

maid ushered me into a very homelike and artistic parlor. The floor was softly carpeted, the windows were hung with real lace curtains, and there was some valuable bric-a-brac about and handsome jardinières and pictures. Large, rolling glass doors shut off a small room in the rear. When the door opened to admit Mme. Dimire two Skye terriers tumbled over each other in their rush to get in first. Mme. Dimire is a large, fleshy woman, with a double chin and dark eyes. She wore a loose wrapper of some thin material that was as white as the spotless cat which lay snuggled up in the window.

"Are you Dr. Dimire?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, motioning me to be seated.

"Did you advertise a baby for sale?"

"Yes," she replied again, smiling still broader. "Do you want a baby?"

"Yes. Have you the baby still?"

"Well, you are the eighth person that has called for that baby to-day," she replied complacently, folding her arms across her ample-ness. "It has gone now to the doctor's with a lady who wanted a baby. She wanted a boy, though, and a fair one. She said her doctor could tell how babies will turn out, so she has taken the nurse and the baby to the doctor to see if it will be fair. I am expecting her every moment now with an answer, but there is another woman upstairs who is very anxious for it. She wanted a boy, but this girl baby is so beautiful that she will take it if the other woman does not. How old do you want the baby to be?"

"Quite young," I said slowly, for I had not thought much about age. I expected, however, they would, at least, be several weeks old.

"Well, this baby was born at 7 o'clock Saturday morning. That is old enough if you are going to pass it off as your own. Are you married?" she asked suddenly.

"Is it necessary for me to tell about myself in order to buy a baby? I thought not," I answered evasively.

#### NOT INQUISITIVE.

"I don't want to know anything about you. I never remember ladies I have business with," she said, with a laugh. "When I am paid and a child is taken out of here that is as far as I am concerned. You look so young that I could not believe you wanted the baby for yourself."

"I supposed you never asked where the baby was going or what use was to be made of it?" I said stiffly.

"I don't," she answered quickly. "I never tell who its parents are; I never know who takes it. The moment it is born I send it to my nurse, who does not live here. There it remains until somebody takes it. The children born here are all of aristocratic parentage. I never take common people in. Just now I sent a woman to my nurse's for care, because she did not belong to the class that patronizes me. What did you expect to pay for a baby?"

"I did not know, as I never bought one," I replied hesitatingly. "How much do you charge for one?"

"I don't sell babies," she replied, "but people are expected to pay me something. How much are you willing to give?"

"Ten dollars!" I said, remembering the price paid for the Robert Ray Hamilton baby.

"Oh, my, no!" she said scornfully. "I never get less than \$25. The woman who has the baby this afternoon said she would give me \$50 if she took it. If she does not take it will you give \$25? Hurry, for there is a woman waiting now who is anxious to take it."

"If it suits me I will give you \$25 for it," I replied.

Mme. Dimire then said that she would see the woman who was waiting for the baby and, if possible, persuade her to buy the one that was expected to arrive at the house inside of forty-eight hours. If the woman consented she would then give me the address of her nurse and I could go to see the baby. The woman consented,

But it stretches itself. Its little face is awfully red and it has such dark hair and such heavy eyebrows and such a straight nose, which the nurse tells me is a wonderful thing for a two-days-old babe. But its tiny hands are whiter than the pillow it rests on. It works its little fingers feebly, almost as if it wanted to put them in its little mouth. It moves again and a strange cry comes from its tiny throat.

"She caught a cold to-day," the nurse explained in answer to my startled question. "She cried all the afternoon. I made a long trip and I guess she was cold. That's what makes her hoarse now. I gave her a big dose of oil and I think she will be all right to-morrow. Do you want me to undress her?"

#### OPEN TO INSPECTION.

"Oh, no; please don't. What would you do that for?" I said, all in a breath.

"Most everybody that buys a baby makes me undress it a dozen times before they're sure it's all right. This is a lovely girl though, big for its age," she said as she lifted it out of the chair. The poor little slave twisted up its tiny face, then it opened its tiny dark eyes and blinked just as if it wanted to ask me to buy it. I could not stand it. I turned my back and asked her to put it down.

