# BEHIND ASYLUM BARS.

[Continued from 25th page.]

once more that I thought there were too many warning copies in the world for the amount of work to be done, at which remark Policeman F. W. Beckett opined the chance that the chamber of my mind was gone for good. We passed several other policemen, who generally asked why I looked cheerfully guardian what was the matter with me. By this time quite a number of regular citizens were following us too, and they passed remarks along me that were not complimentary to the officers.

"What's she up for?" "Say, kop, where did yo get her?" "Where did yer pull her?" "She is a dotty!"

Poor Mrs. Stanard was more frightened than I was. The whole situation grew interesting, but I still had leisure to be sorry for her.

SEARCHING FOR LOST TRUNKS.

At last we came to a low building, and Tom Bockett kindly relieved me of the information: "Bellevue the express office. We shall soon find those trunks of yours."

I said that a great many people seemed to have lost their trunks. "Yes," he said, "nearly all these people are looking for trunks."

I said: "They seem to be foreigners, too."

"Yes," said Tom, "they are all foreigners, just landed. They have all lost their trunks, and it takes some time to find them when they get here."

We entered the court-room. It was the Essex Market Police Court. I had to be examined in my sanity or insanity was to be decided. Judge Duffy presided, who generally asked why I was brought there, and I had to explain that I was dealing out the mail on a James Gordon Bennett, and rather feared I would not get the fate I sought because I was so pretty. He said: "I see you are a fine face, and it was with rather a sinking heart that I followed Mrs. Stanard and Tom Bockett as they moved to go up to the desk where Tom Bockett had her case entered on the docket of affairs. Some one said: "What is your name?"

"Nellie Bly," I replied, with a little scream.

"I have lost my trunks and would like! you could find them for me." "When did you leave New York?" he asked. "I did not come to New York," I replied (while I astted mentally, for because I had been there some time). "But you are in New York now," said the man. "No," I said, looking at, incredulous, the place I had mistaken for home. "I did not come to New York." "That girl is from Blackwell's Island," the man whispered to Tom Bockett. "She has a Western accent. Some one else was here to-day who was brought here because he seemed so sad lived South and that accent was Western." Bockett replied that he was positive it was Eastern. I felt much relieved when the interpreter was summoned to the Judge and said, "Judge, here is a peculiar case of a young woman who doesn't know who she is or where she came from. You had better attend to it at once."

I commenced to explain with more than usual care and I looked around at the strange crowd about me. Some were evidently drawn there by curiosity, with stories printed on their faces of hard lives, others had come to see their unfortunate friends with friends, while others sat still with a look of utter hopelessness. Everywhere was a strange mixture of bad faces, well-fed officers watching the scene passively and almost insidiously. It was odd to see a man who looked like a prize-fighter sitting down to a long list which had long since ceased to be of any interest or concern to him.

BEFORE JUDGE DUFFY.

"Come here, girl, and lift your veil," called out Judge Duffy in a tone which surprised me by a harshness which I did not think from the kindly face he wore.

"Who are you speaking to?" I inquired, in my stuttering manner.

"Come here, my dear, and lift your veil. You know the Queen of England, I suppose, and you have devoted your life to her, we," he said very kindly.

"That is the Queen," I said, "I am not the Queen of England, but I'll lift my veil.

As I did so the Judge looked at me, and then, in a very kind and gentle tone, he said:

"My dear child, what is your name?"

"Nothing is wrong except that I have lost my trunks, and the man who brought me here made me promise I would go to the Judge if I lost my trunks." I said, "I am not the Queen of England, but I'll lift my veil.

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"What do you know about this child?" asked the Judge now of Mrs. Stanard, who stood, pale and trembling, by my side.

"I know nothing of her except that she seemed to be very much out of her normals over night.

"The home! What do you mean by the home?" asked Judge Duffy, quickly.

"It is a temporary home kept for working-women at No. 84 Second avenue."

"What is your position there?"

"I am assistant matron."

"Well, tell us all you know of the case."

