NEW YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY

NELLIE BLY A PRISONER.

SHE HAS HERSELY ARRESTED TO GAIN ENTRANCE TO A STATION-HOUSE.

LUST WHAT EAPPERS TO A GIEL APPER THE POLICE SEIZE HER

THE NEED OF MANY IMPROVEMENTS IN POLICE PRISONS CLEARLY SHOWN.

Taken from a Herel on the Charge of Larcony and Leckod Up in Capt, Etley's Station-House... Descrive Hayes in the Deckle Reic of Policeman and Feminine Charmer...Compelled to Disrebe in a Room While the Officers Pecked Through a Crack in the Wall-Scenes in the Cell-Reem During the Night... A Kind-Henried Tarakey and Jolly Pricesors Arrelgued Before Judge Dudy at Jefferson Market and Discharged.

The reasons for the undertaking which I demibe below were:

First, THE WORLD wanted to know b particularly innocent women fall into the hands of the police are treated by them. and, second, what necessity, if any, there is for providing station-houses with matrons.

About 10 whiteout Thursday a carriage drove up to the Gedney House, corner of Broadway and Forty-first street, and two travel-stained women present out and entered the hotel. From their appearance even the most careful observer their appearance even the most careful observer would have seen that they would still more about sweing hay would thus about late suppers. [They were so fortimate as to got the best room but one, and the hotel register soon bore these en-

es: From Javie Pursus, Rochester, M. Y., 100

Miss F. Kerr. Albany, N. Y., room 130.

Number 130 was a very confortable corner room on the sixth Scor, from the windows of which the two country women could see the crowds of muffed figures going into the Metropolitan Opera-House to the Arnon Ball. But they had other things to think of, so they ordered a fire built in the store, which filled a corner, and turned their thoughts to what the would have for smoot. Amazenthy Miss Kent Muss F. Kert, Albany, N. Y., 700m 130. deren a me corner, and surned their thoughts to what they would have for supper. Apparently Miss Rent was the leader and from their conversation, which the waiters who fused about could overhear, it seemed as if she had undertaken to make Miss Peters, whom she met for the fixine on the train to New York, feel at home and entry herself. Hiss Peters was very inexperienced and was charmed with the ease of her per-found friend. Hiss Peters was also very abilities and at Miss Empts will suggestion paid. gove-found friend, many very suggestion paid all the talk. Of come Miss Kent in the sweet-all time, assisted her verleast accuratements that an accurate space is all in the morning. The waspers smiled and were more attentive to Hiss Kent than to Miss Peters, strange as it may

Hiss Kent dhen to Miss Peters, strange as a may seed.

At 11.30 a minity seaper was carred and the rouns weream were very happy and annable over it. Indiced they grew quite confiding, and Miss Tent charmed her friends with her tales of advanture and travel. Ke assess could have been bredier, and the waiters smiled and pocketed their targe-from Miss Peters pures, of course. It was growing late and these were scarcely are carriages driving up to the Metropolitan Dpera-House, and the satisface were scarcely her bodd had becomes very quiet, and a waiter was removing the supper dishes whem Miss Peters, who had gone to her satched for some latinovar reason, raised an outers.

"My money is gone! Oh, Hiss Kent, Miss Kent, I have lost my money?"

Amounting the Roten receil.

ABOURDE THE HOPEL PROFIL.

Miss Kent and the water hurried to the frightshed women and tried to quiet her, meanwhile
siding in a search for the missing money. It
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a scrape. The put on her hat and remarked that
the would leave, as she did not wait to stay
there and run the chance of having her name there and run the chance of having her name

there and run the casace of naving the newspapers.

Instead of having a quisting effect Miss Peters immediately accused Miss Kent of knowing what had become of her money. For it was Miss Kent who advised kery to divide her money and put half in her matched, less her purse be stolen and the lose it all. And after following this advise to the satisfact of the satisfact. who advised her, to divide nor many and pol-half in her subthell, best her purse be stolen and the lose it all. And after following this advice and putting two fifty dellar bills in the satched bed not Miss Kent been the only one to take harge of the satched during Miss Petern's ab-

whice from the room and pariot out?
The hell her went dismissions for the clerk and the first war care in the man because of

would never are found you out."
"Oh!" said Miss Kent, drily. "And why should I run away:"
"Haven't wow."

