Now that New York Is So Good, He Says, Out-of-Town People Take Their Trade to Chicago.

GAMING-HOUSE AS LEGITIMATE AS A STORE.

Has Kuown a Man to Win \$50,000 at a Sitting—Is Happily Married and Leads a Joyous Life.

I touched the bell at the door of John Daly's gambling-house and stood waiting with a faint little feeling in the re gion of my heart.

I knew how it would be.
The door would be opened by a supercilious personage, who would gaze on me in pronounced amazement and disapproval and who would tell me in tones born somewhere in the region of the North Pole that Mr. Daly was not in,

Mr. Daly was engaged. And then the door would close decidwould go away thinking things I could not say.

that Mr. Daly couldn't be seen, and that

But—the door opened wide with the sort of a swing that says you're welcome, and a smiling colored man stood

"Is Mr. Daly in?" I asked, quaking, for nothing requires so much courage or my part as to ask for an interview. "He is, Miss. Will you please step in?"

was the polite reply, and the colored man made a sweeping bow.

He left me for a moment in the dimly lighted hall, but returned quickly and

Feeling a bit dazed and uncertain over The cordiality of my reception, for I was not only invading a gambling-house,

but approaching a man whose unbroker rule was not to talk to newspaper repre sentatives. I passed through the door the colored man held open and stood still, looking helplessly around. I realized that I was in a large room

where the carpet was soft and the walls were hung with paintings, and that there were tables about strewed with books and papers, and invitingly easy I saw in a moment that there were

more than inanimate objects about. There were men, many of them, and they sat in absolute silence looking at

I have been in more comfortable positions in my life, but even in my em-barrassment I felt the two individuals within myself struggling. One wanted to turn and fly, the other to laugh and shout Boo!

Before I could decide either way a tall man rose and came towards me, and a small terrier that darted ahead of him we spoke.

"You are Mr. Daly?" I asked. 'Yes," he answered, quietly, "and you re Miss Bly?"

Showed His Fine Pictures.

"Come over here and let me show ou a picture," he said in return, and I followed him to the front of the room, the terrier, still curious, following me. tures I ever saw." Mr. Daly said, point-

all table. "It is the Casino at Monte Carlo, by Jean Beraud, Were you ever at Monte Carlo, Miss Bly? If you have een you'll recognize the perfection of he painting. Look at that girl" (inating a girl in a tallor-made suit and leaning over some of the spire hat learning over some of the styrers and with her back towards us). Isn't that perfect, even to her patent at the perfect, even to her patent that the perfect, even to her patent that perfect, even the table, the head of the steam blurg-houses in the newspapers. And see this hat the head of the papers or play hoarts and Boston, the head at 9 o'clock. Then he reads to he newspapers and smokes. At 12 he for a subtle and his clothes and har rumpled walking away from the table. You can easily even the table. You can easily even the table. You said said the newspapers and the patent that the patent t wers and with her back towards us). Tien't that perfect, even to her patent leather ties? That old woman' (point-in to a strange-looking creature who was looking into her reticule as if in the walk search of more money to play) "Is walking away from the table. You can see suicide in his staring, wild eyes. We never see gamblers like that in America.

to explain to Mr. Daly, "I have read

W will keep on this way two or three ears longer, and then if there is no hange there'll be nothing for it but to

what will you do then?"

will keep on this way two or three is no ris longer, and then if there is no nige there'il be nothing for it but to se out."

"There isn't much in the novels of the present day, according to my taste," he said. "I think 'Monte Cristo' is the grandest novel I ever read. A novel must be spicy to hit me just right." I would like to hear your opinion of gambling or me but to put in time, any there will nothing for me but to put in time, and the to hear your opinion of gambling." I suggested.

"I'll would like to hear your opinion of gambling." I suggested.
"I'll tell you the truth." he answered, arrestly it til til so conducted the right way. It is an amusement, and should be so considered. It is no more than the interest or music halls. People pay their money to see a play. They may gain or loss, it depends on the play. If it's good they gain, if it's poor they lose. They same way."

There isn't much in the novels of the present day, according to my taste," he said. "I think 'Monte Cristo'." I have cording to my taste," he said. "I think 'Monte Cristo'." he said. "I' th

across his broad chest. He wore standing collar and a small scarf with blue in it, held in place by a very handsome pearl pin. The only other jewelry

vas his plain gold watch chain, crossing

from one vest pocket to the other, gold

cuff buttons and a ring on the third fin-He showed me the ring, and spoke of t proudly because it was a gift from his wife. It is a very handsome diamond set

etween two cat's-eyes.
"Are you fond of dress?" I asked Mr.