"Why, I was going into the home yesterday I noticed her coming down the avenue. She was all alone. I had just put into the window a new bell rung and she came in. When I talked with her she wanted to know if she could stay all night. I said she could. After awhile she said all the people in the house looked crazy and that she was afraid of them. Then she would not go to bed, but sat up all the night.

"Had she any money?"

"Yes," I replied, answering for her, "I paid for her everything, and the ending was the worst I ever tried."

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"Poor child," said Judge Duffy, "she is well dressed and evidently from Her English home and would make everything on her being a good girl. I am positive she is somebody's relative."

At this announcement everybody laughed, and I felt a great indignation at the idea of anybody wishing to claim the laughter that threatened to spoil my plans, in despite of my resolutions.

"I know she is a good girl, my darling," hastily amended the Judge. "I am sure some one is searching for her. Poor girl, I will keep you here for the looks like my sister, who is dead."

The Judge's hand for a moment covered his announcement, and the officers glanced at me more kindly. Mrs. Stanard, I clearly blessed the Judge, and hoped that my poor creatures who might be affected as I pretended to be a lunatic may be kindly a man to deal with as Judge Duffy.

"I wish you never had lost your trunks," said at last. "They would be able to find out something about you."

I got very much frightened at this, for if there is any one in the world I am afraid of it is a sane reporter. I felt that I would rather face a mass of Bryce Brothers' policemen and detectives than well bright specimens of my craft, so I said:

"I don't want any of this I want to be my own trunks. These man are impudent and I do not and I will get them myself I go away. I don't want to stay here."

Judge Duffy said: "Never mind, we will see if we beyond the reporters would be detained elsewhere until I can send for my trunks."

"I don't know what to do with the poor child," said the worried Judge. "She must be taken care of."

"Send her to the Island," suggested one of the officers.

"Oh, don't!" said Mrs. Stanard in evident alarm. "Why, I think this is a lady, and it would be her to be put on the Island."

For those brief moments I felt sending that good woman. To think the Island was just the place I wanted to reach and that she was trying to keep me from going there! It was very like of her, but pathetic perversion of her good intentions.

"There has been some foul work here," said the Judge to Mrs. Stanard, "and I believe you are innocent and brought to this city. Make out the papers and we will examine the case of this young woman." Probably in a few days the effect of the drug will pass and I will be able to tell them who I really am and will be startling. If the reporters would only come!

I dreaded them, so I said something about not being well and that I would go home. Mrs. Stanard and Judge Duffy then had Policeman Beckett to take me to the Insane Asylum. After we were seated there Judge Duffy came to me and said me of my mother in a low tone:

"Yes," I replied with a smile. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I knew it, my dear. Now, tell me where was it, in what part of Cuba?"

"Oh, I'm from Havana, sir."

"Ah," said the Judge, "on a farm. Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "It is near home. How did you know?"

"Oh, I know all about it. Now, don't you tell me the name of your father, for I know it perfectly well."

"Thats what I forgot," I answered sadly.

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have a headache all the time, and it makes me forget things. I want some medicine to make me as everybody is asking me questions, and it makes my head worse, and it keeps me crazy."

"Well, no one shall trouble you any more. Sit down here and rest awhile," and the genial Judge left me alone with Mrs. Stanard.

A REPORTER INTERVIEWS HER.

Just then an officer came in with a reporter. I was so frightened and thought I would be recognized as a journalist, so I turned my back and said: "Mrs. Stanard, I want to see any reporters; I will not see any; the Judge said I was not to be troubled." I said:

"Well, there is no insanity in that," said the man who had brought the reporter, as everybody they left the room. Once again I had a fit of fear, for I was afraid I had betrayed myself to Mrs. Stanard and was my sanity detected? If I had given the reporter a fright! I was sane I was expressing to undo it, so I jumped up and ran back and forward through the office, Mrs. Stanard hurrying after me to my arm.

"Don't stay here; I want my trunks! Why do they bother me with so many people?" and this I keep on saying, the Bellevue surgeon came in accompanied by the Judge.