Hurrying from the house, I returned to Mme. Dimire's. I left my companion in the coupe this time, for I only intended to make my report.

"Madame, the woman took the baby to her doctor's and then sent the nurse home, saying she would come over to see you. The baby has a dreadful cold and even if the woman does not take it I would be afraid to after it was so exposed. I am dreadfully afraid of death and I don't want to buy a baby that is going to die."

"That woman has treated me badly," she replied sternly. "This is the second time I have fussed with her. If she doesn't take this one she will have to go somewhere else the next time."

"I would rather wait and take my chances on the next you have for sale," I said pleasantly.

"I cannot keep a baby for you unless you give me a deposit," she said cunningly. "The reason I asked you so many questions" going back to our former interview, "was because you looked too young to be married and wanting a baby. You had a lady with you who looked very smart. She wouldn't say a word, so she could say she wasn't guilty if anything happened. I am not responsible if a woman gets a baby from me and then pretends to her husband it is her own. I nearly got in trouble, and may yet, by giving a baby to a woman who came here accompanied by another woman just as you did to-day. I was the one who furnished the Hamilton baby!"

"Robert Ray Hamilton's baby!" I exclaimed in surprise.

#### SHE SOLD THE HAMILTON BABY.

"Yes, the very same. Mrs. Hamilton came here with Mrs. Swinton for a baby. Mrs. Hamilton looked as if she was in good circumstances; she was dressed expensively and Mrs. Swinton looked respectable enough, though awfully cunning. I didn't like to give a baby, when there was a witness, just as I felt to-day in your case, so I said to Mrs. Hamilton, 'Does your husband know that you are going to adopt a baby?' She laughed and said, 'Oh, yes, he knows I am going to get one,' and Mrs. Swinton said, 'You don't need to be afraid to give us the baby, for my son is her husband!'"

Mme. Dimire asked a flood of questions about my domestic affairs. She wanted to give me advice about the way to deceive husbands, as she said she understood such things better than I could; she had had so much more experience. My replies showed my ignorance in many respects, and though she laughed at it, she was completely disarmed by my feigned frankness.

I afterwards visited a number of places, always with the same result. There were babies to be had for the money. Still, I must make two ex-

ample people than this will be," she said, at the door. "The girl belongs to wealthy people. Her mother brought her here, and when she recovers she will go back home and some day marry. Her father doesn't know anything about it. He thinks she is visiting friends. It's an easy thing to do, and is done every day in New York."

Mrs. Eppinger lives in East Eighteenth street. She is a short woman with a shrewd face, and wears a nurse's cap and apron. Mrs. Eppinger furnished two of the Hamilton babies, both of which died.

#### A FINE GRADE OF BABIES.

"You can get babies of good parents from Mrs. Dimire and myself, but no place else," she said, boastfully.

"How much do you charge for babies?" I asked boldly.

"I don't sell them, but I always get something for my trouble. The lady who bought the baby I have at my nurse's now gave me \$20 for it. She put the money in my hand. I thought it was a silver dollar, but it was a twenty-dollar gold piece."

"Don't you keep the babies here?"

"Indeed I don't. The moment they are born I send for my nurse and she takes them away and keeps them until they are taken by somebody."

"You never ask any questions of the persons who buy the babies?" I asked.

"Indeed I don't. I don't want to know anything about them."

Sold to the highest bidder, let them be what they may, let them buy for any purpose they please! Sold by their parents and by the female slave-masters!

Every physician is required, so I believe, to make a report of every birth, with the names and ages of the parents, to the Board of Health. These dealers in baby slaves acknowledge averaging a birth a day, yet they make no report. This enormous birth-rate in these houses alone must make considerable difference in a year in the census of New York.

I bought my baby from Mrs. Koehler, of East Eighty-fourth street. She is about four feet high and three feet wide. She has been in trouble several times, but by some means she always manages to escape punishment. If she stole a loaf of bread she would be imprisoned, but as she only deals in human flesh she goes free.

