve?"

"Nerve! Why, d—n it, man, nerve is a first-class article of cheek—cheek, sir; and it'd carry the Angel Gabriel straight through the lower regions without scorching a hair. Nerve is cheek."

"Then, Colonel, what do you call modesty?"

"Rushing up an alley way to dodge meeting a creditor who don't see you," was the reply; "and a great many of my acquaintances have an immense deal of that sort of modesty. I'll lend a man ten dollars any time on his cheek, for I can calculate pretty nearly that his cheek is a paying institution; but when he draws his face out as long as a coffin-lid, and shivers and shakes, and stammers, and bows and scrapes, and comes all that, he don't git much out of me, for he'll never have nerve—that's cheek—enough to meet me again."

And this brings us to our yarn, or rather to the Colonel's yarn, which involves a pair of illustrations of his ideas of the nerve which was most likely to carry a man through safely and prosperously.

One day, late in the afternoon, in his younger days, and perhaps long before he had ever dreamed of being famous either as a financier, railway king, or military chief, theatrical manager, and the prince of steamboat men—long before even he thought of being speculator in salt and cotton, or an operator in drygoods, he was driving his peddler's wagon upon one of the country roads up in Vermont, when he was hailed by an old woman. She stood in the door of the farm-house of which her "old man" claimed ownership.

"Say, yeou! Mister, yeou!" she yelled.

"All right, ma'am," said Fisk, in his hearty, cheery tone, pulling up to the side of the road his load of tinware and notions, rattling a jolly accompaniment to his voice as he did so—"All right, ma'am. What is it to-day, eh? Got some nice pie-pans—can't be beat—had 'em made to order expressly for this road—dish-pans—muffin-rings, eh? No? Well, what is it, then, ma'am?"

The old woman disappeared into the house for a mo-

ment, and then came out, followed by her "old man," whittling down a plug of dog-leg tobacco preparatory to filling a black cob pipe, over which his lips closed tightly. Following him came half-a-dozen light-headed youngsters.

Fisk leaped from his tinware throne to the ground.

"Say!" began the old woman, savagely, holding up a large tin dish pan, which shone as bright as if it had just come from its maker's hands, "Say, mister, this here's one of your pans. Don't deny it. And it's jest like all o' your peddler traps, not worth the trouble it took to solder it. Jest look at it."

The future Prince of Erie grasped the pan, carefully examined it inside and out.

"Why, ma'am, I dop't see anything wrong in this pan. It's heavy block tin, and as strong as a hoss-trough."

"Nothin' the matter with it! D'ye s'pose I'm green? D'ye think, mister peddler, I don't know when I'm swindled. D'ye think my old man dunno? Er these ere young uns, er Mrs. Skimmins an' her old man dunno, who said ef they was me they'd make you pay for sich mean trickery, eh? Look at that ere pan agin, young fellar; hold it up to the light, an' tell me ef there's nothin' the matter with it."

He held it up to the light; he became aware of the fact that there was a small, very small, hole in the shining bottom of that otherwise perfect specimen of the tin-smith's productive genius, and he knew he had sold her that leaky pan which had aroused her indignation and excited the ire of all the neighbors roundabout to whom she had shown it. His reputation as an honest peddler was at stake. The trade of that road was imperiled; but the hole was exceedingly small.

"And it ain't the first time, young man, you've tried to poke your leaky traps onto us onto this road, and I know it. There was Seth Bung's bucket and Aunt Sally Paine's long-handled dipper, every one of 'em hed holes into 'em, an' leaked like a haystack, an' you can't deny it. Now, I want another pan for this right off, er I'll have the law of you. My old man's cousin on his mother's side is a constable, an'—"

"Certainly, ma'am, I'll change it if you want me to."

"Want you to!" she half shrieked. "Wa'al, that is cool."

"Yes, ma'am; but," said the prince, "I see you have made a mistake—great mistake. This is just the pan I did not intend to sell you. I knew that pan was—"

"W-h-a-t!" she cried. "Young man, do you mean to tell me—"

"Just this, ma'am." The ineffable coolness and cheek of the prince was appalling at this precise moment. He was ready for any emergency. "Just this, ma'am," he continued, "but I thought as I had sold it to you by mistake I'd not mention it, and give you the benefit of the bargain."