One Unsuperstitious Gambler. "No man outdresses me," was his quiet

"No man outdresses me." was his quiet reply.

This is the first story you will ever read of a gambler who is not superstitious. It sounds so much more interesting to tell of a gambler and his belief in this charm and that, and what sign brought him luck and which ill-luck, but it would not be true in Mr Daly's case. Maybe if the truth were known, it would not be true in the case of other gamblers.

"I haven't a particle of superstition," Mr. Daly declared. "I don't believe in phrase routes. I never saw a man who

phrase routes. I never saw a man who was superstitious who gained anything

by it. All good luck is good manage-ment. That's all there is to it." "Don't you believe in dreams?" irged, for I hated to have to kill the old theory about gamblers' superstitions.

"Never had a dream in my life that thought of afterwards," he vowed. "I've had men tell me about dreaming of horse-racing and winning by it. But they always told the dream after win-"I've heard men who came here

gamble say they had beliefs and signs," he continued. "I never paid any attention to them and I can't recall what they were. Except one fellow, Always when he was winning he would come from Broadway and when he was losing he would come from Sixth avenue." "What is the largest sum you have

ever known a man to win at one time? His Sums Lost and Won.

"Well," mused Mr. Daly, "big sums are rarely lost and won these many years back. The biggest sum I ever years back. The biggest sum I ever knew to be won by one man at a sitting was won at. No. 8 Barclay street by a man named Pettibone. He dealt what we call a 'snap' at fare and won \$50,600 between II at night and 6 the next morning. That was at the time of the gold craze in California, or a little later. People were just getting back. Pettibone opened the game and nothing but gamblers played against him."

'And what became of Pettibone?" I asked.

, he's dead."

asked.
"Dlod poor?"
"He had about \$25,000 when he died. But after he won the \$80,000 he got broke, and then he played and won \$300,000, and that against the bank. With that he speculated in North Carolina bonds, and went broke on them."
"What is the largest sum you ever knew a man to lose?"
"Men don't lose big sums of late years," he replied, "but in the old times I've seen men lose from \$10,000 to \$25,000 at a sitting."
"How do men take their loss?"
"They have to take it well. I showed you the man in the Monte Carlo picture that looked as if he was going out to commit suicide. You wouldn't see that in this country. Men here are a different class. They are not so nervous, and they take winning or losing as a matter of course, as Americans take everything. Foreigners are nervous and make it a matter of life or death over a small amount."
"What is the most you have ever won const?" I inquired.
"Pon my word," and Mr. Daly taughed, "I could not tell. I've made big winnings and big losings at a sitting, but I can't tell you just how much."
"What is a 'sitting'?"
"It's the time a game is played. It may be from 7 until 5 or 6 the next morning."

The daily routine of Mr. Dalya Me is a

"Monte Cristo" Pleased Him.

d not judge that, as if is distributed youly and so well,
is fifty-two years old, and that is York, he added. It brings people here to buy goods. They know that in New York its too good for the out-of-town people, and they are taking all their rade to Chicago, where they can be anused to Chicago. Where they can be anused to Chicago, where they can be anused to Chicago, where they can be anused to Chicago.

A HAPPY CAMBER NICE

and digests what he eats, a man who sleeps well, a man who drinks moderately and a man who keeps himself in good physical trim.

Mr. Daly's hair is gray and so is his generous mustache. It covers strong white teeth that are set far apart in front, a sign, so said we children at school, that the owner was destined to live away from home.

Known House.

Known House.

Kright harms no one. Boys or young persons cannot get in, and only such people as can afford to lose and not suffer by it. "Pon my word," he said emphatically, "gambling is just as legitimate as having a store. Of course, if there wasn't the percentage we could not exist, but it's just the same in solling dry goods. If it wasn't for a percentage, could stores keep open and employ salespeople? All business is conducted on the same basis as gambling. The percentage is in favor of the business, but the woman who buys a yard of ribbon understands it, and so does the man who goes to the gaming table.

"Gambling should be conducted openly, as it is at Monte Carlo, And I think women should gamble, if they feel inclined. It won't hurt women any more than men. Only women go into things more thoroughly than men. By golly, that their earrings off if they've nothing less to gamble."