Haven't you enough to pay your bill?" he

Haven Tyou on the Market is a she doing now? Miss Kent replied. "What is she doing now?" referring to Miss Peters.
"She's down in the office trying to get an officer. I can get you out and over the stairway if

want to go. Miss Kent was more careful of her money than

of her liberty, for she refused to scape. As the man went out into the hall Miss Peters returned with Mr. Brugh, one of the hotel proprietors.

"Go out into the hall, Miss Peters, until I talk to Miss Kent, "he said as he seated himself near to the accused girl. He was so kind and nice !

THE DETECTIVES CALLED IN. back the money while you have the chance "But how can I give back what I have not

got? she excisimed.

"Oh. res. I know, Miss Kent," he replied
with a wille, "but now, look here, it can all be
settled quietly now. If not, Miss Peters will
insist on your arrest and you will be taken to got ?" she exclaimed. the station-house, and to-morrow to the Police Court, and it will go very hard with you."

Miss Peters sat guard over her while Mr. Miss Peters sat guard over the officers. The case was hopeless, there was no escape for the accused girl; so with flaming cheeks and scornful eyes she listened unmoved to the sobbing and th pleading of her new acquaintance and now

No one ever waited so quietly to be arr Doubtless, Miss Kent's calmne s and quiet was due to the hoyelessness of escape. A man guarded the hall and elevator and Miss Peters guarded the room. So Miss Kent quietly awaited her fate. It came.

Mr. Brugh returned at last when Miss Kent hed almost fallen salesp in a big arm-chair. He opened the door and invited the detectives in.

opened the door and invited the detectives in.

They looked very big and burly, and it's not suppristing that even Miss Peters begged Hiss Kent to restore the money instead of going to the station-house. They took everything off the bed and turned the mattresses. They pulled the wardrobe out from the wall and examined it carefully. The washstand, the bureau, the carefully the store and the chimney, but no money

pet, the stove and the cumumante of money were found.

You are wasting time and strength doing
You are wasting laughingly. "I did not that," said Miss Kent, laughingly. "I did not take the money and it is not hidden in this

room."
When everything was thoroughly gone ov
When everything was thoroughly gone ov
the detectives took Miss Rent—and Miss Pet
to tell her story—to the Thirtieth street steet

THE STATION.

The Nineteenth Precinct Station-House had the appearance as usual to public places in early morn, of being half saleep. The gray-haired Sergeant rested his arm on his deak, while an expression of dreaminess stole over his chu expression of dreaminess stole over the constru-finshed face. Two late reporters leaned against the railing which inclosed the Sergeant's desk, taking but little interest in the case. The fire in the flow, which marked the centre of the room, seemed to be tired of living, and the gadight gave little sports conscionally, as if to shake we little spurts conscionally, as if to shake self to wakefulness. Even the hig old clock as a door, whose fingers pointed to 2 o'clock, oved as if it had began to tire of its long day, The whole atmosphers of the place was filled with an air of languer.

The door was firing open and in from the darkos who ranged then ness came four persons who ranged themselves in a line before that Bar of Complaint. Two women and two men. The Sergeant lifted his gray head, and his eyes flashed with positive pleasure. The reporters straightened up and sunlied as they moved into the best positions to see and hear. A few dead ashee rattled through the grate of the stove and the fire grew brighter.
Even the clock seemed to take up a more cheer

I_Nellie Bly_was Miss Kent, the girl who tood there accused of grand larceny.

Miss Peters, my accuser, stood beside a det tive on my right; the other detective stood my left. Hiss Peters is not the wordant spinstor sits represented, but is a very bright and well-known newspaper woman. I concooled this known newspaper woman. I concorded this plan for my arrived for the reasons given in the first of my article, and owing to "Miss Paters's" most able assistance I had now reached the threshold of my god!.
"Sergeant," said the detective on my left, as he fing my satched on the desk before him, "I are said into the Gadnay House to arrest this

was called into the Gedney House to arrest this was called into the Gedney Blouse to arrest this girl. She is charged with stealing two fifty-dollar bills from this woman. "After repeating "Miss-Peters's "story of our meeting he added: "We searched the room all over, but we did not find anything.

TARTED HER PEDI

"What's your name?" asked the Sergeant in a Must I tell?" I saked faintly.

Well, if II go all the harder with you if I give you a name, he replied.

All New York Is Talking About This Story.

YOU MISS A GREAT TREAT IF YOU? FAIL TO READ IT.

OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

A SERVANT OF SATAN."