"W-h-a-t!" call that ere pan a bargain?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do. Now, see here, that's not ordinary

common tin, that pan. It's the new kind of nickel-tin, and it's worth five dollars—"

"F-i-v-e w-h-a-t! Why, you oudashus—" A five-dollar dish-pan fairly took the old lady's breath away.

"Five dollars, ma'am. It was made expressly for Judge Slocum, of Rutland. You see, ma'am, I'll exchange with you at once. That hole, ma'am, in the pan is made on purpose. It's a small pan, or the hole in the bottom would be bigger. You see this new kind of tin is different from common tin. Have you tried it yet?"

"To be sure I hev. I put a gallon of well water into it, clean, jest out of the well."

"Exactly. This tin mustn't be used that way, ma'am. You must first fill it with hot water. You see this new kind of tin swells with hot water. That hole is put there to allow for the swell. The heat expands the metal, the hole fills up, and then there's never any looseness or snappin' to the bottom. But I'll take it back and give you another, and I'm much obliged to you for hailing me. You see—"

"No." The old woman's desire to take advantage of what she imagined was to the peddler's loss was too strong to be resisted. "Nickel-tin, eh? Swells, eh? Judge Slocum, so! Hot water first, shoh! Five dollars? Jingoe, the jedge must be a high liver. Them jedges allers is expensive. Young man, I'll take your word; but ef you fool me, an' my old man's a witness, I'll take the law of you."

Jim drove on, and never *happened* to hear that "old" lady hailing him again.

"There," said he, "that nickel-tin job was nerve-check!"

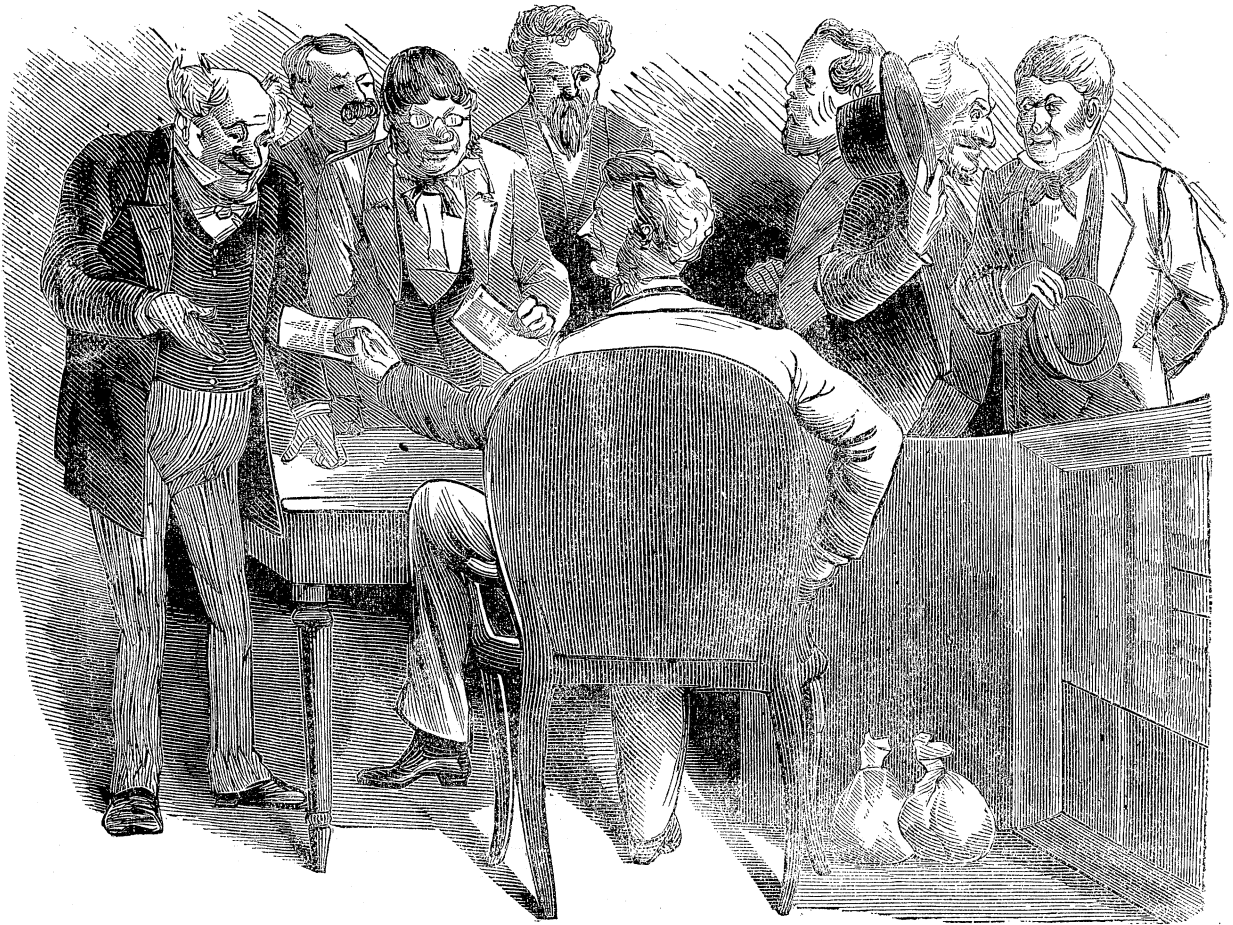
A TUNNEL SKETCH.