THE AMBULANCE APPEARS.

"Here is a poor girl who has been drugged," explained the Judge. "She looks like my sister, and asks me if I am not a good girl, and I intervened in the child, and I would do as much for my sister if she ever needed it. I want to be kind to her," he said to the ambulance surgeon. Then he turned to me and said: "I am sorry that I could not keep me for a few days until my case was inquired into. Fortunately, the sane also could not be detained at the asylum. I am more afraid of me, and would leave if I were kept. I am more afraid of you than of me if the pay was assured her, and so I said some-thing about my sister's resemblance to me. I felt intended to go back to the home. Then came the examination of my case. The examiner sat at the one moss to go up to the desk where Tom Bockett had her case entered on the docket of affairs. Some one said: "What is your name?"

"Nellie Brown," I replied, with a little scream.

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nurse in a black dress, white cap and apron and a white band at her waist and a big charge of the hall. I soon learned her name, Miss Ball. An old Irishman was with her, and I felt as I heard her called Mary, and I am glad to know that there was at least a good-hearted woman in that place. I experienced only kindness and the utmost consideration from her. There were only three women, as they are called, made the fourth. I thought I might as well begin work at once, for I was afraid I would be found out if I tried to declare me sane and send me out again into the wide, wide world. So I went down in the rear of the room and introduced myself to one of the women and asked her if she knew anyone. Her name, she said, was Miss Anne Neville, and she had been sick from exposure. She had been working as a nurse bermaid, and when her health gave way she was sent to some asylum. Her brother was a lawyer, her nephew, who was a waiter, was out of work, and being asleep, her friends had her removed to home. She had her transferred to Bellevue.

"Is there anything wrong with you mentally as well?" I asked her.

"Why, no," she said.

"The doctors have been asking me many curious questions and confusing me in the most ingenious way," I said to her.

"Yes, I know; but I am unable to do anything. The doctors seem to be very fond of me, and I believe to say anything to the nurses."

ANOTHER PATIENT'S PITIFUL PATIENTS.

Satisfied from various reasons that Miss Neville was as sane as I was myself, I transferred my attention to another poor creature who I felt sure in need of medical aid and quite silly mentally, so I asked her name. She said it was Mrs. Fox, and walks of life, whose sanity was never questioned, was quite sane and intelligent.

The third patient, Mrs. Fox, would not eat anything, and I was afraid I would be found out that her case was hopeless. She refused to talk. I coaxed her to eat a little, but she would not. I determined that no doctor would convince me that I was crazy, so I said to her, "Mrs. Fox, I understand my mission. A lethal, fair-complexioned nurse accompanied by a tall, dark man, with a big nose, has come to my chamber. The new nurse, Miss Scott by name, is to give me a dose of medicine. Now, Mrs. Fox, I am ready.

"Take off your hat."

"Why, I have not taken off my hat," I answered.

"I am waiting for the boat and I shall not remove it.

"Well, you have to take it off, for the boat might not know it is not your hat. You are in an asylum for the insane."

"Insane! I am aware of that fact yet her nurse named words gave me a shock. "I did not want to be taken for an insane person, and I did not stay," I said.

"Well, it is a long time before you get out if you don't do as you are told," answered Miss Scott, who, I felt sure, was a relative of the new nurse, and I felt I had lost my purpose, which was quite sane, and I had not the heart to do it. I have not the heart to take it off."

"The boat will not. I am cold and I want my fur on, and you can't make me take it off."

"Well, I will give you a few minutes and if you don't take it off then I shall use force, and I warn you that I am quite strong."

"If you take my hat off I shall take your cap off; you see."

Miss Scott was called to the door then, and as I feared that an exhibition of temper might show her much sanity, I left her alone for a few minutes, and when I came back I found my poor, silly patient in a fit of fear. I was sorry, but I felt I had lost my purpose, which was quite sane, and I had not the heart to do it. I have not the heart to take it off."

"Well, I