

essfully contradict the statement that the women imprisoned in our station-houses should be cared for by persons of their own sex. It is the natural, the humane thing to do. Persons are sent to prison not only for punishment, but for reform. What chance is there for the reform of a woman now

secured a search warrant. When the trunk was opened Mr. Eckert says the missing articles were found in it. Miss Brooks says she had trouble with a member of Mr. Eckert's family and that she believes the missing articles were put into her trunk out of revenge.

tion brought against them that their Union is in poor financial standing, and present a document bearing the official seal and the signatures of J. B. Kelly, President, and J. A. Hamilton, Secretary, declaring Union No. 182 to be in good standing.

IN 1900 THE AREA OF LOWER AND UPPER Egypt planted with cotton was 852,829 feddans. The total crop reached 380,565 bales, which is equal to 285,423,750 pounds. Rough Peruvian cotton is also finding its way into the United States. It is of a superior quality, however, and this

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## A BOARDING-HOUSE EVICTION.

Second Chapter of the Famous Boarding-House Battle  
at 62 and 64 West Fifty-fifth Street.

City Marshal Goode and Four Deputies Pile the Fashionable Furniture on the Sidewalk—Some More or Less Humorous Rumors as to the Poor Boarders' Side of the Story.

After almost a month's freedom from site, warrants and legal wrangles, the big brown-stone boarding-house at Nos. 62 and 64 West Fifty-fifth street are again in state of eruption, and the boarders are more or less thrown upon the cold charities of a merciless pavement. Since the last battle, wherein two Deputy Sheriffs, a dog, several boarders and a cat figured, things had settled down into the

monotonous grooves of every-day existence, and times had passed away as merrily as a boarding-house bell.

In spite of the nefarious injunctions of the cold-hearted Mr. Hayes, who acts as receiver for the premises, the Vandenburgs regained possession of the houses by the force of superior nerve, and up to Tuesday morning were unmolested by any of the many ills that boarding-house flesh is heir to.

The meals were served with regularity, the multifarious peculiarities of the boarders were catered to, and everybody looked happy and well-fed. The long-haired poet in the single rear room on the fourth floor put on a fleshly look that disappointed the admirers of his verse and the added lustre of the red-haired man's nose augured well for the new order of things.

Mr. and Mrs. Vandenburg were happy. They beamed upon their boarders and advertised for more to beam upon. They were indefatigable in their efforts to please. Matters were so peaceful in the big houses that the cat and dog basked together on the same rug and the home-like tick of the French clock on the mantel sounded like the rapid whirl of a fairy shuttle through the warp and woof of the long yellow skeins of sunlight that streamed through the windows.

It was a boarding-house heaven.

A SERPENT IN THE BOARDING-HOUSE EDEN.

Nobody dreamed that it would not last. The Vandenburgs were holding the brown-stone fort by force of arms, but the boarders did not know it. The pretty typewriter wooed the soul from the piano with "White Wings" and the cashier talked prices with the young man whose chief vocation in life is to cry "Cash!" behind a dry-goods counter.

The first serpent to enter this Eden, according to the reports gathered with great difficulty from the now scattered witnesses, was a strange and wonderful English dude. He claimed to have descended from William the Conqueror, and his hair, which was the

color of brass, was parted exactly in the middle. This young creation of his tailor signalled his advent by making love to the typewriter. Now, as the saturnine poet on the fourth floor had a weakness in the same direction, there was naturally a clash.

THE REVIVAL OF HOSTILITIES.

The first open outbreak occurred when the poet intimated that the descent of the dude from William the Conqueror must have been both abrupt and dangerous. Then the dude—Reginald was his name—called the poet a "beastly vulgah fellah," and war was established.

The typewriter smiled upon either when the other charmer was away, and both revelled in the belief that he was the idol of her nonpareil heart. Whenever the poet was lucky enough to dispose of any of his mental wares he would invest the proceeds in caramels and theatre tickets. This the dude resented with sarcastic gibes.

"By the way, Miss Maud," he said one day, "don't you think, aw, that that thin-faced fellah's hair is longah than his intellect?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "he is a nice young man, and I like him ever so much."

"Then you wouldn't throw him over, would you?" he asked.

"Why should I," she laughed, "he is an old friend, and that would be absurd."

"Then I'll have to kill him," said the dude, in a low, thrilling tone; "he is doomed."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING IN THE DARK.

The typewriter laughed, but the dude was resolved. Shortly after this the two rivals met in the parlor in the dusk, before the

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