THE 10.15 train glided from the city. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly-marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized, delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand and a *soupeçon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young man. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a mustache, but not a repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pig-

tails, on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco-smoke to the color of tobacco-juice; his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place; his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none; in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a *young gentleman*. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to do—woman. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-à-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Rye, and was lost to posterity, bet ten dollars to three that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done! Done!" Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Rye the party was reduced to three. At the next station one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading the hero of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day; he bought a *Times* and a *WILD OATS*; the latter was full of steel-pen thrusts and woodcuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *WILD OATS*. Now, laughing together thaws our human ice; long before another station it was a talking-match—at that, who so devoted as Captain Dolignan!—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cock-tailed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter; the average one would have staid with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained in *tête-à-tête* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how *empresé*, how expressive he becomes. Such was Dolignan after Reading, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer; pres-



A LOT OF OLD FOGIES, HAVING BUST UP A RAILROAD, THINK THEY HAVE GOT A "SOFT THING" IN SELLING OUT TO MR. SCOTT AT A VERY LOW FIGURE.

ently our captain looked out of window and laughed; this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why—hem! it is a gentleman's joke."

"Oh, I don't mind it's being silly, if it makes me laugh." Captain Dolignan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: "A lady and her husband sat together going through the Tunnel — there was one gentleman opposite; it was pitch dark; after the Tunnel the lady said, 'George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the Tunnel!'—'I did no such thing!'—'You didn't?'—'No! why?'—'Why, because somehow I thought you did!'" Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the Tunnel.

Miss Haythorn.—"Ah!"

Dolignan.—"What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn.—"I am frightened."

Dolignan—(moving to her side). "Pray, do not be alarmed, I am near you."

Miss Haythorn.—"You *are* near me, very near me, indeed, Captain Dolignan."

Dolignan.—"You know my name!"

Miss Haythorn.—"I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolignan.—"I could be content to spend hours here reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss Haythorn.—"Nonsense!"

Dolignan.—"Pweep!" (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn.—"Ee! Ee! Ee!"

Friend.—"What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn.—"Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present, "Hit boys as big as yourself"—bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristo-



BUT IMAGINE THE FEELINGS OF THE EX-PRESIDENT ON READING, A FEW DAYS AFTERWARDS, THAT THE BONDS WERE SELLING AT NINETY CENTS WITH ACCRUED INTEREST, PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY IN GOLD.

phanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, *sore* against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the Tunnel and B— our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignon that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment—a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard-balls and cigars; he had seen cannon-balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker,

but with it some moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignon told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the younger man's temples, and his senior added: "I mean to say he was thirty-five; you, I presume, are twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the \$3.00, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it!"

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectability know that this dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance: and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball. He

was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable Yankees. He was looking, in vain, for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eye—another look: “It can’t be—yes, it is!” Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name!) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing; but, having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill-taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured. “Who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He had never kissed her, I suppose,” said Dolly. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer’s clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer’s clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady’s name, however, was at least revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest promenade. Dolignan did the same, he met and passed her many times on the Ramble, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was* punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name: she gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, “How stupid they are!” Embold-

ened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime.

“She did not know!”