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER.

The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND FRECEDING CHAPTERS

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious assessin who was guiltoined in December last at Parts, under the name of Prado. Anaded on the eve of the street, the street of the st

Don't Fail to Read the Continuation of This Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.

been a paid matron, but I had not the heart to the pand maston, out I had not the heart to tempt a poor creature who had to beg lodgings. I did not want to be the cause of any misery to her, so I quietly submitted to being searched. "You will have to undress, Jennie." said the heartily.

datective, whose name I had learned was Hares, and then he went out and left me in that little nigeon-hole alone with the woman.

As I began to undress I thought I detected an ere at a creation and houseful.

As I began to undress I thought I detected an eye at a crevice, and, horrified, I got back as far out of the irange of it as possible. I managed to keep the searcher between me and the crevice while I wondered what sort of a man a gorgeant must be who would permit such things. Sorgeant must be who would permit such things. I gave the woman all the money I had, which she handed to the detectives. She was altogether as unfeeling creature, and no more fitted to earsels women than a vulture is fitted to nurse a sick lamb. She was utterly regardless whether I was seen dressed or undrassed. Of cetters, the fifty-follar hills were not found on me, and I was taken out through the station-house to a little low building.

LOOKED TO A CREAT

LOCKED IN A CRUI-

little old man with kindeyes and grayish A little GM man with kind eyes and grayish whishers and a cap and a great black pipe, from which came dense, clouds, of smoke, received me and I breathed a sigh of relief. I was locked in where the cells were and the detectives

were looked out.

As far as I could see in the dim light the cells went to the tip of the building, and as there was but one tier of cells the building must necessarily be low. All these cells had big iron doors. Shoring was about the only thing I heard as I followed my lailer around the stone corridors. Tudged, there was no much snoring, and it was Indeed, there was so much snoring, and it was so loud, that when he said:

"Do you want a cell close to the stove or a bit

I had to yell back: "What's that you sa I mad so yell back: What's that you said?"
But one becomes accustomed even to the noise
of a cannon. When the snoring began to resemble the sounds of a heavy sea tearing down
things that were meant to stand I found I could

"Don't put me too near the stove, above the chorus of snores. "It's t in here."
So he led the way past a cell where a ye

non stood looking through the bars, past where a woman leaned her pale face against the bars, away down to a place where half a dozen doors

"Is there no way to get a drink of water dur-

"Is there no way to get a mins of west ing the night "I saked.
"Ohe "is "I will sive you a tin cup which you can keep in your cell." he replied.
I went into my cell. It was not luxuriously furnished; indeed, some might call it here.
Sate was a hard comented floor, brick walls half way on sales.

FRENCH CONTRACTOR CONT "I'm afraid of you. Tou'll bite me if I open the door," he said, and she laughed at this quite

"No. I won't bite you. Open the door; do

I can't; I'm afraid you'll bite," he still re plied lightly; and pleased, the poor woman laughed again and then went to sleep.

ACRES IN THE CELL SOOM.

I heard him open the grating of another cell and then heard him say: "Come, come, now! don't double up that way. There, that's bester," and the grating was locked again.

'Is anything wrong?" I asked, as he came down the corridor. I was still looking through

"No. There's a woman down there that I'm afraid may amother," he said, putting his fac-close to the bara. What is she in for ?

"What is she in for ?"
"Drunk," he replied shortly: "and I has
now found this," holding a still burning clear
ette in between the bars, "beside her, and I'm afraid of heremothering.

"Drink. We have five drunks for any other complaint," he said sadly. "We've got for

complaint," he said sadly.

one complaint," he raid sady.

"What time is it, turnley?" some one sal

"Hello there, officer!" yelled another,
me out! I can't stay in this cell."

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Occasional spells of silence would come whis
were very tiresome to me. I began to feel wee
from standing, so I decided to lie down and
to rest. I folded my ischet for a pillow,
wrapping myself in my silk circular tried wrapping mysel in my sur circular tried sleep. Jint as I was dropping into a pleas doze the turnkey returned. "Here," he said: unbarring my doos, found this comforter. It may be some goo

you."
"You are very kind," I said o believe me, I am very much obliged to.
Tell me, i to change the anhiet. "do you
have much trouble with the women broad

"I have to watch them, because they are and they will do anything, especially win and they will do anything especially win and they wearing off. Bight in here, many girls to be a start girls." the next cell—I had one of the finest are world die on my hands. Oh, she was a and such a fine girl—as fine a girl as go see. I left here after talking to hereal. Ten minutes afterwards when I sands n was lying there deed."

