

THE LIFE OF THE ROMANCE OF "OLD GOLDENLOCKS" IN THE ROOM OF A WEEK.

Samuel Parkhill, the Octogenarian Ticket Chopper, Kills Himself After a Painful Interview with His Girl Wife.



ANNIE PARKHILL. Cracked Age and Youth Cannot live together. —Shabazz.

A LONG wisp of hair trailed over the old man's right temple as he sat huddled on the trunk, his chin on his breast and his back against the wall. It was the color of ripe wheat, except where it was stained to a dark red. "That's funny hair for an old man," said the doctor, as he lifted the single strand and glanced critically at the bullet hole underneath. "Oh! It's a wig, I see!"

Chapter III. Wife in Name Only.

"Old Goldenlocks" was not happy. The romance of years had ended in marriage, and "Miss Black Eyes" was his wife in name only. Why this should have been so it is better to leave to conjecture, because the versions of the story told by the persons most interested do not agree.

Chapter IV. May and December.

He was not always "Goldenlocks." Ever so many years ago, when Samuel Parkhill was superintendent of the Franklin Avenue Street Railroad Company, of Brooklyn, his hair was reddish brown and not at all remarkable. The story of how he came to be "Goldenlocks" is the story of his romance and its pitiful ending—the story, in a word, of his life.

Superintendent Parkhill was high in the favor of President Wood, and when the latter died, Parkhill was one of the trustees of the street railway business, he turned the young man over to Parkhill's guidance. They became fast friends, these two, and remained so for years. When Kirkland became the father of a baby girl, and allowed her to tug at his reddish brown locks, Wood died and Kirkland died. His wife and daughter were already grown up. At six years of age Samuel Parkhill found a shining penny and investing it, but his was a nature that demanded human affection.

Danger in Her Eyes.

"Miss Black Eyes" was the name she earned, and the mere circumstance may be accepted as an assurance that Annie Kirkland's eyes were something more than black. They were. There was a roguish snarl in them that captivated the men and boys who were lucky enough to pay for rides on the "F" at her little station.

Despite This There is a Higher Revenue Under the Raines Law.

State Commissioner of Excise Lyman gave out last night the figures for New York City for the last year as they will appear in his annual report. They show that while the new law brought to the city treasury \$1,500,000 more than the old law, there was a reduction of nearly one-sixth in the number of liquor stores. The statement follows:

WANT KOEHLER ON BOARD

David M. Koehler, senior partner of the importing firm of D. M. Koehler & Son, has been chosen by the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association as its candidate for Mayor.

TREES MIGRATE TO GOATS BROWSED NEVER SCENES. ON HIS WHISKERS.

Tall Oaks and Living Maples Leave Old Katonah on Trucks. Two Victims of Jack the Painter Turn Up in Court.

OWNERS WILL SAVE THEM.

These Landmarks Were Dear to the Hamlet the Watershed Wiped Out. Transplanted in Fresh Soil. A Feast for the Billies.

Surveys for a Dam at Farmers' Mills May Cause Serious Trouble, as the Evicted Dwellers Talk of Resisting.

Not alone have the villagers in the northern part of Westchester County been forced from their homes by Croton influences. The spirit of migration has extended to the trees, and now the giant oaks and the stately lindens and cedars may be seen leaving the spot from whence they sprang.

"Woodman, spare that tree," has no effect on the Aqueduct Commissioners, who insist that the watershed must be cleared, trees or no trees. Many of the farmers, notably James Martin, of shot gun fame, rebelled, but the majority yielded to the mandates of the law and moved away.

Last Spring the county presented the unique spectacle of an entire village migrating on wheels. Katonah was loaded upon trucks and incorporated at a new site. The early settlers of this and other villages were grieved to leave the trees behind these sturdy landmarks that invested the district with a natural beauty and made the homesteads dearer.

But these trees are following the barns and houses, and like the latter will find a new abiding place. Ex-Judge William H. Roberts inaugurated the tree exodus last Spring when he moved a grove of living oaks to his new estate at New Katonah. These trees were grown dry feet high, but they were taken up bodily, roots and all, and conveyed for miles on huge stone boats or trucks.

The project reveals the richness of the spirit that dwells within the bosoms of these people who would not desert the happy haunts of their fathers. Residents of North Salem are arranging to move their condemned buildings to a new site in the distant hills. But there are several stubborn farmers in this district, as well as at South Salem and Croton Dam, who declare they will not be evicted.

James Wiley and Francis King say they will use their shotguns on the best Aqueduct official who invades their places for the purpose of eviction. Surveys will be made to-day for a dam at the outlet of White Pond, near the village of Farmers' Mills, to cost \$100,000. The owners of the condemned land have threatened to elect the surveyors and serious trouble is looked for.

RUDINI'S COMING TASK.

New Cabinet an Italian Probability in View of the Obsolete Attitude of General Pelloux.

Rome, Dec. 5.—General Pelloux, Minister of War, maintains the attitude he has taken up in consequence of the action of Parliament in amending the bill dealing with army promotions against his advice, and persists in his resignation. King Humbert, the Marquis di Rudini and the other members of the cabinet urge General Pelloux to reconsider his action, but he refuses to do so.

FISHERMAN DROWNED.

Thrown Overboard by the Lurch of the Boat When the Anchor Caught.