“She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball where *everybody was to be.*” They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover’s arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

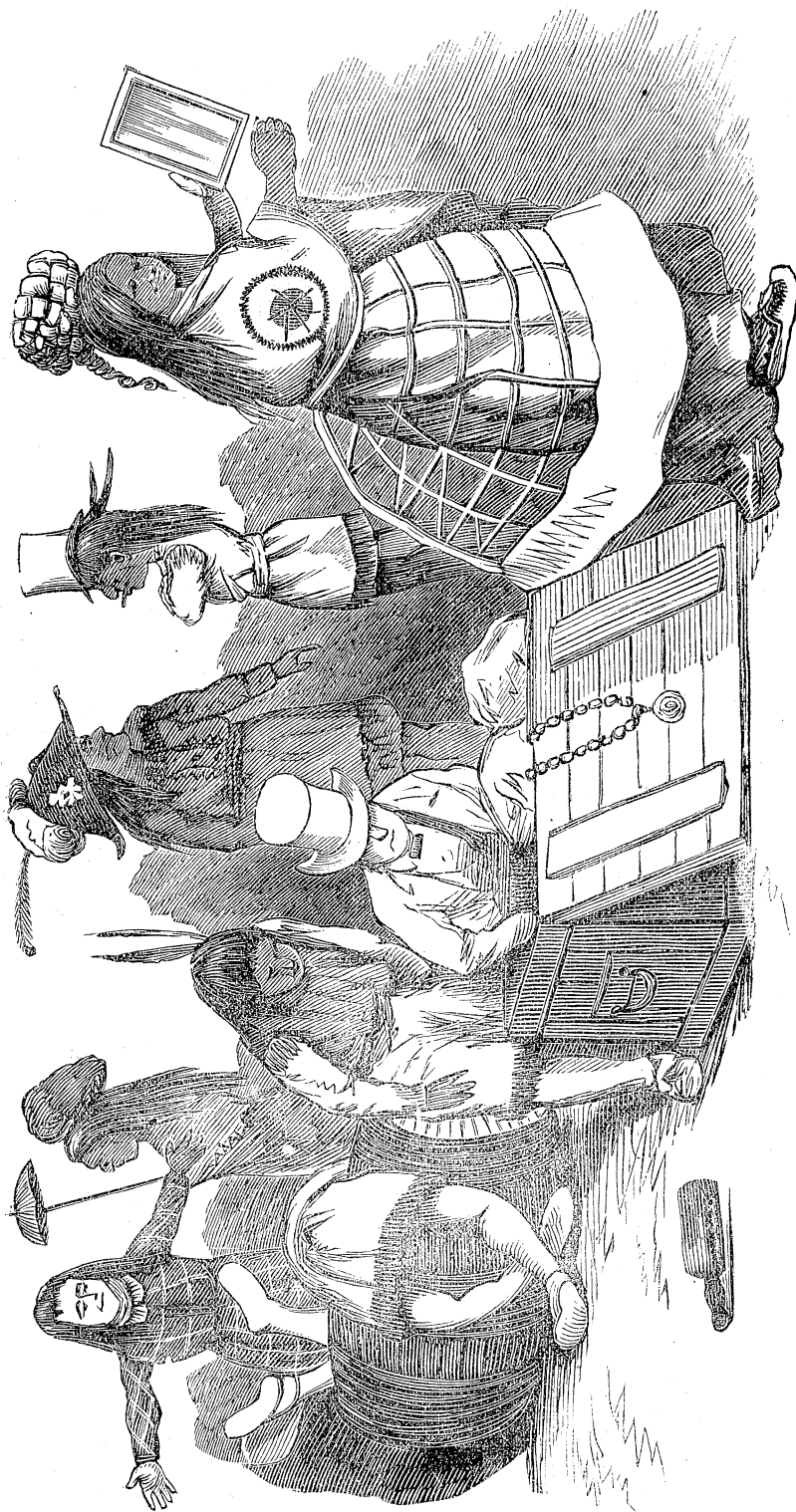
He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Tunnel affair, that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, U. S. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that, “It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose.” My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness which encouraged him; that consciousness deepened into confusion—she tried to laugh, cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was “George,” and “Marian,” instead of Captain this, and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy—they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—duck-like, and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from under her long eye-lashes. “Marian,” said George, “married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—”

“Yes! yes!”

