

A WHITE MAN IN TIMBUCTOO.

The Story of Dr. Lenz's Visit to the Famous Town.

THE FIFTH EUROPEAN IN 250 YEARS TO SEE THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

Africa and Asia have each a city which is famous for its inhospitality to the white race. Lhasa, the chief town of Tibet, and Timbuctoo, the best known city of the western Soudan, have the reputation of being the most inaccessible towns in the world, and to this fact is due half their fame.

For twenty-seven years after Barth spent some time in Timbuctoo no European entered the city until Dr. Oskar Lenz visited the place in 1880. He has published in German the story of that remarkable journey, and an account of some things he saw in the forbidden city is here condensed from his narrative. His picture of the city is also presented. The history of the visits of white men to Timbuctoo is interesting, and may be summed up briefly before turning to Dr. Lenz's story.

In 1639 Paul Imbert, a French sailor, fell into the hands of the Arabs, through a shipwreck on the Atlantic coast, and was taken to Timbuctoo as a slave. The master into whose hands he finally fell took him to Morocco, where he died in bondage. He left no record of his residence in Timbuctoo, and therefore contributed nothing to the history of African discovery.

Nearly 200 years elapsed before a European was again in Timbuctoo. In 1825 the English Government commissioned Major A. G. Laing to make a journey in Africa for the exploration of the Niger River. He started from Tripoli, crossed the desert, and reached Timbuctoo in August, 1826. A month later he was murdered a few miles north of the city. The facts of his death were finally ascertained, but the record of his visit to the city was never recovered. Timbuctoo was still unknown to the world except through the reports of natives of Africa.

Two years later, in 1828, René Caille, Frenchman, reached the city, and he is the first European who ever threw any light upon the mysterious town. Impelled to court danger by pure love of adventure, almost without means, and with no scientific equipment, he betook himself to Senegambia, bent upon winning the \$2,000 in cash which the Paris Geographical Society had offered as a prize to the first European traveler who should visit Timbuctoo and bring home a report. In Senegambia he learned Arabic and the customs of the Arabs. By slow stages he made his way inland through various Mohammedan tribes. He was taken everywhere for a poor pilgrim, and in that guise in the train of a caravan that was journeying to Timbuctoo, he reached the forbidden city, where he spent some time. He finally joined another caravan and crossed the desert to Tangier, in Morocco. His return to Paris was hailed as a great event. He received the prize of the Geographical Society, under whose auspices his work in three volumes, "Journal of a Visit to Timbuctoo and Jenne, in Central Africa," was published in 1830. Caille had taken very copious notes, and had managed, with great tact, to support his disguise.

In one respect this matter is not so difficult as it would seem. Long exposure to the African tropical heat turns the European face a very dark color. The visages of the white prisoners at Khartoum, who have just escaped from that bondage, had been turned so nearly black by their long sojourn in the Soudan that, speaking Arabic, and in native garb, they passed unquestioned among all the people they met in their flight.

Caille's story excited incredulity in England, and some authorities expressed doubt that he had visited Timbuctoo at all. France had faith in him, however, and an annual pension of \$250 was given to him. He died in 1839, fourteen years before Barth proved that Caille had told the truth and had written a valuable book.

Barth, one of the greatest scientific travelers of all time, entered Timbuctoo in 1853 and spent over seven months in and around the town. He collected an astonishing amount of minute information about the country, town and people. After his visit no European or Christian saw Timbuctoo until July 1, 1880, when Dr. Lenz, in the garb of a Mohammedan traveler, first saw the city. We can imagine his joyful and yet anxious feelings as his little party travel-stained from their long journey across the northern wastes, approached the forbidden city. He remained there only three weeks, and a part of the time he was ill of fever; but he collected a great deal of information, and devoted over fifty pages of his book to the city.

Timbuctoo lies nine miles north of the Niger River, and about 800 feet above the sea. Its geographical position has not been calculated to a nicety, for the suspicions of the natives have made astronomical observations difficult. The city contains neither public squares nor gardens. The only verdure is four or five sickly little trees. The town is not healthful. Numerous pools of stagnant water between the city and the Niger breed fevers. The town has grown since Barth's time, but its growth is very slow. Lenz estimates the population at 20,000. The only public buildings are the mosques, and no European has ever entered them except Caille. Schools are connected with the mosques, and here also are collections of manuscripts, many of them doubtless of much historical importance, though Barth translated and published the most valuable of them. Most of the inhabitants can read and write and know a large part of the Koran by heart. Some of the men are renowned for their learning. Lenz says that if he could have spared the money he might have purchased some very interesting manuscripts. It was a pity that he had to husband his resources for his further journey.