Mr. Daly's hair is gray and so is his generous mustache. It covers strong white the same hast as deptimate as having a store. Of course, if there wasn't it percentage, could not exist, but it's just the same hastis as gambling. The percentage could not exist, but it's inst the same hastis as gambling. The percentage could not exist, but it's just the same hastis as gambling. The percentage could not exist, but it's just the same hastis as gambling. The percentage could not exist, but it's just the same hastis as gambling. The percentage could not exist, but it's just the same hastis as gambling. The percentage could not exist, but it's just the same hastis as gambling is in favor of the business, but the woman who buys a yard of ribbon understand the same hastis

Leurned Poker When a Lad.

Learned Poker When a Lad.

Mr. Daiy was born in Troy, N. Y. He served five years' apprenticeship to a moulder in a foundry. During this time he learned to play poker. He supposed he was going to work in a foundry all his life, and he spent his money as fast as he earned it. He had no ambition or thought above his position, and playing poker was his only amusement.

"I got to be a good card-player," he explained, "and that's what holds a man up. You think you're a good player, and you play every newcomer. I came on a visit to New York City and, of course, I gambled. After a while I got to dealing, and then I became a banker. That was thirty years ago, and I've been in the business ever since. And you can say that I'm not going out of it. I'm not going to sell out and I'm not going to sell out and I'm not going to sell out and I'm not going to fithere, but New York is the only place for me."

Not Afraid to Die.

Not Afraid to Die.

"What terror the thought of death must be to you," I suggested, "for it seems to me the happy would want to live forever."

"On the contrary, he astonished me by saying: 'I am most happily situated, but I am not afraid to die. I think of it as something remote and far away, but I am not afraid. I was very ill a short time ago, and I found even when in a most critical condition that I never felt a fear of death."

Murriage the Greatest Happiness

mever felt a fear of death."

Marriage the Greatest Happiness.

"What gives the greatest happiness in the world?" I asked. "You have known everything—hard work, money and ease, excitement and quietness."

"Married life gives the greatest happiness in the world." he said, firmly. "For you, possibly, because you are a good husband." I argued.

"I have said it depends entirely upon the man," he answered, smilling, "and being right it is the only real happiness in the world. I look at men who come here, rich bachelors, who don't know how to spend their time or their money, and I think their lives must be wretchedly cold and lonely. It gives me a shiver. I don't see how they stand it. I can almost think that any sort of a wife and home is much better than none at all."

I have talked to all sorts and conditions of people, the highest and lowest, and I have gone from each with distinct impressions. I never met any one I felt I would sooner trust than John Daly, and, what is more, I felt that If one were on the verge of hopelessness John Daly is one man one need not fear to go to. You could lay an aching heart bare to him and never shrink.

Funny, isn't it? Especially when you think how, you try to hide your real self and your real palns and, yes, your real toys, from all the world.

And there must be something very good in a man that can give this feeling of confidence and trust to a stranger.

Don't you think so? NELLIE BLY.

STEVENS'S CHARGES DENIED.

Chief Ganger Knight Says His Vouchers Will Vindicate Him.

(Special to The World.)

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 19. — Chief
Gauger of the Port of New York C. H. Knight was interviewed by a World reorter at his home to-day relative to the differences between himself and Col. James H. Stevens, who was dismissed from the Government service,

Mr. Knight said that the statemen made by Col. Stevens placed him in a false light. In the first place, he said. Col. Stevens never was a clerk in the Custom-House. He did not belong to the classified service and was merely

the classified service and was merely a laborer at a salary of \$2.50 per day. Laborers can be removed for cause at any time, and Col. Stevens was removed because of incompetency.

I retained him," said Mr. Knight, "as long as I possibly could. I learned that a number of men in my department owed him money and I made every one of them settle with him before he was discharged. As for myself, I can positively say that he never lost discharged. of them sottle with him before he was discharged. As for myself, I can positively say that he never lost, directly or indirectly, one penny through me. I have exchanged checks and have had other financial dealings with him simply as a matter of convenience, but my stubs and vouchers will show that in every such transaction a full settlement was promptly made by me."

Mr. Knight was engaged in looking over the personal accounts between himself and Stevens. They date back several years, and he is preparing a detailed statement of them, which he will submit to the Surveyor. In every financial transaction with Col. Stevens there was ample collateral security.

Mr. Knight will ask for a thorough investigation.

Cigarette Boxes by Millions,

(Special to The World.)