"Did she will be real of a way of a month of the region of

lient chargeed her friends with her take of adwatere and travel. No seems could have been levelier, and the warters smiled and pocketed their tire-from Miss Peters's purse, of course. It was propries late and there were scarcely say carriages driving up to the Metropolitan Opera-House, maye to the early-to-bed people. The hotel had become very quiet, and a waiter was removing the supper dishes when Miss

Peters, who had gone to her satchel for some anknown reason, raised an outery. "My money is gone! Oh; Miss Kent, Miss

Eent. I have lost my money?"

ABOUSTRO THE BOTEL PROFIS Miss Kent and the waiter burried to the fright thed women and tried to quiet her, meanwhile siding in a search for the missing money. It was not found and as Miss Peters insisted on raising an alarm Miss Kent became very indisand at the prospect of being connected with such s scrape. She put on her hat and remarked that the would leave, as she did not want to stay there and run the chance of having her name in the newspapers. Instead of having a quieting effect Miss Poters

immediately accused Miss Kent of knowing what had become of her money. For it was Miss Kent who advised kenyto divide her money and put half in her satchet, less her purpe be stolen and the lose it all. And after following this navice and putting two fifty-dellar balls in the sutchel. had not Miss Kent been the only one to take tharge of the satchel during Miss Peters's ab-

sences from the room and parlor car? The bell-boy went downstern for the clock and Miss Kent, now your last toward become of the charges made by Mira Pology, sharted to leave the hotel. Miss Polens expitedly placed

to go. With a cool little laugh and a sarcastic ceply Miss Kent sat down to wait the pleasure of per frantic recommate. The clerk came and Miss Peters sobbingly related her story anew. She was coming from Rochester to New York. and on the train she made the acquaintance of

Hiss Kent, who was so acreeable and nice that they became friends. Then Miss Kent rag-rested as they were both travelling alone that derstop in New York all night at the same stand of Miss Peters going on to her - Grange. Miss Peters, being desir ing and shopping, and really pleased Then Him Kent had advised her set to carry all ber money in her purse, for if be should have her pockets picked she would

vice, had put two fifty-dollar bills in her satchel. which she had left in Miss Kent's care several And now the money was gone. Leaving a man in charge of Miss Kent the shork took Miss Poters down to the office. Care-less and indifferent. Hiss Kent stood by a window looking out, while the man in the room

"Do you think she had the money," he seled ADVISED TO BUY AWAY.

watched her steadily.

"Oh, yes, I saw it," said Miss Rent indifferently, shrugging Ker shoulders, but still looking Why didn't you got away ?" he saked, going

Bearer How ? " saked Miss Kent shortly, tarning to

face him. He was of medium height, had a decided brogue and not an unkind face.

"Why, didn't you see me tip you the wish when she began to make a from?"

"I did not understand it," said bliss Kent.

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she represented, but is a very bright and wellknown newspaper woman. I concocted this plan for my arrest for the reasons given in the first of my article, and owing to "Miss Patera's most able assistance I had now reached the

threshold of my goal. "Sergeant," said the detective on my left, as he flung my satched on the desk before him. "I was called into the Gedney House to arrest this girl. She is charged with stealing two fiftydollar bills from this woman." After repeating " Wise Peters's " story of our meeting be added:

"We searched the room all over, but we did not TAXING SEE PERSONNEL.

"What's your name?" saind the Serrount in a graff way.

"But I tell? Pushed faintly.

and sorthing."

"Well it'll go all the heater with you if I give you a name." he realist. "What will I do?' I saked the detective. "I

don't want to tell my name." "Bur Jane Smith, saything will do," he white

Challed and the Design of the Control of the Contro asked the Bergeant. "Jane Smith." I said by way of reply. "Where do you come from, Jane ?" he saked.

"Where?" I asked, turning to the detective in a vseudo-helpless way. It is always so much easier to allow some one else to do one's prevaricating, and there are always so many ready to

"Gedney House," whispered the detective.
"Gedney House," I said to the Sergeant, and

the reporters wrote it in their note-books. How old are you. Jane ?" asked the Sergeant Witing his eyes for a moment from the ledger in

which he was writing all this news. "Twenty years old." "Married or single?"

"Bingle."