“Well, then! you remember the Tunnel” (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it); “I am ashamed to say I had bet \$3 to \$10, with White, I would kiss one



“SCOTT’S TACTICS.”

WHEN SCOTT EXTENDS HIS TRACKS THROUGH AN INDIAN COUNTRY, HE DON'T REQUIRE A UNITED STATES ESCORT OF SOLDIERS, BUT HE GIVES THE MEN ALL THE “FIRE-WATER” THEY WANT, AND THE SQUAWS HOOP-SKIRTS AND CHIGNONS, AND EVERYTHING IS LOVELY. IT'S ALL BECAUSE HE UNDERSTANDS HUMAN NATURE AND ITS LITTLE WEAKNESSES.



GETTING AT THE MEAT OF THE NUT.

Interviewer.—"MR. SCOTT, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR YOUR GREAT SUCCESS?"

Mr. Scott.—"BRAINS AND MONEY, AND THE SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF OTHERS."

of you two ladies;" and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh, you overheard me! impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet, how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know, but what about?"

"That, if you did, you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh!—but stay—then you could not have been so very angry with me, love; why, dearest, then who brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me?"

"Sweet angel, why, here is the Tunnel!"

Now, reader—fie!—no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place—besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people—no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

THE Indian language is noted for its melody, and no one that has ever conversed with the noble savage in his native wilds can ever forget the eloquent harmony of his gutturals. A writer has discovered that the word love, in the Indian language, is spelled thus—"Sehemmendamearchewayer." What girl could resist the importunities of a man who informed her he had a good deal of that for her?

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

IF all railroad travelers would inquire their destination as thoroughly as this Irishman set out to, they would not be apt to be carried by. It is better, however, not to make all the inquiries of one person.

Two Pittsfield lawyers, journeying from Springfield, Mass., westward, a few days since, happened to sit in front of a foreigner and his wife who were little versed in American travel, and fearful of going wrong. At the first station the foreigner interrupted the lawyers' conversation with:

"What place is this, sir?"

"West Springfield," was the bland reply.

In a short time the train stopped again, and again the question:

"What place is this, sir?"

"Westfield," said the lawyer.

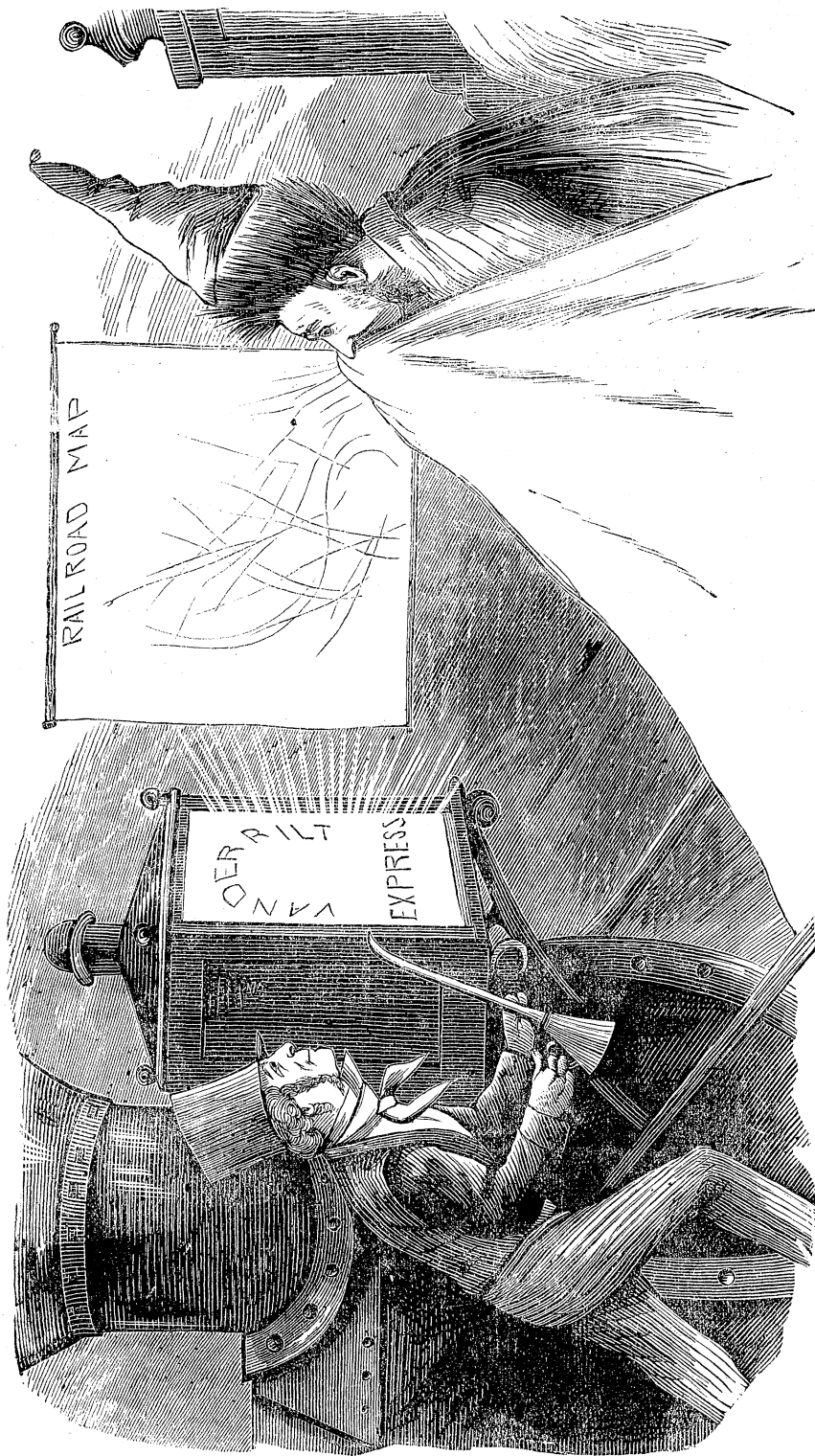
Russell, Huntington, Chester, Beckett, Washington and Hinsdale each brought out the same inquiry, which each time received reply, though the blandness gradually disappeared.