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 19.—The
National Folding Box and Paper Comnany has just received orders for 49,000. 000 cigarette boxes from the American still further in the esteem of the father Tobacco Company, and 36,000,000 cigar-ette boxes for Legett & Myers, of St. Louis, probably the biggest tobacco dealers in the United States. The com-pany comprises a syndicate of five fac-tories with facilities, it is said, to pro-duce 1,000,000 such boxes a day.

She was permitted to run wild, and when she grew old enough to work she showed great distaste for it. The girl and her common-law stepmother had many quarrels.

Innichelli was cierk in Dr. Cassella's

Sale of a Railroad Denied.

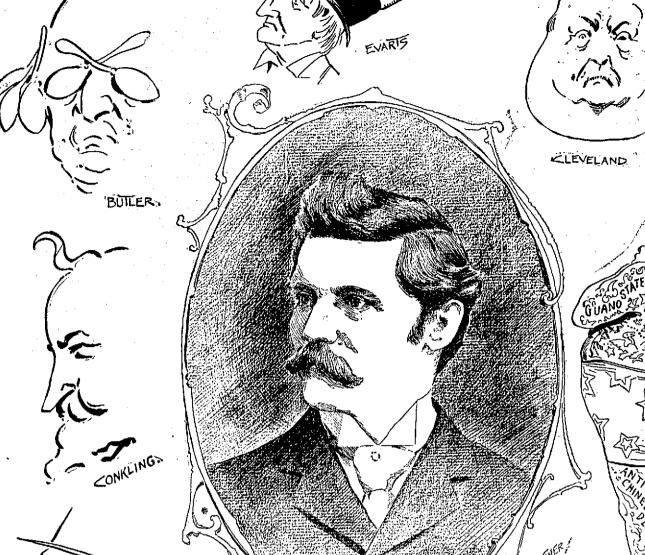
(Special to The World.)
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 19.—Regarding the reported purchase of the dent Hall, of the Consolidated road. says: "There is not the slightest truthin the report. Our company has not even thought of buying the property. It is a fine rallroad, however, and most any rallroad company would like to own it."

Denies Miss Knapp's Charges. (Special to The World.)
LONG BRANCH, Jan. 19.—Ex-Alderman Robert Tappin, a wealthy contractor of Long Branch, who has been tractor of Long Branch, who has been sued for \$25,000 for breach of promise by Miss Cora Knapp in the Supreme Court of New York, denies her accusations. She alleges that he was introduced to her in New York on June 14, 1894, as a single man, and afterwards promised to marry her.

Has a Mania for Killing. ROCHESTER, Jan. 19,-Mrs. James

cut her throat. She is clearly insane.

A Circus-Rider Killed. the door. "My father told me to stay here." (Special to The World.)
BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Jan. 19.—Pat-Tick Flaherty, of Philadelphia, a circus-



The Famous Caricaturist and Some of the Most Noted Types Presented by Him, that of Blaine Being the Original Picture of the "Tattooed" Series.

BERNHARD GILLAM

she were dead. He did not give her enough to eat, and made her steep in the cold cellar, while her three-year-old half sister slept upstairs with her parents.

"Look here, and here," she said, showing scars and scratches on her legs and
body; "that's where the rats bit me.
They used to run all over me in the
cellar, Ugh!"

SLADSTONE

A Shivering, Ten-Year-Old Girl Found

Upon a Pile of Filthy Rags

in Mott Street.

FATHER ARRESTED FOR CRUELTY.

Her Mother Is in New Haven and

He Is Living with the Child's

not fastened, but swung open wher

the darkness over to the left he heard

a feeble cough and the sounds of smothered sobs. He lit a match and went over to the heap of rags, on which

lay the superfluous Emma, the unwanted

child of Iannichelli's New Haven love,

of the girl but a torn and dirty sheet,

while wound about her body was a nar-

"I'm afraid," said the girl, with

he pushed against it. He

THE FATHER. \

Jail for Criticising the Police. BERLIN, Jan. 19.—Judge Brausewetter is dead. He had recently become insane and had been placed in an asylum.

They used to run all over me in the cellar. Ugh!"

So Luigi was arrested on a charge of cruelty to his child. Mrs. lannicheli the second, who admitted that that was not her rightful title, grew voluble with excitement yesterday as she declared that Emma, was a bad girl who had never been ill treated.

"She love to run the streets and be with the loafers," she said. "She stop next door, at No. 118, and at the saloon at No. 122. She stay away all night. We clothes. But no, she rather run away, she tell big lie about bad treatment. We give her pelenty cat. We give her bed to sleep. She not tied in the cellar, She have plenty clothes. She all tell big lie, what? Rais? Oh, my! That is terrible false story. Rats no eat her. She scratch her sayay?"