Then I kept quiet until the others he Miss Peters" to tell her tale of wos. Ther also helped her to a chair and I was allowed to stand. "Miss Peters" told her story with many a flourish, painting me blacker and blacker with every word until I began to half suspect that I had stolen her money.

SEARCHED BY A RODGER.

Some poor men, whom missectone had over-taken, was brought in and stood builds meast the railing. He was given a chance to tall the story, but I don't see of what small it is. The officer is always believed in peofe moss, sed let the second tell what he may, it serve serve him from a night in the cells.

"Come with me. Jernie," mid my detective on the last, and I followed him through the gate indo a small room.

A sendy-cled and unkempt women was there. The was not strikingly clean and her face should fraces of a wearlsonse life. I felt sorry

when the began to 'make a from ! "

"I'll did not understand it," said Mos Kent.

"Wall, I could'se sitged you out than, an' Nu.

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"The bases you to say hotel you wanted to go do.

I jud intended to buy her efficient is, if it had.

whiskers and a cap and a great black pipe, from which came dense clouds of smoke, received me and I breathed a sigh of relief. I was locked in where the cells were and the detectives were looked out.

As far as I could see in the dim light the cells went to the top of the building, and as there was but one tier of cells the building must necesmarily be low. All these cells had big iron doors. Sporing was about the only thing I heard as I followed my jailer around the stone corridors. Indeed, there was so much snoring, and it was so loud, that when he said: "Do you want a cell close to the stove or a bit

AWAY 9"

I had to yell back: "What's that you said?" But one becomes accustomed even to the noise of a cannon. When the snoring began to resemble the sounds of a heavy sea tearing down things that were meant to stand I found I could tellr. here?"

"Don't put me too near the stove." I relied. above the chorus of snores. "It's very warm in here."

So he led the way past a cell where a young man stood looking through the bars, past where a termen learned her rale face against the bars. sway down to a place where half a dozen doors stood aisr. "Is there no way to get a drink of water dur-

ing the night ?" I saked. On yes; I will give you a tin cup which you

can keep in your cell," he replied. I went into my cell. It was not luxuriously furnished: indeed, some might call it bare,

There was a barn comented floor, brick walls nainted brown half way up and then whitepacked; a brass funcet where I could get water ich The hed was the very personification of simplicity. It was only a board fastened securely to the wall about two feet from the floor. There is no use saving that there was no spread or nillow or any of those little things we think we can't do without at home, because there was only board and nothing but board. My isiler fastened the grated door. I was not very sleepy and feit inclined to talk. I peeped out between the bars, catching alternately a cloud of smoke and a glimpse of his kind old face.

CHATTING WITH THE TURNERY. "Say, what are you called ?" I seked by the way of an introduction.

"A turnkey," he answered, neeping back at

"Well, now, if that stove would fall down out there how could we be saved ?" I asked.

"I don't know. I'm sure," he said, with a

"" Would we all have to roset here in our cells ?"

Torontioned. "Yes, I think that would be the end of you."

he laughed; "but there's no fear of it; it can't pe hinghed; "" seich fire bere." It was not very pleasant when I was alone with

ing to think about except the different variafter of maxing. I bearn to have a fervent wish that some one would waken and more. I felt stad of the company I had expected to have to the rolls and cries and sense of the different principers. As if in answer to my wish, I heard some door rattle rattle and then a value a waman's vosce-cried:

"Bay, Captain, Captain. Come here, won't rou ?" and : attle, rattle, rattle went the door. "Ho, now. What do you want?" I heard my taffer sok.

"Buy, open this door for me, won't you?" SAnd what do you want the door open for to be inquired in a cheery voice.

"I keet want it opened, that's all. Open it won't rout Please, Captain."

"Drink. We have five der one complaint, "he said sadte

in here now." "What time is it turnber ? see "Hello there, officer!" pelical and

me out! I can't stay in this cell. Occasional spells of silence would o were very tiresome to me. I herry to fall we from standing, so I decided to lie down and for to rest. I folded my jacket for a pillion, a wrapping myself in my silk circular tried to tieen. Just as I was dropping into a piecestal doze the turnkey returned.