The population is composed of various elements. Moroccan Arabs are the most substantial and important element. Most of them are very dark in color on account of the large admixture of negro blood in their veins. Light-colored women are very rare. There is in Timbuctoo a great mixture of people from all over the western, Soudan and the negro countries south of it, the western Sahara, and the Mediterranean States. Timbuctoo is a big market, a meeting place of traders where the products of the south are exchanged for those of the north. It was never the chief town of a large country. It is not joined in interest and political bonds with the regions around it. It is a market place, an important one

to be sure, but still it has no prospect apparently of developing into a large city like some of the capitals of the Soudanese States unless European influences finally fasten upon it.

Dr. Lenz's little party excited the greatest curiosity, and his house was usually crowded with visitors. Among the throng were rich traders from Rhamades in the Sahara, a blue cloth hiding all of their faces except the eyes; Moorish merchants from Morocco, and big, splendidly developed Fulbe, great fanatics and distrustful foreigners. He met people from far away Senegal, natives of Borneo, and negro slaves hailing from many tribes in the Soudan.

Dr. Lenz was most interested in the Tuarek or Tuaregs of the Sahara, the formidable people who have killed quite a number of European travelers and are the chief obstacle in the way of exploring the great central region of the desert. They are wild in aspect; their faces are covered with a dark blue cloth, and they are strongly armed. They wear a large sword, a short sabre, and carry a number of lances, which they never lay down. Their voices grate harshly on the ear, their speech is rough and unpleasant, and altogether they make a disagreeable impression. Their chief, who came to see Lenz, understood both the Arabic and Fulbe languages, these three people living near together and maintaining now friendly, now hostile relations.

The Kahia, or Mayor of the town, sent to the Doctor, who was supposed to be a person of great consequence traveling through the country, a good dinner on the day of his arrival. The feast included roast beef, roast chickens, vegetables, and fresh wheat bread of excellent quality. There was nothing to drink except water. No other beverage is permitted in Timbuctoo. During his three weeks' residence in the city Dr. Lenz did not find it necessary to buy any provisions. He was looked upon as the city's guest, and he and his party were amply supplied with all they needed by the Kahia. Curiously enough, though many fish are taken from the Niger River, they form no part of the food of the well-to-do. Fish are reserved for negro slaves and the poorer people. Food supplies were as abundant as in the best towns of Morocco, and the table and domestic service were equal to that found in Fez. As Dr. Lenz and his comrades had plenty of coffee, tea, and tobacco of their own, they lacked for nothing in Timbuctoo to make them comfortable.

After the long journey across the desert the abundance of animal life at Timbuctoo was a pleasing sight. There were large herds of hump-backed cattle grazing between the town and the river. Thousands of goats and woolless sheep were scattered here and there over the plain, and there were big troops of camels and asses, and horses, too, besides large numbers of tame ostriches, robbed of their plumage and anything but attractive objects in their despoiled condition. Most of the ostrich feathers, however, are obtained from the wild birds, which are hunted on horses. The plumage of the wild birds is more beautiful and costly than that of the ostriches in captivity. Cattle as well as camels are used in the local transport service, but of course the cattle are not fitted for travel in the desert. The horses are a small race, but have endurance and speed.

The chief authority of the town is vested in the Kahia, Mohamed Br-Rami, whose family is recognized as the ruling family. He is a descendant of the Andalusian Arab who, after his people were driven out of Spain, finally made his way across the desert to Timbuctoo. Through marriage with negro women the members of this family have become very dark in color, and the present Kahia has the aspect of a negro. There is cunning in his face, but he is good-natured, withal, laughs heartily, and is greatly interested in all new things. Dr. Lenz says there is nothing fanatical about him, and that if he should ever take severe measures against a Christian in Timbuctoo it would be because he was compelled to do so by powerful influences he could not control. He has little influence in external politics, as, for instance, in the never-ending feuds between the Tuaregs and the Fulbes.