"Yes, I'very glad. I no want her any "Are you glad that they have taken her awa?"

"Yos, I very glad. I no want her any more. She bad girl. Be with loafers all the time. Very bad girl."

There was a tough looking gang hanging around No. 118 and No. 122 and they appeared to take a very friendly interest in the young Italian girl. They said that her mother was still alive in New Haven, and that Iannichell had no right to claim the second love as his wife, and the former his mistress.

Fetis. Bosselet, Michelot and Lemmons. He was President of the local cratorio society, which he founded in 1850 and which now has 800 members. He was the acknowledged leader of musical enterprises in this city, as well as being prominently connected with all social functions of importance. His wife was also a prominent musician before her marriage and is at present in Europe with her daughters.

BLAINE

AS THE TATOOED MAN

Gen. Gamir. Governor of Porto Rico, is dead from yellow fever.

Rov. William Rogers, who was tutor of the Earl of Roschery, in dead, agod seventy-five.

Martin C. Herman, one of the ablest lawyors of Carliste, Pa., is dead, aged fitty-five years. He was Judge of Cumberland County from 1874 to 1884.

## OBITUARY NOTES.

Commons. He was a wealthy lumburman.

Forman Morris, one of the best-known citizens of Red Bank, died yesterilay. Mr. Morris made inoney at the carpontering business and retired a few years ago. He was seventy-live years of ago.

Mrs. Evelyn Dewey, well known for her charitable work, died on Saturday at her home. No. 135 Third street, Hobokon. She was seventy-eight years old. She luswes three sons and a daughter, all married. Her husband died eight years ago.

Alexande C. Geslain. a veteran freemen, died Saturday at his home. No. 131 Butledge street, Brooklyn. He was born in this city seventy-three years ago. but has been a resident of Brooklyn for fifty-three years. He was a member

THE CELLAR WHERE LITTLE EMMA IANNICHELLI LAY ILL ON A HEAP OF RAGS.

to-day. He was the brother of Adolph Sutro, the reform Mayor of San Francisco, and of Theodore Sutro, of New York... He was the father of Misses Ruse and Ottille Sutro, the famous ensemble planistes now giving successful concerts in Berlin.

Otto Sutro was born in Aix-is-Chapelle Feb. 24, 183, and received alliaming the surrous of the surrous and t

He Was Noted for His Interest in

ter brought libel suits against soveral of the papers which had condemned him. The incident resulted in an increased freedom of the German press.

"Deerfoot." the Famous Runner.

BUFFALO, Jan, 19.—L. Bennett, or "Deerfoot," a Seneca Indian and a famous runner, died yesterday at the Cattaraugus Reservation. He was six ty-eight years old and possessed considerable property. In 1861 be defeated the champlons of England in a ten-mile race. The Prince of Wales saw the contest and asked him to give an exhibition in the famous princes. He was a six before the royal family, which he did, receiving £0 in 50d and souperins from the torse and trained to this country. His most increased in London. His long-distance recording £0 in 50d and souperins from the famous pullitats of the day in 1853 he roturned to this country. His made in London. His long-distance recording £0 in 50d and souperins from the famous pullitats of the day in 1853 he roturned to this country. His made in London. His long-distance recording £0 in 50d and souperins from the famous pullitats of the day in 1853 he roturned to this country. His made in London. His long-distance recording £0 in 50d and souperins from the famous pullitats of the famous was pullitated in the famous pullitats of the famous was been and trained to this country. His record of eleven miles in 65m £2s. was also the older strokers in New York Live was regarded to the famous pullitats of the famous was pullitated to the long family which he day in 1853 he roturned to this country. His record of eleven miles in 65m £2s. was also the condition of the obstance records have never been broken.

Otto Suiro.

(Special to The Volta.

All Timorie. Jan. 19.—Otto Suiro, one of the best known musical publications of the obstance records have never been broken.

Otto Suiro.

(Special to The Volta.

Otto Suiro.

(Special to The Volta.

(Special to The Vol

and Invention. COULD NOT TIE HIMSELF TO THE LAW. Nor Did He Succeed as a Painter of the

markable for His Energy

BERNHARD GILLAM D

A Noted Caricaturist,

HIS GREAT FORTE PICTORIAL POLITICS.

Serious and the Tragic in

Human Life.