"Here," he said, subarring my door, "I found this comforter. It may be some med to 70U." "You are very kind," I said earnestly, "and believe me. I am very much obliged to you. Tell me," to change the subject. " do you chan have much trouble with the women brought in

"I have to watch them, because they are down, and they will do anything, especially when the drink is wearing off. Right in here no, it was the next cell—I had one of the finest girls in the world die on my hands. Oh, she was a beauty. and such a fine girl—as fine a girl as you'd ever

see. I left here after talking to heret the door. Ten minutes afterwards when I made my rounds she was lying there dead."

CAN AND THE TURNERT RESURDERS. "Did she kill berself ?" I seked quickly.

"No; heart disease," he replied softly. "She went off in a minute, and a fine girl she was. I had another, in this very cell you're in, hang herself. Yes; I was away from her just a few minutes, and when I came back she was hanging to the cell door. I cut her down and I was sure that she was dead, but they brought her to." I sigh, relieved, and reserve my decision to ask to be removed. "I watch them carefully all the night and I always talk to them cheerfully to keep their spirits up, but they will sometimes give up all hopes."

"What do you do with their bodies?"

"Dump them into a box and haul them off," he replied quite cheerfully. "We've had habian born in here, too, and we always bundle the women off to the hospital the first thing. But I must make my rounds. Try and rest a little. and if you want to pay for a cup of coffee I'll have one sent in to you in the morning." "Thank you-good-night," I said, and he

called back quietly as he went down the corridor. "Good-night." I folded the comforter into a pillow and found it very easy. I don't know when or how I went

to sleep or how long I had been asleep, but I was wakened by some man yelling. "Say! Say! Bay!" he screamed, each time

getting louder.

"Shut up, you drunken fool!" some other prisoner yelled back.

"Say! Say! Say! Say!" he yelled. "What am I locked up here for? I haven't a cent. I don't know what you lock a man up for as hasn't a cent. Say! Say! Say! I want to get out. Un-

look this door." "Shut up." "You're drunk yet." "Go soak yer bead," "Bag his mouth, ""He's --- crasy." were a few of the remarks the awakened lodeers buried at him, and one began to sing. "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

From this on there was no quiet in the stationhouse. It was not yet daylight, but I have no ides of the hour. It was very femay to hear the remarks of those who had been brought in dead drunk the night before. One man yelled, "Mary, — you, Mary; came open this deor! What did yer shot frop for? In breakfust ready?" which excited the merriment and remerin of his

runday February 24, 1889 9:5, 10:1= WORLD

more sober companions. I felt a little relief that "Mary" was not present, and I dre mental picture of that brute at home. and I drew a hasty

"HELLO BIRDIE."

Some time early in the morning the watch was changed and my kind-hearted old jailer was re-placed by a younger man. I moved slightly when he passed my cell and he yelled in:

"Hello, Birdle, are you awake? Say, Birdle, give me that tin cup you have." I got up and taking the tin off the faucet-handle handed it to

Say, where did you come from ?" he asked curiously as I came near to the door and into the gaslight. "What are you in for?" "That doesn't make any difference," I said

Wait a minute, I'll be back," he said, and he

"Wait a minute, I'll be back," he said, and ne rushed away to give the tin cup to some one.
"Tell me all about it," he said when he returned, and I repeated again the story of my arrest, making it as black as possible for myself.
"What are you going to do if you are discharged?" he saked afterwards.
"I don't know. Why?"I asked.
"Well, if you are going to stay in town I would like to see you again."
"Oh!"I said, simply. I was surprised.
"Will you stay in town?"

Oh !" I said, simply. I Will you stay in town?

"Will you stay in town?"

"No. I will leave on the first train after I am reicased." And off he went to answer some call. By this time they had begun to remove prisoners. One after another the doors were unbarred and some prisoner went forth to face a Judga. I could hear everything, but could see nothing. Most of the prisoners were talking among themselves in a friendly way. At last a woman evidently recognized a voice, for she called out to two young men who were the most vulgar and profuse talkers I ever heard.

"Hello I Petic. Is that you,"

"Tea Is that you, Mamie?" he responded.

"Hello! Petic. Is that you?"
"Yes. Is that you, Mamie?" he responded.
"Judge Duft's on to-day and he's all right.
I'll put my benge back and he'll say: 'Well, Mamie, they charged you with being dpunk and disorderly again. What have you got to say?"
I'll say, 'Go to and Duft, will my, 'The days or ten dollars.' I haven's — cent."
Everybeit sughed at this as if it were gery funny, and some one called out:

funny, and some one called our:

APRIOGRAM RICHARGING PRANAFYMIR.