Almost daily the Kahia in company with some of the learned men of the town visited Dr. Lenz for discussion, chiefly upon religious matters. Some of these scholars were almost white, like many Moors in Morocco. Their fathers, like themselves, had married only pure-blooded Arab women. Most of the women of Timbuctoo are of negro descent.

The time was when Morocco wielded enormous influence in Timbuctoo, and carried on a large trade with that town. El-Kal, a former Sultan of Morocco, marked out with wooden posts a caravan route clear across the desert to Timbuctoo. Morocco now, however, has absolutely no influence in the town, and the Moroccan trade is comparatively small. The Sultan of Morocco is known as a great Scherif, but the people care nothing about him. Times have changed since his soldiers knocked at the very doors of the Southern town and many trading caravans annually made the journey between the Mediterranean State and Timbuctoo.

For a century the Tuaregs of the desert and the Fulbe of the Soudan have been usually on hostile terms, and Timbuctoo, open on every side, has naturally suffered. In fact, the town has often been the prize of war, and as these people compose a considerable part of the population of the town, their differences have been the main features of the political strife. The Tuaregs do not live south of Timbuctoo. The country surrounding the town is thickly peopled, particularly toward the east, with natives living in tents.

Dr. Lenz believes that if France gains the ascendancy for which she is striving on the middle Niger and firmly establishes herself at Timbuctoo she can make that place the centre of enormous influence for the spread of Western civilization and the extension of her trade. If France expects to enlist any part of the native populace in her work she must keep her eye chiefly upon the Fulbe, whose influence in the western and central Soudan does not yet appear to have reached its highest point.

Since Dr. Lenz's visit the French, descending the Niger in a gunboat, have twice reached the environs of the town. Lying on the boundary between the Soudan and the Sahara, Timbuctoo has a most favorable situation, and when France achieves her ambition and possesses the place she will be on the highroad to complete ascendancy in that part of Africa.

For an assistant mistress in a school in Wiltshire, for four months, there is offered a salary of five shillings a week.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A REMARKABLE INSTITUTION.

The Hudson Bay Company's agents were not the first hunters and fur-traders in British America, ancient as was their foundation. The French, from the Canada's, preceded them no one knows how many years, though it is said that it was as early as 1627 that Louis XIII. chartered a company of the same sort and for the same aims as the English company.

Whatever came of that corporation I do not know, but by the time the Englishmen established themselves on Hudson Bay, individual Frenchmen and half-breeds had penetrated the country still farther west. They were of hardy adventurous stock, and they loved the free roving life of the trapper and hunter. Fitted out by the merchants of Canada, they would pursue the waterways which there cut up the wilderness in every direction, their canoes laden with goods to tempt the savages, and their guns or traps forming part of their burden. They would be gone the greater part of a year, and always returned with a store of furs to be converted into money, which was, in turn, dissipated in the cities with devil-may-care jollity.

These were the courriers du bois, and theirs was the stock from which came the voyageurs of the next era, and the half-breeds, who joined the service of the rival fur companies, and who, by-the-way, rededicated the history of the Northwest territories with the little bloodshed that mars it.

Charles II. of England was made to believe that wonders in the way of discovery and trade would result from a grant of the Hudson Bay territory to certain friends and petitioners. An experimental voyage was made with good results in 1668, and in 1672 the King granted the charter to what he styled "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay one body corporate and politic, in deed and in name really and fully forever, for Us, Our heirs and Successors." It was indeed a royal and a wholesale charter, for the King declared, "We have given, granted and confirmed unto said Governor and Company sole trade and commerce of those Seas, Straights, Bays, Rivers, Lakes, Creeks and Sounds in whatever latitude they shall be, that lie within the Straights commonly called Hudson's together with all the Lands, Countries, and Territories upon the coasts and confines of the Seas, etc., not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince of States, with the fishing of other of fish, Whales, Sturgeons, and all sorts of Royal Fishes, together with Royalty of the sea upon the coasts within the limits aforesaid, and all Mines Royal as well discovered as not discovered, of Gold, Silver, Gems, and Precious Stones, and that the said lands be henceforth reckoned and reputed as one of our Plantations of Colonies in America called Rupert's Land." For this gift of an empire the corporation was to pay yearly to the King, his heirs and successors, two elk and two black beavers whenever and as often as he, his heirs and successors "shall happen to enter into the said countries." The company was empowered to man ships of war, to create an armed force for security and defence, to make peace or war with any people that were not Christians and to seize any British or other subject who traded in their territory. The King named his cousin, Prince Rupert, Duke of Cumberland, to be first governor and it was in his honor that the new territory got its name of Rupert's Land.