Him, the "Tattooed Man," in the Blaine Campaign of 1894.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Bernard Gillam died suddenly this morning of a clot in the heart, caused by typhoid

of a clotin the heart, caused by typhoid fever. He was thirty-eight years old.

Bernhard Gillam was an Englishman by birth. His father and mother lived at Bankury, famed in nursery rhymes. When he was eighteen years old the whole family eam over and settled in Brooklyn, where Gillam went to the public schools. He was always drawing things—the faces of people he passed on the street, the teachers, his companions at school. He had great ideas of doing wonderful pictures of tragedy, but no one admired his attempts at such high work, although every one laughed at his carleatures.

When he left, the public schools he announced himself as a serious painter, and in due time exhibited a dramatic picture in a Brooklyn gallery. All Brooklyn laughed, Even Gillam's friends poked fun at him. He was enraged at first, but he soons saw that he had mistaken his calling and was laughing at his picture as heartily as his worst enemy. His sense of unfitness carried him entirely away from art in any form. He went into a lawyer's office as clerk, and for several months pounded away at law with furious energy. But soon the law-books would, be nushed aside and the sheet of peper; and the poncil would begin their wicked conspiracy against the young lawyer. He was drawing, drawing, and the firm, watching him over its spectacles, grew, daily more exasperated. Before the end of the year there was a row and young Gillam was out of the law.

He turned to agt again, and as a portrait painter had a feeble success. He saw clearly that caricature and the cartoon were his gift, and began to try to force an entrance into the weekly papers. He first work was for Frank Lesile's Weekly in the campaign which resulted in the election of Garfield, He soon made something of a reputation and was made a member of the staff of Harper's, Weckly. His position as a cartoonist was established. From Harper's he went to Puck, and there drew the cartoons that gave him his national reputation. The first of these, "The Tattocod Man," will be remembered by all who r

up of Judge. He became a partner in the firm, the firm name being Arkell's Gillam, and prosperity and fame brought him real happiness the last six years.

Gillam was a man of enormous appetite for serious literature and of a marvellous and most intelligent memory. He read history and political literature several hours every day, permitting nothing to interfere with this study, which was so necessary to his growth. He was also a great student of Shakespeare, and knew many plays by heart. Like all mon whose success depends upon their powers of observation, he was always looking at everything with a view to turning 't to account in a caricature or cartoon. His eyes were very wide open, indeed, and years of iraining made it possible for him to draw several, good cartoons a week and suggest a dozen or more to the members of his staff. Every week the issue of Judge was a tribute to his fertility of invention and to his industry as well. He was very fond of sports and social amusements, especially of those in which men alone take part. Until a few months before his marriage he was himself at woman-hater. One Saturday 'in summer 'Billy' Arkell invited him to come up to his country place and spends Sinday, 'No, thank you,' said Gillam, 'you always have a lot of women up there and you know that bores me.' Arkell told him he need not talk to the women, and finally persuaded Gillam to go. Gillam spent the whole day Sunday talking to Arkell's youngest sister, whom he had never seen before. The next Saturday Gillam began to hint about the heat of the town and the missry of staying there alone. Arkell teased him and amused himself at his expense for several hours. At last Gillam almost invited himself, The result was that he became engaged to Miss' Arkell before the summer was over. This was seven yoars ago. There is one child of this marriage, now two made half years old. The last six years Gillam had been working early and iste. He was the first man at the editorial rooms of Judge every morning and the last to leave at nigh

BISHOP HAYGOOD DEAD.





It makes little difference in Mott street ethics, though. The book and ring are luxuries for the rich in the cellars of that little-Italy. Accidentally Killed His Brother.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 19 .- Geo. There was nothing over the slight form W. Dow, of Goffstown, was accidentally and instantly killed to-day by a rifle in the hands of his brother, Samuel B. Dow, They had been practising on a target. the ha Dow, target, Col. Babel, Cowboy Planist.

shiver and a frightened look towards O. Babel, the famous cowboy planist, the door. "My father told me to stay there". rider was killed by a train here last to the Mulberry Street Station House. The World Almanas is selling at to the Mulberry Street Station House. The World Almanas is selling at to the Mulberry Street Station House. The was denti- And then she declared that her father the body was identi- And then she declared that her father the state of 1,000 copies a day. Un- West Cases of Street Station of Was very order to the Mulbert his father than Gibbons, of was very order to the declared that the father than the state of the s The World Almonac is selling at

RANDOLPH, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Col. F.