"Mrs. Koehler, have you a baby to sell?" I asked, as I sat down in her well-furnished parlor.

"Yes, I have—one born at 2 o'clock this morning," she answered quickly. It was then 3 in the afternoon. "It is a girl. I will bring it to you," and the slave-dealer went out the door to get the baby slave.

I think probably there was a death in the house that day; at least a vase of tuberose on the centre table suggested such an idea to me. Their perfume was very heavy and oppressive, and I moved nearer the darkened windows in a vain effort to gain a breath of fresh air.

#### ONLY HALF A DAY OLD.

"Here is the girl," she said, re-entering the room with a bundle in her arms. She took it to a dark corner of the room for me to examine. Her excuse was that the light would hurt its eyes. In reality she wanted to prevent my seeing any blemishes there might be about the baby slave.

It was thirteen hours old, and I bought it. I had no nurse as yet, so I told Mrs. Koehler I would call for it the next day. The woman had been in difficulties before, as I have said, and she fixes up a dummy—a woman to represent the mother—whom she introduces to the buyers, so she may give her consent. Mrs. Koehler also gives what she pretends is an agreement. This also is to prevent the law from getting its clutches upon her; but it is perfectly worthless, so far as legality is concerned.

"How much do you want for the baby?" I asked when I returned the next day.

#### A LITERARY RECIPE.

Among the horde of literary cooks  
Who tempt the public palate with their books

Of varied flavor,  
There now is one whose spicy plats have brought  
A reputation of a certain sort,  
Joined with the transient meed of public favor.

Her famous dish, a peppery *salmi*,  
As hot and burning as it well can be—

The tale of passion;  
While pleasing not the critical *gourmets*,  
Has won the grosser fancy of the day  
And gayly sets the momentary fashion.

And so, oh, climber of the Hill of Fame!  
Shouldst thou desire to venture in the same  
Erratic line,

Here are the simple formulas which serve  
The artist in preparing a *chef d'œuvre*;  
Do as thou wilt, the recipe is thine.

The first ingredient is a heroine  
Of frenzied mien, of stature somewhat slim  
And moods hysterical;  
An idiotic female who disjoins  
Her speech with scores of exclamation points,  
And fairly reeks with qualities chimerical.

Add then the hero—picture such a man  
As ne'er existed since the world began;  
With morals slack,  
And lurid eccentricities and ways  
Which, shown in life in these prosaic days,  
Would stamp him as a semi-maniac.

Love, fury, envy, passion, hatred, faults,  
Some rippling waltzes and a sighing waltz,  
A pinch of plot,

Two wilted souls, revenge and wounded pride,  
Red fire, slow music and a suicide!  
Mix well upon the fire and serve it hot.

If, thus inspired, you perpetrate a screed  
That's bad enough, maybe the world may read  
The thoughts you utter;  
But mark thy time, for nearer draws the end  
When passion's hectic pages shall descend  
To lining trunks or wrapping up the butter.  
GLEN MACDONOUGH.

#### Blaine's Unmarried Son.

[Washington Letter to Philadelphia Star.]

The marriage of Mr. Blaine's second son, Emmons, to Miss McCormick, and the prospective marriage of his youngest daughter to Mr. Damrosch, will leave the Blaine household to himself and wife. Walker, the eldest son, is a bachelor, but being a thorough club man the Blaine household sees little of him. The mothers with marriageable daughters who make Washington their rendezvous during the society season—and the town is full of them—have had Walker Blaine on their list for a long while, but they find him a hard fish to catch. Walker is not more than thirty-five and from the way the married men who belong to the club talk he is led to feel that a man at his period of life is better off single than married. He thinks he can see ahead of him ten or fifteen years of a good time before he begins to look around for a wife.

#### Catarrhal Dangers.

To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

#### Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh

Consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and IMPROVED INHALER, in one package, at all druggists, price, \$1.



#### WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS,

Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. At druggists, 25 cents.

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