In the company were the Duke of Albemarle, Earl Craven, Lords Arlington and Ashley, and several knights and baronets, Sir Philip Carteret among them. There were also five esquires, or gentlemen, and John Portman, citizen and goldsmith. They adopted the witty sentence, "Pro pelle cutem" (A skin for a skin), as their motto, and established as their coat of arms a fox sejant as the crest, and a shield showing four beavers in the quarters, and the cross of St. George, the whole upheld by two stags.

The "adventurers" quickly established forts on the shores of the Hudson Bay, and they began trading with the Indians, with such success that it was rumored they made twenty-five to fifty per cent. profit every year. But they exhibited all that timidity which capital is ever said to possess. They were nothing like as enterprising as the French *Coureur du bois*. In a hundred years they were no deeper in the country than at first, excepting as they extended their system of forts or "factories" up and down and on either sides of the Hudson and James bays. In view of their profits, perhaps this lack of enterprise is not to be wondered at. On the other hand, their charter was given as a reward for the efforts they had made, and were to make, to find "the Northwest passage to the South-east seas," and in this quest they made less of a trial than in the getting of furs; how much less we shall see. But the company had no lack of brave and hardy followers. At first the officers and men at the factories were nearly all from the Orkney Islands, and those islands remained until recent times the recruiting source of this service. This was because the Orkney men were inured to a rigorous climate, and to a diet largely composed of fish. They were subject to less of a change in the company's service than must have been endured by men from almost any part of England.

The attitude of the company toward discovery suggests a Dogberry at its head, bidding his servants to "comprehend" the Northwest passage, but should they fail, to thank God they were rid of a villain. In truth, they were traders pure and simple, and were making great profits with little trouble and expense.

They brought from England about £4000 worth of powder, shot, guns, fire-steels, flints, gun-worms, powder-horns, pistols, hatchets, sword blades, awl blades, ice chisels, files, kettles, fish-hooks, net lines, burning glasses, looking-glasses, tobacco, brandy, goggles, gloves, hats, lace, needles, thread, timbles, breeches, vermilion, worsted sashes, blankets, flannels, red feathers, buttons, beads, and "shirts, shoes, and stockings."

They spent, in keeping up their posts and ships, about £15,000, and in return they brought to England castorums, whale fins, whale oil, deer horns, goose, quills, bed feathers, and skins—in all of a value of about £26,000 per annum. I have taken the average for several years in that period of the company's history, and it is in our money as if they spent \$90,000 and got back \$130,000, and this is their own showing

under such circumstances as to make it the course of wisdom not to boast of their profits. They had three times trebled their stock and otherwise increased it, so that having been 10,500 shares at the outset, it was now 103,950 shares.—[Harper's Magazine.]

NINE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Stowaway Buzelle Alive at the end of a Terrible Voyage from New Orleans.

The unloading of the Morgan Linesteamer El Monte, which arrived at New York on Tuesday night with a cargo of cotton and various other things from Algiers, opposite New Orleans, had so far advanced at 10 o'clock next morning, that the deck just over the hold had been pretty well cleared, and the stern hatches of the hold were exposed. Three men who were standing near these hatches heard a cry which issued apparently from the hold. They lifted up the hatches, and soon over the closely piled bales of cotton a man came crawling to stare up at the light and open wide his mouth to catch the fresh air. His face was yellow and sunken, and his body, hardly concealed by his scanty, torn clothing, was shrunk and wasted. The men stooped down, and lifted him to the deck. "Starving!" he gasped. "I'm nine days without food."

The ship left Algiers a week ago Thursday morning, and this stowaway, whose name is Charles Buzelle, must have crawled into the hold the day before. He had a few crackers in his pocket, and these he ate before the ship left Algiers. His hiding place was covered by the deck, with the hatches closed down, and this was piled with freight, so that no one could get near to hear the calls for help he must have uttered. It is not clear how he got air enough to keep him alive, nor can it be easily understood how he could endure the stifling heat which sometimes sets a cargo of cotton afire from spontaneous combustion.

