

in chains here in the land of the free, from which even flight is impossible.

The boss owns the house in which he lives and puts on the rent what he takes from his wages. His mortgage holds its victim fast until he dies, or, being of no further use, is thrown on the street with his belongings. Half an hour's travel through these tenements will discover to you a score of immigrants who have never learned a word of English since the day they set foot on American soil, ten, fifteen, nineteen years ago. How should they? Their treadmill is here and to it they are chained for good and all. To strike for freedom means starvation. Father, mother and children toll at the bench together from sunrise till far into the night for the pittance that shall buy them bread.

Here is a "home" in which the chief bread-winner has dropped out. Consumption has him in his grip—the tobacco, the doctor says. He will never work again. The wife has shouldered the burden alone, with a patient, uncomplaining courage that would earn for her a place among the world's heroes, did she not live in a Bohemian tenement. Six children and the sick man are to be fed. The \$8 she earns in the shop "goes round" somehow. Breakfast of coffee and hardtack; dinner, a good dinner, she says, of meat, soup, greens, and bread, 30 cents for them all. She does not say that she herself likes a crust at the bench for her midday meal. It is all she can afford. But at night they sup together, sausage and bread, all they want for 10 cents. Do they not have enough, she says, patting her boy on the head. His eyes glisten hungrily at the thought, as he nods stoutly in support of his mother. Aye! that they do. Only when the rent week comes around rations have to be shortened.

THE HOMELESS TRIBE.

Toward the bend in Mulberry Street slouches the tramp's army, as the police patrols are shortened, and the night grows apace, to roost in the stale beer dives, in the two-cent restaurants down deep cellarways, in the hidden bowels only the rent collector knows how to find. Overflow from the tenements, this army 10,000 strong, homeless even in the big barracks that mock the name of home; toward the vile rookeries of Thompson Street Old Africa of infamous memory, now fast being turned into a modern Italy, worse even than the Bend, if that be possible. Unutterable slough of the commingling of races on the hellish domain of the Black-and-Tan saloon. Nothing thrives in such a soil but decay, eternal and irremediable.

Toward the station house sets the foul tide, the beds of the narrow that are "made up" by turning them over once a day and daubing them twice a month with whitewash; toward the dumps, where the Italian street sweepers burrow among the filth, living, eating and sleeping there; toward the piers, where the dock rats have their holes,

hunted when the sun is high and when darkness is upon the river by the harbor police, but eluding the cunning of the ferrets they resemble—these avengers of the wrongs of society. The faint flicker of the midnight lamp guides them to their secret caves, far in under the land end of the piers, which they share on equal footing with the veritable rats of the docks. Toward the great, busy newspaper offices, with their rattle and spin of a hundred giant presses, where there is warmth, if not shelter, camping over the stream grates in the street. Here the police and the agents of a Christian charity that must needs fight by night and by day, never slumbering, against the homelessness of the tenements, lest it overwhelm society, find and gather them in. Toward the teeming caravansaries of the Bowery, the cheap lodging houses where the harvest of tares is gathered for the jails and the gallows, sets the tide of the homeless, the end of the other half that carries its poisonous sting. It is long past midnight before rest comes also to these.

THE LAST MILESTONE.

Far from the slumbering city the rising moon shines over a wide expanse of glistening water. It silvers the snow upon the Potter's Field and shortens with each passing minute the shadows of countless headstones that bear no name, only numbers. The breakers that thunder against the bluff within sight and hearing wake not those who sleep there. Their work was done, their cry stilled at last. In the trencher they lie, shoulder to shoulder, three stories deep, packed in death as they were in life, to "save space." In the Potter's Field one in ever ten who died in New York in the past five years was laid, too poor to buy a grave even in the poor burying ground of a "pay cemetery."—*Evening Sun.*

FAILURE OF S. KELLNER.

Business went on as usual at the dry goods establishment of S. Kellner, 205 and 207, Main Street, until 11 o'clock December 26, when the doors were abruptly closed. At first there was much speculation as to the cause of this sudden proceeding, but a notice was soon afterwards posted outside which showed that the proprietor had failed, and that Mr. S. Lederer, of Denver, was acting as official assignee. That gentleman having taken complete possession of the premises, he and a staff of clerks have since been actively engaged going through the stock—which is a tolerably extensive one—in order to arrive at an accurate valuation, etc. Mr. Lederer was seen by a News reporter this afternoon, but from him he was unable to glean any particulars bearing upon the failure. "I have simply been appointed as the official assignee in this matter," said he, "and at present I am not in a position to make any statement."

