

Quick as thought, however, the motorman, immediately he esped the child, shut off the electric current and applied the brake. But for his prompt action the little fellow must have been killed on the spot. Mr. Matthew Toilet happened to be sitting just within his schoolhouse door; looked up just before the accident occurred and saw the dangerous position of the boy. He shouted to the motorman, who was then pulling up. The child was considerably frightened, but escaped without the slightest hurt. He was picked up by his brother and carried home.

A word of warning to parents may not be out of place here. Children of quite tender years are often to be seen playing about the car track at this particular spot, and the wonder is that a very serious accident, if not a fatality, has not occurred long ago. The cars, as a rule, descend the hill at a good rate of speed, and it is a difficult matter sometimes for the motorman to pull up on the instant. There have been several hairbreadth escapes of late. The car last evening was going slower than ordinarily, and it is probably due to this fact that little Hardy is alive today.

THE CITY'S CASH.

City Auditor Raybould has prepared the following statement of the financial condition of the city up to June 1st:

RECEIPTS.	
Paving tax, Main street.....	\$ 6,139 21
Liquor license.....	5,250 00
Water main extension tax.....	2,841 84
Paving tax, First South street.....	2,632 94
City and county building (by mayor).....	2,356 65
Merchants' license.....	2,098 75
Sewer tax.....	1,893 15
Miscellaneous license.....	1,821 10
Fines.....	1,624 85
Paving tax, Second South street.....	1,615 74
Paving tax, West Temple street.....	1,310 94
Cemetery.....	1,300 00
Sidewalk tax.....	867 40
Tax sales.....	857 90
Dog tax.....	463 00
Mayor's contingent fund.....	387 88
Water rates.....	269 12
Engineering department.....	243 80
Waterworks.....	169 00
North Temple street aqueduct.....	143 75
Street department.....	129 00
Sprinkling tax.....	134 13
Rent.....	120 00
Poll tax.....	119 00
Interest.....	90 88
Watermaster.....	26 94
Land.....	3 05
Total.....	\$34,664 71

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Waterworks.....	\$21,695 16
Street department.....	6,425 15
Salary.....	4,843 28
Police department.....	4,815 40
Fire department.....	4,382 83
Bridge repairs.....	4,027 75
Watermaster.....	3,837 19
Street lighting.....	3,251 67
Land.....	2,125 10
Engineering department.....	2,086 87
City and county building.....	2,627 87
City and county building (by Mayor).....	2,254 90
Paving district No. 2.....	2,162 76
Water main extension tax.....	1,862 55
Mayor's contingent fund.....	1,511 80
Printing and advertising.....	1,354 30
Health department.....	1,310 75
Street sprinkling.....	1,000 00
Cemetery.....	695 40
Sewerage.....	690 85
Jordan and Salt Lake canal.....	619 75
Prison department.....	605 75
Parley's conduit.....	308 19
Dog tax.....	304 50
Treasurer's office.....	300 25
Lib. ry park.....	292 89
Crematory.....	266 00
Expense.....	837 12
Buysense.....	72 40
Furniture and fixtures.....	173 47
Parley's creek canal.....	172 50
Rent.....	155 00
Auditor's office.....	2 82

Public grounds.....	166 50
Gas and electric light.....	125 65
Sidewalks.....	125 00
Hospital.....	104 60
Legal expense.....	84 15
Donation.....	78 33
Recorder's office.....	79 27
North Temple street aqueduct.....	66 65
Fines.....	61 20
West Temple street paving.....	40 00
Total.....	\$78,698 07

SUMMARY.	
Balance in treasury May 1, 1893.....	\$164,662 63
Add receipts.....	34,664 71
Total.....	\$199,327 34
Deduct disbursements.....	\$ 78,698 07
Balance in treasury May 31, 1893.....	\$121,629 27

I hereby certify that the above statement is correct:

A. W. RAYBOULD,
City Auditor.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, June 4, 1893.—During the somewhat extended period in which I actually lived the daily life of a costermonger in London, many interesting observations and experiences, aside from those connected with the immediate concerns of buying and hawking vegetables, fish, flesh and fowl, were naturally resultant from my association with "Slumpsy fem," the coster, and his wife Becky, and what may be regarded as the aristocratic coster society, to which our signal financial success speedily gave us admittance.

