

boats, which is now moored at the foot of West Fifth street, North river, was also decorated with flags from sunrise to sunset.

It was impossible to find a banker, broker or prominent financier on Wall street yesterday. The iron shutters of the stock exchange were down, the great doors of the Sub-Treasury were closed, and the big office

were arrayed in military costumes and marched and handled their high Remington rifles like so many veterans.

At the conclusion of the exercises the guests proceeded to the female department and there witnessed another series of exhibitions. The girls showed themselves equally as adept in calisthenics as the boys.

service for the occasion, comprising the following artists: Miss Blanche Taylor, soprano; Miss Fielding Roselle, contralto; Clinton Elder, tenor; W. E. Harper, basso; Adolph Glöwe, solo pianist; Miss Matilda Pastor, harpist; John T. Miles, impersonator, and W. E. Taylor, musical director.

crowds packed on the sidewalk below.

James Maguire, aged thirty-one years, of No. 345 Third avenue, an employee on the Elevated railroad, fell off the structure at Third avenue and Eighth street, sustaining a fracture of the left arm. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

of Mr. Haggin might have been on the steamer arrived at this port yesterday, called Feb. 14, at the first news of the day.

TRUE STORIES OF THE NEWS.

A MODERN MOTHER OF SORROW.

With Her Dying Babe She Sought Shelter in an Empty Cart in the Streets of New York.

Deserted by Her Husband, Who Thought She Was Destined to Be Childless, She Brought Forth Her Child Into Poverty.

And Then Her Baby Dies, and with It Her Only Hope of Reunion with Her Husband.

She was cold, she was hungry, she was exhausted.

She had tramped the streets all day in the pouring rain, looking for some shelter for herself and the tiny infant she was carrying in her arms. She knew of no such refuge, so she crawled up into a cart that was lying in the street—she and her homeless babe.

A patrolman on his beat in the early evening heard, mingling with the rattle of the rain on the pavements, the

moaning of a woman, who was sobbing as if her heart was breaking.

He went up to her and asked her what she was doing there with her baby out in the cold and the wet.

She told him sadly that she had no other place to go. She was alone in the city, poor, friendless and unknown.

It was last Saturday. You remember how the rain beat down that afternoon, and through all the downfall the woman had walked from the Bowery up to Fifty-first

street with her child against her breast. She said her name was Clara Klein. She told the officer who found her hidden away in the empty cart that she had been deserted by her husband, and how her last penny had been spent that day; how she had been turned out of the house down near the river where her babe was born, and how discouraged, weary and sick at heart she was.

Policeman Callahan led her to the nearest place of refuge, the Nursery and Child's Hospital, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-first street. The place was full—full of unfortunates—but none of them quite so unfortunate as she. Matron Baker and Dr. Hoyt ran over the wards and found there wasn't a spare cot in the house. They looked at the shivering creature before them, and saw at a glance that she was destitute and suffering. Then they looked out across the rain which was falling dismally in the street. "We cannot turn her away in a night like this," said the physician. "We must keep her to-night some how."

She had been discovered about 8 o'clock in the evening. How long she had been hidden away in the cart she could not tell. It seemed to her, she said, as if it must have been days. She tried to think exactly. But she was so weak and ill that her mind began to wander.

She put her hands up piteously to her forehead. "It must have been three hours that I was there," she answered after a few moments. "For I remember that the lamps were just being lighted. Why did I creep in there? Oh, I thought I could lie down there and no one would disturb me. I was so tired."

She was a slight, frail creature, with dark,

sad eyes and dark hair. There was at times a wild gleam in the eyes, and she was so weak, as she stood in the waiting-room of the hospital, that she almost reeled when she attempted to walk. She was thinly clad, and had nothing to protect her from the damp chill outside but a scanty little jacket and a light gray dress of serge. She had a wide, cheap black hat on her head, but no gloves on her hands, no rubbers on her feet, no umbrella.

She had wrapped her baby up in a shawl which she had bought during her wandering on Saturday. "I had a dollar," she explained, "when I was turned out of doors this morning. I bought this wrap for my child with some of the money, and with the 20 cents that were left I got two cups of coffee. But I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours," she added, quietly.

So they took her out to the table and gave her milk and bread and some warm drink. The doctor didn't dare give her much hearty food, her stomach was so weak from hunger. She devoured what they gave her like an animal. She was famishing.

As she grew warmer and after her hunger had been satisfied, Matron Baker and Dr. Hoyt drew by degrees her story from her. But she was still very weak, and at times she forgot entirely just what she wanted to say. But slowly, patiently, they worked with her, and when her tale was finished the few people who listened to it heard as sad a story as was ever told.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

She had been in this country only three years, she said. She had been born in Germany and her home was just about four miles from Berlin. There she had met the

man who became her husband. His

He was a cigar-maker in the States to make heard like the of European villages that were the Fortunate prosperous and went out and in a year

That was three only twenty-two times without a moment were married when they went to 1 Twentieth street, his trade of cigar-

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ANY BECAUSE "We lived together years," the woman impatient because used to say that where there we began to leave didn't stay at her to pray for a baby my prayer was as has come he is no where to find his days ago."

The infant was they say up at 1 see anywhere. apparent aberr seemed to clin-

one year, of Mr. Haggin might be present. Mrs. Haggin was on the steamer Bretagne, which arrived at this port yesterday. The Bretagne sailed Feb. 14, and Mrs. Haggin received the first news of her husband's death yesterday.

covered to return to the Gedney House, in this city. He will arrive to-day, in care of his surgeon, Dr. Fletcher, of Indianapolis, who reports probable entire recovery. The Judge has now the use of his right side and the left is gaining strength rapidly.