He had torn the lining out of his broad-brimmed soft hat and had chewed it. He had opened a barrel of soap starch, and had eaten this until his stomach refused to take any more of it. He had chewed cotton also. Time must have passed with horrible slowness in such darkness and heat and craving for food and drink, and it is a wonder that was able to keep anything like an accurate record of it.

Immediately after his uncovering an ambulance took him to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he now lies at the point of death. He is a cooper by trade and 23 years old, tall and naturally slender. He belongs in Rockland, Me., and went South several years ago to work at his trade. Getting out of work he determined to go home. Just before he started he was robbed at his boarding place, so he says, and thus had no choice but to stow himself away in a ship. His unfamiliarity with sea-going craft led him to choose so dangerous a hiding place.

A WHITE GIRL'S TERRIBLE STORY.

Her Mother Compelled Her to Marry a Burly Negro.

A dispatch from St. Louis says: The hearing of the evidence in the divorce suit of Mary A. Jackson, a pretty white girl of about 16, against William H. Jackson, a burly colored man, by Judge Wilderman, in the St. Clair County (Ill.) Circuit court at Belleville, developed a most revolting story.

According to the evidence the girl, whose maiden name was Mary Maloney, was 14 years old at the time of her marriage to Jackson. She was forced to wed the colored man by her mother, who six months previously had married a colored man. Her mother and Jackson went to the office of County Clerk Rhein, in Belleville, on May 5, 1890, without the girl, and secured a license for the marriage of her daughter and the colored man, swearing that her daughter was 17 years of age. Jackson gave his age as 21. Mrs. Jackson who does not look over 15 years of age, told her horrible story in the court-room at Belleville. She said that she was compelled by her mother to marry the colored man, who claimed to have considerable money and who agreed to pay off \$300 of a mortgage which rested on some property in East St. Louis owned by her mother. They were married in East St. Louis on the same day the license was issued by Rev. Edward Jackson, a colored minister. That night they were charivariated and nearly every pane of glass in the house broken. The next day her husband took her to a colored boarding house kept by Sandy Mick, on Morgan street, St. Louis, where she stayed one week. He then took her to a house on Gratiot street, and afterward to the house of one Glory, on Morgan street, and endeavored to have her lead a life of shame and to supply him with money, so that he might live without work.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Jackson's testimony her attorney, Capt. William H. Bennett, stated to the court that a white man who desired to marry her before she wedded the colored man was still willing to marry the poor woman after her divorce. Judge Wilderman said it was the most revolting case he had ever heard of, and the testimony showed that her colored husband was worse than a brute. He therefore granted the divorce.

Well Meant But—

"What a sweet child!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Yes," replied the mother. "Hasn't he a cunning little nose?" "And such funny fat cheeks?" "And a darling bald head!" "And such pudgy fat hands!" "Yes (to her husband) John, do you know I think the baby looks more like you every day?"

He Was Not Joking.

"Are you married or single?" asked a New York justice of a prisoner. "I'm not married, but my wife is," said the doomed man in a husky tone of voice. "Now, if you get off any more jokes in this court room, I'll lock you up for contempt of court." "Why, judge, I ain't joking, a'though I'm a little tight. I was married and I got a divorce. My wife married again, but I didn't. I know when I've got enough of matrimony, although I may take too much whisky, so you see I'm not married, but my wife is. You don't catch me joking on any such serious subject as matrimony."

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Australian eggs are now shipped to London, thanks to an extraordinary new process of preservation.

The London tailors have asked the County Council to fix the same rate for women's work as for men's.

A whale measuring 13 feet 6 inches, and 10 feet in circumference, was caught in the Wash, Lincolnshire, on Thursday week. About 100 of haddock, whiting, and other fish were taken from its mouth.

On Tuesday a woman named Falland residing at Sandback Street, Crewe, jumped from her bed-room window into the street while in a fit of delirium, and sustained shocking internal injuries. Her recovery is hopeless. The poor woman had only recently been confined.