Mr. Kellner commenced business in Salt Lake in March of the present year, and prior to that time, for some years, had carried on a successful dry goods trade in Cheyenne,

Wyoming. This he gave up shortly before coming to this city. During the time he has been here he had managed to cultivate a good counter trade and to those outside appeared to be doing fairly well, for a newcomer.

The liabilities amount to between \$40,000 and \$50,000, the assets being in the neighborhood of from \$65,000 to \$70,000. Among the list of preferred creditors are the Commercial National Bank, for \$8,000 or thereabouts, and one of the debtor's employees, who had deposited his earnings with him, amounting to about \$700; Mr. Kellner's clerks in the store a number of small accounts for printing, etc., also stand on the preferred list.

As to the cause of Mr. Kellner's failure, it appears that he has latterly been pressed for money on certain bills that have fallen due, and which obligations he at length found himself totally unable to meet. He assigns everything for the satisfaction of his creditors' demands.

The assignment deed was prepared by Messrs. Marshall & Royle, attorneys, this city.

The following is a complete list of the creditors:

Commercial National Bank.....	\$8170 00
S. Kellner.....	670 40
M. & C. Mayer, New York.....	2405 06
Tribune Printing Co.....	95 85
Salt Lake Herald.....	75 00
DESERET NEWS CO.....	33 00
Salt Lake Power, Light & Heating Company.....	114 00
Kelly & Co.....	4 50
Joe Sims.....	32 00
P. V. Root.....	Wages 6 35
T. Langbran.....	52 00
George Gasser.....	24 25
W. H. Cleare.....	43 45
W. McQuarrie.....	9 60
Miss Ella Keate.....	25 33
Miss Emma Jacobs.....	26 00
Miss Mary Wallace.....	2 65
Malcolm Butler.....	2 10
Fred Anderson.....	0 75
Henry Osborn.....	1 40
George Herron.....	3 35
Oyle & Sargent, St. Louis, acct.....	57 10
Mills & Gibbs, New York, acct.....	4886 18
Friedlander & Bach, ".....	659 00
Olsett, Coon & Co, Chicago ".....	63 05
Warner Bros.....	485 14
Frankenthal Bros, New York.....	544 30
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.....	750 00
H. B. Claffin Company, New York.....	4907 81
John V. Farwell & Company, Chicago, account.....	799 41
Julius Stein & Company, New York, account.....	2560 15
L. Heilprin & Company, Chicago, account.....	5074 29
Switzer Pembroke, account.....	805 33
Well Haskell, New York, account.....	4,906 55
Kisch Manufacturing Company, New York.....	1,207 68
J. Modry & Company, New York, account.....	222 00
Lindauer & Company, Chicago, account.....	63 00
E. Jaffery & Company, New York, account.....	2,886 03
Well Dryfus & Company, Boston, account.....	3785 52
G. Seidenburg & Co., N. Y. ".....	347 90
Plonski & Simon N.Y. ".....	203 70
B. Blumenhal & Co., S. F. ".....	239 79
Hood, Foulkroud & Co Phil Note, ".....	1,385 66
Kilpatrick & Co., Omaha, account.....	952 72
Wilson Bros., Chicago.....	58 40
Benjamin & Co., N. Y. ".....	698 95
F. Horvitz & Co., N. Y. ".....	616 38
Kawler & Rosenheim, N.Y. ".....	311 25
Kahnweiler & Co., N. Y. ".....	379 00
Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., ".....	714 83
Ypsilanti, Mich ".....	304 45
Felmer, Clogg & Co., N.Y. ".....	1,804 63
Recht Bros., New York, account.....	457 08
Elsner & Stern, Chicago, account.....	117 00
Bon Ton Sult Co., Chicago, account.....	478 36
Carlson Correll & Co., San Francisco, account.....	3,406 13
Louis Auerbach, New York, account.....	124 42
Thomas Russell & Co., New York account.....	