As the train approached Dalton the foreigner leaned over to ask the inevitable question, when he was interrupted with:

"See here, my man, where are you going? If you'll let me know, I'll tell you when to leave the train."

"Where am I goin'?" said the foreigner. "Faith, I'm goin' to Omaha; an' is it the next place?"

A CANADIAN lunatic recently took a little child in a skiff and started for the falls, as he said, on a voyage to heaven, being an angel sent for the child. The father got his rifle and went gunning for that "angel," and stopped him just in time to prevent his child from being made one.



TOM SCOTT'S NIGHTMARE.

THE ONLY THING THAT TROUBLES THE GREAT RAILROAD KING IS A NIGHTMARE, WHICH OFTEN COMES UPON HIM, WHEREIN COMMODORE VANDERBILT, ON A THUNDERING FORTY-TON LOCOMOTIVE, AS REPRESENTED ABOVE, SEEMS TO BE ON THE POINT OF DASHING UPON HIM; BUT, AS SCOTT IS THE YOUNGER MAN OF THE TWO, IT IS PROBABLE HE WILL GET OVER THIS TROUBLE IN TIME.

BUYING ERIE.

As the Prince of Erie was seated in his office one day, a tall, cadaverous specimen of humanity called upon him, and at once opened communication.

"Mr. Fisk, I like the way you are managing the Erie road. I like you, and I want to get mixed up with you, somehow; and having a few thousand to expend, I think I will buy some shares of Erie stock."

Fisk was in the habit of measuring people before he allowed them to approach too near, and he at once concluded that this man had a "point" to make.

"All right. The shares are selling at forty. How many will you take?" he asked at length.

"Let me have a thousand."

"Correct. Here, Tom, have you any stock printed off?"

"No, sir."

"Well, set the press right to work, and print off a thousand for this gentleman."

"What?" said the would-be buyer, with mouth and eyes agape. "Do you print stock to order?"

"Oh, yes; we keep a press on purpose."