"Say, Mamie, give me your address and Fil call on you when I get out." The conversation became very foul, and addresses were gardanged and friends were made as well as promises to meet at Jefferson Barkets and aim signals agreed upon, so they would recognize each other. A station-house is a good place for had readd to become warran. people to become werse.

The new turnley returned to me and effered me a towel, if I wished to wash my face, so I would look clear and bright in court. He time very nice and kind, and also entered be e. I heard many of the pris

Hany of the "drunks" had to be a One man, with a deep, base voice, was called and commanded to washribe blood of his face. and commanded to wash the blood off his when the tarnkey went out another pr

and commanded to wash the blood off his face. When the ternhey went out another prisoner advised the newly awakened man not to wash, but to go before the Judge in his bloody condition. It seems, from their conversation, that this man had been a bartenderon froncavery for seven years. This was the first time in his life that he had ever been arrested. He was drunk and went to alsein in a doorway, I balleve, and a policeman clubbed him into insensibility. However, he washed his face as he had been ordered, and removed all traces of blood.

That hirtender was very honest compared with the others in the place. His questions and his other greenness, and simplicity about court proceedings amused me. The others understood that he was new, and Mamie immediately gave him her name and address and asked him to call. Then she asked him if he got out first to either pass her cell or meet her at Jefferson Market. At last she told him to listen carefully, and in a low voice asked him to lend her some money. He immediately consented. Then a man, who said he was a street our driver, said that he had only six cents in his pockets and that if he did not get out by 10 o'clock, which was his hour to go to work, that he would lose his "job." Then he asked the bartender if he would pay his fine, which he thought would be \$5. The bartender said he would.

"And if it is \$10 will you pay it?" the diriver

said he would.

"And if it is \$10 will you pay it?" the driver asked, and the bartender responded that he would go \$10 on him.

LIEU TO COURS,

Ky breakfast came—a steak, fried potatoes, a
pot of coffee, several rolls, sugar and exit. The
waiter told me that it was 45 cents and I gave
him 50. He thanked me. The turnkey considerately turned up the gas so I could see and I
was left alone to eat. It seemed an eternity before the hour came for me to be taken to court.
Nearly every one had gone before me and I began to fear that I would be forgotten. At last
Detective Haves, looking very sleepy; made his
appearance.

appearance.

"Good morning," he said, and the door was opened for me and I left this cell where I had anous such a long night. We want out through é snek é lene night. 1 Lette: Legas mel takti kan a sa

NELLIE BLY A PRISONEA.

Continued from Ninth Page. 1 give me \$10 to retain me and McClelland will

tre measure to the transfer of "It's too late to think. Take my advice. The money's nothing to me. I don't want your money. But if you don't do it. I'll stand out there beside you and "—I looked at him scornfully and he changed his taunt to—"see you nut under \$1,000 bail and then the Grand Jury will see you. You'll be sorry."

st you. You'll be sorry.

I went back to the cell, and presently Detec I went back to the cell, and presently Letter tive Hayes came for me and I was taken out be-fore the little Judge, whose kind heart is ever with the unfortunate. The detective bogan his story about my doings. I corrected him in sevstory about my doings. I corrected him in several misstatements. Then Judge Duffy told me

weal misstatements. Then Judge Dully told me
to lift my veil.
"Why this lady hasn's the face of a thief," he
naid warmly. "I have seen lots of thieves and
she hasn't the look of one."
I gave him a grateful glance and repressed an
impulse to give him a wink to try his recollection
of the time he sent me to Blackwell's Island as a

erasy girl. "Where's the woman who made the charge?"

he saked.
"She promised to come here," said the detec-

with the hasn't arrived."
Discharge by Judge Dufff.
I suppose she has found her money. This lady never stole it. I know. She is discharged."
I did not say "Thank you," although I was very grateful for the good opinion of one of the kindest-hearted men in New York. I followed the detective down to another place, where he told a man, who thad seen me quite often that Miss Smith, arrested for grand larceny, was discharged. Then we went out of the courtroom together, several men stopping the detective to inquire about the case.

tive to inquire about the case.

"Where are you going now?" asked the deSective as we reached the corner.

"I am going to the Gedney House to pay my
"bill." I replied. "I will send for my satchel."

"Am I not to see you again?" he asked.
"I hope not." I replied, purposely misunder.

standing him.
"I never want to be in such a

strape again."

HOW ABOUT THE ME. HATES?