It may not have been an original discovery on my part, but I was soon convinced of the correctness of a curious series of surmises growing out of much previous observation and study of the habits, manners and speech of London folk in general; a conclusion which seems worthy of extended discussion by others more able to make exact and authoritative comparison. This was, in brief, that the generic things we call "cockneyisms" in speech and manners, really have their origin chiefly among London costermongers.

It is exceedingly difficult to make this clear to those who have not lived in London, and also in large cities of other countries, long enough to have caught that exceedingly winsome feature of all great, old and compact communities which, for a better name, may be called "local color." Observation will nearly always disclose it to largely consist of the reflexive influence upon higher classes from unique or outlandish lower classes, that genial diablerie and humorous or tragic realism of the lowly almost instantly transformed into the wit, humor, repartee and "slang" of those above them; until, in degree, habit of speech, form of the commoner colloquial expressions and even distinctive mannerisms, become fixed and characteristic with and upon that grade of folk closest in mind, feeling and vocation to the characterful lowly people whom they have consciously or unconsciously imitated.

Thus I have heard in noted Paris salons the common jibes of the canaille and the boulevardiers from lips quite unconscious of their origin; in American clubs and drawing rooms, countless cant and patter expressions already long previously discarded in New York's Bowery slums, where they first took form; in the finest Edinburgh homes, the wise, curt and droll sayings of New-haven fish-wives and the denizens of Cowgate and Grassmarket; and from London concert-halls, up through London clubs, past English castles and noblemen's city homes, to the floor of parliament itself, the latest epithet and

newest catch-phrase of London costermongers, coined by my coster friends in moments of "four-ale" inspiration at free smoking-room concerts, at "penny-gaffs," or in valiant blackguarding battles with Covent Garden porters and the glib-tongued "mobbers" or fish-carriers of ancient and odorous Billingsgate.

As to "cockney" London folk high and low, clear and distinct lines may be drawn. The coster is the typical, indeed the genuine, cockney. His vernacular which is so outlandish that one has to have long acquaintance with it to understand it at all, is not slang, because it is his original and unaffected mode of expression. His swagger, his oaths, his terrible oburgations, his impulsive generosity, his reckless gambling, his fondness for pets, his roving ways within the great city, his grotesque apparel, his aversion to a fixed habitation, his suspicion of anything savoring of religion, his unconquerable Agnosticism, his self reliance, his fatalism, his fondness for his kind and kin and yet his seeming brutality in all domestic relations, his hardness and his tenderness, and his almost stern and Spartan loyalty to his friends, his race and his traditions, are all inexplicable and tantalizing to one studying his character little or long, but they are absolutely and inviolably his own. There is not an iota of pretense, hypocrisy or affectation about him. Because of this, millions of London lowly next him in the social scale, have in from 400 to 500 years' time been unconscious imitators of much of his speech, some of his manners, a good deal of his swagger and bluster, and not a little of his hardness and brutality. All these latter folk are often generically regarded as "cockneys." But, their cockneyism is assumed, copied, unreal. Consequently it is as offensive to the intelligent Englishman, who often errs in mistaking it for the genuine article exclusively possessed by the costermongers, as it is to the wondering American, who knows nothing whatever about its origin.

There is another class of folk in London and throughout England immeasurably less in number and real importance but inexpressibly more omnipresent and offensive, who masquerade as "cockneys" and who, more than all others, bring the true coster cockney into permanent disrepute. They are a sort of chromo cockneys when the genuine Turneresque reds and solemn Millet grays of the true cockney coster are brought into analytic comparison. They comprise a mixed and murrained multitude of London men-about-town, answering somewhat to the dude Cholly Wobblers of America—young nobleman and other choice aristocrats who "go in for a long and a strong pull, y' kneow." To these are added a few flash journalists, I am sorry to say, fellows who are on the outskirts of even the lowest of London Bohemias; not many actors, for London actors are almost invariably London gentlemen; some hangers-on of clubs; all pugilists, sprinters, horsemen, jockeys and professional sporting men generally; thousands of music-hall performers and the other thousands of "Tommy Rots" gulped out of the free smoking-room concerts of the public houses, who are found every Monday morning at their weekly "Poverty Junction" symposium at the corner of York and Waterloo roads; and tens of thousands more of London clerks and