An extraordinary rainfall, measuring 19 inches in the 24 hours, has fallen at Townsville, the most important town in Northern Queensland. The whole district is under water, several buildings have been carried away by the floods, and all railway traffic is suspended.

About a week ago a box was received by parcels post at Kettering Post Office, Northamptonshire, addressed to a Mr. Webb, but as no owner could be found for it it was forwarded to the Dead Letter Office in London. On Saturday, as the box emitted an unpleasant odour, it was opened by one of the clerks, who found in it the dead body of a male child. There was a mark round its neck, as if it had been strangled, and the matter has been placed in the hands of the city detectives.

A Frenchman and Frenchwoman were arrested in Jersey, on Tuesday, charged with the brutal murder of an old man in France. Accused came to Jersey ten days ago, and went to a middle-class hotel, where a blood-stained waistcoat and trousers were found.

A cable message from Vera Cruz stated that the steamer Golden Horn, previously reported to have been totally wrecked at Anegada, had broken in two and sunk. The captain and three more of the crew were drowned. The cargo cannot be saved.

The Recorder of Liverpool recently sentenced to prison for three months at hard labor for housebreaking a man with this history: In 1885 he was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. In 1862, having returned, he got ten years for stealing half a crown. In 1872 he got seven years for stealing a "hair plait." Then came sentences of five years in 1882 for stealing a watch and another five years in 1886 for stealing two shillings—in all forty-one years.

Is there to be a new trade opened up with Australia? It is to be hoped so. A sample case of 12 dozen eggs, specially preserved, has been sent from the up-country district of Koror to Melbourne for shipment through Agricultural Department for London. The eggs will be distributed among the dealers, and if they arrive in good marketable condition it is possible a trade will be opened up next season. The process of preservation is as yet a secret; but it is said to have proved successful so far as tested.

A mysterious affair occurred at Sutton near Runcorn, on Sunday. A farmer's man found a horse and trap straying on the main road. In the conveyance was a young man dead. He was leaning on the splash-board with a wound in his head. He had been dead some time. He had ninepence in his pocket, but no watch. The deceased was George Berts, son of a cab proprietor of Frodham, and he had late on Saturday night driven a gentleman to Halton. How he met his death is a mystery.

On Sunday afternoon an extraordinary sight was witnessed by a number of people on Shuthonger Common, near Tewksbury. Two gentlemen were taking a couple of dogs (a terrier and newfoundland) with them for a walk, when a flock of geese attacked them; but the newfoundland however, drove the geese into a pool. A large and valuable prize gander, belonging to Mr. Wm. Sutton, attacked the terrier, which had followed it into the water, and a fierce fight ensued, the gander eventually killing its opponent. The gander was then attacked from behind by the Newfoundland, who, after a hard fight, killed it. The onlookers were powerless to help, as the fighting took place in the water.

A former City Chamberlain of London wrote thus in his will: "I desire and direct that my funeral may be of the simplest and least expensive kind without carriages if possible and that my body be interred in ground which did not undergo the ceremony of 'consecration,' believing that the Lord and Saviour has by His burial sufficiently consecrated the earth for the reception of my poor remains, and desiring to testify against a prevailing superstition that the character of the ground in which a human is interred, or the nature of the funeral ceremony or the status of the ministers who may be employed, can affect the condition of the departed soul."

Brought It With Him.

"I found something in my bed room last night, madam, and—"

Lodging-house Keeper (indignantly)—"There ain't such a thing in the house! You must have brought it with you!"

Lodger (coolly)—"I was going to say, madam, that I found a sovereign in my bed room last night, and I won't dispute your word as to having brought it with me; so I'll keep it."

In a Doubtful State.

Lawyer—Are you single?
Female Witness—No.
"Then you are a married woman?"
"No."
"So you are a widow?"
"No."
"But my dear Madame, or Miss, you must belong to one of these classes. As what shall I put you down?"
"I am—an-engaged woman."

Every healthy girl is a tomboy by instinct. It is not till she learns that men are attracted by their opposite that she un-mans, or rather untomboys herself.

It is execrable taste for a waiter to wear a beard. So it is, but we prefer that he should wear it rather than to carry it, in sections, on the soup plate.

A Brooklyn man has just found his sister from whom he had been separated fifty years. She was the cook in his boarding house, and he recognized the style of her hair.