I don't want to see you that way, you know, hut if you will let me know where you are going

to stop ""I don't see what you want to see me again

For. I hope never to see you."
"Tell me your name," he urged, "or where two live." you live.

Not for worlds."

Well, what if I know it? Your name is Kent

"Well, what if I know it? Your name is not and you live in Albany."

Is "I think that you would want to stay in town hand get rested." he said, after we were on the Besenth avenue car. He had informed me that I could not get my satchel by sending for it; that I had to apply in person and sign a receipt for the So we were on our way back to the station-house. "I can take you to a hotel to stop where the care will aver find you." nome: 1 can same you to a nose to stop no one will ever find you."

"I am going directly out of town." I in "What is to be my reward?" he asked.

"What is to be my reward?" he asked.
"What do you mean?"
"Well, I have been good to you. Instead of you being dismissed I could have asked the Judge to remand you until we could get more avidence, but I let you so free. I am not glad you got into trouble, but I am glad of meeting you and I would like to see you again. I think you, and I would like to see you again. I think have been kind to you."

"Oh, yes, you have." I replied. "Everybody has been very kind. I expected to be clubbed to death."

"We are not such a bad lot, and we never end until the last moment."
"Jennie Smith, discharged, and wants her satchel," he said to the pleasant man in the station-house behind the desk. "She thought

station-house behind the desk. "She thought she would get clubbed by the police." "She is more likely to get embraced than elabbed," the man laughed.
"I believe that," I replied, and the detective held the deverges for me

held the door open for me.
"Won't you let me hear from you?" he said,

as he took off his hat. 'I may," I laughe

"I may," I laughed. "I know your name and you may hear from me."

I walked up Soventh avenue, rang a bell in a dat-house, went up several flights, inquired for a family that never existed, and came out at last natisfied that if any one was following me I had

I have come to several conclusions:
I have come to several conclusions:
First—That a regular woman-searcher should be employed in station-houses.
Becond—That the male officers should be given no opportunity of squinting through a perphole at women who are being searched.
Third—That innocent women who fall into the hands of the police are not necessarily badly treated.

Fourth—That the male and female prisoners should not be kept within earthot of each office.

Fifth—That if all the turnless are as kind as those I encountered no senses could out in their places, because yours are never so kind as their order to be a sense of the latest places.

that he was new, and Mamie immediately gave him her name and address and saked him to call. Then she asked him if he got out first to either pass her cell or meet her at Jefferson Market. At last she told him to listen carefully, and in a low voice asked him to lend her some money. He immediately consented. Then a man, who said he was a street-car driver, said that he had only six cents in his pockets and that if he did not get out by 10 o'clock, which was his hour to go to work, that he would lose his "joh." Then he asked the bartender if he would pay his fine, which he thought would be \$5. The bartender said he would. would go \$10 on him.

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TAREE TO COURT,

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appearance. "Good morning," he said, and the door wa opened for me and I left the cell where I had spent such a long night. We want out through the station-house and taking a Seventh avenue

car were soon at Jefferson Market Court

I was put into a large cell with some twenty women. "It have nothing ato tell supports that could be published. The men in charge seemed to take a delight in the hourible remarks which the women prisoners hurled at them, and the women seemed to be havin a contest to see which could say the most horrible things. Those

that she had been found drunk on the streets the night before. She was a very plain, home-like-looking creature, so I asked her where she got her load, which I had learned was the expression used. By picking up strangers on the streets and

who had no breakfast were having coffee served to them. One woman spoke to me and sold m

getting them to treat me," she said. "I haven't a cent to pay my fine, and I guess I'll be sent up. I feel very shaky." THE SHISTER LAWYER OF MANDA

I was the last one left in the call. Detective Haves came to me and said there was a lawyer outside who wanted to see me. I stopped at an interesting passage in the Prade story now running in The Women. The gate was unlocked and I passed several officers who know me well, but who failed now to recognize me, and into a quiet room where a thin-leoking man was waiting fer

"Miss Smith, " he said to me, " I see a runner for Lawyer McChelland, and as your uses is going deed against you I thought you would like to have some advise. If you retain me I will run over to McClelland's house, which is just sorous the way, and he will come over and dir things. He is a politician, and has a pull on all the offiahı me i will run cere and the Judges, and he can fix you. Will I

so for him ? "I don't think you will for me. I see inno-"They have got a dead case against

woman whose money is no two witnesses to appear an

Continues on M