Phillip Price, of No. 30 Orchard street, a union man, was attacked by striking cloakmakers Sunday night. He retaliated by striking Henry Silver, of No. 39 Essex street, and was arrested. The case was dismissed at Essex Market yesterday.

all, but it need not go a begging for a wearer. If a red nose is caused by want of exercise, a brisk rubbing of the whole body once a day after a sponge bath will often change the hue of the unruly member.

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WOMAN. ntry only three een born in Ger- just about four she had met the

man who became her lover and afterwards her husband. His name was Julius—Julius Klein.

He was a cigar-maker, and he came out to the States to make his fortune. He had heard like the others in those small European villages that over in America there were the Fortunate Isles, where men were prosperous and women happy. He came out and in a year he sent for his sweetheart.

That was three years ago. She was only twenty-two then, and she followed his beck without a moment's hesitation. They were married when she got in New York, and they went to live in One Hundred and Twentieth street, where Julius Klein plied his trade of cigar-making.

And the number of the house where she lived? "Ah, that is one of the things I have forgotten, now, since the baby came," she replied. "It was on the east side, I remember that. But I have forgotten so much in the last two weeks.

ANGRY BECAUSE HE HAD NO CHILDREN.

"We lived together, Julius and I, for two years," the woman went on, "and he got impatient because we had no children. He used to say that there was no sun in a house where there were no children. Then he began to leave me alone a good deal, and didn't stay at home much with me. I used to pray for a baby to come to me, and at last my prayer was answered. And now that it has come he is not with me, and I know not where to find him. The baby was born ten days ago."

The infant was a girl, as pretty a child, they say up at the hospital, as you would see anywhere. In spite of the woman's apparent aberration of mind she had seemed to cling without swerving for a

moment to a single purpose—to keep the babe alive.

It died that night.

Then they understood her motive, for as she looked upon the tiny corpse she murmured: "I would rather have died myself. Now there is nothing more to bring my husband back to me."

When the officer brought her into the hospital she was dripping wet and the water was streaming from her clothing. But she had wrapped the child up in the shawl she had bought with her last dollar; she had kept it snug against her bosom and while she was shivering like a leaf with the cold the infant was warm as a bird in its nest. Unlike its mother it had light blue eyes and light brown hair. It was plump, its tiny limbs were well rounded and it was perfectly formed. The mother had fed it in the cart, while she lay there in the darkness and the falling rain.

A bed was got ready and after she had been thoroughly fed and warmed the mother took her infant and went upstairs. She has told a pitiful story of how she had been thrown in the streets, and she was questioned further by the Matron. Her mind was evidently at that time a little disordered, as a result of her wandering in the cold streets all day.

She couldn't recollect the number of the house where the baby had been born—only it was near Columbia street, a few blocks from the river. The midwife's name was Mary Schrieber, she was sure of that. She had gone to the house two months ago. She had \$80 at the time, all that she had left of her savings after she got back from Chicago, whither she had travelled to find her husband.

She had scrubbed, she had delved about the house in the morning, and she had done mending, embroidered and darned for the midwife when the hard work of the house was over. And she had all the while resolutely kept to the one purpose, to bear the child and save it till she met her husband.

"This morning," she explained, just before taking up the babe to bed. "Mrs. Schreiber said to me: 'Now you are well again and I am going out for the day to do some shopping. You are a stranger to me, and of course you can't expect me to leave you in the house all alone. You had better take the baby and go have a walk till I get back. I shall try and be home again early.'"

So she took the child and went out for the walk as she was bidden. About 3 o'clock she came back. When she climbed up the steps they told her that Mrs. Schreiber had gone away, had moved up to Fifty-first street.

WAS MIND AS WELL AS FEET A-WANDERING? The young mother had a dollar in her pocket, so she said. Had this Mrs. Schreiber, whom THE WORLD man couldn't locate yesterday, found that her patient's money was exhausted and so had resorted to a subterfuge to get rid of the poor creature, or was the wail and woe, whom the Child's Hospital was harboring for a night, wandering in her mind as she had been wandering on her feet all day?

She had mentioned a journey to Chicago, which she claimed she had made to find the father of her unborn child. She had heard he was there. He had abandoned her. He had told her that he was going away, because he couldn't live in a home where there was no child to greet him every night when

his work was over. The deserted woman didn't know his address, but she went out to Chicago to see if she could come across him there. She searched for him several days, and her quest was wasted. She had still \$80 left in her pocket and she kept that sacredly to see that her child was brought safely into the world.

THUS DIED HER ONLY HOPE.

It was some time after Mrs. Klein had gone up to bed before she could sleep. The child began to cry, and it was 4 o'clock in the morning before it stopped its wailing. At 6 o'clock a servant came into the room.

The baby was dead.

The mother, exhausted by the fatigue of the day and night, was at last asleep.

The servant looked at the sleepers—the mother and the child. The babe would never wake again. Its tiny heart had stopped beating in the night.

"I thought she would bring us together again," said the mother, quietly, when she had been told that it was impossible to bring the baby back to life again. Then she began to cry piteously.

When the Coroner had come and the tiny corpse had been taken away to the Morgue, she exclaimed, bitterly: "I am better now. Let me go."

The lodging for the night which the hospital people had given the woman had restored her. They had no right to keep her, and so she went out without a word, except to thank them for their kindness. And into the street again she went away, no one at the hospital knows whither.

And as the big door swung behind her it shut upon the saddest story that the history of this house of refuge for so many breaking hearts has ever known.