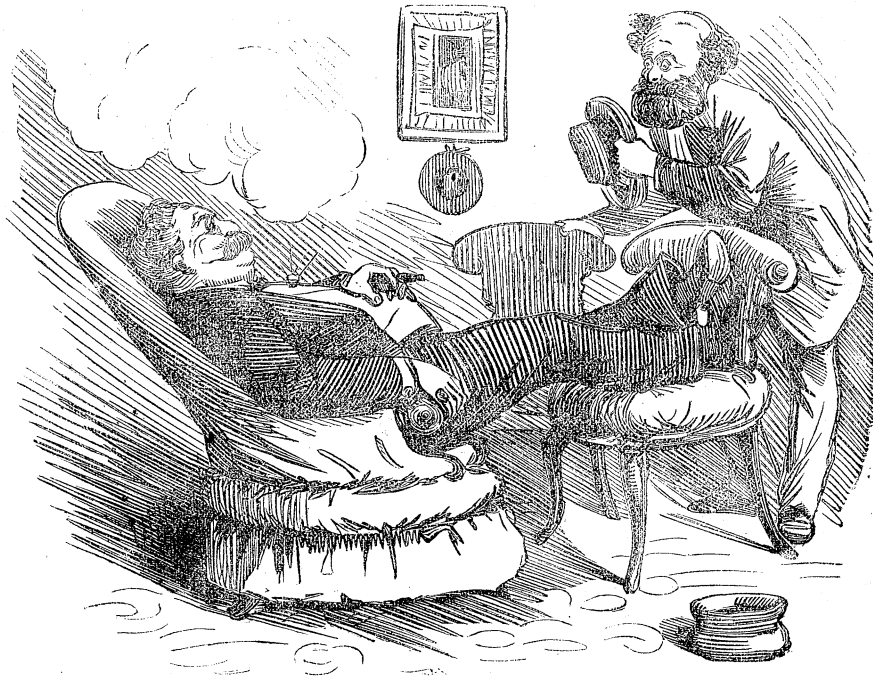
"Well, I have got to go out and see a man, and I will call again by the time they are printed," saying which he bowed himself out.

"That settled him. He's got all the shares in Erie he wants," said the jolly prince, laughing. "Now, see if we don't have it reported in the paper that we print shares

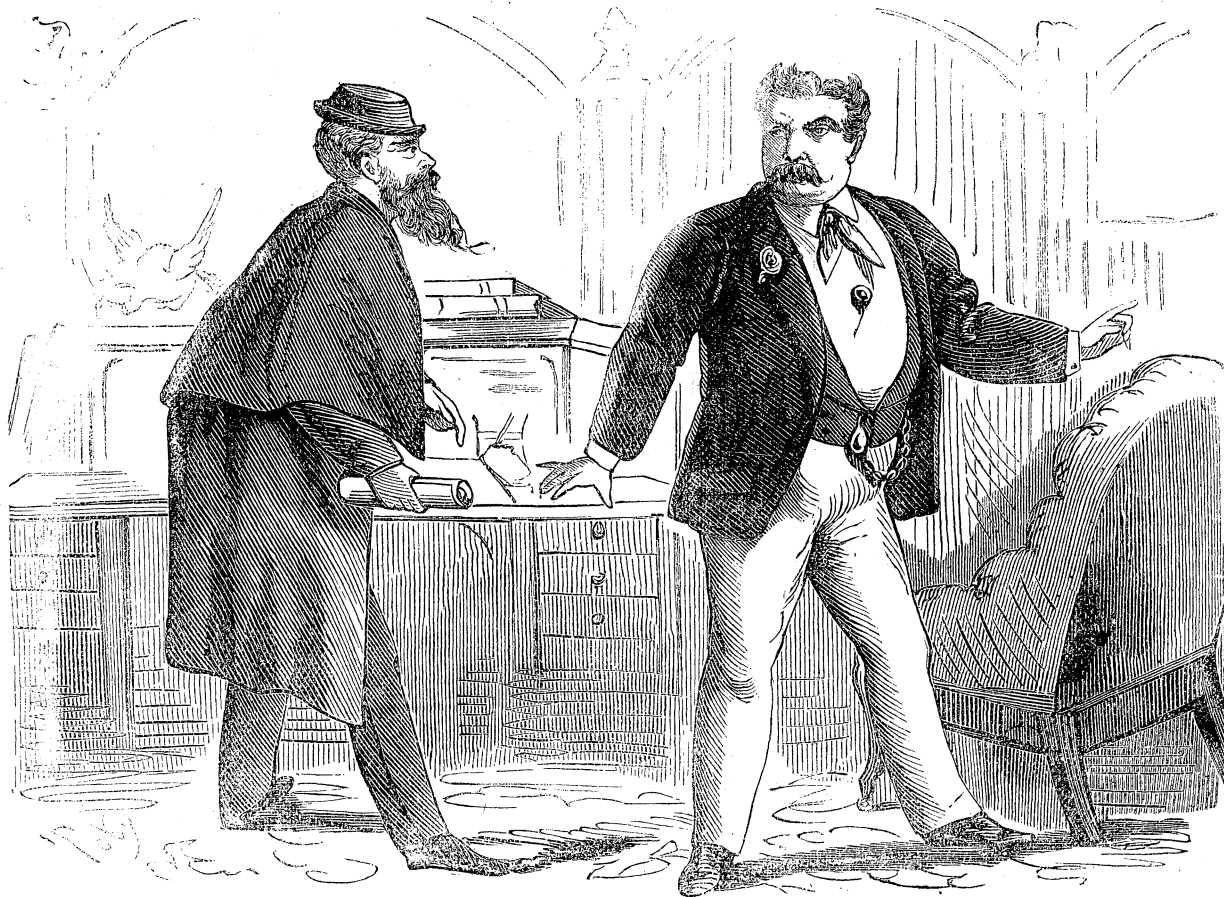
to order here. It would only be on a par with other things that they tell about us. I'll give 'em all they want if they come to me to make a point."