William Neff, a plumber, of No. 150 Forsyth street, was drowned in Sheepshead Bay yesterday. At 9 a. m. yesterday fourteen men hired a boat from Henry Osborne, a boat keeper, of Emmons avenue. Everything ran smoothly until the boat met the cross tides two and one-half miles of Manhattan Beach. Several members of the party became alarmed and requested the captain to anchor the yacht. The water was pouring into the boat, and the party became frightened under orders from Captain Elbert the men set about bailing the water out of the vessel.

THORN READALL DAY LONG

He Devours 300 Pages of Dickens, and Says He is Pleased With His Prison Quarters.

Martha Thorn is pleased with his quarters in the State Prison at Sing Sing. After breakfast yesterday he asked for a book from the prison library, and upon being given the catalogue to make his selection he picked out Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." This he read almost continuously all day, and by night he had gone over about three hundred pages. The total number of volumes in the list in New York City on September 30, 1897, was 7,097. Of these 444 were druggists' certificates, sold for the nominal sum of 25 cents each, and 2,653 were liquor licenses, permitting sale of liquor not to be drunk on the premises. The actual number of places in New York City legally selling liquor is 2,653.

FEWER SALOONS NOW.

It was only on 25 days that Samuel Kirkland could be alone with "Miss Black Eyes" during her working hours. She was so diametrically opposed that visiting was out of the question. The old man was often called at the Court street station, and chatted with "Miss Black Eyes" for a few minutes before reporting at his post for duty at No. 25. More surprising still, "Miss Black Eyes" would often run out to Manhattan Crossing when her work was over and sit talking playfully to "Old Goldenlocks" for a while before going home.

Brooklyn N.Y. December 2, 1897

Dear Santa Claus, It is near Christmas time now and I wish you would send me a Christmas present. My papa is dead and my mama goes out washing every day. I have a little sister and two little brothers. I hope you will not forget me and I thank you very much for your kindness. From a lonely school girl, Mollie Euler, 524 Central Ave. Brooklyn N.Y.

YALE MEN CALL HIS TRICK A HUGE JOKE.

Their Unfortunate Comrade, Sent as Insane to the Almshouse, Is Rescued by President Dwight—Faculty Denies That Mischief Was Plotted.

ASKS JOURNAL TO FIND SANTA CLAUS.

Little Mollie Euler Writes a Pathetic and Trustful Letter.

Little Mollie Euler, of No. 524 Central avenue, Brooklyn, has had some sad experiences in the last five months. Her papa was killed last July while at work on a building, and though her mamma has worked hard, things have been going from bad to worse in the Euler household, for there are three other children besides Mollie who have to be clothed and fed.

It seemed to Mollie and her brothers and sisters that the climax of misery came last Friday, when her tired and overworked mamma cut short a stream of childish anticipations about Christmas by saying in a low tone:

"Children, I'm afraid that Santa Claus won't be able to find us this year." "Not able to find us—why we lived here last year and he brought us such a lot of things and we had a pretty tree," said Mollie, who, though she is nine years old and bright at school, still believes in Santa Claus with all the faith of the tiniest child who is made happy by the Christmas mystery surrounding his coming.

"The children look so very blank at my bareheaded reply," she said, "I can only get barely enough for you to eat since papa died," hesitatingly replied Mrs. Euler, trying to brush away the tears so the children would not see them. "I know, but you won't be able to find us, and we have to be glad this year if we have enough to eat and a fire to keep us warm."

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At the top of their voices as a relief for their feelings, Mollie is something of a philosopher, and she has a surprise in the oldest of the little household feelings. She said: "Mamma, if we are so poor, I think that is why Santa Claus ought to be sure to find us. Just think, he might bring us all the new toys like he brought last year and then you wouldn't feel so badly about us going out."

The poor mother could only bend lower to earn money for their daily needs. But Mollie is a girl of resources. She considered the situation and concluded that if Santa Claus only knew how much she and her little family wanted him he would surely come. So she wrote a letter to Santa Claus, and asked the Journal to forward it. Not knowing the exact address of the little girl, the letter is reproduced here. It reads:

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SENT TO ALMSHOUSE.

The police did not know but the statement given them by the jokers that the man was insane was sufficient, so Superintendent Gaffey, at the Almshouse, was notified and preparations were made to remove Johnson from the lunatic institution the padded cell was made ready and a dilapidated looking four-wheeled vehicle was sent into town after Johnson. He was handcuffed again and conveyed to Spring-street.

Not long after this President Dwight learned of Johnson's trouble and he asked General H. C. Foster to investigate the case. Dr. Foster, accompanied by Dr. William G. Duggert, rode out to the Almshouse and found Johnson in the waiting room in a state of prostration over his experience, and weeping. The physician examined Johnson, but found him to be sane. Johnson said he could not understand it, but suspected he had been made the victim of a joke.

Johnson was speedily released and returned to the boarding place. The Yale faculty now deny that students perpetrated the "joke" which they have tried to investigate, but they are perplexed. Their only explanation is that Johnson is the victim of an unfortunate yet innocent combination of circumstances. They admit that a student did ring up the police, but claim that it was on a request of the boarding-house keeper.

Why Does He Do It?

(Attention Globe.) Every one in awhile some man gets into trouble by taking a woman against her will. Why does he do it? There are plenty of women who are willing.

The Tailor's Task.

The tailor who is out of work Can mend his luck this very week. If through the Journal's well-read "wants" A situation he will seek.

Journal Situation "Wants," 16 words 10 cents.

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