ARN'T things getting somewhat mixed here in New York? Steal a man's watch, and get caught, you will be sent to state prison for ten or fifteen years; murder him in cold blood, and you can escape with two years and a half!

SMITH'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—The raw Irish girl up at Smith's undertook to cook the turkey for them on Thanksgiving day. Not being accustomed to such tasks, she not only omitted to "draw" the bird, but she boiled it in the utensil which had held the indigo on washing day. When the turkey came to the table, Smith said he thought there was something peculiar about its appearance, and his suspicions respecting its taste were confirmed when he ate a piece of the breast. Mrs. Smith suggested that the bird might not have been in good health, and Smith himself admitted that he had heard that the poultry were afflicted with ornicephalzymosis, and that was the reason why so many of the eggs they got from the grocer's were spoiled. But Smith's mother-in-law pursued her investigations farther, and things were exceedingly animated and sensational for that exile of Erin in the kitchen that afternoon. She is now looking for a place. Her terms are four dollars a week, every Thursday holiday and her Sunday out twice a week.



THE PRINCE OF ERIE AND AN INTERVIEWER.



JEM FISK AND THE BLACKMAILER.

A BAD HEADWAY.

A FEW years ago, when Jem Fisk was in "hot water," and his official as well as his domestic relations were being handled pretty freely through the papers, he was visited one day in his private office by a literary Bohemian—a ghoul in search of blood. He managed to pass the several sentries who marked the several outposts to the Prince of Erie's "inner of inners," and appeared before him.

Jem took his measure at a glance.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I would like a few minutes' conversation with you, if you please."

"Make it as few as possible, for time is precious," replied the prince, motioning him to a chair.

"Mr. Fisk, I am a journalist. I write for several of the principal dailies. I have here the manuscript account of your introduction to Josie Mansfield; of her influence over you, and, through you, the Erie road, together with several anecdotes of your sudden rise, and sharp dealing with Daniel Drew. Shall I read it?"

Fisk looked at the unblushing scoundrel for a moment, in mute surprise. At length he said, "Yes, proceed."

He listened to the scandalous narrative until it was done, without saying a word.

"That is it," said the fellow, folding up his manuscript.

"Well, what of it?" asked Fisk, calmly.

"This article will command a good price from any paper in the city. What do you propose to pay for it?"

"Well, my blackmailing friend," said he, rising and approaching the fellow. "If you will have it published in all the papers, and give it a wide circulation, I will pay you handsomely for it. Now git!" and opening the door of his office, he assisted the ghoul out of the room with his patent leathers, which operation his sentinels were not slow in following suit on; and it took but a few "passes" to land him on the sidewalk.

That article never appeared in print.

A DETROIT fellow tried to kiss a girl, when she turned upon him and bit his cheek. The doctor had to burn it with caustic, and otherwise treat it as if he had been bitten by a mad dog. We put this forth as a warning to the young men who read this book. But we suppose it will do little or no good. Probably each one thinks that the girls of his acquaintance won't bite.

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